

THE

AMERICAN

EPIC



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. <sup>PS3158</sup> Copyright No. ....

Shelf. W2 A6.  
1892

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

# THE AMERICAN EPIC:

A CONCISE SCENIC

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND OTHER

SELECTED POEMS.

*Greenwood Helburn*

BY A CITIZEN OF NASHVILLE.

Revised and Enlarged Edition.

14203 X  
u

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.  
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.  
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS, NASHVILLE, TENN.  
1892.

PS3158

.W2AG

1892

## THE AMERICAN EPIC.

*AGAINST SECTIONAL HATRED, IN FAVOR OF TRUTH, JUSTICE,  
LOVE, AND FEDERAL UNITY.*

---

The facts, events, and scenes of THE AMERICAN EPIC are arranged in chronological order from March 11, 1764, to October 1, 1890.

The characters speaking are angels and demons, including:

ANGELS.		DEMONS.	
MICHAEL,	ABDIEL,	SATAN,	MARS,
GABRIEL,	ZOPHIEL,	BAAL,	AZAZEL,
UZZIEL,	ZEPHON,	MOLOCH,	SERAPIS,
ITHURIEL,	ISRAFIEL,	MAMMON,	BELIAL,
RAPHAEL,	ZADKIEL,	BELUS,	ASMODEUS,
AZARIAS,	ARIEL.	CHEMOSH,	AZRAEL.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BOOK FIRST.—1764-1766.	
Britain from Julius Cæsar to George III.—William Pitt—Grenville—The Stamp Act—America a Greater Britain—Jamestown the Nursery of American Piety and Civilization—New England's Enterprise—Virginia's Burgesses the First American Legislature—All the Colonies Aroused	5
BOOK SECOND.—1766-1773.	
Satan's Soliloquy—Pitt Prime Minister—Gets Sick—The Boston Massacre—Royal Piety—Death of Whitefield....	21
BOOK THIRD.—1773-1776.	
Chatham is "Junius"—Boston's Tea Party—The Boston Port Bill—Virginia Fasts—The South Feeds Boston—Gage Inclosed by a Human Wall—Dunmore Driven Out of Virginia—Battle of Lexington—Battle of Bunker Hill—British Driven from Boston—Declaration of Independence—French Offers of Arms, Ammunition, Money.....	44
BOOK FOURTH.—1776-1783.	
Revolutionary Battles from Long Island to Yorktown—Sufferings at Valley Forge—Plots Against Washington—Arnold's Treason—French Co-operate at Savannah—At Yorktown—Peace—Washington Resigns His Command..	69
BOOK FIFTH.—1787-1811.	
Constitutional Convention—No Power to Coerce States—Virginia Convention Disturbed by a Storm While Henry Speaks—A Tribunate of States Desirable—The Bargain between New England, Georgia, and the Carolinas—Washington Inaugurated—Satan's Scheme for War Between the States—Jay's Treaty—Adams President—War with France—Alien and Sedition Laws—Jefferson President—Louisiana Purchased—The Embargo—John Henry and New England—Madison President.....	90
BOOK SIXTH.—1811-1829.	
War—Battles from Tippecanoe to New Orleans—Hartford Convention—Peace—An International Court to Prevent War—Monroe President—Missouri Compromise—Florida Purchased—Texas Given Away—J. Q. Adams President—A High Tariff—Lafayette's Visit—Tariff Higher.....	115

	PAGE
BOOK SEVENTH.—1829—1860.	
Jackson President—A Gradual Reduction of the Tariff— Van Buren's Ascendency—Battle of San Jacinto—Van Bu- ren President—Slade's Petitions against Slavery—Satan's Boast—Harrison President—Tyler President—Texas to Be Annexed—The Magnetic Telegraph—Polk President —Mexico Makes War—Is Conquered—Much of It An- nexed—A Tariff for Revenue—Gold Discovered—Taylor President—Fillmore President—Clay's Compromise— Pierce President—Satan's Cyclone—Buchanan President —The Dred Scott Decision—John Brown at Harper's Fer- ry—Historic Discussion of Slavery .....	134
BOOK EIGHTH.—1860—1862.	
South Carolina Secedes—Argument on the Folly of Seces- sion—On the Right to Secede—No Troops to Coerce States —A Nation's Immorality—Argument on the Nature of the Union—Lincoln President—Battles from Fort Sumter to Fredericksburg—Criticisms on Generals.....	158
BOOK NINTH.—1862—1864.	
Battles from Fredericksburg to Nashville—Death of Stone- wall Jackson—The North Goes to the Bosom of John Brown—Onward and Skyward at Lookout—John H. Mor- gan—Georgians Banished from Their Homes as Chero- kees Were—Argument against Arson—Naval Conflicts. . .	181
BOOK TENTH.—1864—1868.	
Bachman Ill-treated by Sherman's Hell-hounds—Richmond Keeping the Sabbath—Ford's Theater—Johnson Presi- dent—Davis a Vicarious Sufferer—Right or Wrong of Sla- very—The Guilty—Retribution—Cruel Treatment of Presi- dent Davis—Johnson Impeached—Alaska Acquired— Fire in Chicago—Boston—The North-west—Retribution— Black Friday—Tweed—Credit Mobilier—Grant President.	206
BOOK ELEVENTH.—1876—1885.	
Centennial Exhibition—Pittsburg Railroad Riots—Argu- ment on Arson—On Labor and Capital—Taxation—Fi- nance, etc.—Hayes President—Garfield President—Death of Garfield—Arthur President—Burial of Emerson—The- ological Arguments .....	231
BOOK TWELFTH.—1885—1890.	
Cleveland President—Reform in Civil Service—Discover- ies and Inventions—Burial of Grant—Harrison President —Michael's Sublime Visions of America's Future—Satan's Threats and Predictions—Politics—Enrich the Poor Without Impoverishing the Rich.....	253



# THE AMERICAN EPIC

---

## BOOK FIRST.

---

Scene: *Westminster Abbey. Time, early morning, March 11, 1764.*  
*MICHAEL and GABRIEL approach each other.*

*Gabriel.* Hail, faithful leader of the heavenly hosts!  
My loving comrade since creation's dawn!  
At thy approach bright days of early years  
Come tripping lightly from the silent shades,  
Flitting with airy tread o'er memory's paths.  
In their light footsteps comes the grand array,  
The princely pomp, the brief magnificence  
Of hoary nations that then claimed our care.  
They rose, they flourished, fell, and are but dust.

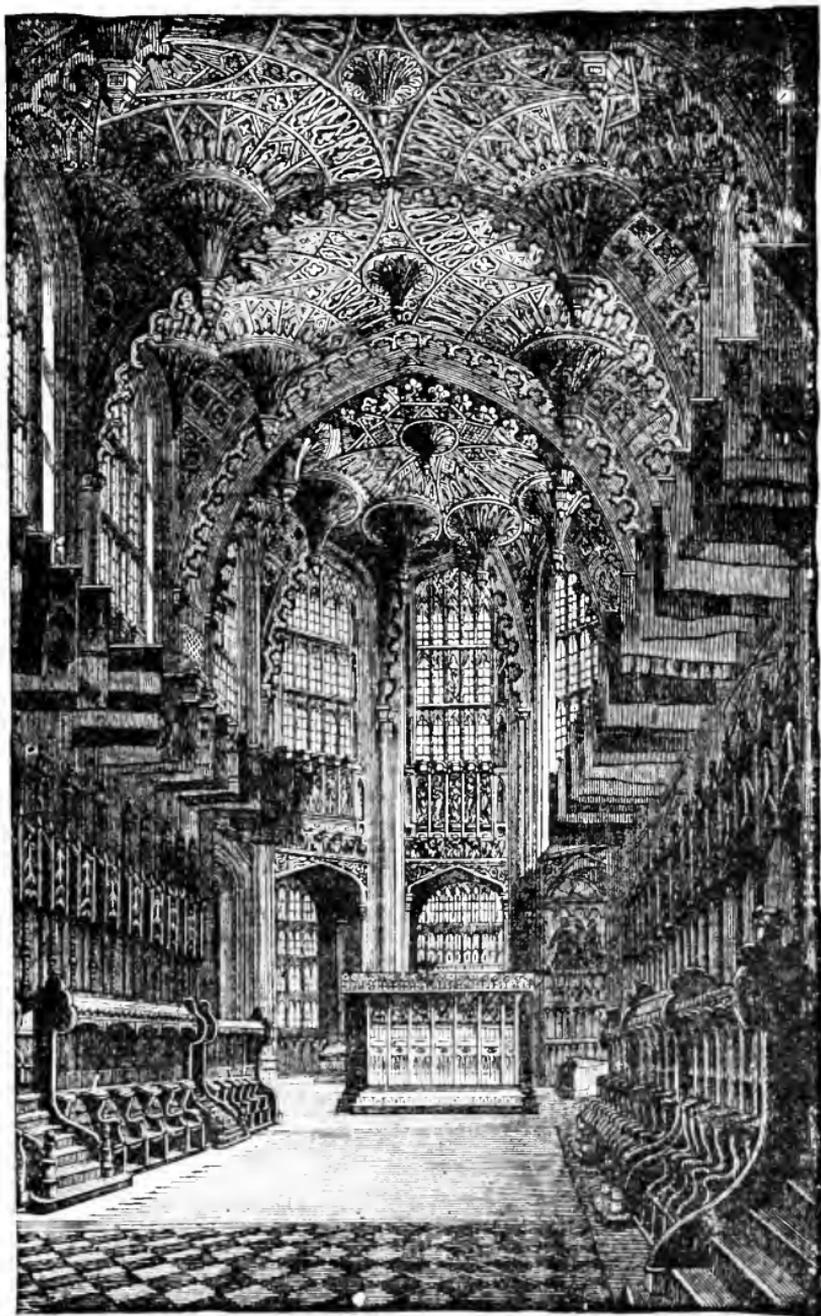
*Michael.* These are the tombs of kings and famous men;  
Fortune's most flattered fav'rites molder here.  
This is ambition's goal. Here ends the race  
For wealth, for power, for fame's green laurel-wreath.  
Here human greatness shows its littleness,  
And earthly glory ends in sordid dust.

*Gabriel.* Yes, Michael; guilty greatness has no dreams  
Of heav'nly joy to cheer the sleep of death.  
Hope holds no vigils where the wicked rest.  
They will not wake to everlasting bliss,  
Nor stand approved before the Judge of all.

*Michael.* To men this place is ancient. In its gloom  
The ghosts of solemn centuries seem near.  
To us 'twas but last week or yesterday  
That Julius Caesar first to Britain came,  
With conq'ring legions to subdue its tribes  
And to great Rome's vast empire add their home.

*Gabriel.* True, Michael; but since then Teutonic hordes,  
 Danes, Scandinavians, and Scots, and Piets,  
 And cruel Norman conquerors, have slain  
 Unnumbered thousands here, and fertilized  
 Their fruitful fields with blood. Yes, blood has flowed  
 In copious streams through dreary centuries  
 Of fratricidal strife. War's iron hoof,  
 Trampling on civil law, has crushed in dust  
 All sacred human rights; with impious tread  
 Profaned all holy places. Peace perished.  
 Religion hid in humble cottage homes,  
 Where heavenly light still glimmered mid the gloom.  
 Justice was outraged—fled beyond the seas,  
 And bleeding freedom followed in her train.  
 The hand of industry was paralyzed,  
 The wheels of progress clogged. Art languished,  
 While star-eyed science, shudd'ring and dismayed,  
 Took refuge in far-distant Moslem lands.

*Michael.* But now how changed! These happy islanders  
 Shed no fraternal blood. Justice protects  
 All classes: the prince, the peer, the peasant.  
 Law, liberty, and love enthrone themselves  
 In hearts that thrill with joyous gratitude.  
 Religion kindles pure celestial fires  
 In princely palaces, in humble homes,  
 In gorgeous temples, and in darksome mines.  
 Her hymns of praise ring grandly through the land,  
 And float toward heaven on every breeze that blows.  
 Britannia's wat'ry walls, by hearts of oak  
 Well guarded, give calm security to  
 Peaceful homes against all foreign nations.  
 A native king sits on her royal throne,  
 And hurls defiance at her every foe.  
 He wields his scepter over distant lands  
 In all earth's continents. Fair, fertile isles  
 Of all the sunny seas obey his laws.  
 In widening streams wealth from the Indies flows  
 To fill his coffers and extend his sway.  
 This busy London, central mart of trade,  
 Most active ant-hill of the human race,



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Outgrows all cities earth has ever seen.  
 In days to come so great will be its growth  
 That Paris, Peking, Nankin, Jeddo, Rome,  
 Might all be piled in splendor on its plains,  
 Lost in the pomp of its magnificence.  
 How wonderful this little island world!

*Gabriel.* Michael, thy wisely spoken, truthful words  
 Befit the tongue of one who long has watched  
 The rise and fall of empires. But yesterday  
 Blind folly aimed a blow at human rights,  
 That soon shall echo loudly round the world.  
 If I forecast aright, 'twill break the ties  
 That bind Americans to England's throne,  
 And lay in rightful, honest principles  
 The firm foundations of a government  
 Better than earth has ever known before.  
 Its peaceful flag shall float triumphantly  
 O'er sea and land through all the hemisphere  
 Columbus found by sailing westwardly.  
 This mighty nation, now in embryo,  
 Shall be a "Greater Britain," which in time,  
 By the attraction of its excellence,  
 Shall draw admiring millions to its shores,  
 And neigh'ring nations to its kind embrace,  
 Till myriads of enlightened freemen join  
 To honor law and banish tyranny.

*Michael.* Gabriel, why should not Britain still hold sway,  
 Guiding America with gentle hand  
 Through peaceful paths to glory and renown?  
 Why should they not munificently march  
 Together, scattering blessings round the world?

*Gabriel.* Michael, they should, but selfishness forbids;  
 A few self-centered fosterlings of hell  
 May yet involve two continents in war,  
 And rend the grandest empire under heaven.  
 This nation had for its Prime Minister  
 Wise William Pitt. His statesmanship  
 Made no mistakes. 'Twas such as we beheld

In saintly Daniel at the Persian court.  
He found his country fleeing from her foes,  
To be the prey of harpies in her home;  
Corruption's vermin in her ulcers fed;  
No hand was raised to help her in distress.  
He to her rescue rushed to bring relief,



ALFRED THE GREAT.

And heal the fest'ring wounds from which she bled.  
The venal factions fled before his frown,  
The cringing courtiers from his shadow shrunk.  
His patriot voice called heroes, and they came,  
To marshal armies and command his fleets,  
Giving him victories on land and sea.

He brought the nation to the highest pitch  
 Of unexampled grandeur and renown,  
 And would have held the vantage he had gained  
 Had not the youthful king, by Satan moved,  
 Dismissed the minister whose mighty mind  
 O'ershadowed royalty and with strong hand  
 Heroically saved country and king  
 From self-inflicted ruin and distress.  
 Then came the pressing need of untold wealth  
 To settle debts, and meet the urgent claims  
 Of bold, insatiate, fawning favorites.  
 Commerce with open hand would have paid Pitt  
 All needed revenues, trusting his plans  
 To pay her back again a thousand-fold,  
 By fost'ring trade in ev'ry distant mart;  
 But blund'ring imbeciles are in his place.  
 Grenville proposes awkward robbery,  
 And through the Parliament asserts a right  
 To tax the colonists without consent,  
 Not merely once a year, but ev'ry hour  
 Of ev'ry busy day, the Stamp act taunts,  
 And aggravates the honest man it robs.  
 'Twill hound him through the avenues of trade,  
 Track him to legal courts with steady step,  
 Intrude upon his happy nuptial hours,  
 Pursue him to his solemn death-bed scene,  
 Nor let him will his fortune to his heirs,  
 Without this sad humiliating sign  
 Of his own degradation in the act.  
 Let us away to climes beyond the waves  
 And watch the storms that rend this mighty State.

*Michael.* Gabriel, not now. I go at duty's call  
 To distant Asia, where Britannia's flag  
 Floats o'er the sunny shores of Hindostan.  
 It now protects the selfish sons of trade,  
 But in the happier days of years to come  
 One-third of Asia's children shall with joy  
 Serve the Lord Jesus under its broad folds.  
 A year from now that western hemisphere  
 Shall claim attention through its vast extent.

I will examine it from pole to pole,  
 And from the centers of surrounding seas,  
 On what day shall we meet? and at what place?

*Gabriel.* Let us meet May the first, and at the place  
 Where the first British settlement began.  
 Till then, farewell. But who are these we see  
 Moving so orderly at early dawn?

*Michael.* 'Tis the two Wesleys and their followers,  
 Going to worship God at break of day.  
 These are the servants of the Lord. Farewell.

Scene: *Jamestown, Va., May 1, 1765, at sunrise. GABRIEL and  
 MICHAEL approach.*

*Gabriel.* Hail, Michael, of created princes chief!  
 Please tell thy thoughts of this grand continent,  
 And the great nation that shall flourish here.

*Michael.* Gabriel, since last we met, this hemisphere  
 Has been my constant study. I have seen  
 Its boundless oceans, fertile isles, vast lakes,  
 Broad bays, safe harbors, long peninsulas;  
 Its lofty mountains; rich, productive vales;  
 Its wide savannas, decked in Eden's bloom;  
 Its tow'ring forests, lifting giant arms  
 To prop the clouds and draw their moisture down  
 On fruitful plains, where plenty ever smiles.  
 Here bounteous nature gathers ample stores  
 To feast her ev'ry tribe that treads the ground,  
 Or cleaves the ambient air on buoyant wing,  
 Or glides in glory through the sparkling waves.  
 With steadfast gaze I've watched where rippling rills  
 On lofty mountains in the frozen north  
 Make pathways for themselves through frowning rocks,  
 To seek the company of limpid streams,  
 That hasten to unite with rivulets,  
 That gently moving claim companionship  
 With grand, majestic rivers on their march  
 T' assuage the burning thirst of sunny climes.  
 Intensely interested, I have traced  
 The mountain ranges that direct the course

Of healthful currents of the atmosphere.  
I've seen the arctic icebergs moving down,  
To meet the genial warmth of tropic streams,  
And lave these favored shores with waves of health.  
The earth, the air, the waters teem with food;  
Exhaustless mines of ore lift up the hills,  
Inviting industry to gather wealth.  
Internal commerce may be limitless,  
And claim with ease the commerce of the world.  
Earth's grandest seat of empire here is found.  
Tell me, dear Gabriel, of the men who claim  
This happy land and its encircling seas.

*Gabriel.* Michael, the swarthy tribes Columbus found,  
Self-doomed, seem swiftly journeying to death.  
The white man's vices, added to their own,  
Hurry them downward into gaping graves,  
Yet a small remnant may be saved by grace.  
Pitt, in his day of power, subdued the French.  
Spain, trembling, saw her colonies submit,  
And must have yielded all, if England's king  
Had not dismissed his mighty minister.  
But Spain decays, and England's sons hold sway.  
Here is the spot where English piety  
First claimed this hemisphere for the most high.  
Here liberty and law came hand in hand  
To plant an Eden in the wilderness.  
Here holy faith and hope and love and truth  
And lofty honor firm foundations laid  
For a great nation; noblest, grandest, best  
Known to the world through all its centuries.  
Religion here lit her first altar fires,  
Built her first temple on this continent,  
Where English hearts might worship the Great God.  
Here Western savages bowed suppliant knees,  
And meekly claimed the Saviour as their own.  
From this bright spot went forth with joyous smiles  
All human excellences, leading on  
All Christian graces to exalt mankind.  
In their fair footsteps rose on every hand  
Such habitations as the angels love,

Having for inmates earth's most noble men,  
 And women loveliest of all the race.  
 From these have sprung the principles and men  
 That are to govern this delightful land.  
 What think you of our nascent nation now?

*Michael.* Gabriel, I am most hopeful of its growth  
 In all that God approves and men admire,  
 But lead me now where I myself may see  
 The rock on which the Plymouth pilgrims stood  
 When they first landed in America.  
 Was it not there that English liberty  
 First found a home upon this continent,  
 And English Protestants first worshiped God?

*Gabriel.* Michael, 'tis so reported, but not so.  
 That far-famed rock defies the howling storms  
 That beat in fury on New England's coast,  
 Five hundred miles away, far to the north.  
 I knew that earth and hell had long proclaimed  
 That Plymouth Rock was freedom's natal home,  
 And pure religion's earliest cradle-bed,  
 But marvel much if Heav'n has been deceived!  
 'Twas not in heaven that you were so informed?  
 I knew it could not be. Such history  
 May have been taught at Harvard or at Yale.  
 Those grand old schools, where wise men of the East  
 Proclaim New England's glory and renown,  
 May have taught this so long, so heartily  
 That they believe it in their inmost souls;  
 But long before the Pilgrim Fathers left  
 The muddy shore of Holland Robert Hunt  
 And his co-laborers had worshiped God  
 And planted churches in this colony,  
 Where prayer and praise and God's most holy word  
 Drew forth the inmates of a thousand homes  
 Whene'er a Sabbath brought relief from toil.  
 Such happy homes earth never saw before.  
 In them Religion wore no scowling frown,  
 But sweetly told of love and hope and joy,  
 While smiles of God lit with celestial rays

The glowing face of Hospitality,  
 Who stood with open door and beck'ning hand,  
 While Plenty welcomed every joyful guest.  
 These pioneers of English liberty,  
 These missionaries of the faith of Christ,  
 Had founded Churches, opened courts of law;  
 By vote had chosen representatives  
 To the first Legislature of the West,  
 Established civil liberty, and won  
 Their Indian neighbors for the Lord before  
 The famous Mayflower sailed across the deep.

*Michael.* Then it was not on famous Plymouth Rock  
 Religion, liberty, and civil law  
 Began their grand career in Western wilds?

*Gabriel.* No, Michael; but permit me now to say;  
 All honor to the men of Plymouth Rock!  
 New England has no need of stolen fame.  
 Ten thousand glories sparkle on her brow,  
 Fame's greenest laurels bend above her head.  
 Her restless industry, inventive skill,  
 And boundless enterprise have made a world  
 Pay tribute at her gates. Her busy hand  
 Planted a fair and fruitful paradise,  
 Where barren rocks and thirsty, sterile sands  
 Frowned on a stormy coast. In distant seas  
 She sought and found rich floating mines of wealth;  
 Transferred the yellow treasure to her ships,  
 And bore it safely to her busy ports.  
 All coming generations of her sons  
 Shall sing her well-earned praises through the world.  
 But in this sisterhood of colonies  
 Are others high in honor and renown.  
 Fair Georgia, youngest of the family,  
 Was nurtured in the lap of piety,  
 Is heir of Oglethorpe's heroic zeal,  
 Of Whitefield's eloquence, and Wesley's prayers.  
 The Carolinas, wise, polite, and brave,  
 Blend Huguenot and Scotch and English blood.  
 New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland,

In all the Christian virtues panoplied,  
 Repose in loveliness by their broad bays.  
 Great Pennsylvania grows rich and strong  
 With German industry and Quaker thrift.  
 New York can boast the brave and valiant blood  
 That drove the Spaniards from the Netherlands.  
 These embryonic States draw vital force,  
 Hereditary virtues, and the strength  
 Of Christian principles from numerous lines  
 Of grand old ancestors. Here meet and join  
 The Norman, Saxon, Celt, the Cavalier,  
 The Covenanter, Roundhead, and the Welsh;  
 French Huguenots, brave Irishmen and Swedes,  
 Heroic Poles, Swiss, Germans, Hollanders—  
 All sons of liberty in union joined.

*ABDIEL approaches and addresses MICHAEL and GABRIEL.*

*Abdiel.* Hail, holy princes of the hosts of God!  
 To meet you here gives unexpected joy:  
 Your presence fills all places with delight.  
 At your approach all anxious cares depart,  
 Gay smiles irradiate the cheeks of time,  
 And make them glow with dimpled, youthful charms,  
 While gleeful gladness sports with playful hours.  
 But now your presence is most opportune:  
 I need instruction and enlightenment  
 On great events transpiring in this land.  
 Portentous gloom seems gathering around,  
 As if preceding mighty earthquake throes.  
 Alarming rumblings break upon the ear,  
 And startling tremors shake the solid ground.  
 Throughout the north, excitement rules the hour.  
 The Stamp act rouses men to mutiny.  
 Here order reigns. These people live at ease;  
 In quiet dignity they dwell at home.  
 They have no grievances to madden them,  
 Hereditary hatreds they have not.  
 They are the favored subjects of their king,  
 His "Old Dominion" is their lovely land.  
 If they demand, the Stamp act perishes,  
 And mild conciliation rules around.

Happy, unselfish, prosperous, polite,  
 They have not hastily provoked the king;  
 And on a simple question of finance  
 Would freely grant him more than he would ask;  
 But on a point of honor or of right  
 Their indignation flashes into wrath.  
 They know their rights, and, brave in their defense,  
 Would meet defiantly a world in arms;  
 Or, moved by sympathy for other men,  
 Their gushing blood may flow in plenteous streams.  
 This day Virginia's House of Burgesses  
 Convenes at Williamsburg in high debate.  
 Ithuriel went thither yesterday  
 To witness the proceedings of the day.

*Gabriel.* Let us go now to see what they will do,  
 And listen to the matchless orators.

Scene: *A street in Williamsburg. Afternoon of May 1, 1765. ITHURIEL meeting MICHAEL, GABRIEL, and ABDIEL.*

*Ithuriel.* Comrades, I greet you with intense delight.  
 The legislators of this colony  
 Have filled us with astonishment to-day.  
 Your wisdom may inform my ignorance  
 On the great themes discussed by statesmen here.  
 The House of Burgesses denies the right  
 Of Parliament to tax the colonies.  
 They boldly and defiantly demand  
 That the most odious Stamp act be repealed.  
 One of their orators made such a speech  
 As shook the ground beneath King George's throne,  
 And startled nations by its mighty force.  
 Men shuddered as they heard the brave man say  
 "Caesar his Brutus had, and Charles the First  
 His Cromwell, and George the Third"—then treason  
 Rang out loudly on the air. Defiant  
 Stood the orator to say: "George the Third  
 May profit by their fate." Then scornfully:  
 "If that be treason, make the most of it."  
 In former times such fearless words as these

Took off the heads of those who uttered them;  
But now they bring the hope of better days.  
You are too late to hear their great men speak,  
But see, they come this way. What men they are!  
Rome never had in her heroic times  
A Senate such as this. Britannia's lords  
Are dwarfed by these great statesmen of the West.  
There is George Wythe, and Richard Henry Lee,  
George Nicholas, and Edmund Pendleton,  
John Randolph, Peyton Randolph, Colonel Bland,  
And Carter Braxton; and there the hero  
Of the present hour, bold Patrick Henry,  
Orator unequalled, whose thunder tones  
Shake kingdoms and arouse a wond'ring world.  
And there George Washington, grandest of men.  
Behold that tall, slim youth, thoughtful and grave:  
Too young to be a burgess at this time.  
That's Thomas Jefferson, whose honored name  
Shall echo through the ages as the friend  
Of equal rights against all tyranny.  
And there are others worthy of all praise.  
Ye sapient leaders of angelic hosts,  
Tell us what mean these movements of mankind?  
Will God forsake and turn against King George?  
Will Britain fall like Babylon or Rome?  
Will God raise up a nation on these shores?

*Michael.* God will not utterly forsake the king  
And the great country over which he rules,  
But they will lose these prosp'rous colonies—  
Just retribution for their many sins  
Against their brethren of this Western world.  
God will raise up a nation on these shores,  
And give to it the half of this round world.  
The western hemisphere shall be its home,  
But all mankind shall gladden in its smile.  
Humiliation is proud Albion's doom,  
But God has wondrous work for her to do.  
She and these daughters she so rashly spurns  
Shall long stand side by side in truth's defense,  
And bless the world with Christian principles.

*Gabriel.* Comrades, what has been witnessed here to-day  
 Begins a union of these colonies.  
 The cities have been ringing muffled bells,  
 Mourning for liberty by Britain slain.  
 The Congress at New York with potent voice  
 Shall call her back to life, and bid mankind  
 Rejoicing gather to enjoy her smile.  
 Till then we part to go where duty calls.

Scene: *Trinity Church-yard, Broadway, New York, by moonlight,  
 December 31-January 1, 1766.* GABRIEL, ITHURIEL, ABDIEL, UZ-  
 ZIEL. *A clock strikes twelve.*

*Gabriel.* Another year has passed. Its hasty steps  
 Have left deep foot-prints upon Time's rough road;  
 Its busy hands have forged enduring links  
 For destiny's bright chain, binding with gold  
 In loving union these rich colonies.  
 Its voice has roused the sons of liberty  
 From Southern Georgia to the coasts of Maine.

*Ithuriel.* Brave Patrick Henry, in Virginia's name,  
 First hurled defiance at the robber hosts  
 Of venal lords and commons and their king.  
 Millions, responding to his thunder tones,  
 Caused quailing minions of despotic greed,  
 Though backed by Britain's might and majesty,  
 To throw up their commissions, and with haste  
 Forsake the hateful ways of infamy.

*Uzziel.* Here in New York the craven officer  
 Gave to the city council his vile stamps.  
 Thus do the people triumph o'er the king.

*Abdiel.* Gabriel, what next? Shall war with cruel hand  
 Spread desolation o'er this Western world?

*Gabriel.* Abdiel, not yet; this law will be repealed,  
 And but for stubborn pride and selfish greed  
 A happy réconciliation might take place.  
 King George means to be better than he is.  
 If he could be a private citizen,  
 He would appear to be a model saint,  
 A Christian gentleman to be admired.

He frowns on vice, is honest, truthful, chaste,  
 Hates war, aims not at conquests, loves England ;  
 But he thinks a king must rule : a king must  
 Be obeyed, must overawe his subjects.

With this in view, he browbeats wiser men,  
 And those he cannot frighten tries to buy.  
 He thinks men have their price and are for sale,  
 From basest menials up through ev'ry rank.

'Tis even whispered he will try to buy,  
 With a poor, paltry earldom and kind words,  
 Great William Pitt, the grandest of mankind.

The king spends thirty millions annually  
 Buying white free-born native Englishmen.  
 That he may have more money to buy men,  
 Inflicts the slave trade on his colonies,  
 Tramples on law and right and common sense  
 By taxing those he has no right to tax.

The venal Parliament, like cringing slaves,  
 Wait on his royal will for smiles, for wealth,  
 For titles, honors, and for offices.

The vilest of them all have English pride ;  
 With fancied self-sufficiency look down  
 On all who were not born on English ground.

The wealthy nobles may not sell themselves  
 For filthy lucre, payable in coin ;  
 But if a farthing added to their tax

Would save from ruin a whole continent,  
 They would resist it to the last extreme,  
 Nor pay a copper till the law compelled.

The laborer may toil in agony,  
 Till bloody sweat breaks forth from every pore ;  
 Taxes may kill him if they may escape.

What if the Hindoos starve, the negroes sink  
 Beneath old ocean's waves, in frontier homes  
 Fair women lose their scalps, so Britain's wealth,  
 Her glory and renown, be the result ?

*Abdiel.* Gabriel, there must be better men than these  
 Or Sodom's fate would overwhelm the land.

*Gabriel.* Yes, Abdiel, there are thousands who believe  
 In God, in Christ, in Christian principles ;

But most of these so idolize their king,  
Their Parliament, and their own native land,  
That all who dare resist them are despised.  
The few true friends the colonies can claim,  
They count upon the fingers of a man.  
Pitt, Shelburne, Conway, Barre, and Oglethorpe,  
With Burke and Camden faintly following,  
Comprise the names that dare to sympathize.  
Unthinking millions live and toil and die,  
Leaving their offspring following in their steps.  
Such is the best of human governments.  
Is it not time a better should arise?

*Abdiel.* Yes, Gabriel, this broad wilderness shall bloom,  
And this shall be the grandest of all lands.  
God sifted Europe for the best of seed,  
To plant a nation he will own and bless.  
All human excellences here shall meet  
Under divinest blessings from on high.  
Earth shall behold with wonder and delight  
And holy angels guard its happy homes.  
Let us depart each to his proper work,  
But see the patriots Jay and Livingston!  
They've watched the old year out, the new year in.

## BOOK SECOND.

---

Scene: *Gambrell's Hill, Richmond, Va., March 1, 1766.* SATAN'S  
*Soliloquy.*

*Satan.* Remorse! remorse! remorse! Fierce, horrible,  
Insatiate harpy preying upon guilt.  
But why should I repine? My pride forbids  
The useless whispering of vain regrets.  
If penitence could plead, 'twould plead in vain.  
Ruined! doomed! damned! Despairing agony  
Drives hence all thoughts of possible  
Relief. Even forgetfulness flies far,  
On swiftest wing, from writhing wretchedness;  
Pours no Lethean drop into the cup  
Of sinful anguish. She strews no restful  
Down o'er sleepless beds of sin's sad victims.  
Helpless! Undone forever! Bound in the  
Galling chains of ever black'ning darkness.  
Unceasing torment is my dreadful doom,  
And fearful looking for of fiery wrath.  
Just retribution! I was first to sin.

. . . . .  
Such scenes as this, earth's fairest, brightest, best,  
Most comforting, give no surcease of pain.  
These wooded heights and this majestic stream  
Remind me of my days of innocence  
And heavenly landscapes I shall see no more.  
These dear, delightful homes, the blest abodes  
Of Adam's noblest offspring, recall to  
Fond and mournful memory, the blissful  
Joys that waited on God's angel children  
When first they woke to life, to light, to love  
On the bright morning of their natal day.  
Peace walks the earth in smiling loveliness;  
And plenty, tripping lightly in her steps,  
Thrills human hearts with rapturous delight.

Religion, science, industry combine  
To elevate the families of men,  
That they may gladden in the smile of God,  
While on my vitals pent-up furies prey.  
Britannia sways her scepter o'er the seas,  
And steps from land to land in majesty,  
Triumphant over all her ancient foes.  
They seek her friendship as they dread her might.  
All Europe sits admiring at her feet.  
Old Asia rests supinely with her sons,  
Amid the hoary ruins of all time,  
In meek submission taking on the yoke  
Of these her latest, noblest conquerors;  
While helpless Africa with outstretched arms  
Sees from her dusky bosom her dark brood  
Snatched by the ruthless hand of cruelty,  
That Britain and New England may grow rich  
By trading rum for servile sons of Ham.  
'Tis true the slave trade flourishes,  
And feasts the hungry sharks on filthy flesh  
Of dead and dying negroes. But ages  
Of most hopeless degradation have doomed  
The race to end in cruel deaths, lives of  
Despairing agony. No chance or change  
Makes their condition worse than that of their  
Long line of barb'rous ancestors. Indeed,  
These kindly, careful, Christian mistresses  
Have so emparadised their happy slaves  
That I must seek new marts in Orient lands  
For this nefarious human merchandise,  
Or my malicious schemes to eternize  
The woes of Africans will counteract  
My own most wily plans. The savage tribes  
That tread the Western wilds live peaceably.  
There's not a wigwam home or warlike chief  
But owns the potent spell of England's name.  
These peaceful times hang heavily upon  
My restless energies. The trifling sins  
By which the common herd of men insult  
Their God and wrong their fellow-men require  
No care of mine. I must have war. With war

Comes all that God forbids, all man can do  
To injure and degrade the human race.

*Enter BAAL, AZAZEL, and MAMMON.*

All hail! my trusted, wise compeers; all hail!  
What of your conflicts with the hateful race  
Whose misery so long has been our sport?  
Speak, Baal, tell us of your worthy deeds.

*Baal.* I have been ranging through the courts of kings  
And other rulers of the Orient.  
The tycoon still permits no intercourse  
Between Japan and hated foreigners.  
Old China; with a third of all the race,  
Excludes outside barbarians from her shores.  
Their presence would, she thinks, pollute the soil  
Of her celestial, central, flowery land.  
But rulers and their subjects all are ours.  
Japan and China wear our weighty chains:  
No voice disputes our long-established sway.  
The Shah of Persia sees his realms decay,  
Submits to destiny without a sigh.  
So of the Turkish sultan and the sons  
Of Saracenic chiefs in Hindostan.  
The thrones of Moslem rulers tottering,  
And gilded scepters dropping from weak hands,  
Foretold revolutions soon to come.  
Clive and his English merchants with strong hands  
Lay helpless India bleeding at their feet;  
But all are ours, the conq'rors and their slaves.

*Satan.* Now, Azazel, let us hear your report.

*Azazel.* I have been watching Europe. Cossack hordes  
Only await lascivious Cath'rine's word  
To arm by millions as she sends them forth  
To devastate and conquer neighb'ring lands.  
This huge despotie empire, like some vast  
Avalanche, throws its cold shadow over  
Two continents, threat'ning to fall upon  
And crush the shudd'ring nations all around.  
Great Frederick baffles all of Prussia's foes.

Defeats have shown him paths to victory.  
 He triumphs over kings and emperors.  
 Fair Italy, still fettered, languishes  
 In Austria's baleful shadow. The pontiff,  
 Triple crowned and doubly throned on seven hills,  
 Sits like an incubus on half the world.  
 The Kings of Spain and France degenerate.  
 No thoughts of statesmanship stir their dull brains.  
 These worthless sons of Henry of Navarre  
 Live only for their lusts and appetites.  
 The Portuguese, the petty German States,  
 Swiss, Belgians, Hollanders, Poles, Danes, and Swedes,  
 Require no comments here. But Choiseul  
 At St. Cloud watches the English closely,  
 Hoping to see their colonies detached  
 And lost forever to the British crown.  
 To you, O leader of our busy hosts,  
 I must report the writings of Rousseau,  
 Voltaire, and other authors less conspicuous.  
 These work a silent revolution in  
 The minds of readers, tending to o'erthrow  
 All confidence in God, in priest, in kings,  
 And human government. Unbridled lusts  
 Cast off all decency, all fear of God  
 In those who follow these admirèd men.  
 They sugar-coat or gild their mental pills  
 With science, art, and literary taste,  
 And schemes for elevating all mankind.  
 Their inspiration must have come from you,  
 Our sapient chief, or they could not have been  
 So wondrous shrewd in helping our designs.  
 I leave their books to you. Let Mammon speak.

*Satan.* But suffer me to say that subjects, kings,  
 And literati all belong to us.  
 Yes, Mammon, I committed to your care  
 Your clients of New England and their king,  
 With questions of taxation and finance.  
 You have for ages had your sovereign will  
 Without constraint from me. I trust you still.  
 Proceed with your report. We wait to hear.

*Mammon.* Two years have passed since Grenville  
 moved the king  
 And Parliament to tax Americans  
 By what is called the Stamp act. Discontent  
 Mutters and growls in every colony,  
 As if 'twould bite the hand stretched out to seize  
 Its treasured hoards. Lawyers and merchants prate  
 Of rights and robberies, and utter threats  
 Of stern resistance to tyrannic power.  
 They say the stamps shall not be introduced,  
 Nor even offered to indignant men.  
 A wordy warfare everywhere prevails:  
 All men expectant wait for bloody deeds.

*Satan.* Mammon, enough of words. I want not words,  
 But manly forms writhing in agony:  
 I must have war to rouse my intellect  
 And gratify malignant, fiendish hate.  
 But how? The nations dread Britannia's pow'r.  
 They fear to strike the mistress of the sea.  
 King George and all his cabinet love peace.  
 They have the strength to conquer half a world,  
 But live at ease and most ingloriously  
 Turn from the priceless prizes they could grasp.  
 They will not even strike these colonists,  
 Whose upstart boldness calls for chastisement,  
 But prate of England's glory, her renown,  
 Her king's prerogatives, her Parliament,  
 Its right to tax, and how, and when, and whom.  
 Meanwhile, by their neglect the world grows rich,  
 The nations prosper, while earth's myriad homes  
 Gather about them all that gladdens life.  
 I must have war to revel in its sins,  
 To gloat upon the miseries of men.  
 I'll have it. These colonists are cautious:  
 For them we wait in vain. They shed no blood.  
 Comrades, we cross the ocean. In London  
 Meet me two weeks from to-day. Be promptly  
 In the House of Commons then, to make them  
 Execute our wrathful plans of carnage.  
 Lord Botetourt, Virginia's Governor,  
 Is drawing near, taking his daily walk.

Scene: *Interior of the House of Commons. March 18, 1766. Enter SATAN, BAAL, AZAZEL, MAMMON, BELIAL.*

*Satan.* Welcome, my worthy friends! What news have you  
From his most stubborn Majesty, King George?  
Or from his Majesty's subservient tools,  
The Cabinet, the Commons, and the Lords?  
What of the Stamp act? Will it be repealed?  
Or will resistless armies subjugate  
Defiant and rebellious colonists?

*Baal.* Pacific measures suit the monarch's whim.  
He now proposes to repeal the Act,  
While Pitt, ennobled and made Earl of Chatham,  
Becomes Prime Minister and rules in peace.

*Satan.* This must not be. 'Twould thwart our crafty plans,  
And crown the king with loving gratitude  
More glorious far than royal diadem  
Or glitt'ring gems in an imperial crown. .  
'Twould span the ocean with a bow of hope,  
Bright'ning with beauty two broad continents.  
Pitt must not dominate the Cabinet.  
His august presence and imperious will  
Would awe the king, control the ministry,  
Restrain the Parliament, and paralyze  
All the mischievous factions of the realm.  
His potent voice would hush the raging storms  
That shake the firm foundations of the throne,  
Threat'ning to crush both law and liberty.

*Azazel.* The colonists would hail him as their friend,  
And help him to save England from herself.

*Mammon.* He at the helm would steer the ship of state  
To peaceful ports, and gather boundless wealth  
From ev'ry clime beneath the shining sun.

*Satan.* 'Tis this I would prevent. Please tell me how.

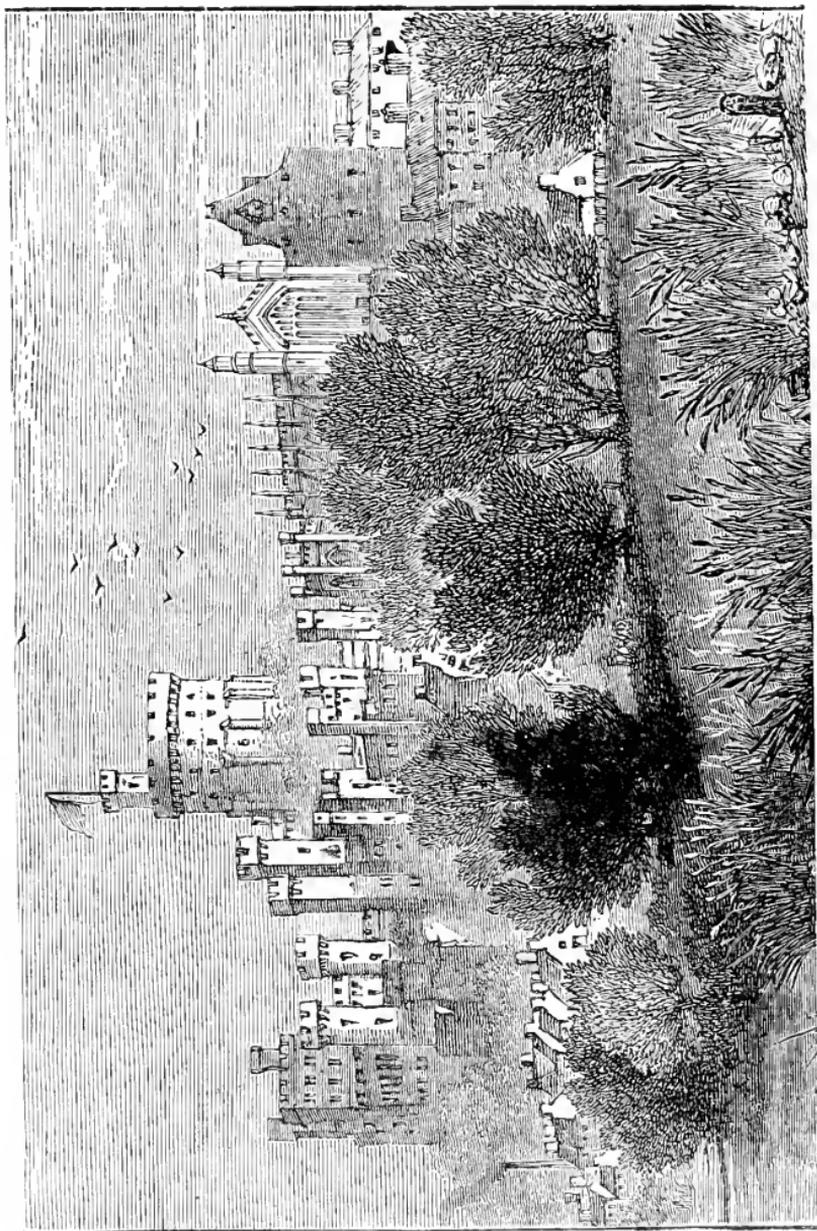
*Belial.* His tender toes shall feel a cruel twinge  
Of agonizing gout. He shall not sleep.

I'll shatter all his nerves, disturb his brain,  
 And lay him on his bed in helplessness.  
 Then his subordinates, to please the king,  
 May tax the colonists till discontent  
 Shall ripen to rebellion and to war.  
 Meanwhile, to keep Americans enraged,  
 The venal Parliament shall claim the right  
 To tax them as it wills in any case,  
 And in all cases whatsoever rule.  
 So hatred shall burn on with bright'ning blaze.

*Satan.* I thank you, Belial; your plan shall be mine.  
 Let us depart. To Mammon we will leave  
 The wordy worthies of the Parliament.  
 He knows the current price of each in gold,  
 In empty honors, or in offices.  
 King George, with thirty millions, year by year,  
 Still trades in men, in high-born Englishmen:  
 All slaves to Mammon, under his control.  
 There enters Townshend, and there William Pitt.  
 After to-night, Pitt in the House of Lords  
 Stoops to an earldom and a servant's place.  
 Come, trusty comrades, let us now retire.

Scene: *Windsor Castle, June 29, 1767.* SATAN, BAAL, AZAZEL, MAMMON, BELUS.

*Satan.* Companions of my grandeur and my toils,  
 Heirs of dominions broad and limitless,  
 Immortal monarchs of immensity,  
 All empires, kingdoms, principalities  
 Fade into insignificance before  
 Th' expanding grandeur and magnificence  
 Of our unequalled, glorious domains.  
 Here is the palace of an earthly king,  
 Clothed in the robes of human royalty,  
 Enthroned and sceptered, ruling over men  
 Of four great continents with sovereign sway.  
 Among the sons of men his pow'r is great,  
 But compared with ours less than a glow-worm's  
 To the noonday sun's refulgent splendor.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

*Belus.* He owns more land, but is not half so great  
As my old Babylonian worshipers,  
Nor are his palaces so grand as theirs.

*Satan.* Baal, you need not boast of Syria's kings,  
But tell me how your crafty plans succeed.

*Baal.* When Chatham was again Prime Minister,  
I feared the very worst that could occur  
To counteract our bold, malignant schemes.  
I counterworked, with wonderful success,  
His efforts to secure some potent friends  
And allies in the north. Choiseul, of France,  
Outwitted the great man, which made him sick.  
His king distrusted him, and only wished  
To use him to humiliate the lords.  
The people loved the simple name of Pitt.  
When the great commoner became an earl,  
I taught them to be very much displeas'd;  
But when the odious Stamp act was repealed,  
The colonists gave honors to his name.  
Charleston set up his statue, and the king  
Shared in great Chatham's popularity.  
New York set up his image, made of lead,  
But the soft metal can be turned to shot,  
For firing at his Majesty's dragoons.  
The cabinet, with Chatham to direct,  
Would have conciliated colonists,  
But the great earl went groaning to his couch,  
With shattered nerves and restless, aching head.  
George then, indeed, was ev'ry inch a king;  
King of his lords, commons, and colonists;  
And of his meek, subservient ministers.  
The lion-hearted earl might from his lair  
Growl, or roar loudly in impotent rage;  
The meaner beasts despised his helplessness.  
The royal kennel holds no yelping cur,  
No snapping mastiff to disturb the king:  
All fawn upon their master. At his will  
They go or come, and his broad collar wear.  
The unregretted absence of their chief

Leaves domineering Townshend to hold sway.  
 Camden and Shelburne, Conway, Rockingham,  
 And even pious Dartmouth yield to him.  
 Impulsive, bold, quick, eloquent, and proud,  
 I've used him for my fiendish purposes,  
 So as to tax tea, paper, paints, and glass.

*Satan.* Aha! aha! King George shall quickly find  
 Thorns in the bed of roses where he rests.  
 Taxation soon shall change the gleeful tunes  
 Now sung by grateful colonists to threats  
 Of fearful vengeance against tyranny.  
 The smallest tax will rouse indignant men  
 To stern resistance and to bloody deeds.  
 Speak, Mammon, let us hear what you have done.

*Mammon.* I have stirred up the colonists to strife  
 About the right of Parliament to bind  
 Them and their children through all time to come.  
 The greedy courtiers, and the lords of trade,  
 And all the vulgar herd who toil for wealth,  
 I have so worked upon that to their eyes  
 The dazzling brightness of a golden coin  
 Outshines the noonday radiance of the sun.  
 They'll sell their souls and heav'nly hopes for gold.

*Satan.* Azazel, what report have you to make?

*Azazel.* I have inflated with such pride the king  
 That to himself he's higher than the heavens  
 And mightiest of all created ones.  
 His wisdom's infinite, his right supreme,  
 His smile can gladden earth and gild the sky.  
 He's prouder far than all the Eastern kings,  
 Craving your pardon: "Proud as Lucifer."  
 The old nobility I've so puffed up  
 That vain, hereditary honors seem  
 Superior to all inherent worth,  
 All excellences that belong to man.  
 Their smallest ancient privilege o'errides  
 The most important rights of other men.  
 For them and theirs they judge the world was made.

Old England's *literati* I have moved  
 To dip in gall the keenest of their pens.  
 T' asperse the colonists with bitter words.  
 From old Sam Johnson to young Hannah More,  
 They all agree to hate Americans.  
 When some explosive spark shall kindle war,  
 All classes here will blaze with wrathful flames.

*Satan.* Comrades, our schemes work well. If Chat-  
 ham lives  
 And is restored to health, he will not stoop  
 To bandy idle words with such colleagues,  
 Nor condescend to serve a king whose smile  
 Approves bold Townshend's base, unfaithful act,  
 By which his gifted premier was betrayed.  
 This hateful Tax bill soon must separate  
 The statesman from both king and cabinet.  
 When the insulted great man shall withdraw,  
 Grenville and Townshend's mercenary plans  
 Will banish peace and send forth horrid war  
 To walk the earth with murder in his train.  
 King George, Queen Charlotte, and their royal babes  
 Come this way, walking toward their place of prayer.  
 Let us depart, and cross old ocean's waves.

Scene: *Boston, near Faneuil Hall, October 1, 1768.* SATAN, MARS,  
 MAMMON, BELIAL. *Martial music, soldiers marching.*

*Mars.* Hark! hark! That music falls upon my ear  
 Like martial sounds from ancient centuries.  
 It wakes within me the mysterious joy  
 With which I led old Nimrod from the chase  
 Of fierce, wild beasts to that of fiercer men.  
 I hear the measured tread of the well-drilled,  
 Whose glorious trade is sanguinary war.  
 Yes, here they march. That steady tramp recalls  
 The grand achievements of the mighty men  
 To whom I gave the conquering millions  
 Of earth's early times. In memory's view  
 Their gorgeous standards float above the heads  
 Of empire builders going forth to war.

Satan, what enemies has Britain here  
Demanding such a warlike armament?

*Satan.* This will make foes of peaceful citizens:  
All signs are ominous of bloody war.  
Ours is the task to hurry on the fight.  
I shall exult to see the storm come down  
With lightning flashes from bright bayonets,  
And deep-toned thunder from the cannon's mouth;  
To see red torrents of warm, flowing blood,  
And hear war's music in the groans of men.  
To me, 'twas worth ten thousand years in hell  
To witness one such battle as Blenheim.  
War's flashes gild with transitory beams  
The ever deep'ning darkness of my chains.  
Mammon, what news have you about the tax,  
The troops, the discontent, the threats of war?

*Mammon.* The people will not bear taxation now;  
They will not use an article that's taxed.  
They all make common cause against the right  
Of Parliament to tax Americans.  
They use as emblems of their unity,  
Sacred and true, the strength of banded sticks.  
Soldiers at New York, in a time of peace,  
Asked for support from those they came to enslave.  
This was refused. The right to legislate  
Was then withdrawn from the defiant men.  
From north to south the country was incensed.  
Indignant people talked of human rights  
Existing ere a human law was made;  
Of sacred rights, God-given; and above  
Thrones, Legislatures, and judicial courts  
Bold Samuel Adams even dared to speak  
Of independence as the people's right.  
The tools of tyranny became alarmed;  
They asked for soldiers to protect themselves  
Against the unarmed friends of liberty.

*Belial.* Dalrymple came with two full regiments.  
Next month two more will come to join them here.

Each soldier that we see has sixteen rounds  
 Of deadly ammunition to discharge.  
 In bold bravado they march proudly here  
 With glitt'ring bayonets, as if to probe  
 The heart of Boston with their shining steel.  
 Dalrymple, in his red coat, comes this way,  
 Followed by Samuel Adams, freedom's friend.

*Satan.* The people are insulted by demands  
 For quarters and provisions for the troops  
 That come to undermine their liberty.  
 'Twill not be long till folly yields its fruit  
 In mad rebellion and in bloody war.  
 Let us depart and wait expectantly.

Scene: *Boston Common, by moonlight, March 4, 1770. Enter SATAN, BAAL, MOLOCH, MAMMON, BELIAL, SERAPIS, MAES.*

*Satan.* Princes, potentates, powers! trusted, true!  
 I seek your counsel as in league with me  
 Against the hateful millions of mankind.  
 The nations still are tranquil. Earth pours forth  
 Her plenteous harvest in the lap of peace,  
 And joyful myriads walk in flow'ry paths.  
 Ingloriously we sit; while envy, hate,  
 And malice prey upon us. Kings, courtiers,  
 Statesmen, I in vain have tried; and wasted  
 Upon worthless demagogues wise counsels.  
 Now let your wisdom charm my list'ning ear,  
 And teach me how to banish peace from men.  
 Speak, Baal, let us hear what you propose.

*Baal.* I still tempt men to war against the Lord,  
 And bring his righteous judgments on themselves.  
 Their suff'rings then fill me with great delight.

*Satan.* Moloch, my friend, say, what do you advise?

*Moloch.* With horrid superstitions is my work,  
 My myriad victims perish day by day  
 Along the banks of Congo, Niger, Nile,  
 The Indus, Ganges, and the Hoang Ho;

But Europe treats my counsels with disdain.  
 No emperor, nor sultan, nor the king  
 Of France or Spain or Naples listens now  
 With satisfaction to the cries of pain  
 And shrieks of anguish wrung from tortured men  
 By superstition racked. Even the pope  
 Seems to be wearied with the human groans  
 That tell how worse than useless is the task  
 That cruelly constrains all men to say  
 That they will think, speak, and believe alike.  
 Mammon, report; say, what do you advise?

*Mammon.* I tempt the covetous: king, cabinet,  
 Lords, commons, and old England's populace  
 Combine to madden and provoke to war  
 The colonists, who all are covetous.  
 By persevering efforts in this line  
 'Twill not be long until they fight like dogs.

*Satan.* You once were active, ancient Serapis,  
 Worshipped by millions on the banks of Nile.

*Serapis.* Nor am I idle now, my worthy chief.  
 The mighty Mississippi owned my sway,  
 When a vile Spanish tyrant, moved by me,  
 Slaughtered in cold blood the republicans  
 Who tried self-government at New Orleans.  
 I'll watch the lowlands. Spaniards led by me  
 Became oppressors of the Netherlands.

*Satan.* Mars, what have you to say? What have you  
 done?

*Mars.* I've seen Lord Chatham, full of lofty pride,  
 Resign his place in the king's cabinet;  
 Witnessed the death of Townshend; seen Lord North  
 Become Prime Minister to please the king.  
 In England stupid weaklings now bear rule,  
 While in the colonies the wisest guide.  
 I saw Virginia's House of Burgesses,  
 With dignity and unanimity,  
 By formal resolutions take the lead,

Declaring that they never would be taxed  
 But by their own expressed authority.  
 Nor should their fellow-citizens be tried  
 But by a jury of the vicinage,  
 Nor should a tyrant's troops be quartered there.  
 The other colonies fall into line,  
 Hoping to crown union with liberty.  
 I have done nothing but await events.

*Satan.* I have grown weary waiting for events.  
 The king sends ammunition, soldiers, ships;  
 Talks threat'ningly, but hangs no traitor chief.  
 The colonists resolve, defy, make threats;  
 Talk bravely, but carefully do nothing.  
 Belial, 'tis yours to strike the spark that soon  
 Shall kindle blazing flames of horrid war.  
 These troops are not all quiet, peaceful saints,  
 Nor all these people meek as Moses was.  
 In spite of learning, pride, and piety,  
 Boston still breeds among her citizens  
 Certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,  
 True sons of Belial, ready to your hand.  
 Can you not artfully stir up your sons  
 To silly actions and provoking words,  
 By which t' enrage the rash, impatient troops  
 Till British lead stains Boston's streets with blood  
 Drawn from the veins of yankee patriots?  
 Then will King George be called a murderer;  
 And those who fall, martyrs of liberty.  
 What say you, Belial? Can the work be done?

*Belial.* Yes, mighty chief, it can. To-morrow night  
 Shall see bright moonbeams playing on earth's robes  
 Of snow-white purity, stained red with streams  
 Of flowing human gore. Will that suffice?

*Satan.* Yes, Belial, let the work of death begin.  
 'Twill fill all hearts with hatred and revenge,  
 Providing for long years of bloody war.  
 My trusty friends, let us be here to see,  
 And duly honor Belial for success.

Scene: *Boston sidewalk near the court-house, March 5, 1770. Five bleeding bodies are in sight. Cries of agony are heard from unseen wounded men being carried away.* RAPHAEL, ZEPHON, ZOPHIEL, ARIEL.

*Ariel.* Why all this flowing blood? The virgin snow  
Is red with crimson blushes. On the air  
Comes agonizing cries, startling and sad,  
Filling the night with horror, promising  
A gloomy morning full of sighs and tears.  
Who killed these men? And why? Say, Raphael  
What dreadful crime caused this grave tragedy?

*Raphael.* The guilt of these rash murders, Ariel,  
Rests first on Satan, author of all sin.  
He stirs the hatreds that provoke fierce wars:  
His restless malice has been working here.  
Next, on the king and his Prime Minister.  
'Tis shared in part by selfish governors,  
Whose cowardice led them to ask for troops;  
In part by Capt. Preston and his men;  
In part, by sons of Belial on the street.  
The thoughtful people feared such scenes as this,  
And longed to see the regiments removed.  
To-night the rabble, with insulting words,  
Pressed on a sentinel; he called for help.  
His comrades were defied, insulted, struck.  
Sticks, stones, snow, rubbish flying thick and fast,  
Provoked the soldiery to desp'rate deeds.  
One fell, another had his gun knocked up;  
They heard themselves called lobsters, cowards, knaves,  
Rogues, villains, dastards, slaves who did not dare  
To use their weapons in their own defense.  
Then came the fatal order. At the flash,  
Guilty and innocent together fell.  
The dead and dying and the soldiery  
Who fired the fatal shots that laid them low  
Were quite too ignorant to understand  
Or know the cause of their most cruel strife.  
Untaught in ethics, law, or statesmanship,  
These slaves of blind resentment shoot, or fall;  
Yet this dark deed may sever all the ties

That bind these States to England and her king,  
 May make of the best people in the world  
 Most bitter enemies, though now they're friends.  
 But there are Warren, Otis, and a crowd  
 Of most indignant, irate citizens.  
 They understand the questions in dispute.  
 They say a freeman taxed without consent  
 Is but a milder name for robbery.  
 They will pay taxes levied by themselves  
 Or their own chosen representatives.  
 No act of Parliament shall confiscate  
 The property that they have earned and saved.  
 It was no act of Parliament that sent  
 Their brave forefathers to this distant land.  
 The settlers came as freemen. Protected  
 By the common law of England and all  
 The muniments of British liberty,  
 They claimed their birthright as inherited.  
 True to old England, loyal to their king,  
 They took up arms and freely shed their blood  
 For Britain's glory and her king's domains;  
 With their own money fed and clothed themselves,  
 So long as Britons found a foe to fight.  
 Their sons will freely fight for Britain still,  
 But not be driv'n as mercenary slaves.  
 They say to quarter soldiers in this town  
 In time of peace is cruel tyranny,  
 An insult and an outrage and a farce,  
 Ending to-night in bloody tragedy.

*Zophiel.* How unexpected this has been to me!  
 'Tis but a few short years since with delight  
 I gazed admiringly on Britain's king  
 And on his dutiful and pious queen.  
 The old abuses and disgraceful sins,  
 Brought o'er the sea from Hanover, had ceased;  
 No more was heard the drunken revelry,  
 The oaths profane, the vulgar, ribald jests,  
 Nor seen th' outrageous, brazen harlotry  
 That long disgraced the royal palaces.  
 The king and queen bowed to the King of kings,

Most humbly and devoutly worshipping;  
 While multitudes, by their example led,  
 Paid meek devotion to the Lord most high.  
 The royal children, early taught to pray,  
 Won ev'ry heart that saw their loveliness.  
 All holy angels loved to linger near,  
 And wait upon the blissful heirs of life.  
 From the home circle of chaste royalty  
 Virtue and decency walked forth to bless  
 Millions with holy, conjugal delights,  
 In the pure homes of people of all ranks.

*Zephon.* I saw the fine arts yield to royalty  
 Their grateful homage and obedience,  
 And imitate the chaste and decent court.  
 Handel and Haydn sent sublimest strains  
 Of heav'nly music ringing round the world.  
 Obscenity and folly fled away  
 From halls of music, pure and undefiled.  
 Reynolds and West to glowing canvas gave,  
 In fairest features and most perfect forms,  
 The grandest charms of manhood's majesty,  
 And beauty's blooming loveliness unveiled,  
 Yet brought no burning blush to virtue's cheek.  
 From heathen haunts and pagan practices,  
 The muse of poetry turned quite away,  
 With chaste and lofty thoughts and ringing words  
 T' inspire Johnson and Goldsmith, Beattie,  
 Gray, and Cowper. To good Charles Wesley gave  
 Songs fit for seraphs near th' eternal throne,  
 That charm the ear, that thrill and melt the heart,  
 Inspire devotion, till the classic muse  
 Goes singing like a modest Methodist,  
 To win for Christ the millions of mankind.  
 Great Chatham was the king's Prime Minister,  
 Who drove domestic discord from the land,  
 And gave his monarch thrones in loyal hearts.  
 Prosperity and loyalty and love,  
 With gleeful gladness, hand in hand rejoiced.  
 All foreign foes were vanquished and in peace.  
 The savage Indians of the western wilds

Most gladly owned King George's sovereignty.  
 "They buried tomahawks and scalping-knives,  
 And planted over them the tree of peace."  
 Th' uncounted millions of old Asia's sons  
 Began to seek protection 'neath his flag.  
 Far distant lands and isles of ev'ry sea  
 Waited for England's colonies and laws;  
 But now disorder reigns. Red-handed war,  
 With gory banners, frights the trembling land.  
 Please tell me, Raphael, why this mournful change?

*Raphael.* Zephon, this melancholy change has sprung  
 From stubborn pride and greedy selfishness.  
 When Pitt had laid the world at Britain's feet,  
 The cost of such great triumphs must be paid.  
 The question was, by whom? Wise statesmanship  
 Could see broad streams of richest revenues  
 Deep'ning their channels toward the treasury;  
 But Pitt no longer ruled the prosp'rous land.  
 Unlawful taxes laid on colonists,  
 Instead of lawful taxes on themselves,  
 Was what the king and cabinet proposed.  
 This roused the colonists. From bad to worse  
 The government has gone. To-night we see  
 Most bloody fruits of selfish arrogance.  
 The full, red harvest ripens rapidly,  
 And fearful retribution marches on  
 To punish Britain's pride and selfishness.

Scene: *Front of John Street Church, New York, with Trinity Church  
 in view by moonlight, October 5, 1770.* RAPHAEL, ARIEL, UZZIEL,  
 ZEPHON.

*Raphael.* The snowy robes of Boston stained with  
 blood  
 Of slaughtered citizens in peaceful times  
 Drew forth our sympathies when last we met.  
 Since then, where have you ministered? what seen?

*Ariel.* The dwellings of the saints have been my care.  
 I have seen many Eastern colonists,  
 Have watched their struggles, helped them in distress,

And poured celestial comforts into hearts  
 That throbbing sunk in hopeless agony.  
 My latest most delightful work has been  
 By Whitefield's death-bed, and with his freed soul,  
 His escort to the paradise of God.  
 With work well done he rested from his toils,  
 And like a weary child he fell asleep,  
 Not taking time to talk of works or faith.  
 Friends watched his latest hours, and gently laid  
 His mortal body near the sacred desk  
 From which he loved to tell of saving grace.  
 Two continents seem orphaned by his death;  
 Their wailing lamentations now are heard.  
 Please tell me of your labors and your cares.

*Raphael.* The Southern sea-coasts I have visited,  
 From far Savannah to the Chesapeake  
 Thousands whose burning brows have felt my touch  
 Drive off the fever fiend, and heal the wounds  
 His fiery feet had made, rejoice to-day;  
 And thousands more, cast down by many cares,  
 Now lift their heads in Christian cheerfulness.  
 Zephon, report what you have seen and done.

*Zephon.* Along the deep, broad rivers of the West,  
 I've sought the hunters of the wilderness  
 And carried comfort to their rude, rough homes;  
 But I beheld in Western Maryland  
 A sight so grand 'tis worth reporting here.  
 'Twas in a frontier cabin. Death approached  
 And called its brave defender to depart.  
 The husband, father, neighbor said farewell  
 To weeping loved ones whom he soon must leave;  
 Then, with a shout of triumph over death,  
 Set his firm foot upon the tyrant's neck,  
 And with ecstatic rapture passed away  
 To endless life, forever with the Lord.  
 Three days of solemn, joyful mourning passed,  
 And holy men took up their comrade's corpse.  
 No bell was counting out his years below;  
 But through the grand old woods rung out such sounds

As none but Christ's most holy ones could raise.  
 Such thrilling tones, pathetic and sublime,  
 So full of gracious fervor, could not spring  
 From voices that had not been tuned by grace.  
 Slowly, with measured, reverential steps,  
 The train moved onward to the Christian's grave,  
 Still bravely singing in heroic lays  
 The song triumphant of victorious faith:  
 "Rejoice for a brother deceased;  
   Our loss is his infinite gain;  
 A soul out of prison released,  
   And freed from his bodily chain:  
 With songs let us follow his flight,  
   And mount with his spirit above,  
 Escaped to the mansions of light,  
   And lodged in the Eden of love."

*Ariel.* Please tell us more about those singing saints  
 Who thus defy the keenest darts of death,  
 And raise glad shouts of vict'ry o'er the grave.

*Uzziel.* Ten years ago, there came to Maryland  
 An Irishman, of lowly, humble birth.  
 But being "born again"—born from above—  
 Though poor in purse, was very rich in faith.  
 This child of God—heir of immensity—  
 Has called mankind to share his heritage.  
 Heeding his invitation with delight,  
 His humble neighbors sought like precious faith,  
 Are children of their God in very deed,  
 Crowned with divinest honor, wealth, and power.  
 Death owns his conquerors in such as these.  
 When Robert Strawbridge, called of God to preach,  
 Asked for a license under Wesley's hand,  
 'Twas not believed that such a man could lay  
 The broad foundations of the greatest Church  
 Known to this Western world for centuries  
 To come. But so it was. In the same year,  
 Two other families of the same faith  
 Came from the same green isle and landed here.  
 Six years of modest diffidence passed by,

While secret prayers ascended from their hearts.  
Then others came to join the holy band.  
Brave Barbara Heck moved Philip Embury  
To preach the gospel to these emigrants.  
At first a few, then crowds came out to hear.  
Soon Captain Webb came down from Albany,  
True soldier of the cross, with sword in hand,  
In his red regimentals gayly clad,



ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE.

Entered the pulpit, laid at Jesus' feet  
The glittering steel, and with a giant's strength  
Wielded the Holy Spirit's two-edged sword.  
This lowly, humble temple is the place  
Where these religious people meet to-night.  
And yet another, worthy of all praise,  
Has come to join them in their loving work.

He goes to wave the blazing torch of truth  
Where it first flashed upon this continent,  
Held in the hands of Hunt and Whitaker,  
Assisted by the greatest of John Smiths.  
'Tis Robert Williams. He's Virginia's own.  
See at his side young Francis Asbury,  
Destined to lead the hosts of Methodism;



CAPTAIN WEBB.

And there is Embury, here Barbara Heck,  
The noblest of them all. There Captain Webb,  
Who lost an eye while fighting gallantly  
When Wolfe fell, crowned with vict'ry, at Quebec.  
Let us go in and worship with them here.

## BOOK THIRD.

---

Scene: *Heights of Richmond, April 2, 1773.* MICHAEL, GABRIEL,  
ITHURIEL.

*Gabriel.* Hail, prince of our angelic brotherhood,  
Guardian of empires and great statesmen's guide,  
This day Virginia's burgesses have crowned,  
With unexampled glory and renown,  
This noblest of all noble commonwealths;  
With reverential love and lofty pride  
They led their young majestic mother forth,  
Blooming and fair, in beauteous gracefulness,  
To hold her bright, impenetrable shield  
Between her trembling sisters and their foe.  
This must be "freedom's home or glory's grave."  
No room is found for craven dastards here.

*Michael.* Gabriel, your admiration is deserved;  
I share it with you. But a selfish world  
Oft takes advantage of the generous.  
The time may come when those she now defends  
Will, quite forgetful of all gratitude,  
Trample upon the compact made by States,  
And gather millions from the teeming North  
To subjugate this little, lovely town,  
Or sweep creation for a hireling host,  
To lay Virginia's beauty in the dust.

*Ithuriel.* In such a case her stalwart sons would fight  
As men in armies never fought before.  
Her fairest fields they'd fertilize with blood,  
And send swift retribution on her foes.  
But I forbear to scan futurity.  
Foreknowledge does not now belong to us:  
'Tis with the present that we have to do.

This latest action taken here to-day  
 Will unify and organize defense.  
 The colonists in constant intercourse  
 Will act in concert to resist all wrongs,  
 Or, possibly, for independence strike.  
 The busy printing-press gives active aid  
 To those defending civil liberty.  
 The "Farmer's Letters" by John Dickinson,  
 Pour floods of light upon the public mind,  
 And teach great truths in a most winning way.

*Abdiel.* The pen of Junius, "keen and dipped in gall,"  
 Punctures abuses most relentlessly.  
 But why does he conceal his skillful hand?  
 Who is he? What is his own proper name?

*Gabriel.* Abdiel, opinions differ as to that.  
 I only give you mine for what it's worth.  
 One man alone can use such forceful words:  
 But one in reputation's rich enough  
 To be so prodigal of fame as not  
 To claim the honor of such authorship.  
 But one knew all the secrets he reveals,  
 While mercilessly lashing ministers  
 And even his most gracious Majesty.  
 One man, and only one, could feel—could make  
 His burning words express—such lofty pride,  
 Such grand, imperious, disdainful scorn  
 Of high-born littleness in seats of power.  
 That man is Chatham. "Junius" did not write  
 Till after Chatham left the cabinet.  
 The sick man's comforts, his domestic joys,  
 His social rank were chains of gratitude  
 He could not break, though duty sternly called  
 For patriot toils to save a sinking State.  
 Even the great man's title then proclaimed  
 His deep indebtedness to George the Third.  
 The unknown "Junius" gave the unfettered strength  
 Of Pitt's unequalled genius to mankind  
 To save them from the follies of the times,  
 The more completely to conceal his hand

He praised himself. So, of necessity,  
 "Junius" must rest in Chatham's honored grave.

*Michael.* Among these gifted backwoods burgesses  
 Are men whose honored names shall soon outshine  
 Illustrious Chatham's on the list of fame;



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

And one, the peerless name of Washington,  
 Shall stand confessed the highest of mankind.  
 Behold! The noblest of the human race!

Scene: *Boston, in front of the old South Church, at night, December 15, 1773.* SATAN, BELIAL, AZAZEL.

*Satan to Belial.* My trusty friend, I need your services.  
 This question of taxation, simplified,  
 Turns now on tea alone. The Parliament

And king bid the obedient merchants send  
 Cheap tea to tempt weak colonists to buy.  
 Charleston, New York, and Philadelphia  
 Have kept the tempting leaves from cheerful homes;  
 But Hutchinson, to enrich his selfish sons,  
 Would gladly give Bostonians all they want.  
 Mammon delights to help the covetous.  
 He would not have a single leaf destroyed.  
 To you I therefore come. What can you do?

*Belial.* To-morrow night the citizens meet here  
 To talk of grievances and remedies.  
 I will bring fifty of my chosen sons,  
 Arrayed as Indians, to destroy the tea.  
 The crowd shall follow us to Griffin's Wharf;  
 We'll seize the tea and throw it in the dock.  
 This great "tea party" long shall be renowned.  
 The king, intoxicated with its fumes,  
 Shall loose his dogs of war against this town,  
 And wreak his vengeance on its citizens.

*Azazel.* Will that bring on the war so much desired,  
 Or Boston be the only sufferer?

*Satan.* We can but try it. Here to-morrow night  
 We come to witness Belial's great success.

*Scene: Boston, in front of the old South Church, at night, December  
 16, 1773. SATAN and AZAZEL approach.*

*Satan.* Ho! Belial, where are now your fifty men?

*Belial.* Satan, they restless sit amid the crowd,  
 Waiting our signal to begin their work.

*Satan.* Belial, give them the expected signal now.

*Belial.* Satan, that's all arranged and understood:  
 There's one within who will attend to that.  
 Come with me now to Griffin's Wharf before  
 The crowd comes rushing and the fray begins.

*Scene: Griffin's Wharf.*

*Belial to Satan and Azazel.* Step with me on this  
 elevated spot,  
 Whence we can see destructive work go on.

The war-whoop sounds and hundreds rush this way.  
 The work begins; the tea is seized; the chests  
 Are emptied in the foaming waves and sink.  
 Now, Satan, can you praise my handiwork?

*Satan.* Belial, I can. But we must cross the sea.  
 Our work is incomplete until the king  
 Grows furious and begins to strike his foes.

Scene: *Front of the palace, January 11, 1774.* SATAN, AZAZEL,  
 BELIAL, MAMMON.

*Satan.* The privy council met the king to-day  
 To talk of letters that have passed between  
 Hillsboro and the royal governor.  
 Petitions from the colonists have come  
 Demanding the removal of their foes—  
 For such they count their governor, their judge;  
 And by those letters prove that enmity  
 Reigns in the hearts of those high officers.  
 The king and his advisers do not deign  
 To notice such petitions for relief.  
 The ministers were troubled, and would learn  
 Who 'twas that told state secrets out of school.  
 Each charged another with the grave offense,  
 And duels might have shed their noble blood  
 If nobler Franklin had not helped his foes  
 By telling them 'twas he that sent the news.  
 The cabinet became enraged at him  
 And said he must appear before King George.  
 Belial, your matchless talents I require.  
 These high-born dignitaries of the realm  
 Furnish lewd fellows of the baser sort,  
 Lower in vulgar vices than the scum  
 Fermenting in the slums of wretchedness.  
 One, Wedderburne, belongs to this vile class.  
 On this he-harpy try your utmost skill.  
 Let fangs and talons rend old Franklin's heart;  
 Bid weaker vultures share the hateful feast  
 Until King George shall sicken at the sight.  
 Meanwhile, Azazel, go stir up the king  
 Until his rage exceeds all decent bounds;  
 Then meet me here again in eighteen days.

Scene: *Front of the palace, by moonlight, January 29, 1774.* SATAN,  
BELIAL, AZAZEL.

*Belial.* My honored chief, your deep-laid plot works well.

Franklin was present by the king's command;  
Base Wedderburne in rudest wrathfulness  
Hurl'd at him accusations, insults, threats,  
And every wordy weapon he could find  
In the whole armory of human speech.  
Dignified and brave, unmoved by malice,  
Unsubdued by fear, unawed by all the  
Frowns of royalty or threats of power,  
The hero told them most unwelcome truths.  
The laughing lordlings and ungracious king  
Were dwarfed before this wise man of the West.

*Satan.* Azazel, what have you to tell to-night?  
Was royalty submissive to your will?

*Azazel.* More than submissive to all fiendish schemes  
For crushing the rebellious colonists.  
Alas! poor king, he is insanely mad  
Against all persons who resist his will.

*Satan.* This but promotes our hellish purposes,  
And promises a long, long, cruel strife.  
To-night peace spreads her snow-white wings for flight,  
While howling hatred calls for bloody war.

*Belial.* Say, Satan, is my latest work approved?

*Satan.* It is. I give you my most hearty thanks.  
But there remains another work for you:  
Gage is in London. He must see the king  
And fill him with vain hopes of victory.  
To you I trust him: work him to your will  
By hast'ning on the conflicts that must come.  
These men deceive each other and themselves;  
We understand them and are not deceived.  
How despicable is all human pride!  
How inconsistent man's most lauded acts!

Not twenty months ago these islanders  
 Boasted most loudly of the liberty  
 Conferred by Mansfield on one negro slave  
 A Massachusetts man had landed here.  
 Cheap charity, without expense, could free  
 Another's slave and glory in the deed,  
 Singing loud songs about philanthropy,  
 Boasting of freedom and of English air  
 Inhaled by slaves to give them liberty.  
 We laugh to scorn such bold, pretentious boasts,  
 While Parliament and king for paltry gold  
 Encourage merchants still to trade in slaves.  
 Yes, judges, legislators, and the king  
 Turn a deaf ear to accents of distress  
 In which Virginia begs to be relieved  
 From the accursed slave trade and its woes.  
 The horrid traffic, with its burning shame,  
 Still brings bright blushes to her glowing cheeks,  
 As such vile merchandise pollutes her shores.  
 Mansfield approaches. North is by his side.

Scene: *House of Lords after adjournment, March 18, 1774.* SATAN,  
 BAAL, MARS, AZAZEL, BELIAL.

*Satan.* My great compeers, we've triumphed here to-day.  
 The Boston Port bill passed and is approved.  
 An empire wreaks its vengeance on a town;  
 Blockades its ports, removes its government,  
 Fills it with soldiers, starves its citizens:  
 (Those of them that it does not choose to hang)  
 To this king, lords, and commons have agreed.

*Baal.* Satan, this must be quite an easy task  
 Imposed upon themselves: an hour's pastime.  
 How many people are there in the town?

*Satan.* When full, not more than sixteen thousand  
 souls;  
 But now, with numbers frightened and away,  
 Soldiers outnumber quiet citizens.

*Belial.* Then why not go to hanging instantly,  
 And end the troubles of the trembling town?

*Azazel.* That is a game attended by great risks.  
More than two millions threaten to take part  
In such proceedings, if they once begin.

*Satan.* Ha! Comrade Mars, great gallant god of war!  
I see the smile that lights your countenance.  
Make ready for the strife: there's work for you.  
To Massachusetts let us wend our way.

Scene: *Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia, June 1, 1774. Flags on  
shipping at half-mast; crape on closed houses; muffled bells tolling.*  
ABDIEL, ITHURIEL, ZEPHON, UZZIEL, RAPHAEL.

*Zephon.* What mean these signs of mourning, those sad  
sounds  
That echo like the dirge of some lost soul?  
Has death struck down the monarch on his throne?  
Do continents lament their loss to-day?

*Abdiel.* Death in a palace brings no gloom like this;  
'Tis liberty has died, and millions mourn.  
These half-mast flags, these melancholy bells,  
Those crape-clad dwellings, and those solemn throngs,  
Proclaim the indignation and distress  
That patient Pennsylvania feels to-day  
Because the Boston Port bill is enforced.

*Ithuriel.* Virginia fasts, and lifts her solemn prayers  
For help from God against the enemies  
Of human freedom and the rights of man.  
She summons a convention of her sons  
To choose a delegation that shall meet  
A Continental Congress in this place.  
She calls back liberty to life again,  
Ready to arm brave sons in her defense,  
Making one nation of these colonies.

*Abdiel.* Comrades, Virginia lives in quietness.  
So do the other Southern colonies;  
Their ports are not blockaded, nor their towns  
Beleaguered by a hostile soldiery.  
With lords of trade they have no rivalries,  
No ships of theirs the rich siave trade divide  
With merchants of old England. Salem, Boston,

And New York provoke the jealousy of  
 Liverpool and Bristol for its profits.  
 Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, Baltimore  
 Send out no ships for captured Africans.  
 Those Southerners are favorites of the king.  
 He does not ask the heads of their great men,  
 Nor would he have them sent across the sea.  
 Why, then, does Boston rouse their sympathies  
 So that they risk their all in her defense?

*Uzziel.* Thus all the colonies make common cause  
 Against the right of king and Parliament  
 To tax them all without their own consent;  
 To rule them in all cases; quarter troops  
 On them in time of peace; to transport men  
 Across the sea for trial. If Boston  
 Suffers now without redress, why may not  
 Charleston, Norfolk, Baltimore, whenever  
 Whims of tyrants may demand? Their innate,  
 Home-bred love of liberty, law, justice,  
 Impels them to contend for human rights.

*Raphael.* That doubtless is the truth; but gratitude,  
 Stronger than bands of steel, must ever bind  
 New England to the people of the South.  
 Their interests she will guard as if her own;  
 Wrongs done to them she'll hasten to redress;  
 Insults to them must be insults to her,  
 Her loving-kindness their rich heritage.

*Abdiel.* After the coming Congress shall convene,  
 Let us meet here again at duty's call.  
 But see, there comes this way John Dickinson:  
 The "Farmer's Letters" flowed from his keen pen.

Scene: *In front of Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, October 25, 1774.*  
 ABDIEL, ITHURIEL, RAPHAEL, ZOPHIEL, ZEPHON.

*Abdiel.* The Congress has completed its great work:  
 Will soon adjourn to meet again in May.  
 Such wisdom, prudence, boldness, bravery  
 Earth never saw before in any land.

They buried bigotry. Opposing sects  
 Built on his grave the altar of our God.  
 They banished selfishness, and in his place,  
 Enthroned triumphant, love-crowned unity.  
 They came to speak of grievances endured  
 By persecuted, struggling colonies;  
 They go, the representatives and chiefs  
 Of millions that refuse to be oppressed.



JOHN WYCKLIFFE.

*Uzziel.* Comrades, if that be so, why do they not  
 Cast off the British yoke and rule themselves?

*Ithuriel.* Their gen'rous hearts retain a ling'ring love  
 Of Britain, as the happy home of their  
 Revered forefathers. They share her glory,  
 Her renown inherit. Her mighty arm  
 Subdues all foreign foes, and is a sure  
 Defense for all on whom she deigns to smile.

They love her ancient laws, and dare to hope  
 For the repeal of those tyrannic acts  
 That now oppress them. Some are not ready  
 For the final step to independence.  
 Self-government will come. They wisely wait  
 For full consent and unanimity.  
 To freedom's friends this comes with quick'ning speed.  
 The wrongs that suff'ring Boston now endures  
 Awaken indignation in all hearts.  
 Some, praying, call aloud for heav'nly help;  
 Others, with wrath, hurl fierce anathemas  
 At the hard-hearted king and ministers.

*Zephon.* But who provides for Boston's families,  
 And drives the wolf of famine from their homes?

*Raphael.* The harvests of a continent are theirs,  
 Laid at their feet by patriotic hands.  
 Gadsden, of Carolina, was the first  
 Whose gen'rous heart responded to their wants.  
 His crop of rice was liberty's first-fruits,  
 By union brought to freedom's sacred shrine;  
 Then followed the rich products of broad fields  
 From Alleghanian heights to ocean's shore.  
 Boston most gratefully records these gifts,  
 Sent in her hour of need from Southern soil.  
 All time shall witness with approving smiles  
 The tokens of her loving gratitude.  
 Gadsden and Charleston shall be household words,  
 Honored and loved beyond all other names.

*Zophiel.* 'Tis less than half a year since General Gage,  
 With colors flying and with booming guns,  
 Sailed into Boston Harbor with eclat;  
 Then through the perfumed air of flow'ry May,  
 Escorted by cadets that Hancock led,  
 He marched in triumph to the state-house square;  
 In Faneuil Hall dined with the patriots,  
 Assured them that "the troubles of the times  
 Were only lovers' quarrels," and would end  
 In halycon days of loving happiness.

While thus dissembling, he was pledged to send  
 Their leading men as pris'ners o'er the sea  
 To meet the vengeance of their irate king.

*Uzziel.* Does his pretense of friendship still deceive?  
 Or has he dropped the mask that hid his hate?

*Abdiel.* His gleesome gala days are ended now.  
 Prison bounds restrain his wonted freedom.  
 His troops to narrow limits are confined:  
 A living, human wall forbids escape.  
 Broad as New England now he sees it rise,  
 And firmer than her frowning granite hills.  
 His civic honors, his vice-regal powers,  
 And all the glory of supreme command  
 Hide not the horrors of his dismal fate.  
 Escape by sea would lead to dire disgrace;  
 He dare not venture upon hostile acts.  
 In vain he fortifies against his foes:  
 His piteous cries for help in his great need  
 Burden the west winds and disturb the king.  
 It is not "Boston's rabble" he now fears;  
 "Substantial citizens" arise in arms.  
 He asks that peaceful counsels may prevail;  
 Demands more troops—English or Scotch, Irish  
 Or mercenary Germans, negro slaves,  
 Canadian French or Indian savages—  
 To save him in this dread extremity.  
 Without more troops to fight the colonists,  
 Ingloriously idle he remains.  
 Shut up in Boston with his well-drilled men,  
 Sees brave Virginians boldly take up arms,  
 Drive hostile Indians from their heritage,  
 And firmly hold their own with steel-clad hands  
 Against King George and Frenchmen of Quebec.  
 The boundless acres of the wid'ning West  
 As to their fathers giv'n are still their own.

*Zephon.* Did the mad king give Canada those lands?

*Abdiel.* He did. His hatred of the colonies  
 Was stronger than his bitter bigotry,

Prompting vain efforts to convey the lands  
 Of true Virginia English Protestants  
 To Roman Catholics of French Quebec,  
 Trying to check the Old Dominion's growth  
 By this mad folly of an insane king.  
 Even Dunmore, the Tory governor,  
 Saw with delight Virginians driving back  
 King George's Indians and Canadians.  
 But see, the Congress now hast just adjourned.  
 There's Washington, Lee, Henry, Jefferson,  
 John Adams, Livingston, Gadsden, and Jay,  
 And Samuel Adams, who was first to see  
 The sun of independence in the east.  
 Undying fame leads them to lofty heights  
 Of high renown and immortality.

Scene: *Front of St. John's Church, Richmond, Va., April 2, 1775.*  
 MICHAEL, GABRIEL, ITHURIEL, ABDIEL.

*Michael.* Guardians of nations, comrades tried and true,  
 The dawn of independence now appears  
 From the St. Lawrence down to Florida.  
 The eastern skies are glowing with its light,  
 While frontier settlers in the distant West  
 With exultation hail the bright'ning beams.  
 Chatham and Burke have eloquently plead  
 With lords and commons for colonial rights;  
 But their appeals have both been made in vain.  
 Franklin returns to tell his countrymen  
 That Britain spurns their representative.  
 The royal governors retire in haste,  
 Or give their king's commissions to the flames.

*Ithuriel.* Michael, the breezes from the distant North  
 Come burdened with reports of horrid war.  
 'Tis said that thirty thousand freemen armed  
 Toward Boston now are marching rapidly;  
 That Gage cannot escape but by the sea;  
 That his drilled troops, whipped by provincial boys,  
 Seek safety in intrenchments and in forts.

*Abdiel.* This colony to-day resolves to arm  
 Her stalwart sons to fight for liberty.

Lee, Washington, Henry, and Jefferson  
 Are to devise the military plan  
 By which Virginia's troops shall take the field.  
 Lord Dunmore threatens to burn up her towns,  
 Arm slaves, and bid them desolate her homes;  
 Give to the gallows leading citizens,  
 To scalping-knives the tresses that adorn  
 The loveliness of youth and innocence.  
 He thinks that with three thousand stand of arms,



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Four pieces of artillery at hand,  
 Three thousand saucy, well-fed negro slaves,  
 His brave marines and Indian savages,  
 He can subdue these freemen. What say you?

*Gabriel.* I say these patriots despise his threats.

*Ithuriel.* Five thousand men, the bravest of the brave,  
 Are ready now to drive him to his ships.

*Michael.* The Congress meets in May. Let us remain  
And meet at Alexandria on the road.  
Thence we can travel with the delegates  
To witness the proceedings and debates.

Scene: *Alexandria, Va., May 1, 1775.* MICHAEL, GABRIEL, ABDIEL, ITHURIEL.

*Michael.* Comrades, I hail you happy on your way  
To the fair city where the Congress meets.  
Georgia, with but three thousand fighting men,  
Sees on her soil ten thousand Indian braves,  
Ready, for British gold, to slay her sons;  
Yet does not hesitate in freedom's cause  
To seize five hundred pounds of gunpowder  
That had been stored in the king's magazine;  
And further, to defy his Majesty,  
Sends to rebellious Boston rice and gold.

*Abdiel.* South Carolina by heroic deeds  
Defies Great Britain and her hireling hosts;  
Lays hold upon eight hundred stand of arms,  
With ammunition and rich army stores,  
Ready for independence or for war.  
North Carolina is in arms to-day:  
Her governor, a fugitive, makes haste  
To leave the land that spurns his tyranny.

*Gabriel.* List to the martial music on the air!  
Virginia's Congressmen are coming now,  
Escorted to the border of their State  
By the brave men who drove Lord Dunmore out.  
The journey of these statesmen toward the North  
Has now become a grand triumphal march.  
Applauding thousands hail the conquerors,  
Victorious over boasting tyranny.  
They drove the British regulars in fight,  
And did not lose a single combatant,  
While the red-coated officers were slain  
Till English blood had fertilized the soil.  
They forced the braggart governor to pay

For their State's powder which he basely stole;  
 Then drove the terror-stricken wretch to seek  
 With hasty steps a refuge on his ships.  
 The fiendish vandal, filled with hellish hate,  
 Gave Norfolk to the flames as he passed by.  
 'Twas well with fire to purify the spot  
 Where his foul foot last touched the sacred soil.  
 His and his master's last official act  
 In this, the purest of all commonwealths,  
 Forced its protesting citizens to bear,  
 For England's glory and emolument,  
 The vile, polluting horrors that belonged  
 To the dark slave trade which their souls abhorred.  
 But royalty and loyalty depart  
 And false philanthropy is following  
 To keep the trio out; Randolph and Bland  
 Have just sold forty slaves, that they may buy  
 Powder to drive the slave-ships of King George  
 Far from their honest, flourishing young State  
 And free New England from his galling yoke.

Scene: *Lexington, Mass., before day, April 19, 1775.* SATAN, BAAL,  
 MOLOCH, MARS.

*Satan.* Hail! princes of my more than royal court,  
 Bold leaders of my brave embattled hosts!  
 The conflict we have waited for begins.  
 There's Paul Revere. He's riding in hot haste  
 To warn the watchful sons of liberty.  
 December saw him rousing Sullivan,  
 Who captured Cochrane and a royal fort  
 And carried off its powder and its arms.  
 This action of the bold New Hampshire men  
 Has led King George to order General Gage  
 To seize all arms and powder to be found  
 Among his rash rebellious colonists.  
 Obedient to this order of the king,  
 Gage sent out Major Pitcairn and some troops  
 Upon a midnight search to capture stores.  
 But Paul Revere outrides the royalists,  
 And fighting men are gathering at his call.  
 Wives arm their husbands, mothers their young sons.

They come through by paths, lanes, and fields and woods  
To battle for the loved ones of their homes  
Against the hireling hosts of tyranny.

*Baal.* See! There is Piteairn with his well-armed men,  
Confronting these defiant, rustic youths.  
He gives the order that begins the war;  
He calls them rebels, tells them to disperse.  
Behold those flashes! hear the sharp reports!  
The rustics fall: seven have ceased to breathe,  
Nine others from red wounds pour out their lives.  
Hark! hark! Death flies upon the morning breeze!  
The red-coats fall! The boasting Britons flee  
In wild disorder from their untrained foes.  
Vengeance awaits them whereso'er they turn.  
They rally, they stand firm, and standing die.

*Mars.* Ha-ha! Ha-ha! This, this, indeed, is war.  
I revel in delight amid such scenes.

*Satan.* I join you in your reveling. Hell howls  
Responsively to jubilations loud.  
With us it joins to gloat on human woe.

*Moloch.* Piteairn and Smith and their brave followers  
Took ammunition from their enemies,  
But it came through the muzzles of their guns  
And kept them from arresting patriots.  
So Samuel Adams cannot now be hanged,  
Nor must John Hancock die for his good deeds.

Scene: *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, June 15, 1775.* MICHAEL and  
GABRIEL.

*Michael.* What think you, Gabriel, of this Congress  
now?

*Gabriel.* Michael, its wisdom is most wonderful.  
So patient, yet so firm against all wrong.  
It was a master-stroke of policy  
That placed proscribed John Hancock in the chair.  
Virginia, through the lips of Harrison,  
Thus told King George with hearty emphasis:

"Your royal fury cannot strike this man  
 Till our strong arms are laid in patriots' graves."  
 To-day John Adams named George Washington  
 To be the chief commander of all troops  
 Raised by the colonies for their defense.  
 Already thirty thousand rush to arms  
 To claim New England for her stalwart sons,  
 The Congress calls for twenty thousand more;  
 But independence is the only path  
 Which leads to freedom on this continent.  
 Here comes the modest hero who commands  
 The armies that defend America.  
 See how the holy angels guide his steps  
 And shield him from the dangers that surround!

Scene: *Bunker Hill, Mass., June 18, 1775.* SATAN, MARS, MOLOCH,  
 MAMMON.

*Satan.* Companions of my life, partners in toil,  
 The triumphs of these times are justly yours.  
 I hail you victors on this field of fame,  
 And add my plaudits to the well-earned praise  
 Hell's countless legions thunder in your ears.  
 The bloody battle fought on yesterday  
 Involves mankind in years of bitter strife.  
 'Twas your contrivance that laid low in dust  
 More than fourscore of Britain's officers;  
 The flow'r and pride of England's chivalry,  
 By rustic hands unskilled in arts of war,  
 That gave to death three British regulars  
 For each provincial that in battle fell.  
 Humiliation, such as England bears,  
 Will drive to desperation those who rule.  
 A cry for vengeance will ring through the realm  
 Ruled by the baffled, disappointed king—  
 Vengeance and rage that will not count the cost  
 In cash, or tears, or blood, or agony.  
 Moloch, you shall see blood in torrents flow,  
 While fearful shrieks and groans shall charm your ears.  
 Brave Mars, embattled hosts in many a field  
 To you rich harvests of delight shall yield.

Ho! Mammon, why are you so thoughtful grown?  
Why melaucholy, mid our revelry?

*Mammon.* 'Tis not that men are hated less by me,  
Not that I less delight in human woe;  
But the destruction of their treasured hoards  
Consumes the bait with which I fish for souls.  
I saw them die in agony, and laughed;  
But when the flames licked up and turned to dust  
Charlestown's four hundred dwellings and their wealth,  
'Twas a sad sight to see such willful waste  
Of what I could have used to ruin souls.  
War hurries men to death in tender youth,  
Untutored in the worst of villainies;  
Wealth schools in vice and graduates in crime,  
While hearts grow harder than the hoarded gold.  
Wealth leads to war that's worthy of the name,  
And peoples hell with its worst denizens.  
Give me the time to make these rusties rich,  
Then they will glut war's strongest appetite.  
You well remember how old Nineveh,  
Tyre, Babylon, Damascus, mighty Rome,  
Had wealth worth fighting for, and fearful crimes:  
Were rich, ripe, rotten, filled with wasting spoils.  
When cow-boy armies plunder villages,  
What honor has great Mars, the god of war?  
When Alexander reaped old Asia's fields,  
Harvests of glory round his footsteps fell.

*Mars.* Mammon, to work out ruin for your friends,  
You can improve uncounted centuries;  
But war is now the order of the day,  
And hast'ning thousands swiftly rush to arms.  
One man like Warren, upon Bunker Hill,  
Outweighs the worth of countless stores of gold.  
Even his ashes centuries to come  
Shall still inspire the bravest, noblest deeds.  
Know ye that when Ticonderoga fell  
The king lost what had cost his treasury  
Eight millions sterling and vast army stores,  
With sixscore pieces of artillery?

Crown Point surrendered two days afterward.  
 If Ethan Allen, leading fourscore men,  
 Wrought such destruction in a few brief hours,  
 Uncounted millions must most freely blaze  
 As fiery-footed war walks through the land.

*Satan.* Comrades, your disputation profits not.  
 Since men destroy each other, we exult.  
 Be ours the task to keep their hate inflamed,  
 And urge them on to deeds of violence.  
 Conquer who may, ours is the victory.

*Mars.* There's Prescott, who commanded on that hill;  
 There Gridley, his accomplished engineer,  
 And Israel Putnam, brave as man can be.

Scene: *American encampment, near Boston, July 10, 1775.* SATAN  
 and MARS.

*Mars.* What mean the acclamations that we hear?  
 They sound like joyous shouts of men in arms.  
 Has a detachment gained a victory,  
 Or does the royal army leave the place?

*Satan.* Not so. The chosen chief of thirteen States  
 Reviews the troops placed under his command.  
 The patriot army hears, for the first time,  
 The wise and weighty words of the great man  
 Who leads them forth to vict'ry or defeat.  
 To-day they all seem jubilant and proud,  
 Defying Britain's king and Parliament  
 And all the forces they may have to meet.  
 Let them crow on. These game birds soon shall set  
 Their sharp, strong spurs to drawing kindred blood.

Scene: *Independence Square, Philadelphia, July 3, 1776.* MICHAEL,  
 GABRIEL, ABDIEL, ITHURIEL, ZEPHON, RAPHAEL, ARIEL.

*Michael.* Hail! honored comrades, offspring of our God!  
 Behold a nation struggling into life!  
 The noblest, greatest, grandest of all time.  
 Gabriel, the nations long have claimed your care:  
 These rising States you've watched with partial eye.  
 Say, are they ripe for independence now?

*Gabriel.* Michael, they are. It is their own by right.  
I joy to see them claim their heritage,  
And crown themselves with wise self-government.

*Michael.* Zophiel, we turn to you inquiringly.  
The English and their king to you are dear.  
Have they not forfeited their claims to rule  
This generous people and their lovely land?

*Zophiel.* Yes, England blooms in beauty and in grace.  
Her youthful king seems crowned with piety;  
Her people full of wisdom from on high.  
Alas! poor king! Insanity's at fault  
For half his folly and for all his crime.  
But these fair States ought now to be set free  
From king and nobles and all foreign sway;  
Owning allegiance to the King of kings,  
And living in obedience to his laws.  
More than a year England has stood appalled.  
Lord North would gladly have resigned his place  
And called an abler man to save the state.  
Wesley besought the king to shed no blood.  
London demanded peace, while statesmen wept.  
But the crazed king hearkened to no appeal:  
His own rash hand plucked from his diadem  
The brightest jewel that was glitt'ring there.

*Michael.* What think you, Abdiel? Is the rich, ripe  
fruit  
Of independence in the reach of these  
Brave sons of liberty? If not, say why.

*Abdiel.* Yes. Independence now is theirs of right.  
Virginia long ago demanded it.  
The pen of Jefferson, the eloquence  
Of Henry and of Lee, the solid sense  
Of Washington and Wythe convince all minds  
That independence is the people's right.  
When last November a French agent came  
To offer ammunition, money, arms,  
This seemed to give assurance of success  
In spite of all the armies of King George.

*Michael.* Ithuriel, we wait your true report  
Of the position of the sunny South.

*Ithuriel.* Michael, 'twas more than fourteen months ago  
That independence freely was proclaimed  
By Carolinians at Mecklenburg.  
A few days since eight hours of bombardment  
Stranded three British ships near Moultrie's fort,  
Wounded the Admiral and drove his fleet  
To seek for shelter with his loyal friends  
In some safe harbor near to Halifax;  
Killed brave Lord Campbell, last of governors  
To rule by royal right or royal wrong.  
From the Potomac down to Florida  
Immediate independence is the cry.

*Michael.* Zephon, what news have you from Canada?  
Does the St. Lawrence own our union's sway?

*Zephon.* September saw Montgomery's brave men  
March northward, take Fort Chambly and St. Johns,  
Seize Montreal and move to strong Quebec.  
Success attended them upon their march.  
When stern December hurled her fearful blasts,  
Chilling their vitals on the battle-field,  
They bravely faced the storms and fought their foes,  
Until their leader fell with glory crowned.  
Then, turning from the conflict with sad hearts,  
They mourned the loss their country had sustained;  
While tears of grief froze on their manly cheeks,  
And gnawing hunger fed upon their strength.  
'Twas sad to know Montgomery was dead;  
Far more than sad to know that his shed blood  
Had failed to waken in Canadian hearts  
Longings for liberty and civil rights.  
Staining the frozen snow with bleeding feet,  
Southward their melancholy march began.  
Perhaps 'tis well the expedition failed.  
Untrained in freedom's Anglo-Saxon school,  
Canadians have not learned the patriots' lore;  
Their undrilled, slow-paced feet could not keep step  
With freedom's rapid march to high renown.

But south of the St. Lawrence and the lakes  
All things are ripe for independence now.

*Michael.* How fares the army led by Washington?  
Raphael, we wait to hear what you have seen.

*Raphael.* Michael, the great commander took his  
place  
At duty's call more than a year ago.  
Brave, stalwart men gathered in multitudes  
To do his bidding with alacrity,  
Or follow where he led against the foe.  
But ammunition could not be obtained;  
The summer passed, autumn and winter came  
With only preparations for the strife.  
He held the foe in Boston prison bounds,  
With no way of escape but by the sea;  
Yet was himself fettered by scarcity  
Of balls and powder for the coming fight.  
At last, in March, the royalists, alarmed,  
Saw on the lofty heights of Dorchester  
Artillery to belch forth fiery death,  
And drive them from the city they oppressed.  
Nothing remained to them but swift retreat.  
Boston, set free, is gay and jubilant,  
While all New England independence claims.  
The patriot army proud of its success,  
Hopes soon to drive the English o'er the sea.

*Michael.* Such baseless hopes should not be entertained.  
I know that they deceive not Washington.

*Raphael.* The thoughtful leader scans most carefully  
Each movement of his country's enemies;  
He knows the conflict must be desperate.  
Though crowned with laurels and by millions praised,  
Boston's retreat and Charleston's brave repulse  
Show him no easy path to liberty.  
Keen vigilance, untiring energy,  
And patient, persevering, faithful toil  
Are all devoted to his country's cause.

*Ariel.* His countrymen must rally to his help,  
 Or all his efforts will be made in vain.  
 King George demands more armaments and men:  
 Twenty-five thousand brawny Englishmen;  
 Of hireling Hessians, fresh from Germany,  
 Seventeen thousand, drilled and officered;  
 Of silly Tories and of savage tribes  
 No man has numbered the vast multitudes  
 That England's treasury can arm for war.  
 To meet those countless foes the patriot chief,  
 In his glad hours of wonderful success,  
 Has only twenty-seven thousand men.  
 How many will stand by him in defeat,  
 Time yet must test by stern adversity.

*Ithuriel.* You spoke of a commissioner from France,  
 Who tendered help in money, arms, and stores.

*Abdiel.* France, jealous of Britannia's growing strength,  
 Stands with her millions ready to take part  
 In all that tends to lay her rival low.

*Gabriel.* This French alliance gives well-grounded hopes  
 Of speedy independence for these States.

*Michael.* Long months ago Virginia and the South  
 Severed all ties that bound them to the king.  
 New England still defies his Majesty.  
 The slow-paced patriots of these Middle States  
 Hold back their more enthusiastic friends.  
 They need angelic aid: let us assist.  
 Go thou, Ithuriel, to the hypocrites  
 Who only feign a love for liberty.  
 Expose their sordid, base hypocrisy;  
 Tear off their masks, and treat them with contempt.  
 Go, Abdiel, to the men who hesitate.  
 Rouse them to prompt, immediate action now.  
 Zephon, timidity demands your help.  
 Fill the faint-hearted with courageous thoughts.  
 Raphael, the great committee needs your aid  
 To have the declaration formed aright,

Not only as to principles and words,  
 But see that no expression gives offense  
 To any of the wise contracting States.  
 The slave trade is denounced in such strong terms  
 As Georgia never will consent to use;  
 Nor will New England thus condemn her sons  
 For trafficking in human flesh and blood.  
 One wants the slaves to cultivate her lands;  
 The other wants the profits of the trade.  
 The Carolinas, too, would like to have  
 Some changes made in those offensive words;  
 So Jefferson must alter those bold lines,  
 Or else for peace must let them be expunged.  
 Gabriel, to patriot, John Adams, go!  
 Touch with celestial fire his lips and tongue;  
 Give him the spirit of convincing speech,  
 The eloquence that men cannot resist,  
 That Congress may be carried as by storm.  
 At 2 o'clock to-morrow let us meet.

*Independence Square, Philadelphia, 2 o'clock, July 4, 1776.* MICHAEL,  
 GABRIEL, ABDIEL, ITHURIEL, ZEPHON, RAPHAEL, ARIEL.

*Gabriel.* Comrades, the Congress now begins to vote.  
 The great decision soon will be made known.  
 John Adams was most eloquent of men:  
 They could not but agree to all he said.

*Michael.* The bell of liberty begins to sound;  
 The people cry aloud in tones of joy:  
 "Give praise to God! 'Tis Independence Day!"

## BOOK FOURTH

---

Scene: *Trenton, N. J., December 25, 1776.* GABRIEL, UZZIEL,  
ITHURIEL, RAPHAEL.

*Raphael.* 'Tis a sad Christmas to Americans.  
Of late discouragements have been their fate.  
Last August thirty thousand enemies  
Drove them across Long Island, with the loss  
Of a full thousand valiant fighting men.  
With muffled oars they hastened to New York;  
Thence up to Harlem Heights, from which they saw  
Five hundred blazing homes to light their way.  
Fort Washington, with its brave garrison,  
Surrendered in November to the foe:  
Its thousands, in vile pestilential cells,  
Await their death. Fort Lee was left in haste;  
Its stores were lost. The army, driv'n with speed  
Across New Jersey to the Delaware,  
Seized all the boats and to the other shore  
In safety crossed with but three thousand men.

*Ithuriel.* Charles Lee was ordered to conduct his men  
With haste to join the troops of Washington;  
But he—vain marplot of his chieftain's plans—  
Was taken by the British to New York.  
He's more a Briton than American;  
His army, led by Sullivan, escaped,  
And joined the standard of their honored chief.  
The patriots now can claim six thousand men.  
Congress has fled from Philadelphia,  
At Baltimore votes dictatorial power  
To Washington, that he may save their cause.

*Uzziel.* Prospects, indeed, seem gloomy in this land.  
Its destiny depends upon one man—  
Upon his honor and capacity.

Who saves his country from a foreign foe  
 Is tempted much to save it for himself;  
 Or if he cannot grasp the highest prize,  
 And seat himself upon a despot's throne,  
 May he not use his sword to force a peace,  
 And for it claim at least the second place  
 In the great government that he makes strong?  
 He may play Cæsar if not Gen'ral Monk;  
 If not an emperor, a British peer.

*Ithuriel.* 'Twas not Virginia air that Cæsar breathed:  
 'Twas no Virginia mother nourished Monk.  
 True to his country, Washington will stand  
 Firm as the mountains of his native land.

*Uzziel.* Suspect not Washington of treachery;  
 Doubt not but he will do what man can do,  
 But when an ice-bridge spans the Delaware,  
 What shall hold back the British from their prey?  
 Then they must yield to Britain or to death,  
 Because the country has been so subdued  
 That Cornwallis starts off for Europe soon,  
 And Howe expects a Philadelphia home.  
 What think you, Gabriel, of the prospect now?

*Gabriel.* 'Tis desperate indeed; but Washington  
 Still leads his ragged troops from place to place;  
 Upon his side, by pow'r divine arrayed,  
 Are all of Europe's selfish jealousies;  
 Old ocean's ev'ry wave and ev'ry gale;  
 The deep, broad rivers of his native land—  
 Their ice-clad torrents and their sunny floods;  
 They've been his playmates from his joyous youth,  
 Are now his allies hast'ning to his help;  
 They shield him from the fury of his foes.  
 In league with these his country's hills and vales,  
 Her lofty mountains, and her fertile plains,  
 With all their grand majestic distances,  
 Fight freedom's battles in her hour of need.  
 Then millions of brave hearts and ready hands  
 Pledge each red drop that pulsates in the veins  
 Of liberty's unconquerable sons

To the defense of home and native land.  
 But best of all, his trust is in our God.  
 Hark! hark! what sounds are those that strike the ear?  
 The noise of battle floats upon the breeze;  
 The hated Hessians wake to meet their fate.

At the first onset, Rahl, their leader, fell.  
 They die, they bleed, they beg, they plead for life.  
 A few on horseback fled to Bordenton,  
 But Trenton's garrison are prisoners,  
 Of death or of the troops of Washington.  
 The living, bound, are hurried o'er the waves  
 Expecting death in some most horrid form,  
 From men they have been told are cannibals.  
 There's Sullivan, there's Greene, there's Washington.  
 Last night they fought the fury of the storm,  
 The floating ice, the chilling, white capped waves;  
 This morning marched to meet a sleeping foe.  
 Now, crowned with vict'ry, cross the Delaware,  
 Secure their pris'ners and their spoils of war.  
 This daring deed will shake the British Isle  
 From its strong confidence of victory.  
 'Twill kindle hope in ev'ry patriot's heart,  
 And nerve the arms of freemen for the strife.

Scene: *Princeton, N. J., at day-break, January 4, 1777.* GABRIEL,  
 ABDIEL, ITHURIEL, UZZIEL, RAPHAEL.

*Uzziel.* Why wait we here? Trenton demands our  
 care!

'Tis there the war-cloud frowns most gloomily.  
 There Hessians, waking from the sluggish sleep  
 That followed their coarse Christmas revelry,  
 Found Washington had crossed the Delaware  
 To kill or capture Trenton's garrison.  
 More than two thousand fell or fled away,  
 Or passed as captives o'er the broad, rough stream.  
 If the great chief had watched his prisoners,  
 And kept his troops on Pennsylvania ground,  
 He would have shunned the peril he is in;  
 But he returned to Trenton, and has found  
 Cornwallis hastening to capture him.

*Raphael.* By thousands British troops do concentrate  
To capture Washington and end the war.  
They have him where they long have wanted him,  
And now can pounce upon their noble prey.  
He and his troops seem hopelessly entrapped.

*Abdiel.* Cornwallis led from this place troops enough  
To crush the little army he opposed;  
They fought there yesterday till dark came down.  
This morning larger numbers march from here.  
They start for Trenton by the break of day.

*Ithuriel.* To make sure work they gather from all  
points,  
And hope to capture full five thousand men,  
With Washington and his best generals.  
What noise is that waking the villagers?  
The sound of battle on these classic grounds  
Is startling even to an angel's ear.  
Gabriel, can you inform us what it means?

*Gabriel.* It means the British army has been left  
To beat the air in Trenton this cold day;  
While Washington surprises thousands here,  
And strikes the bravest of their vet'rans down.  
He kept his camp-fires blazing and marched round  
The num'rous army of his pow'rful foes.  
The unsuspecting Princeton troops are brave;  
They, with their bright and bristling bayonets,  
Drive raw recruits before them from the field.  
But Mercer leads his valiant veterans  
And turns the bloody tide of battle back.  
He falls—the conflict rages fearfully;  
Death riots on the bravest of the brave,  
And victory, bewildered, hesitates  
To crown the brave, unflinching combatants.  
But hark! A voice rings out upon the air  
That stirs in patriots resistless might;  
Its tones are heard where leaden hail falls fast,  
And sulphurous smoke hides human forms from sight.  
The target of ten thousand well-aimed balls  
Cannot escape by any human means.

Abdiel, thy shield throw round him, or he falls:  
Its heavenly temper from destruction saves.

The morning breeze lifts up the stifling smoke,  
And shows the bloody battle nobly won.  
The British line in wild disorder broke  
Before the valiant charge of Washington.  
Well may that steed prance proudly o'er the field,  
Displaying more of matchless majesty  
Than all past ages ever yet did yield;  
More virtue, valor, Christian chivalry!

Scene: *Saratoga, N. Y., October 17, 1777.* MICHAEL, ITHURIEL,  
ZEPHON.

*Ithuriel.* There is a cheering sight to kindle joy  
In ev'ry home of all these colonies!  
Burgoyne, in June, marched with ten thousand men,  
Well-armed and well-equipped for camp or field.  
At his approach the patriots fled away  
From their strong places and their army stores;  
But bold John Stark at Bennington, Vermont,  
Whipped two detachments of his bravest men.  
His Indian allies have deserted him.  
Two recent battles brought defeat and loss.  
Within three days starvation's work begins,  
And there remains no way by which t' escape.  
This mighty army now capitulates.  
The proud Burgoyne, with his six thousand braves,  
And six wise members of the Parliament,  
Surrender to the rustic colonists.  
They, with themselves, give up abundant stores,  
With ammunition for the next campaign;  
Five thousand muskets, forty-two brass guns,  
And, worst of all, the prestige of success.

*Zephon.* The news of this humiliating stroke  
Will startle Britain like an earthquake shock,  
And make her monarch tremble on his throne.  
'Twill strengthen Franklin at the court of France,  
And bring about a formal alliance.

*Ithuriel.* Will this bring independence, peace, and joy?

*Michael.* Not now. Britannia claims the right to tax,  
 And in all cases whatsoever rule.  
 When the sad news of this calamity  
 Comes to King George, it may dethrone his mind,  
 But will not change his policy at all.  
 His right to govern people as he wills  
 Must not be questioned by the colonists.  
 Rather than this England's last ship and her last  
     regiment  
 Must cross the ocean to keep up the fight.  
 When Holland, France, and Spain shall be combined  
 To fight the battles of her colonies,  
 England may wake from her delusive dreams  
 Of subjugation to her heavy yoke.  
 At present British troops claim victories  
 Upon the Delaware. They drive away  
 From Philadelphia the Congressmen.  
 The names of Germantown and Brandywine,  
 Waking sad memories in patriots,  
 Will, to the king and ministers, give hope  
 Of final victory for British arms,  
 And cause the flame of war to still blaze on.  
 The conq'rors and the conquered come this way.  
 What pity they should shed each other's blood!  
 There's Gates, there's Morgan, Starke of Bennington.  
 See Schuyler, Lincoln, Arnold, and St. Clair.  
 There Kosciusko, the brave Polander;  
 And there's Burgoyne, with captive officers.

Scene: *Near Monmouth, N. J., June 21, 1778.* SATAN, MARS, BAAL,  
 MOLOCH, MAMMON, BELIAL.

*Satan.* How fare my trusty friends? How goes the  
     war?

*Mars.* The British have lost Boston since we met;  
 In their attack on Charleston been repulsed;  
 By battles near to Brooklyn and New York  
 Compelled the patr'ts to retreat in haste  
 Across New Jersey to the Delaware,  
 With but three thousand ragged warriors.  
 The patriot chief passed o'er that freezing stream,  
 Leaving no boats by which his foes might cross.

The Congress fled away to Baltimore,  
Giving the General dictatorial power.  
Joined by a few recruits, he turned again,  
Pressed on through floating ice, surprised his foes,  
Defeated them, sent to the Southern shore  
His numerous captives; crossed the stream again,  
As if to court defeat. His feeble force  
Faced a strong army and defied its pow'r;  
Skirmished a day with varying success,  
But, with his camp-fires burning, marched by night  
To strike with consternation other foes.  
Full thirteen miles away at dawn of day.  
Trenton and Princeton furnished battle-fields  
On which the pride of Britain was brought low.  
Then came the time for haughty royalists  
To flee before their ragged enemies.  
Before another year had passed away  
Ships bore the Britons up the Chesapeake.  
At Brandywine the patriots were whipped;  
At Germantown repulsed with fearful loss.  
Again the Congress fled. Howe and his hosts  
Seized Philadelphia, and gave several months  
To merry revelry, with now and then  
Heroic work, burning defenseless homes.  
The patriots, meanwhile, at Valley Forge,  
Half starved, half clad, unshod, stained with their blood  
The snow on which they trod. But when spring came,  
Reports of help from France passed through the camp,  
Infusing hope and joy where suffering reigned.  
Howe and his troops forsook their city friends,  
And sought a way of safety toward the sea.  
'Tis nearly time that they should pass this way.  
Of Saratoga and the British force  
That there surrendered you have long since heard.  
I need not speak of Gates or of Burgoyne.  
Thus much about the progress of the war.  
What has been done in other fields of fame?

*Belial.* At Philadelphia, I have long held sway  
O'er all the victims of degrading vice,  
And many of the lofty I've debased.

*Baal.* Yes, not a few of the polite, the proud,  
The rich, the gay, the great have fallen low,  
Th' unhappy victims of degrading vice.  
In their humiliation I delight.

*Moloch.* With fiendish satisfaction I have watched  
The starving, freezing troops at Valley Forge,  
And, gloating over Washington's distress,  
Have wondered how much anguish he could bear.

*Mammon.* I too have done my part to crush the chief,  
By tempting the most covetous to hoard  
What might have bought supplies for freezing men.

*Satan.* A bolder, more destructive work was mine:  
I turned the hearts of patriots from their chief,  
And undermined their confidence in him;  
Not in his virtues, but his generalship.  
I told of Gates and his great victory,  
Of proud Charles Lee and his accomplishments;  
I led them to desire a daring chief,  
Ready to take great risks and end the strife.  
I puffed up Conway, with such self-conceit  
That even he aspired to leadership.  
The simpleton deceived and led astray  
Some of the purest of the patriots.  
But mortifying failure marred our plans.  
The patriot leader, proof against our plots,  
Sublimely tow'rd above all rivalry.  
But proud old Lee, still under my control,  
Will sorely vex the chieftain here to-day.  
I hear the booming of artillery.  
Ha! ha! The tide of battle flows this way!

*Mars.* Hold, Satan, I must mingle in this fight!

*Moloch.* And I must gloat upon the sufferings  
Of thousands battling on this sultry day.

*Mammon.* I go to gather up the spoils of war.

*Belial.* And I to riot amid vilest deeds.

*Satan.* In full retreat the Continentals come.  
 Charles Lee has done as I instructed him.  
 An English heart beats warmly in his breast;  
 'Tis full of rage at Washington to-day,  
 And yonder comes the chief to meet the foe.  
 He checks and turns retreating soldiery.  
 'Tis British troops now haste in mad retreat:  
 But what a vision breaks upon my view  
 As Washington meets Lee! Never have I  
 Seen such a countenance since Michael frowned  
 On me in our first conflict on the hills  
 Of my own native heav'n! Sublimely grand,  
 He rides in manly majesty. Sternness,  
 Severity, heroic rage, reproof,  
 Rebuke, and lofty indignation blend  
 With high authority in the great chief,  
 As he, in startling thunder tones exclaims:  
 "Halt, Gen'ral Lee! In God's great name I ask  
 Why all this ill-timed prudence here to-day?"  
 Lee, with insulting nonchalance, replied:  
 "Unless reports be false, no man has more  
 Of that rascally virtue than yourself."  
 "Go to the rear, insulting miscreant, go!"  
 So said the chief. "Let all the brave, the true  
 Forward with me to glorious victory."  
 Forward they go, Lafayette, Sullivan,  
 Charles Scott, and other heroes with their chief,  
 Sweeping before them England's veterans.

Scene: *Louisville, Ky., Falls of the Ohio. Sunset, July 30, 1778.*  
 RAPHAEL, ZEPHON, ARIEL.

*Ariel.* Comrades, from yonder lofty ridge is seen  
 A landscape, the most grand and beautiful  
 That charms the eye or melts the heart of man.  
 Th' encircling hills, radiant in sunset hues,  
 Seem piled in grandeur to protect from harm  
 God's loveliest children in this paradise.  
 That matchless river flows like molten gold  
 Between bright shores of greenest emerald,  
 Bedecked with flowers and enriched with fruits.

'Tis here shall rise, in the blest years to come,  
Homes of the beautiful, the pure, the brave,  
Of maids most amiable, and men most true.

*Zephon* What men are these who seem to come from  
far,  
Toil-worn, yet joyful, to these rustic homes?  
List to their shouts of triumph as they come!  
The town pours forth its happy denizens  
With glad congratulations on their tongues.  
See the young prattlers claim a father's kiss,  
And stalwart men press loved ones to their hearts.  
See joyful tears streaming from sparkling eyes,  
And love's own blushes glow on beauty's cheek!  
What makes these people all so jubilant?

*Raphael.* These are Virginia's brave and daring sons,  
Sent forth by her to wrest from enemies  
The broad domain that has been hers of right  
Nearly two centuries, and still is hers.  
Uncanceled royal charters, oft renewed,  
Confirmed her title over all these lands  
From the Atlantic to Pacific's coast.  
When France intruded, her indignant sons  
Drove the proud Frenchmen from their heritage.  
When George the Third stretched Canada this way  
To check the spread of freedom in the West,  
They drove the land thieves of the king away  
In spite of all the claims of royalty.  
The Western forts surrendered by the French  
Have all been used by British cruelty  
To arm the Indians for a deadly strife  
That spared not infancy nor womanhood.  
But these frontiersmen, at Virginia's call,  
Subdued her foes, and by their valor won  
The nascent empire she had well-nigh lost.  
The garrisons, surprised, laid down their arms,  
Surrendering to rightful ownership  
The vast, unmeasured region that extends  
From where the mighty rivers of the West  
Unite to seek the Gulf in company,

Up the broad streams each to its distant source,  
 With space for eighty millions of the free  
 To dwell securely through all coming time.  
 No wonder, then, that heroes such as these  
 Receive the plaudits of their countrymen  
 And wear fame's brightest, greenest laurel wreaths.  
 Behold George Rogers Clarke, fame's fav'rite son!

Scene: *Savannah, Ga., October 3, 1779.* SATAN, MARS, MOLOCH,  
 BELIAL.

*Mars.* The dilatory tactics of these times  
 Fill lofty spirits with intense disgust.  
 Two warlike nations, mightiest of earth,  
 Have been at war for two and twenty months  
 Without a battle worthy of the name.  
 Their mighty fleets, though well-equipped and manned,  
 Avoid each other with great carefulness.  
 The fear of storms excuses cowardice.  
 Howe left the Delaware and sought New York;  
 D'Estaing sailed into Newport, but sailed out  
 Without a fight except with waves and winds;  
 Then sailed to Boston to repair his ships.  
 Leaving the Yankee army without help,  
 To escape from enemies as best they could.  
 The cautious Frenchman with his ships is here;  
 Six thousand fighting men obey his voice.  
 As many Carolinians are in arms,  
 But the slow movements of their officers  
 Forbid the expectation of success.  
 Meanwhile the war, if war it may be called,  
 Drags its slow movements wearily along.

*Moloch.* Mars, you should not belittle this great war.  
 Have not the Butlers led the savages  
 To desolate Wyoming, and destroy  
 A thousand happy Pennsylvania homes?  
 Have they not given to the greedy flames  
 New York's most peaceful, prosp'rous western towns?  
 Did not the patriots retaliate  
 By burning forty Indian villages?

*Belial.* Yes, Mars, the torch performed most brilliant deeds  
 At Norfolk, Portsmouth, and along the shores  
 Of the broad Chesapeake. Connecticut  
 Beheld the lurid flames that lighted up  
 Norwalk, Fairfield, and other coast-wise towns;  
 While cruel Tryon gazed and rocked and laughed.

*Mars.* That was not war. 'Twas arson, murder, theft,  
 Barbaric outrages on helplessness.  
 For deeds like these does Britain's Parliament  
 Vote twenty millions sterling and call out  
 Thirty-five thousand troops, and of marines  
 Eighty-five thousand more? In olden times  
 My heathen heroes made no wars on babes.  
 Men armed for battle were the foes they struck.

*Satan.* But, Mars, whatever hurts the human race  
 Gives satisfaction to malicious hate.  
 You say that burning dwellings is not war;  
 That killing babes and women is not war.  
 When Piggott was repulsed by Sullivan,  
 Losing three hundred of his bravest troops,  
 Was not that war? When Wayne, at Stony Point,  
 Conquered six hundred men and took their stores,  
 Destroyed their fort and bore its treasures off—  
 Was such a use of bayonets not war?  
 When Major Lee with some militia-men  
 Attacked the Jersey City garrison  
 And saw two hundred of them bite the dust,  
 Was not that war? Ask the whipped Tories if  
 It was not war that Pickens waged on them  
 When, near Broad River, hundreds of them fell.  
 What was it, if not war, when Prevost and  
 His forces took Fort Sunbury; when  
 Campbell took Augusta and Savannah?  
 What mean these ships, these soldiers, and marines?  
 They all mean war, as you shall soon admit.  
 These are not cowards: steadily they march  
 To storm the fort and drive the British out  
 Or die in the attempt. There is D'Estaing,

And there Pulaski, bravest of the Poles,  
 See Lincoln leads his Carolinians!  
 They vie with the brave French in gallantry.  
 There Sergeant Jasper hastens to the front.  
 The flags of France float proudly on the wall;  
 The banners of the patr'ts, too, are there.  
 But, see, the redcoats hurl them down in haste!  
 Pulaski falls, and Jasper, too, is slain;  
 D'Estaing is wounded; Britons hold the fort!

Scene: *Bank of Hudson River, September 24, 1780.* SATAN, MAMMON, BELIAL.

*Mammon.* What say you, Satan, to my grand campaign?

I have, without a musket or a man,  
 Injured the patr'ts more than tongue can tell.  
 Clinton, Cornwallis, Rawdon, Tarleton, Howe,  
 With all their troops and all their mighty fleets,  
 Boast no achievements equal to my own.  
 I have locked up the treasuries of States  
 Against the pressing needs of starving men,  
 Who battle bravely to protect their homes.  
 Their great commander pleads, but pleads in vain:  
 The miserly and covetous have joined  
 To paralyze the armies he commands.  
 Co-operation with the French is vain  
 Unless supplies enable troops to march  
 With those brave allies 'gainst the common foe.  
 The patriot heroes can defy armed men;  
 But shrink from want, starvation, nakedness  
 Into the rav'ning jaws of greedy graves.  
 The twelfth of May saw gallant Charleston fall,  
 Amid the thunders of two hundred guns.  
 Gates lost a thousand men on Camden's field;  
 Four thousand more were driven to their homes  
 By destitution's cruel tyranny.  
 Georgia lies prostrate at Britannia's feet:  
 South Carolina trembles in her chains,  
 And ruin riots among Southern homes.  
 Give me due credit for my wondrous work.

*Satan.* You have my thanks for your great usefulness.

*Mammon.* But more I claim for labors at the North.  
 I've stirred the bravest troops to mutiny;  
 I've led to treason gifted officers.  
 Arnold has sold himself for paltry gold;  
 Britain pays down to him ten thousand pounds,  
 With the commission of a brigadier.  
 Suspicion, scowling, stalks through patriot camps,  
 Driving before her confidencee and love.  
 What say you, comrades, of my great success?

*Belial.* I say 'twas I led Arnold to sell out.  
 He has with me been "Hail-fellow, well met,"  
 Until in morals bankrupt, he is lost.  
 But there he goes with Andre by his side.  
 They part; Andre comes nearer. See him now  
 Arrested by three men. He has betrayed  
 And overthrown himself by his mistake.  
 He tries to bribe his captors, but in vain.  
 Yes, there are Paulding, Williams, and VanWert,  
 Patterns of valor and fidelity,  
 With Andre, victim of base Arnold's guilt.

Scene: *Eutaw Springs, S. C., September 18, 1781.* GABRIEL, ARIEL.

*Ariel.* I watch to-day o'er pious Marion.  
 But what brings hither mighty Gabriel?  
 Words fail to tell how glad I am to meet  
 The honored leader of angelic bands,  
 The trusted guardian of most prosp'rous States.

*Gabriel.* I watch the closing conflicts of the war.  
 Light breaks upon the suff'ring colonies.  
 'Twill not be long till British troops retire,  
 Leaving the blessing of self-government  
 To the brave heroes of America.  
 I've watched the struggle since it first began;  
 With deep displeasure seen the cruelties  
 Inflicted by the British on their foes.  
 Of late the traitor Arnold led the fiends,  
 First in Virginia, then Connecticut  
 Was made to suffer by her recreant son.  
 Last January Tarleton fell upon  
 Morgan's division of the troops of Greene.

'Twas at the Cowpens. Furious was the fight.  
 The cavalry of William Washington  
 Was hurled at Tarleton with resistless force.  
 Wounded and whipped, he fled with haste and speed,  
 Leaving a hundred dead upon the field.  
 More than five hundred were made prisoners  
 With muskets and artillery and stores.  
 Cornwallis hastened to retrieve his loss,  
 But Greene retreated with his prisoners,  
 Crossed the Catawba, Yadkin, and the Dan,  
 Saved by the rains from fast pursuing foes.  
 Then, turning on his track, recrossed the Dan,  
 Sent Light Horse Harry Lee to find and take  
 Three hundred Tories who would Tarleton join.  
 At Guilford Court-house Cornwallis and Greene  
 Fought fiercely, but without a victory.  
 The Britons, loudly boasting, marched away,  
 To practice arson, theft, and robbery,  
 Leaving Lord Rawdon to contend with Greene.  
 With Rawdon Greene has fought at Hobkirk's Hill,  
 Torn from him all the posts he held but three.  
 His lordship went to Charleston recently,  
 To aid Balfour in murd'ring General Hayne,  
 And Stewart leads the battle here to-day.  
 The fight begins; Greene is victorious.  
 But see! some hungry troops have broken ranks  
 To feast themselves upon the spoils of war!  
 A fearful error! Stewart now returns;  
 Fighting begins again; Stewart gains ground—  
 He holds the field. So much for discipline!  
 To-morrow will compel him to retreat.  
 Less than two months will bring the patriots  
 A triumph that will lead to final peace.  
 See! there is Greene; there's Light Horse Harry Lee;  
 Yonder is Pickens; Sumter comes this way;  
 And here is Marion, soldier and saint.

Scene: Yorktown, Va., October 19, 1781. Ships and camps in full view. MICHAEL, GABRIEL, ABDIEL, RAPHAEL, ITHURIEL.

*Michael.* This is the day we've long desired to see.  
 All heaven is jubilant, and men rejoice.

Awe-stricken hell hears all her legions mourn  
 And send loud groans of anguish from her depths.  
 Defeat adds weight to galling, dark'ning chains  
 Of those to whom no gleam of hope remains;  
 No possibility of happiness,  
 But fearful looking for of fiery wrath.  
 Satan and his dark hosts are vanquished here,  
 Prelude of their final vanquishment.

*Ithuriel.* Here England's king and all his royal court,  
 And tyranny, its lordlings and its tools,  
 In all the lands beneath the shining sun,  
 Are conquered by the people in their might,  
 Foreshadowing triumphant human rights  
 Wherever men shall live upon the earth.

*Abdiel.* Fraternity and fellowship and love  
 Crown on this spot the brotherhood of man,  
 As seen in Washington and Lafayette,  
 Uniting free America and France  
 Under the loving fatherhood of God,  
 Presaging that the family of Christ  
 Shall soon embrace the human family.

*Michael.* Gabriel, will you relate what brought to pass  
 This wondrous triumph of the patriots?

*Gabriel.* When France sent her brave troops and  
 mighty fleets  
 High hopes of speedy viet'ry were indulged;  
 But failure at Savannah and Newport  
 Was sadd'ning and discouraging to all.  
 While Washington planned campaigns with the French,  
 Arnold, the traitor, sold himself for gold,  
 And bargained to deliver up West Point.  
 Some of the ragged, freezing, starving troops  
 Turned against Congress and their officers,  
 But not against the country that they loved;  
 For, when the British would have bribed with gold,  
 They seized the spies and gladly saw them hanged.  
 When this was told in Philadelphia,  
 Some gen'rous persons sent, for their relief,

Three hundred thousand dollars of their own.  
More permanent provision for the troops  
Was made by a French loan on liberal terms.  
Then the great chief proposed to take New York,



LAFAYETTE AT YORKTOWN.

Concerting with the French about the time.  
'The enemy, informed of all the plans,  
Made ready to repel the allied troops.  
Just then Cornwallis left the farther south.

And through Virginia led marauding bands  
With arson's torch and plunder's thieving hand.  
To watch his movements, Lafayette was sent.  
The young French hero hung upon the rear  
Of his strong enemy. His watchful eye  
Perceived the faulty tactics of his foe.  
He hastened to entreat his willing chief  
To march with speed and capture Cornwallis.  
While Washington marched southward with his troops,  
Clinton, deceived, still fortified New York,  
And concentrated neighb'ring forces there.  
He even ordered Cornwallis to march  
Down toward the sea, in readiness to sail  
With all his plunderers, to save New York.  
Americans and French pursued with speed.  
Meanwhile, French fleets drove off the British ships,  
Entered York River, bringing troops and guns,  
Leaving the British no way of escape.  
The siege was pressed with vigor and with skill.  
Such prodigies of valor were displayed  
As men of later times will celebrate.  
Young Hamilton and younger Lafayette  
Inscribed their names high on the roll of fame,  
While older chiefs looked on admiringly  
As greenest laurels dropped on their own brows.  
At last, when summer's suns and autumn's frosts  
Had tinged the forests with celestial dyes,  
And filled with plenty all Virginia's homes,  
And all her pious hearts with gratitude,  
She sees her heroes reap upon her fields  
A harvest of her conquered enemies,  
With redcoats gayer than her forest leaves,  
And treasures richer than her soil could yield.  
She sees, and songs of praise rise up to God,  
Till rapturous devotion, jubilant,  
Fills the whole universe with sounding praise.  
Lift up your voices, first-born sons of God!  
Praise him for liberty to Adam's race!

*All the Angels.* "We laud and magnify the Lord Most  
High,

Who was and is the source of life and love,  
Of earthly and of heavenly liberty."

*Raphael.* Tell us now, Gabr'el, what the patr'ts gain  
By this surrender of their enemies?

*Gabriel.* Eight thousand prisoners lay down their arms,  
And give up more than fivescore mighty guns;  
Surrender treasure-chests and rich supplies,  
Whether just stolen or brought o'er the sea;  
But best of all, they independence gain.  
See there! O'Hara leads the captives forth.

*Abdiel.* Where is Cornwallis, that he does not lead?

*Ithuriel.* The earl is meanly sulking in his tent;  
Humiliation he's too weak to face;  
But there is Tarleton, bold and saucy still,  
There many who deserve a better fate.  
There go the Hessians, subjects of a prince  
Who sells his subjects to get paltry gold.  
'Tis well for them that they are prisoners.  
Here come the conquerors; they pass this way.  
Behold the noble Frenchman, Rochambeau!  
There is De Grasse, Viominel, Gouvion,  
Rochfontaine, DuPortail, and many more;  
And Lafayette, the noblest of the French.  
Behold the ragged heroes of the line!  
Kings of America, now crowned with joy,  
And destined soon to see the heaven of home  
And be enthroned in happy, loving hearts.  
There's the militia of Virginia,  
Led on by Nelson, their brave Governor.  
To them this is indeed the day of days  
That frees their commonwealth from plund'ring foes.  
Still nearer to us here are officers  
Whose names belong to everlasting fame.  
There is young Laurens, there is Hamilton,  
There Lincoln, Knox, there mighty Washington.

*Michael.* Let us depart for Philadelphia,  
To see how Congress will receive the news.

Scene: *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, October 23, 1781. Moonlight.*  
MICHAEL, GABRIEL, ABDIEL, RAPHAEL, ITHURIEL.

*Raphael.* A messenger from Yorktown has arrived,  
And thrills the town with news of victory.

*Abdiel.* The clock strikes ten, but joy drives sleep away.  
Hear the glad watchman who proclaims the hour!  
"Past ten o'clock; Cornwallis is taken."

*Ithuriel.* All homes and hearts glow with intense delight,  
While loving gratitude gives praise to God.

*Gabriel.* Peace, independence, and prosperity  
Now seem to dance attendance on the throngs  
That tell of this grand triumph of their arms.

*Michael.* To-morrow Congress will be jubilant,  
And give expression to a nation's joy.  
Let us attend and join in thanks to God.

Scene: *Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, October 24, 1781.* MICHAEL,  
GABRIEL, RAPHAEL, ABDIEL, ITHURIEL.

*Michael.* To-day the Congress of America  
Has crowned itself with glory and renown.  
It honors God and humbly seeks his courts  
To offer thanks and praise for victory  
To him who rules the universe in love.

*Abdiel.* The country under his protecting care,  
Must prosper as no nation ever did.

*Raphael.* While these wise, pious legislators come  
To lay their honors at their Saviour's feet,  
I'll write their names and bid angelic bands  
Guard well their steps, and lead them to the skies.

*Gabriel.* I almost wish permission was obtained  
To let them see their guardian-angels here  
Uniting with them as they worship God.

*Michael.* On earth man must now live by faith, not sight;  
Unclouded vision shall be his above.  
We must to-day remain invisible.  
Let us depart and make report on high.

Scene: *Annapolis, Md., December 26, 1783.* MICHAEL, GABRIEL,  
ABDIEL, ITHURIEL.

*Michael.* Comrades, our newborn nation now takes  
rank  
Among earth's grandest, noblest, mightiest.

*Gabriel.* Reluctant Britain, a full year ago,  
Consented to the freedom of her child.  
September saw that freedom guaranteed  
By formal treaty between Holland, Spain,  
France, England, and these free United States.

*Abdiel.* Peace reigns. A month ago King George  
called back  
His fiercest war-dogs to their kennel homes.  
No yelping cur of all his pack is left  
To howl around the dwellings of the free.

*Ithuriel.* Heroes of independence seek their homes  
To toil for bread like other honest men.  
The war-worn veterans and their great chief  
With many tears bedewed the parting hour.  
Honor and fame attend them as they go,  
And grateful thousands gladly sing their praise.

*Gabriel.* Great Washington to-day gives up his sword;  
The chief becomes a private citizen.  
Earth never witnessed such a scene before.  
This uncrowned hero wears such honors now  
As never king nor emperor might claim.  
Behold him in his last and greatest act.

*Michael.* I see the modest hero giving back  
Not only the commission he received,  
But with it liberty and equal rights  
For millions through the ages yet to come;  
A land from foreign domination free;  
A bright example of unselfishness  
Rebuking tyranny throughout the world;  
A human character pure and complete,  
Time's greatest product—earth's most noble man.

## BOOK FIFTH.

---

Scene: *Philadelphia, August 15, 1787. The Federal Convention in session.* GABRIEL, RAPHAEL, ARIEL, ZEPHON, ZOPHIEL.

*Gabriel.* Comrades, this great convention hesitates  
To give these States a stronger government.  
All efforts to agree have thus far failed;  
A perfect union is impossible,  
But means must be devised to pay old debts  
And such expenses as necessity  
Demands from such a union of great States.

*Ariel.* 'Tis said that a small tax of five per cent  
On tonnage and imported merchandise  
Would be sufficient to pay all just claims  
Against the Union's empty treasury;  
But selfishness devises deep-laid schemes  
By which each section may enrich itself,  
While making others pay the Union's tax.

*Zephon.* Small States claim full equality with large;  
The large demand, for numbers and for wealth,  
Controlling power in the new government.  
The South would count their num'rous slaves as men;  
The North would tax those slaves as property.  
"Leave commerce free," says the rich, sunny South;  
"Tax foreign ships," says the poor, freezing North;  
"Give us your trade; we want your patronage."  
Three States would gladly stop the hateful trade.

*Zophiel.* "State sovereignty!" cry Mason, Lee. Yates,  
Ames;  
Wilson and King deny State sovereignty.  
Charles Pinckney asks a negative on laws  
Enacted by the wisdom of the States.

To this James Madison consents, but fears,  
As Mason dreads and Lee foresees, taxes  
By which the North shall rob the South.

*Raphael.* Ames dreads consolidation. Rufus King  
Opposes his New England on that point;  
He joins with Pinckney, Wilson, Hamilton,  
And Morris to demand strong government.  
Hamilton would have a life-long Senate,  
Their sons to be successors to themselves;  
A President for life, to dominate  
All Governors of States. These Governors



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

To have a negative on all State laws.  
He wants to do away with all the States,  
And so perfect the general government  
That it can work when States shall disappear.  
The British Constitution he admires;  
Hereditary aristocracy  
To him seems necessary to success  
In giving steadiness to governments;  
Hopes that an aristocracy of wealth  
Will save from ruin the fair land he loves,  
Nor let it sink in ruins underneath  
The numbers of its low democracy.

Can such contrary views be harmonized  
In one great government for sovereign States?

*Gabriel.* Franklin now bids them all seek help from  
God,  
And help will come in this their time of need.  
By Sherman and by Ellsworth reconciled,  
The smaller and the larger States agree  
That in the Senate they will equals be;  
But in the House of Representatives  
Numbers of population shall control.  
On Hamilton's advice, slaves shall be taxed;  
Their masters cast their votes for three of five.  
New England wants protection for her ships  
To profit by transporting Southern crops.  
She also wants to trade her rum for slaves  
And reap rich harvests from old Afric's sands.  
Therefore for gain she will not hesitate  
To contract in good faith and honesty  
With Georgia and the Carolinas too,  
To bring them all the negro slaves they want,  
If they will vote with her for tonnage laws,  
By which her ships may do the carrying.  
The South will get just what she always had;  
New England, wealth beyond all estimate,  
A golden harvest through all coming time.

*Ariel.* The advocates of a strong government  
Will take all they can get, and when they can  
Will give wealth's aristocracy a chance  
To fetter poverty's democracy.  
As to the friends of civil liberty,  
And all the watchful guardians of State rights,  
It will be truthfully and freely sworn  
That they keep all they do not give away;  
Yes, keep them wrapped in paper guarantees,  
Till wealth, with shining fingers, shall untie;  
The sword cut up in fragmentary scraps;  
Wild factions throw them to the heedless winds;  
Fanaticism give them to her flames;  
And despotism laugh in freedom's face.

*Zephon.* Does God approve of union by such means,  
Of governments based on duplicity,  
Of overreaching and chicanery  
By those who rule the millions of mankind?

*Gabriel.* 'Tis not that God approves, but man is free.  
The selfishness of men forbids the best.  
All seek their own at other men's expense,  
While God says: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."  
A choice of evils, man obtains at last  
A selfish union, rather than fierce wars  
Between the millions of divided States.  
So Franklin thinks, and so thinks Washington.  
The swindling statesmen cost simplicity  
Less money than the honest soldiers cost;  
And soldiers are not always honest men.  
Then war brings arson, robbery, and theft,  
Wounds, sickness, homelessness, and sudden death,  
With barbarism to enlightened lands;  
And widowhood and orphanage and woe,  
And hatreds such as Satan cherishes.  
The work of the convention will be done,  
The Constitution sent to all the States  
To be rejected or be ratified.  
A day's work ended, statesmen now take rest.  
The weary, anxious patriots pass this way.  
See Franklin, Washington, Lee, Madison,  
Ames, Gorham, Pinckney, Ellsworth, Hamilton!

Scene: *Richmond, Va., June 24, 1788.* SATAN.

*Satan.* This is the hour, this the appointed place  
At which my brave compeers attend my court.  
This day's decision settles destiny,  
Determines boundaries of warring States,  
Or makes one prosp'rous nation of them all.  
From Hudson River to the Chesapeake,  
The Constitution has been ratified.  
'Tis rumored all New England wears the yoke.  
Even if this be so, three warlike realms  
Remain to stain the land with kindred blood.

Rhode Island and New York, like a keen wedge,  
 Cut through the heart of the North-eastern States.  
 North Carolina and Virginia stand  
 Like solid walls to fence out and exclude  
 The two great States that lie still farther south.  
 If I can hold them so, then ceaseless wars  
 Shall flood the land with carnage and distress.

[BAAL, MOLOCH, AZAZEL, MAMMON, AND CHEMOSH *approach*.]

All hail! My worthy, trusted, brave compeers,  
 Your presence is most cheering here to-day.  
 Baal, what say the States you visited?

*Baal*. They all agree. They vote to ratify.

*Satan*. Moloch, how vote the States to which you  
 went?

*Moloch*. They have done likewise. All have ratified.

*Satan*. What say you, Chemosh, as to your two States?

*Chemosh*. Rhode Island and New York firmly refuse  
 To join in this new union of the States.  
 But Jay and Hamilton most actively  
 Persuade the people now to ratify,  
 Though they have all the elements that make  
 A prosp'rous, independent commonwealth.

*Satan*. What of New Hampshire? Tell us, Azazel,  
 If she still holds out independently?

*Azazel*. To the new union she at last accedes;  
 The Constitution she now ratifies.

*Satan*. Say, Mammon, what of Massachusetts now?

*Mammon*: I found there much distrust of the new plan.  
 They thought the smaller States had gained too much;  
 Dreaded consolidation, claimed State rights,  
 Feared fed'ral usurpation, and the loss  
 Of precious liberty by despotism.

Taxation seemed to terrify their minds.  
 They lauded pure religion, and professed  
 Hot indignation against slave-holding.  
 Indeed, so eloquent did they become,  
 So violent in speech, that I did hope  
 They would stand up to banish slavery,  
 Thus bringing on incessant, bloody wars.  
 But Gorham, Gore, King, Phillips, Pierce, and Ames  
 Proved that New England gained her tonnage laws  
 By contract with three Southern States for slaves.  
 'Twas said the treasure offered for the slaves  
 Was better for New England than the mines  
 Of rich Peru, with all their yellow gold.  
 This golden argument would have prevailed  
 If all the Africans that tread the earth  
 Had stood in clanking chains before their eyes.  
 Hancock's amendments were presented then  
 By Samuel Adams, the great patriot;  
 They were adopted. The Constitution  
 Then was ratified, and Massachusetts  
 Acceded to the Union in due form.

*Satan.* Azazel, what has Carolina done ?

*Azazel.* South Carolina first opposed the plan;  
 With proud disdain frowned on its tyranny,  
 Could not intrust it with her liberty;  
 Said if she needs must serve, why meekly bow  
 Obedient to New England, rather than  
 Wear the yoke in service to old Britain.  
 Claimed freedom from oppressive tonnage laws.  
 I thought she would reject the odious scheme,  
 But Pinckney told them that the Middle States,  
 Including great Virginia, had denied  
 The right to import slaves in time to come,  
 But generous New England had agreed  
 To give them slaves for the next twenty years  
 If they would give the Fed'ral government  
 An unrestricted right to tax at will  
 All foreign tonnage for their benefit.  
 He told them that they gained the right to vote

For full three-fifths of all the slaves they owned;  
 That Fed'ral power could never take a slave,  
 But, on the contrary, all States were bound  
 To send back fugitives their masters claimed,  
 Thus giving to the masters' right in slaves  
 The guarantee of thirteen sovereignties,  
 And of the Federal government combined.  
 He told how Greene drove out their British foes  
 And gave protection to their families;  
 How, when six States tried hard to shut out slaves,  
 New England's potent hand let them come in.  
 This wakened gratitude. She gave them slaves;  
 They gave the pow'r to tax the tonnage of  
 The foreigner, and thus monopolize  
 The carrying trade. The Constitution  
 Then was ratified. South Carolina  
 Acceded to the Union with her slaves.

*Satan.* Then nine of these disjointed sovereignties,  
 With four between, will give six boundaries  
 On which fierce wars will rage incessantly.  
 To-day Virginia's fateful voice will speak.  
 If she accedes, the others will come in  
 And make the Union perfectly complete;  
 But if she does accede, she claims the right  
 To secede when bold usurpation frowns.  
 She claims for "States," and people of the States,  
 All powers not granted and by words conveyed  
 To the new government they now create;  
 Claims to protect her rights and all the rights  
 Of her posterity to latest times  
 By all the strong, time-tested muniments  
 Of civil liberty and equity.  
 But despots laugh at law. Majorities  
 Are most despotic despots. Only force  
 Wielded by States can shield from Fed'ral force  
 The prey of sectional majorities.  
 One-fourth of all the Governors of States,  
 Backed by their troops, might lay potential hands  
 On rampant tyranny and fraudulent greed;  
 Might veto domineering, selfish hate,

And hold the robber section from its prey  
Until a grave convention of the States  
Shall, by a three-fourths vote, give legal force  
To the obnoxious measure in dispute,  
Or grant relief to the oppressed by law.  
Virginia'll get whatever she demands,



PATRICK HENRY.

If she secures this mighty tribunate  
A fourth to veto, till three-fourths confirm,  
Our bloody schemes fail of accomplishment.  
Such check on selfishness held by the States  
Would counteract all swindling, fraudulent schemes,  
And take from demagogues disunion's plea.

It would perpetuate to latest times  
 The peaceful union of this happy land.  
 We must prevent the union if we can;  
 If not, then see that its defects provide  
 Grounds for our triumphs in the days to come.  
 Comrades, await me here, while I look in  
 On these wise Solons of the wilderness.

*He goes. He returns.*

How greedily they swallow Henry's words!  
 With what complete control he sways these men!  
 Not Cicero, nor great Demosthenes,  
 Nor modern Chatham e'er possessed such power  
 As this great backwoods sage and orator.  
 Like one inspired, the rustie statesman talks.  
 He tells the horrors of their coming fate  
 In such strong language that they seem to see  
 Angels bemoaning their sad destiny.

[*Aside.*] I'll make the talker a true prophet yet,  
 As later generations shall confess.  
 Yet, 'twill not do to longer let him speak,  
 Or he may tell of means t'avert their doom.  
 But how to stop the torrent of his words,  
 Or quench the lightning of his countenance,  
 I find not— Yes, his voice shall not be heard;  
 Am I not prince of all the pow'rs of air?  
 Will not the winds come swiftly at my call?  
 I'll raise a storm to shake the solid earth;  
 The frowning concave rend with fiery bolts;  
 All elemental forces shall be stirred  
 To threaten men with instantaneous death.  
 Ha, ha! Ha, ha! They flee as shrinking from  
 The wrath of the divine Omnipotent.  
 Howl on! howl on! destructive elements,  
 While, in my fiendish glee, I gloat upon  
 The ruin and destruction I have wrought.

*GABRIEL and other holy angels arrive.*

*Gabriel.* Satan, why this alarming, dreadful storm?

*Satan.* Gabriel, I'm free. Your meddling insolence  
Deserves no other answer. I do not  
Move at any master's word. I will it.  
You poor watch-dogs of creation slip your  
Gilt collars, leave your locked kennels,  
And come out to yelp at your superiors.

*Gabriel.* Call off those fearful winds from their wild  
work.

This moment let the dreadful tempest cease;  
Then, if you will, rail on with idle breath—  
Yes, in an instant hush the thunder's voice,  
Or feel the horrors of the wrath to come.

*The fiends retire, the storm ceases.*

Resistless force o'erawes the universe.  
Creation's subject to Omnipotence,  
Infinite wisdom rules with perfect love.  
Within encircling wisdom, love, and power  
Is ample scope for largest liberty  
In all the hosts of angels, men, and fiends.  
Here all things work together for the good  
Of loving, trusting children of the Lord.  
But wretches who will never yield to love,  
Must feel the force of a resistless pow'r  
For the protection of the universe.  
Comrades, depart. Go each to his great work.  
I go to mine rejoicing in the Lord.

Scene: *Eminence commanding a view of New York, April 24, 1789.*  
SATAN, MARS, BAAL, MOLOCH. *They all bow low to SATAN ex-*  
*cept MARS.*

*Mars.* Hail! mighty chief! At thy command we  
come,  
Faithful to thee with all allegiance due,  
To execute thy grand destructive plans.  
We have left naught undone that could be done.  
These hateful States, resisting all our arts,  
Accede to the new union. They promise  
In their government protection such as  
The sons of men have never known before.

Hatreds of ages still inspire our zeal,  
 The centuries march on with stately steps,  
 But to give time for sleepless vigilance  
 To work the ruin of man's hateful race.

*Satan.* Comrades, ten thousand thanks for your past  
 zeal,  
 Your perseverance, and your fortitude.  
 With us, defeats pave paths to victory.  
 Though conquered often, we are ne'er subdued.

*Mars.* But latterly your wisest plans all fail.  
 These times of peace show little of your pow'r.  
 Next week a quiet, prosp'rous time begins,  
 With warrior chiefs reclined on easy-chairs.

*Satan.* Be patient, Mars ; hear what I have to say.  
 These Western gales of peace and liberty  
 Shall scatter dragon's teeth in Europe's soil,  
 And from that plenteous planting shall spring forth  
 Millions of armed men to stain with blood  
 The verdure of a thousand battle-fields,  
 And devastate a hundred thousand homes,  
 Filling the world with anguish and despair.  
 The French are getting ready for the fray  
 In which half of a world will be at strife.  
 That conflict shall convulse most mighty realms,  
 Pull down earth's grandest thrones and dynasties,  
 And raise up heroes whose astounding deeds  
 Shall overshadow Alexander's fame.

. . . . .  
 But what if I should now predict fierce wars  
 Between descendants of Americans?  
 What if, in less than fourscore fleeting years,  
 With more than fiend-like fury these great States  
 Fly at each other, and, in reckless rage,  
 Forgetful of the compacts of their sires,  
 Tread in the dust their blood-bought liberties,  
 Claiming despotic pow'r for States o'er States,  
 And over all their subject citizens!  
 Then hear me now. I promise more than this.  
 In less than fourscore years millions of men

Armed and embattled, shall tread down State rights,  
 Slay civil liberty, trample on law,  
 Outrage humanity, and to the sick  
 Deny through dreary years the privilege  
 Of buying medicines to heal disease.  
 The thick green venom of the sections' hate  
 Shall turn to gall the sympathies of saints,  
 And give them an intense desire to kill.  
 When devastation shall have done his work,  
 And marked his steps by ruins, ashes, graves,  
 Hatred shall send the basest of his slaves  
 To rule, to ruin, and degrade the land.

*Mars.* Father of lies, this seems impossible.  
 I doubt your pow'r, deny your truthfulness.  
 All lies of all the ages become dwarfed  
 By this false promise of false Lucifer.  
 Peace holds the reins under this government.  
 How, then, can rampant war go forth to fight?

*Satan.* Am I to be insulted to my face?  
 I reign. Nor shall Olympian Jupiter,  
 Backed by his num'rous family of gods,  
 Presume to cast contempt upon my throne.  
 Another word and the proud god of war  
 By clanking fetters shall be here disgraced.  
 To you, intrusive wretch, I answer not.  
 I shall not deign to you another word.  
 To these adherents of my sovereign throne  
 I owe the revelation of my plans.  
 Know, then, that this new union of the States  
 Has faulty parts, weak and defective links,  
 Imperfect joints that grate discordantly.  
 Man's work is tested by the touch of time,  
 And by my scheming for its overthrow.  
 Each State is now a nation in itself:  
 The smallest would not yield its sovereignty;  
 But only certain pow'rs expressly named,  
 Most carefully retaining all the rest;  
 They would not give their work a nation's name.  
 Yet these united sovereignties create

A fed'ral sovereign stronger than themselves.  
 They put into its hands both purse and sword,  
 Then try to bind the giant with mere words.  
 Divided sovereignty—Fed'ral and State,  
 Moved by the hatreds that the sections feel,  
 With clashing interests shall meet force with force,  
 In such malignant, bloody, cruel wars  
 As nations all shall stand aghast to see.  
 Relentless hate of sections shall send forth  
 The well-armed millions of a continent  
 In deadly strife. Fathers shall slay their sons;  
 Sons strike down gray-haired sires; mothers shall see  
 Their cherished sons go forth as enemies,  
 Each to destroy his brother in the strife.  
 To test my strategy I now predict  
 That upstart insolence in seats of power  
 Will stigmatize as traitors infamous  
 Virginia's bravest, noblest, purest sons,  
 For daring to obey Virginia's laws,  
 On her own soil, defending her chaste homes.  
 Nay, more, fanatic faction in its rage  
 Will give its highest honors to the men  
 Who copy the vile conduct of Dunmore,  
 Cornwallis, Tarleton, Arnold, and the rest  
 In giving her possessions to the flames,  
 All in the name of faithful loyalty.  
 What say you, comrades, will that satisfy?

*Baal.* It will, it will. I'm fully satisfied.

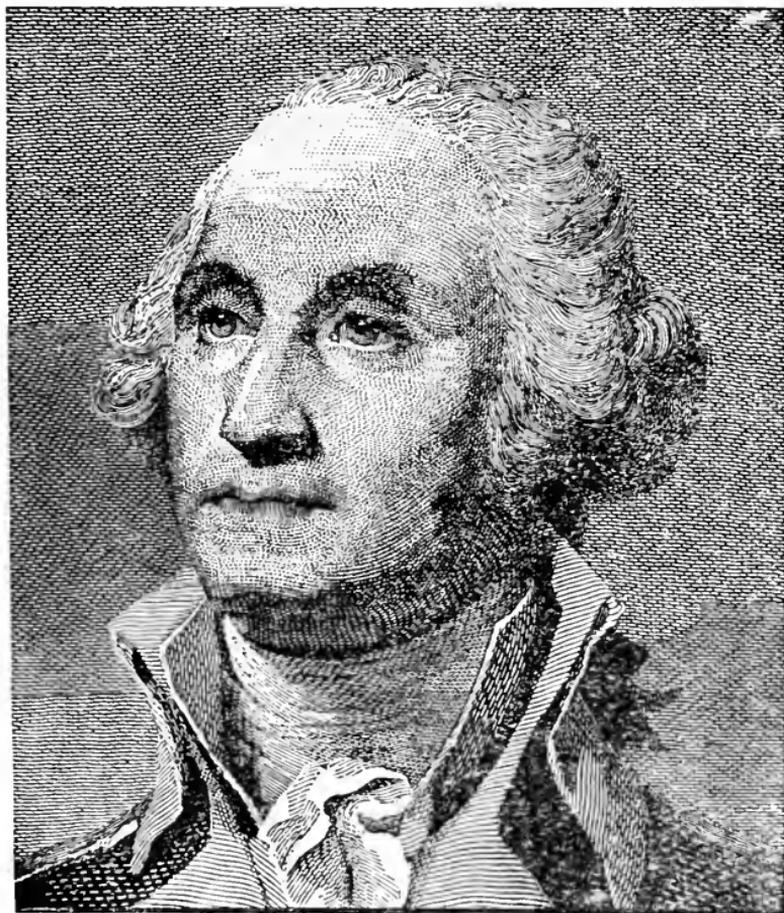
*Moloch.* I too am more than fully satisfied.

*Baal.* Satan, you may expect my hearty help.

*Moloch.* I too will help to bring these things to pass.

*Satan.* My trusty comrades, take my hearty thanks,  
 And share the glory of my great success.  
 In you I see unyielding confidence,  
 Defiant boldness, dreading no defeat,  
 Over all foes expecting victory.  
 In ev'ry contest men must yield to us!  
 Did we not drive out of their paradise

Adam and Eve, parents of all the race?  
Did we not lead the first of woman born  
To slay his brother at the shrine of God?  
Antediluvians became our prey,  
Till God repented that he had made man,  
And gave those bold transgressors to the flood.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The heirs of Noah soon became our slaves,  
And when to mighty nations they had grown,  
We led them to destroy themselves by sin.  
For ages we have walked amid the gloom  
Where once in grandeur mighty nations stood.

Tyre, Carthage, Thebes, Palmyra, Babylon  
 Like morning dreams have passed and ceased to be.  
 Jerusalem, Damascus, mighty Rome  
 Seem shadows of their own magnificence.  
 We shall live on through all earth's centuries,  
 And in the vigor of our youth shall see  
 This newest of the nations share their fate.

Scene: *Broadway, New York, April 30, 1789.* MICHAEL, GABRIEL.

*Michael.* I bring congratulations from the skies  
 On the successful issue of our plans.  
 Our youthful nation, crowns itself to-day  
 With governmental glory such as earth  
 Through all her centuries has never seen.

*Gabriel.* I thank you for your plaudits, worthy prince.  
 Great Washington comes at his country's call  
 To rule her factions or to fight her foes;  
 While Jefferson, Knox, Randolph, Hamilton  
 Will give wise counsels to their honored chief.  
 John Adams in the Senate will preside,  
 Ready to fill a more important place,  
 And Jay judge wisely in the highest court.  
 But see! They come, and with them Livingston,  
 New York's great chancellor. The book of God  
 There gives validity to the great oath  
 Which Livingston administers in form,  
 And Washington so solemnly assumes.  
 Imperial diadem or royal crown  
 Could add no dignity to that great man  
 Assuming obligations here to-day.  
 The thund'ring cannon makes the welkin ring,  
 The people cheer, the hosts of heaven rejoice,  
 And the great God looks on approvingly.

Scene: *State-house yard, Philadelphia, October, 1791.* SATAN, MO-  
 LOCH, BELIAL, MAMMON.

*Satan.* Once more of our achievements we may speak,  
 And tell of our great vict'ries over men.

*Moloch.* I have been stirring France to deeds of blood  
 That soon shall startle and amaze mankind.

*Belial.* And I have helped the savages to slay  
The troops of Harmar, Hardin, and St. Clair,  
Beyond Ohio's stream in Western wilds.

*Mammon.* My work has been with those who death  
distill  
In Massachusetts and among the hills  
Of Pennsylvania, on her sparkling streams.  
My rum and whisky clients hate all laws,  
Regard not man, nor do they honor God;  
But Light Horse Harry Lee with Fed'ral troops  
Compelled the whisky boys t' obey the law.

*Satan.* I have stirred strife to trouble Washington.  
'Twas natural that soldiers should demand  
A vigorous government to raise supplies  
Which cautious statesmen might be slow to yield.  
So Hamilton most honestly desired  
More pow'r for Fed'ral hands than States would grant.  
I tempt him now to seize the pow'rs he wants,  
And claim that though not granted, they're implied,  
Or else necessitated by the force  
Of public policy or dire distress.  
So he creates a bank —assumes State debts  
Held by the thrifty North. By tonnage laws  
And tariffs robs the South, and in the North  
Builds the rich aristocracy he wants  
To make a strong and stable government,  
According to his fav'rite theory.  
Happ'ly for my success, great Jefferson  
Is Southern born and of the planter class.  
By the great Declaration which he wrote,  
Pledged to the common people of the land,  
Friend of State rights and human liberty.  
Already factions gather round these men,  
And vex the righteous soul of Washington.  
Through many generations I will make  
Their names the rallying cries of North and South,  
Of speculators or of laborers,  
Of State rights or of strong, rash government,  
Till Fed'ral force strikes down resisting States,

And bloated wealth strides proudly o'er the poor.  
 I hope to bring the strifes of Europe here,  
 With a French party claiming Jefferson,  
 And England's friends supporting Hamilton.  
 What say you to the working of my plans?

*All.* Go on! go on! You have our hearty help.

*Scene: Boston Common, July, 1792. RAPHAEL, ABDIEL.*

*Abdiel.* Servant of God and guardian of mankind,  
 What loving deed has brought you here to-day?

*Raphael.* See you those horsemen? I attend on  
 them.

They go to Lynn on business of our king.

*Abdiel.* Whence come they? On what business do  
 they come?

*Raphael.* Sons of the South. New England needs  
 them now.

With loving hearts they come to bring relief.  
 Their fathers sent to Boston rich supplies  
 When Britain would have starved her citizens,  
 Then came with Washington to fight her foes,  
 And drive the haughty Britons from her shores.  
 So these most gen'rous, loving Southerners  
 Bring to New England richer, costlier gifts,  
 And bolder heroes to fight fiercer foes.  
 There's Jesse Lee, Virginia's noble son;  
 He is the leader of this gallant band.  
 There's John, his brother, victim of disease,  
 Who soon shall gain his crown of victory.  
 From Maryland comes Freeborn Garretson  
 And brave George Roberts. From Delaware see  
 Bold Nathaniel Mills. From distant Georgia  
 Eloquent Hope Hull, and by his side is  
 Bishop Asbury, with Smith and Allen.  
 These men of God bring simple gospel truth  
 To vanquish errors which blight Churches here.  
 Sons of the Plymouth pilgrims leave the faith

Of their renowned forefathers, and take up  
 The cast-off heresies of other lands,  
 Deny divinity to Jesus Christ,  
 Say that redemption came not by his blood;  
 Deny that God, the Holy Spirit, works  
 In quick'ning, cleansing, sanctifying men;  
 Claim holiness by nature, not by grace;  
 Expect salvation by their own good works,  
 Or claim for scoffing men a home in heaven,  
 With naught of penitence or prayer or faith;  
 Would place Confucius by the side of Christ,  
 And think they stretch their charity to hope  
 That through the coming ages Christ may rise  
 To the high level of a Boston sage.

*Abdiel.* Say, Raphael, how did educated men  
 Such transcendental nonsense here embrace?

*Raphael.* Their fathers taught that God had fore-or-  
 dained

Whatever comes to pass throughout all time,  
 And yet is not the author of a sin;  
 That God is love, and yet sends babes to hell;  
 That one cannot be added to the saved,  
 Nor one diminished from the Lord's elect,  
 Yet men are blamed for failing to be saved.  
 These contradictions trouble not the Scotch,  
 But Yankee brains ask: "How can these things be?"  
 Disdainfully they throw away the creed  
 Of their forefathers taught by Augustine;  
 Its truthful parts despise more than the false;  
 Then boasting of their learning and their wit,  
 Their fancied wisdom makes them Satan's dupes.  
 Of course the same gross errors suit not all,  
 Nor yet the same wise persons all the time;  
 Nor do they all cease to be Puritans,  
 But they are so stampeded by affright  
 At Calvin's errors, they'll take any thing  
 To get away from the divine decrees.  
 Socinus, Arius, or Pelagius,  
 The pope, Confucius, Brahma, or Buddha,

From Calvinism seem to be relief.  
 But from the South comes help in time of need.  
 New England's altar fires shall blaze again,  
 Lit by the torch of truth in Southern hands.  
 Sons of the Puritans shall hail with joy  
 The coming of these gospel cavaliers.  
 Men call them Methodists. Two years ago  
 Lee left his Southern home and hither came.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

A thousand converts welcome them to-day,  
 And aid them in their efforts to do good.  
 Last week reluctant Boston warmed with love  
 And organized a zealous, holy Church.  
 Ten thousand such shall soon illumine this land  
 With pure religion's brightest, hallowed flames,  
 And send to distant nations light and love  
 For those who grope in darkness and distress.

Scene: *Philadelphia, June 10, 1795.* BAAL, MARS, SATAN, MAMMON.

*Baal.* What say you, Mars, to Satan's schemes and plans,  
Since you have seen how perfectly they work?

*Mars.* Let him go on. His tactics I admire.  
I gladly follow his bold leadership.  
I now retract my disrespectful words.  
Europe will fight for the next twenty years,  
And I shall revel amid bloody wars.

*Satan.* And these young lambs shall be old Europe's  
prey,  
Devoured among her greedy, hungry wolves,  
Unless the heav'nly pow'rs aid Washington.  
Already Jefferson and Hamilton  
Have left the cabinet for private life;  
The people are for Britain or for France,  
And ready to take arms on either side.  
The sword of Washington and his great name  
Disarm the factious, make them live in peace.  
But recently, with Mammon's ready aid,  
I held the chief helpless between two fires.  
France sent her minister demanding help  
Against the hateful foes of liberty.  
Yes, France, the gen'rous friend of other days,  
Roused the rash people 'gainst their government,  
While Britain, with piratical intent,  
Seized Yankee ships wherever they were found,  
And sent the barb'rous Indians to destroy  
The helpless families of the far West.  
I thought the people then would fly to arms,  
But Washington soon had Genet recalled  
Back to his own rash country, warlike France.  
To Britain Jay was sent with peaceful words.  
The treaty that he made was hailed with scorn,  
Was burned by mobs, assailed by orators,  
Who said their country had been basely sold.  
But, Mammon, you had much to do with that.  
Please give the details that so hateful seem.

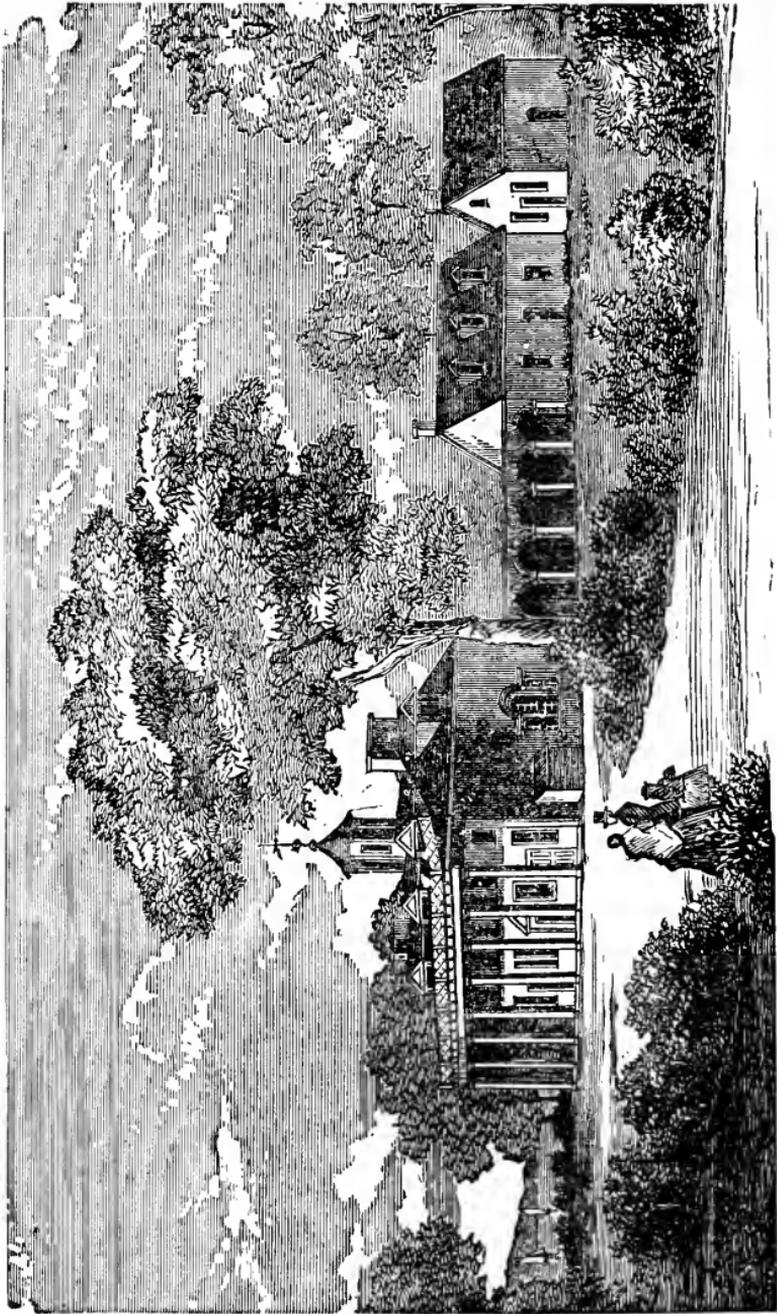
*Mammon.* Jay was most patriotic, but was met  
 By haughty, selfish Britons, backed by force  
 His youthful country could not well resist.  
 They proposed to move their soldiers from the  
 Western forts, where Indians had been armed  
 To slaughter babes; to leave the frontiersmen  
 Of that wild region; the enlarging trade;  
 To cease their depredations on the seas,  
 And pay for ships and cargoes they had seized.  
 But they refused to pay for stolen slaves,  
 As in the former treaty was agreed;  
 Demanded that old debts should all be paid  
 By those who had obtained the merchandise.  
 'Twas my fine hand that brought all this to pass.  
 When the great war began, I told the men  
 That war had settled all of their old debts.  
 When peace returned, the Fed'ral government  
 Agreed to the collection of those debts;  
 But I then told the patriots to demand  
 Exemption from those antiquated claims;  
 Then told the British not to pay for slaves,  
 Nor yet surrender up the frontier forts,  
 Until the patriots paid up their debts.  
 The treaty made by Jay, an Eastern man,  
 Paid Eastern men for stolen ships and goods,  
 But confiscated stolen Southern slaves,  
 Because old debtors died or failed to pay.  
 What maddens the Americans seems clear:  
 Wayne whipped the Indians and had peace enforced  
 In spite of British fraud and cruelty:  
 So, giving up the forts she nothing gave.  
 Why, then, should Jay relinquish claims for slaves?  
 Why raise again the question of old debts,  
 And fill the land with most vexatious suits?  
 It makes men doubly desperate to fail  
 In their endeavors to shake off just debts,  
 But so I'll tempt them to the end of time.  
 Satan, this trouble is not ended yet.

*Satan.* Nor shall it end till, roaring for more prey,  
 The British lion treads these shores again.

Scene: *Washington City, June 1, 1803.* MICHAEL, GABRIEL.

*Michael.* I hail you, happy Gabriel! News arrives  
At this new seat of empire that the French  
Have sold this young republic vast domains  
Extending broadly westward to the shores  
Washed by Pacific's peaceful, gentle waves.  
The States thus gain more than a million of  
Square miles of land, with mighty rivers on  
Their rapid way to the vast oceans of  
The East and West. This to the frontier men  
Gives free access to all the whole round world,  
Without leave asked of Britain, France, or Spain;  
With liberal hand throws wide trade's golden gates,  
And welcomes the rich commerce of a world;  
Invites prosperity with wide-spread sails  
To enter at ten thousand open ports.

*Gabriel.* Yes, Michael, but the half has not been told  
Of God's great goodness to this favored land.  
The Indians, whipped by Wayne, have peaceful grown;  
Jay's treaty with the British, though unjust,  
Caused peace to smile where war had madly frowned;  
The whisky fiends of Pennsylvania  
Submitted to the troops of Harry Lee,  
Proving the majesty of federal law;  
Factions were awed by mighty Washington;  
The States kept free from foreign dominance;  
When France in robber tones demanded gifts,  
Pinckney with stately dignity replied,  
"We've millions for defense, but not a cent  
For tribute to the strongest of our foes,"  
And the brave States in thunder tones rolled back  
The patriot statesman's grand, defiant words.  
When war came threat'ningly from angry France,  
The people rallied in their own defense,  
And called on Washington to lead their troops.  
The waves were witnesses of French defeats.  
The robber ships, some captured, some destroyed,  
Found foemen who could humble all their pride.  
Then Frenchmen changed their rulers, and again  
Peace wound her chain of love around old friends.



MT. VERNON.

This strengthened the new government abroad,  
And gave the people confidence at home.  
It had been feared when Washington must go,  
The orphaned Union would then sadly pine.  
But the great man retired to private life;  
The States lived on. He died; they flourished still.  
'Twas feared that conflicts at election times  
Would bring on anarchy and bloody strife.  
Administrations changed; no blood was shed.  
Then selfish faction tempted Aaron Burr  
To let it steal for him the highest place;  
And Burr was willing, while for days they tried  
To take the presidency and its power  
From Jefferson, the people's chosen chief.  
But honest Bayard checked the villainy;  
Against his party, let the right prevail.  
'Twas well the government should stand the test,  
And triumph over faction's cunning fraud.  
It throttled usurpation and struck down  
The tyranny that followed forms of law,  
When even patriots in authority  
Enacted and enforced despotic laws  
Against the Constitution and the right.  
'Twas proper that the ballots of the free  
Should, under avalanches of contempt,  
Bury those patriot tyrants of the land  
In cold oblivion. Then repeal their acts,  
And let the hangman burn the hateful words.  
The alien and sedition laws are dead.  
The party that enacted them will die.  
Burr's name is hateful. Jefferson is still  
The guardian of State rights, and freedom's friend,  
He rules in righteousness. Authority  
Not granted by the States he will not wield.  
Even the treaty by which he secures  
Louisiana to the land he loves  
He would submit to the approval of  
The sev'ral States. Happy the land with such  
A ruler blessed! Thrice happy in the judge  
That fills the place of highest honor in  
Its highest court! John Marshall is his name.

Justice personified in him is seen.  
Marshall and Jefferson, Virginia's sons,  
Shall through the coming ages bless mankind,  
And by the might of their illustrious names  
Cause terror-stricken tyranny to quail,  
And usurpation drop its mask of smiles;  
While fraud, corruption, legal villainy,  
Shall trembling drop their base, dishonest gains.  
But see! The great Chief-justice comes this way,  
And by his side the greater President:  
They pass in modest majesty sublime,  
Without a thread of such pretentious garb  
As little greatness still delights to wear.  
The honor that enshrines these noble men  
Might waken envy in archangels' breasts,  
If angels' breasts could envy entertain.

*Michael.* You grow enthusiastic in their praise;  
I join you in admiring their renown,  
Their unpretentious, simple, lofty aims.  
But I have marveled much at the great growth  
Of these United States in worldly wealth.  
The fruitful soil exhaustless riches yields,  
And fills the land with plenty and with joy.  
The mines surrender their long hidden stores,  
The forests wave a welcome to the men  
That turn their lofty grandeur into gold.  
Waves bear the white-winged wand'ers of the deep  
From ev'ry land with tribute to these shores,  
While population multiplies and spreads,  
Still doubling its possessions year by year.  
New settlements, blooming and beautiful,  
Spring forth to join the sisterhood of States.  
Vermont from her green hills came smiling down;  
Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio,  
Baptized with blood, march grandly, sword in hand,  
To their high places in the stately band.  
No other nation ever prospered so.  
Mankind, astonished, wonder and admire.  
Angels exult to see such blessedness,  
And God himself smiles on the blissful scene.  
Let us away where other duties call.

## BOOK SIXTH.

---

Scene: *Tippecanoe, in the woods of Indiana, November 8, 1811.* SATAN, MARS, MAMMON, BELIAL.

*Mars.* Ha, ha! ha, ha! What is it we have here?  
'Tis war, but war not worthy of the name.  
Napoleon's campaigns, Wellington's great fights,  
Russia's rude millions, Prussia's well-drilled ranks,  
Might claim applause from Jupiter himself;  
But these frontiersmen and their Indian foes  
May all be left to Belial and his fools.

*Belial.* Take back your insult! But for knaves and  
fools  
Your world-wide wars could never be commenced.

*Mars.* True, Belial. I retract the insulting words.  
I recognize the value of your work.

*Satan.* Yes, fill the world with sober, upright men,  
And peace would plant her olives in all lands,  
Doves lay their nurselings where the eagles brood,  
And harvests ripen upon battle-fields.  
Ten peaceful years sages have ruled this land,  
With Jefferson or Madison in pow'r.  
All my malignant arts provoke no wars.  
I've seen the population multiplied,  
The territory doubled in extent,  
The commerce increased more than seven-fold,  
The wilderness explored from sea to sea,  
Lewis and Clarke in distant Oregon,  
As pioneers of millions who shall go  
To till the lands and plow Pacific's waves.  
I've seen success crown Fulton's enterprise  
To yoke the steam, and make it pull his ships  
Against opposing tides and wayward winds,

Seen his torpedoes dive beneath the waves,  
 Ready to hurl destruction at all foes  
 That dare invade the waters to make war.  
 The pirates, whipped, no longer vex the sea;  
 Indians, subdued, no more distress the land;  
 The schemes of Burr suppressed, and he disgraced;  
 Great Hamilton, who rivaled Jefferson,  
 Mourned by all parties in an early grave;  
 The Eastern faction growled, but dared not bite,  
 And I, in my malignity, looked on,  
 Without ability to stir up strife.  
 Here peace, prosperity, and plenty smiled  
 On Christian principles and honest men.  
 But I have not been idle. Mammon too  
 Has toiled to darken their benignant skies,  
 And hurl war's furious tempests at their homes.  
 Belial has stirred these Indians, as you see,  
 To deeds of treachery and cruelty;  
 But Harrison has whipped the savages.  
 Behold the ashes of their wigwam homes!  
 Say, Mammon, what of Britain's "lords of trade?"

*Mammon.* I made them agonize with envious rage,  
 As Yankee commerce, borne by Yankee ships,  
 Caused their own trade to languish day by day;  
 Then sent them to their rulers to demand  
 The driving of these upstarts from the sea  
 By cutting off all traffic with the French.  
 I moved the Frenchmen to retaliate,  
 And close against them all of Britain's ports.  
 I thought these cautious Christian men must fight  
 With France or England, or with both at once.  
 Instead of that they joined their enemies  
 To keep their ships confined in their own ports.  
 Finding they would not fight with foreigners,  
 I tried to raise a fight among themselves  
 By tempting all the selfish sons of trade  
 To take up arms against the embargo.  
 New England listens, and may yet secede  
 To join her fortunes with the Canadas.  
 John Henry thinks she will, and so does Craig,  
 Who now rules Canada for Britain's king.

*Satan.* Mammon, I give you praise for work well done.

I have led England to assert a right  
 To seize her subjects wheresoever found,  
 And to impress them with her own marines.  
 Thus ships of neutral nations now are searched  
 For men to fight the battles of King George.  
 Speaking the English language is enough  
 To prove them subjects of the English King.  
 So, in the service of these kidnappers,  
 Six thousand citizens of these proud States  
 Are held. Adding insult to injury,  
 I made the "Leopard" stop the "Chesapeake"  
 Near her own harbor, and drag from her decks  
 Four men to bondage, one to cruel death.  
 These peaceful rulers most indignantly  
 Ordered all British war-ships from their ports,  
 Then rested on in quiet dignity.  
 At last, when foreign trade was quite destroyed  
 By French and English robbery at sea,  
 Without a ship that dared to sail abroad,  
 The prudent men proclaimed "non-intercourse"  
 With pirate nations that destroyed their trade.  
 To shame them out of their inglorious peace,  
 I made them stand a battle on the sea.  
 The "Little Belt" attacked the "President"  
 Without a word of warning or of threat;  
 But as brave Rogers punished his rude foe,  
 Giving the British pirate deadly shots,  
 'Twas deemed sufficient to avenge the wrong.  
 So those most patient rulers still have peace;  
 But they shall soon have war. I'll make them fight.  
 Mammon, send Henry to the fed'ral court  
 With written evidence of England's plot  
 To wield New England's factions and detach  
 Her wordy traitors from the fed'ral league.  
 Belial, go to the sea-ports. Idle throngs  
 Need but your help, and they grow desperate.  
 Go wake the warlike woodsmen of the West  
 To deeds of valor worthy of themselves.  
 Bring up young statesmen to the capital:

I'll stir ambition in their youthful blood,  
And war's rude hurly-burly shall begin.

Scene: *Capitol, Washington, D. C., December 25, 1812.* ASMODEUS,  
AZAZEL, MARS, SATAN, BAAL, MOLOCH, CHEMOSH, BELIAL, MAM-  
MON, BELUS, SERAPIS.

*Satan.* A merry Christmas to my trusty friends!  
Come, celebrate with me the natal day  
Of David's Son, the mighty Prince of Peace;  
While his meek, peaceful subjects work our will.  
Roman and Greek and Protestant agree,  
At least for once in perfect unity.  
They all combine to take each other's lives;  
They make the world one glorious battle-field;  
While fishes of all oceans feast on flesh  
Of Christians slaughtered by true Christian men.  
Russia sees millions crimsoning her snows;  
All soils are fertilized with Christian blood;  
Here Protestants with Protestants contend.

*Mars.* Huzza! huzza! war, glorious war employs  
The pious subjects of the Prince of Peace!

*Baal.* Huzza! huzza! his millions haste to claim  
A dwelling-place with us in hell's dark depths.

*All.* Huzza! huzza! huzza! we welcome them!

*Satan.* Yes, this young nation yielded to my arts.  
The Irishman, John Henry, and the plot  
Which he revealed, roused hatred in the hearts  
Of angry millions. Bold statesmen such as  
Grundy, Clay, Calhoun hurried the timid,  
Cautious, prudent, slow into rash action.  
All unprepared in every thing but men,  
They struck the strongest nation in the world.  
As might have been expected, they have failed.  
Hull basely played the coward at Detroit;  
Surrendered all his men, lost Michigan,  
Gave up Lake Erie, and defenseless left  
The helpless people of the whole North-west.  
Van Rensselaer, at Queenstown, drove the foe,

Ordered twelve hundred men to cross the stream,  
 And help complete the half-won victory.  
 New York's militia would not leave their State:  
 The craven cowards left their country's flag  
 And its defenders to the enemy.  
 One Smyth, still later, sent his men across,  
 But feared to lead the gallant patriots.  
 A hero leading dastard followers;  
 A dastard leader of brave, valiant men.  
 But on the ocean bravery and skill  
 Have given immortality to names  
 That shall be honored in most distant lands.  
 Decatur, Porter, Jones, and Isaac Hull,  
 Bear off the honors of the present war;  
 But other men shall highest honors claim  
 Before peace hovers o'er this land again.  
 Yet, comrades, all the honors won by men  
 Are naught compared with those we proudly wear.  
 Their grandest battles are but skirmishes  
 To world-wide conflicts such as ours are.  
 Our foes are stronger—yea, omnipotent—  
 And destined yet to triumph over us;  
 But we fight on through the whole course of time.  
 We rule all nations. I still proudly reign  
 "God of this world," enthroned o'er all mankind.  
 Yes, e'en at Christmas I rule Christian men.  
 Behold the great men stagg'ring through the streets!  
 To time's last moment earth shall still be mine,  
 And when the lake of fire shall blaze round me  
 This world of mine shall feel consuming fires.  
 Messiah, if he wants it for his saints,  
 Must it, as well as them, create anew.

Scene: *In the woods near the river Thames, Canada, October 5, 1813.*  
 ABDIEL, ITHURIEL, URIEL, ZOPHIEL.

*Abdiel.* If tears were ever shed by angel eyes,  
 This wicked war would make them freely flow.  
 Last January Winchester's brave troops  
 Surrendered to their haughty British foes.  
 But Proctor, the most infamous of men,  
 Subjected them to Indian scalping-knives.

*Ithuriel.* So Dudley and his men were sacrificed  
To savage fury at a later day.

*Uriel.* When gallant Chauncey and his brave marines  
Drove British ships from Lake Ontario,  
Dearborn crossed over to the northern shore  
With troops to capture forts and army stores.  
Th' exploding of Toronto's magazine  
Sent death to heroes that were led by Pike;  
But in the arms of victory they fell,  
Crowned with the praises of the land they loved.

*Ithuriel.* Winder and Chandler stormed Fort George  
in May.  
It yet is held in spite of England's power.

*Zophiel.* Old ocean still is vexed with human strife,  
And hurls his storms against the combatants;  
But they fight on, and when defeated cry  
With dying Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship!"  
But not on bounding billows of the deep  
Do British sailors seek for glory now.  
To proud old England naval warfare means  
Prowling along the shore for helpless prey,  
Outraging decency and burning towns.

*Abdiel.* Hark! hark! I hear the sounds of horrid war,  
The noise of musketry, the clash of arms;  
The tramp of cavalry, the steady step  
Of British infantry, and the loud cries  
Of strong frontiersmen, battling for their lives.  
List to the Indian war-whoop! Hear the yell  
Of dying hundreds in their agonies!  
See Proctor fleeing! The cruel dastard  
Hastes to leave the field. His proud regulars  
Flee swiftly in the steps of their base chief.  
Kentucky horsemen mow them down like wheat.  
See that strong Indian! Listen to his voice.  
Urging his red braves forward to the fight.  
That is Tecumseh, bravest of his race!  
He's badly wounded; see, the strong man falls!  
As their chief dies the Indians quit the field.

See Isaac Shelby, hero of two wars,  
 Now civil Governor of his great State.  
 And there is Harrison; Virginia's blood  
 Throbs in his heart and mantles on his cheek,  
 Impelling him to most illustrious deeds.  
 See, at his side, the manly Colonel Croghan,  
 Brave young defender of Fort Stevenson.  
 And there is Colonel Johnson, leaning on  
 The shoulders of two comrades who support,  
 With loving hearts, their noble, bleeding friend.  
 And last, but most renowned of all the throng,  
 Behold young Perry, hero of the lake.  
 His naval victory, so bravely won,  
 Thrilled a whole nation with exultant joy,  
 And rendered this day's triumph possible.  
 This double vict'ry gives ten thousand homes  
 Protection against bloody tomahawks.  
 The playful children of the West no more  
 Shall check their sports to list for savage yells.  
 Matrons and maidens, undisturbed by fear,  
 Shall sing of heaven, and find it in the smiles  
 Of lovely innocence, secure from harm.

Scene: *Hartford, Ct., December, 1814.* MARS, SATAN, CHEMOSH,  
 MAMMON, BELUS.

*Mars.* More than two years of what these men call  
 war  
 Have passed with only trifling skirmishes.

*Satan.* True, Mars, but you're impatient of results.  
 You think of what is seen. I lay vast plans,  
 Involving millions through all coming time.  
 You only see some thousands march, fight, die;  
 Some trifling villages consumed by fire.  
 I cherish hatreds between North and South,  
 Fanning the flames that shall break out and burn  
 Through this broad Union in the days to come.

*Chemosh.* I will not hear this war belittled so;  
 This bird in hand is worth two in the bush.  
 Satan, your schemes for continental woe

May end in failure, wise as they may seem.  
 Mars, you may glory in great Wellington,  
 In Bonaparte, and Europe's countless hosts,  
 But don't despise this side-show of a war  
 Which Britain wages as with her left hand.  
 These hating kinsmen have struck fearful blows.  
 What think you of the nameless horrors seen  
 Near the wild banks of Raisin's bloody stream?  
 What of the braves by bold Tecumseh led?  
 What of their conquerors upon the Thames,  
 Led on by Johnson, Shelby, Harrison?  
 What of the boyish Croghan at Sandusky,  
 And youthful Perry, whose intrepid deeds  
 On Erie's waters ring around the world?  
 Was that a skirmish when, near Chippewa,  
 More than five hundred of the British fell,  
 Or when nine hundred fell at Lundy's Lane,  
 Where fame's loud trump proclaimed the honored  
     names  
 Of Scott, of Ripley, Jessup, Miller, Brown?  
 What of Fort Erie's siege? attempts to storm?  
 Fierce bombardment for more than forty days?  
 Its fiery sorties and its brave defense?  
 When fourteen thousand men with Prevost marched,  
 And Downie's mighty fleet accompanied,  
 Up Sorel River to the Saranac?  
 Was that not war that forced them to retreat,  
 Losing one-fifth of their vast armament,  
 Their admiral, and nearly all his ships?  
 Plattsburg and Lake Champlain pronounce it war.  
 McDonough and Macomb wear warriors' wreaths  
 And write their names on glory's brightest page.  
 'Twas worse than war when Ross at Washington  
 Used arson's torch, and burned the capitol.  
 'Twas war sublimed, war glorified, when Smith  
 Marshalled ten thousand men at Baltimore  
 To fight at North Point for their native home.  
 Since that great battle ev'ry glowing star  
 In freedom's banner flashes forth the names  
 Of Baltimore, McHenry, and North Point.  
 In most heroic times this would be war.

*Satan.* Yes, Chemosh, you have wisely proved your point.

But, Mammon, what report have you to make  
About your money-mongering clientage?

*Mammon.* My clients must be treated with respect.  
True, they love money; others love it too,  
But lack the shrewdness and the enterprise  
By which New England's sons enrich themselves.  
Why then should Satan coin an uncouth phrase  
To fling at my most worthy clientage?  
I'll not report until he takes it back.

*Satan.* We'll have no disputation about words.  
I'll take it back; I want the news you bring.

*Mammon.* Well, then, when Adams ruled, and Fisher  
Ames  
Was the chief orator in Congress Hall,  
New England was well pleased with peace or war.  
She knew her sons were wisest, bravest, best  
Of all who sailed the seas or trod the earth,  
And lost all patience when the purblind eyes  
Of outside millions failed to see it so.  
'Twas quite too bad to think of or endure  
'That President, Premier, Chief-justice, and  
Decatur, gallant prince of naval chiefs,  
Should all be Southern born and Southern bred.  
And when Louisiana had been bought,  
The wise men of the East declared 'twas time  
To leave the Union and seek wiser friends.  
When France would cripple commerce, and the sea  
Saw Britain kidnap thousands of their sons,  
War was demanded, but the imbeciles  
Who ruled at Washington embargoed trade,  
And checked the bus'ness by which men grew rich.  
No wonder my shrewd clients looked abroad  
For commerce that could not be found at home.  
And still they seek immediate relief  
In every quarter that may promise help.

*Belus.* 'Twas then John Henry came from Canada

To offer them Great Britain's potent aid.  
They listened and encouraged him to hope  
That they would meekly bear the British yoke,  
Though Bunker Hill frowned on the hateful spy  
And Lexington and Concord spurned the wretch,  
While silent protests came from the green graves  
Where lay the honored dust once nobly worn  
By Warren, Prescott, Adams, Hancock, Ames;  
But brave John Adams, true and faithful still,  
Writing in kindness to his early friend,  
Told Jefferson the law must be repealed.  
'Twas done, and still they were not satisfied.  
And now when war prevails and patriots bleed,  
The hydra heads of faction hiss against  
What they had long demanded as most wise.  
With stifling breath they try to suffocate,  
With snaky folds to crush the government;  
Destroying credit and denying aid,  
Betray the country to its enemies.  
These men will go no farther. They are shrewd;  
The hatreds of the sections are intense,  
But their self-interest deeper, stronger far.  
Theirs is not hot blood of the cavaliers,  
Nor hasty chivalry of Huguenots.  
They cannot hope for aught from Canada  
That's worth a tithe of what they here possess.  
No stretch of Fed'ral tyranny could drive  
These calculating people to secede.  
But, Satan, they are ready to your hand  
To drive out men more hasty than themselves.  
Under the Constitution they will claim  
All that they want and hold all that they gain.  
Others may call it legal robbery.  
But they'll drive wedge and screw still farther in,  
And boldly smile at their shrewd Yankee trick.  
With kindly feeling and philanthropy,  
Their condescending charity will stoop  
To lift their neighbors to their own high plane  
Of transcendental super-eminence.  
If those dull neighbors venture to demur,  
Audacious insults may be hurled at them.

These failing, rifles, swords, and spears complete  
Their elevation to the loftier plane.

*Satan.* You speak most wisely, Belus; but the world  
Has many people that are worse than these,  
And few that are much better can you find.  
I'll use them as you say for my wise ends.  
If we cannot induce them to secede,  
We'll use them to make other men go out,  
And then perhaps to drive them back again.  
But these conventionists in Hartford met  
Will give their names to infamous contempt.  
As banded 'gainst their country while at war.  
When they complete the work they have in hand.  
And threaten Madison with what they'll do  
If he does not conclude the war in haste,  
'Twill be to learn of peace already made,  
Without the least regard for their fierce threats.

*Mammon.* Does Babylonian Belus dare to blame  
The wise inhabitants of wisdom's land?  
Does Satan dare to damn them with faint praise?  
Such disrespect deserves, and shall receive,  
The stern rebuke of one who knows them well.  
This land of scholars, schools, and colleges,  
Of statesmen, orators, philosophers,  
Of wise inventors, and industrious men,  
Shall flourish in despite of envious hate.

Scene: *New Orleans, January 8, 1815.* GABRIEL, ABDIEL, ZEPHON,  
RAPHIAEL, ITHURIEL, URIEL.

*Abdiel.* I hail you happy here, my friends, to-day!  
Once more peace smiles upon this favored land,  
Reposing in the lap of victory.  
The laurel-wreath that rests on Jackson's brow  
Has been well won, and now is nobly worn.  
A widow's son, trained in the fear of God,  
His boyhood gave its strength to freedom's cause.  
Later in life he championed womanhood;  
Her base detractors fled before his wrath.  
When savage warriors threatened the frontiers,  
And slew four hundred persons at Fort Mims,

He rushed to rescue others from such fate.  
He had but acorns to subsist upon,  
But gave security to helpless homes,  
And wrote his honored name on grateful hearts.

*Zephon.* When British ships from Pensacola sailed  
With troops to take Fort Bowyers' garrison,  
He hastened to repel his country's foes.  
Then storming Pensacola, he drove out  
The enemy from Spanish Florida.  
When fifty ships, with full twelve thousand men,  
Came to attack defenseless New Orleans,  
He martial law proclaimed, and with strong will  
Compelled the people to defend themselves.  
He took their cotton-bales to build a wall  
For their protection from their enemies;  
Sent out his gun-boats to delay the foe,  
Then from the river he bombarded them;  
Still later sent two thousand riflemen,  
With deadly aim to slay their officers.  
Then falling back behind his cotton-bales,  
He smiled at their impotent cannonade,  
And waited for Napoleon's conquerors.  
They marched this morning, led by Pakenham;  
And when he fell, by Gibbs; and then by Keen;  
When he had fallen, Lambert led them off  
In swift retreat from Jackson's backwoodsmen.  
Eight killed and eighteen wounded was the loss  
Sustained by the undrilled Americans.  
Of vet'ran British seven hundred fell,  
With fourteen hundred helpless from their wounds  
And full five thousand prisoners left behind.  
From early dawn to nearly nine o'clock  
The fight continued with terrific loss.  
At each discharge the British were mowed down  
By marksmen such as they had never met  
Until they faced the troops of Tennessee  
And stood before Kentucky riflemen.  
A truce is granted by the conqueror  
To let the wounded and the dead receive  
All due attention from their countrymen.

*Raphael.* You say the war is ended, peace prevails.  
Please tell me what's been gained by all the strife.

*Ithuriel.* The States have seen their capitol consumed,  
Their coasts laid waste, their villages destroyed,  
Their soldiers slain, or wounded, or diseased.  
Full eighteen thousand sailors have been lost,  
As many hundred ships captured or sunk.  
Have paid high taxes and now owe a debt  
Of fivescore million dollars, if not more.  
The British have lost much, and nothing gained  
But the disgrace of arson, outrages,  
And high renown from Indian massacres.  
Both now gain peace; yes, peace, and nothing more.

*Abdiel.* But then the States have freedom of the seas,  
Trade unrestricted by their stronger foes,  
Exemption from impressment of their sons,  
And the grand record of such deeds as this  
Performed to-day by Jackson and his troops  
To hold in awe the tyrants of the world,  
And make them fear t' offend these mighty States.

*Gabriel.* If men were wise, benevolent, and just,  
All wars might cease, peace everywhere prevail,  
And arbitration settle all disputes.  
'Twere better still to organize a court  
To judge of international complaints.  
Each country on the globe could choose its judge  
And furnish its proportion of a force  
Commanded by the marshal of that court,  
To properly enforce its just decrees.  
Earth's armies might with safety then disband,  
Producing, not destroying, property  
Each nation could get help for its police  
By proper application to the court,  
And thus establish order in all lands.  
Contiguous countries wishing to unite  
Could ask the court to give them its consent.  
The court could hold its sittings when and where  
Occasion and convenience might demand.

Its ships and regiments might first embrace  
 The navies and the armies of the world,  
 To be reduced proportionately till  
 Ten thousand men would keep mankind in peace.

*Uriel.* Hark! hark! the hero comes! Behold the  
 chief!

The city's saved, he honors civil law.  
 Judge Hall now trembles, fearing Jackson's friends,  
 And trembles more to hear the chieftain's voice;  
 But there is law, not wrath, in its clear tones:  
 "Judge, I have done my duty; now do yours.  
 The court shall be protected by the power  
 That did protect the city; so fear not.  
 If I've been guilty of contempt of court,  
 Inflict the penalty; it shall be paid."  
 The judge assessed the fine, which Jackson paid.  
 This grandest vict'ry of the chieftain's life—  
 The hero's triumph over his own pride,  
 The soldier's high regard for civil law,  
 The warrior's tribute paid to legal power—  
 Is the rich metal of a brighter crown  
 Than conq'ror ever wore on earth before.

Scene: *Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., 1815.* ITHURIEL,  
 ABDIEL.

*Abdiel.* What mean this music, these excited crowds?

*Ithuriel.* Decatur has returned from Barbary;  
 The pirates fell or fled at his approach.  
 Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, well chastised,  
 Surrendered all the prisoners they held,  
 And paid in cash for their bold robberies.  
 The conq'ring hero and his brave marines  
 Bring back the long lost exiles to their homes.  
 Wife, children, friends, and native land agree  
 To make their glad hearts overflow with joy;  
 And there are Madison, Monroe, Calhoun,  
 And all the cabinet to welcome them  
 And to do honor to the naval chief  
 That rescued them from bondage with strong hand.

Behold Decatur! modest and serene,  
All heaven would delight to honor him.

Scene: *The Capitol, Washington, D. C., August, 1821.* SATAN, BAAL,  
MAMMON.

*Satan.* My honored allies, in our endless wars  
Events transpire that claim our serious thoughts.  
The Greeks throw off the sultan's galling yoke;  
Old Spain will lose her Western colonies;  
France groans beneath the Bourbon's tyranny;  
A black republic called Liberia  
Has been set up in Western Africa;  
Jackson has whipped the warlike Seminoles,  
Has chased the savages to Spanish ground,  
There seized and hanged two meddling Englishmen.  
England said nothing, proud old Spain complained,  
But to her neighbors sold fair Florida.  
I witnessed that great sale, and smiled to see  
John Quincy Adams Texas give away,  
While Southern statesmen kindly closed their eyes,  
Or looked away in search of Northern votes.  
These statesmen talk of roads, canals, a bank,  
A tariff manufactures to protect;  
But I make their disputes all sectional,  
Make every act a triumph for the North  
Or for the South. Monroe, elected twice,  
Must soon retire; but the next President  
Shall owe his office to a section's vote  
Or to a combination between men  
To give a section favors it demands.  
The Union grows, new States increase its strength,  
And blaze in starry brightness on its flag.  
Louisiana, from the far South-west,  
Met Indiana leading Illinois;  
While Mississippi Alabama led,  
To greet Missouri and far Eastern Maine;  
But when Missouri came I raised a storm  
That shook the Union with an earthquake's force.

*Baal.* On what pretense did you excite that storm?  
She had the same right other States have had.

*Satan.* So I well knew, and could have proved it too,  
 But jealousy of sections intervened  
 To do for me more than I dared to hope.  
 I prompted supercilious piety  
 To claim superior philanthropy  
 And zeal for equal rights among all men,  
 Not equal rights among the sovereign States,  
 To claim for Congress absolute control  
 Of all the territories of the land,  
 So that Missouri could not be a State  
 Unless she banished slavery from her soil.

*Baal.* When did the States give Congress such a right,  
 Or any right to legislate on slaves?

*Satan.* Never. The Union could not have been formed  
 If such a notion had been entertained.  
 But many wish to see the States ignored,  
 That federal force in all things may prevail.  
 I aid them now to take and firmly hold  
 All they desire in a strong government,  
 But never could induce the States to yield.  
 Still better for my grand, audacious schemes  
 A compromise draws a dividing line  
 From East to West across the continent.  
 That line divides two parties; fills with hate  
 The bosoms of a self-willed, warlike race.  
 That line I'll widen, make it red with blood  
 And glittering with swords and bayonets.

*Baal.* When did the people give authority  
 To any one to draw a line like that  
 Between co-equal citizens and States?  
 When did the States consent to such a line,  
 Or Southerners agree to lineal law,  
 That treats them as despised inferiors?  
 When did French residents renounce the rights  
 Secured by treaty with Napoleon?

*Satan.* Never. 'Twas King Majority enthroned,  
 His scepter gave to false philanthropy  
 To drive Missouri from the Union's door.

'Twas purblind statesmanship, with stumbling steps,  
 Led by ambition trampling upon law,  
 The rights of men, of States, and treaty rights,  
 All by the Constitution well secured,  
 Stretched out the coward hand that drew that line.

*Mammon.* 'Twas I that drew the contract that conveyed  
 New England's votes to the most southward States,  
 To keep the slave trade open twenty years,  
 And their three votes for tonnage taxing laws.  
 I saw the contract faithfully observed.  
 The slaves were brought till they were two for one,  
 Doubling their numbers in the twenty years.  
 They taxed out foreign tonnage at their will,  
 And so they will until the end of time.  
 What now is wanted? Can it be more slaves?

*Belial.* They want to bless the negroes by decay,  
 To extirpate them, let them slowly starve,  
 T' inclose them in a narrow boundary  
 And let them eat their heads off if they will.  
 No! no! it is not more but fewer slaves,  
 And fewer masters, and they very poor!

*Baal.* 'Twould certainly be better for the slave  
 To range at will, or at his master's will,  
 Through all th' unmeasured acres of the West.

*Satan.* I listen to your talk with due respect,  
 But marvel that you fail to see in me  
 The cause of wordy warfare and the strife  
 That now embitters sectional disputes.  
 I care not for the slaves, for North or South,  
 But fan the flames of hatred till they blaze  
 With all the fury of destructive war.

Scene: *Bunker Hill, Mass., June 17, 1825.* ARIEL, RAPHAEL, ZOPHIEL.

*Zophiel.* What means this gathering of thousands here,  
 With martial music and the measured tread  
 Of soldiers ready for the battle-field?

*Raphael.* 'Tis half a century since on this hill  
 Freeman fought bravely for their liberty.  
 To-day survivors of that famous fight  
 Meet their young countrymen to celebrate  
 The triumphs of the cause for which they fought.

*Ariel.* There's Daniel Webster, prince of orators,  
 Whose eloquence shall tell of noble deeds  
 Performed by heroes fifty years ago,  
 And of the principles for which they bled,  
 And the rich fruits of those pure principles.

*Zephon.* There's Lafayette, the nation's honored guest,  
 The friend of Washington and liberty:  
 Our country's friend—friend in her time of need.  
 This grand old hero lays upon this spot  
 The corner-stone of a tall monument,  
 Whose tow'ring top, still pointing to the skies,  
 Shall tell the generations yet to come  
 'Twas their forefathers' God whose mighty hand  
 Gave them the liberty that they enjoy.  
 Great Lafayette came back to visit now  
 The people that in youth he helped to free.  
 A mighty multitude, with happy hearts,  
 Have welcomed him to their rejoicing homes.  
 They give their benefactor fertile lands  
 And crown him with a nation's gratitude.  
 They see him shed affection's flowing tears  
 Upon the honored tomb of Washington.  
 They see the joy that lights his countenance  
 As he beholds their great prosperity,  
 Sees mines and forests and the fruitful soil  
 Lavish upon them richest, rarest gifts.  
 Old ocean rolls her treasures to their shores,  
 And commerce brings rich tribute to their ports.  
 They see how gratified he is to learn  
 That Porter whipped the pirates of the Gulf,  
 Till none remain t' alarm the sons of trade;  
 That Congress recognized the governments  
 Of all the new republics of the South  
 As independent nations of the earth;

That President Monroe had notified  
Old Europe that she shall not colonize  
A single spot of this free continent.  
Now when he seeks the shores of his loved France,  
Rememb'ring where his blood in youth was shed,  
They send him on the good ship "Brandywine."

## BOOK SEVENTH.

---

Scene: *Capitol, Washington, D. C., March, 1829.* SATAN, MAMMON,  
BELIAL, BAAL.

*Satan.* Fate seems against us now, my brave compeers.  
Jackson, inaugurated, spoils my plans.  
He is a strict constructionist, and firm  
In his determination to maintain  
State rights and civil liberty against  
All usurpations of the fed'ral power.  
With him comes in a Senate to sustain  
And strengthen him. Monopolies must die.  
Protective tariffs will no longer rob  
The planters to enrich the men with mills.  
The bank must perish, and the treasury,  
Freed from the leeches that now feast on it,  
Gather no more than its demands compel  
For uses that are constitutional.  
Now, I had hoped that Adams would serve out  
Another term, and give the greedy East  
All that it asks from the depleted South;  
Would strain the Constitution till it breaks,  
Rending all ties that now connect the States.  
This disappointment vexes me to-day.  
Give your advice. Say what shall next be done.

*Mammon.* Press onward in the course you have pursued.

The fact'ry lords are not yet satisfied.  
The iron masters more protection claim:  
They hoodwink honest men and patriots  
With "The Americans against the world."  
Ambition's bribes they proffer to the great,  
And offer money in exchange for votes.  
I pledge my clientage to your support;  
We plant our money for productive crops.

*Belial.* I too can tell of something you will like  
 My client who was once . . . . .  
 Now Mrs. . . . . will be snubbed, tabooed  
 By the *elite* of chaste society.  
 The pious wives of Jackson's cabinet  
 Will be required to recognize my pet,



HENRY CLAY AND A MANUFACTURER.

Or risk the anger of the President,  
 Their husbands will protect them in the right  
 To freely choose their own associates.  
 This will drive out the faithful married men,  
 And leave the widower of Kinderhook,  
 The trusted counselor of him who rules;

Waiting the day that makes him President.  
The sly old fox can safely bide his time.

*Baal.* But, Belial, did not the Vice-president  
Expect the presidency in his turn?

*Belial.* He did, but it is learned that he condemned  
The Gen'ral for his course in Florida,  
And his chaste wife tabooed and spurned my pet.

*Baal.* Why did the President part with his friends  
Rather than see your pretty pet tabooed?

*Belial.* His pious mother in his early youth  
Made him the champion of womanhood.  
To slander female innocence and worth  
Was an offense he never would forgive.  
Some months ago his faithful, loving wife  
Was torn from his embrace by cruel death.  
The gallant hero laid her sacred form  
Beneath the sod with many a tender tear.  
The mem'ry of her virtues stirred the depths  
Of his indignant wrath against the wretch  
Whose filthy tongue had slandered her good name.  
A thousand deaths of foul-mouthed slanderers  
Seemed insufficient for so vile a crime.  
Just then my lovely pet flashed on his sight  
With tears of blushing, injured innocence,  
And claimed protection from her slanderers.  
A world in arms he would have then defied  
And bravely, nobly died in her defense.  
Satan, you smile, but all the heav'nly hosts  
Had been her champions if they had seen  
The lovely innocence she then displayed.

*Satan.* Belial, I give you thanks for all you tell;  
And, Mammon, thanks for your most sage advice.  
New combinations now seem possible  
That may accomplish more than I had hoped.  
Yes, we have parties that are sectional,  
The East against the West and planting States.  
The fed'ral power arrayed against State rights.  
Republican is Fed'ral newly named.

There is the bank as planned by Hamilton,  
And here a party claiming all he asked,  
All that he asked, but could not then obtain;  
And here is Jackson, with his iron will,  
His honest purpose to uphold the right,  
With a strong tendency to claim that he  
Himself alone is the Democracy.  
I'll work the ruin of these prosp'rous States,  
Accepting help from all who'll give me aid.  
But there is something truly ominous



ANDREW JACKSON.

In the coincidence that brought the deaths  
Of Jefferson and Adams at one time,  
And that just fifty years from the great day  
When independence was at first proclaimed.  
How strange! The two great patriots, when young,  
Labored in concert freedom to secure;  
Then led opposing parties through long years,  
In age became like brothers, and in death,  
On Independence Day, were grandly joined.  
May not this hint that union will prevail

Against all arts of devils or of men?  
 I hear of cars to be propelled by steam,  
 Gliding on iron rails with wondrous speed.  
 This new invention promises to be  
 Of priceless value to this favored land.  
 We must begin to study in advance  
 How we can make it hurry men to hell,  
 By accidents, by frauds, by Mammon's arts,  
 By all of Belial's sharp, deceptive tricks.

Scene: *The Capitol at Washington, D. C., March 4, 1833.* SATAN,  
 BAAL, MAMMON, BELIAL.

*Satan.* What are our prospects now, most worthy  
 friends?

*Belial.* The cabinet was scattered as proposed,  
 And Kinderhook's shrewd widower became  
 The favorite confidant of his great chief—  
 Was sent to England as ambassador.  
 His rivals in the Senate called him back,  
 Refusing to confirm the nominee,  
 But that has made him the Vice-president.  
 He takes the oath of office here to-day,  
 And four years hence will be the President.

*Mammon.* I with success have crowned my latest  
 scheme.  
 The greedy manufacturers secured  
 The highest tariff ever yet imposed,  
 Threatened disunion if it was denied,  
 And promised money, honor, power, and fame  
 To all who aided their nefarious plans.

*Mars.* I stirred the hot blood of the fiery South  
 To nullify the hateful robber law,  
 And got the Force bill passed to have them hanged.  
 I wait in hope to see the strife begin.

*Baal.* I gave to Hayne and Webster and Calhoun  
 Such oratory as earth seldom hears  
 To stir opposing forces into strife.  
 Their sections were so charmed with their mistakes  
 That Edward Livingston could scarce command

Attention from admiring Senators,  
While he set forth truth without error mixed.

*Satan.* Well done! well done! co-workers with your  
chief,  
Your great success emboldens me to-day.  
But, Mars, you may wait twenty years or more  
To see this peaceful country drenched in blood.  
That time will come; you shall not wait in vain.  
These Carolinians are very brave,  
And Clay has yielded to their just demands.  
The fact'ry barons have to stand aside  
Till their great champion saves the land he loves.  
Calhoun, victorious, sees the tariff tax  
Greatly reduced through several years to come.  
But see, Jackson begins his second term to-day;  
The great Chief-justice hears him take the oath.

Scene: Woods near battle-field of San Jacinto, Tex., April, 1836. AB-  
DIEL, ITHURIEL.

*Abdiel.* We meet again, companion of my toils.  
What brings you to these far South-western wilds?

*Ithuriel.* The people introduced by Austin here  
Have been my frequent care for many months.  
I witnessed their distresses and their griefs,  
And the injustice of their enemies  
Before the storms of war beat on their homes;  
The horrors of the Aiamo beheld,  
And near this place expect a conflict soon.  
What can you tell me of the land we love?

*Abdiel.* That land still prospers, but the cholera  
Has sent its thousands down to gloomy graves.  
Black Hawk and all his Indian braves, subdued,  
No more distress the frontier with their yells.  
France sent five millions to the treasury,  
And Portugal has settled her old debts.  
Fire in New York laid forty acres bare,  
Consuming eighteen millions of their wealth.  
The politicians battle still for place  
And fiercely wage unceasing wordy wars.

Death has been claiming great men for his prey:  
 Chief-justice Marshall, Randolph of Roanoke,  
 Carroll of Carrollton, and James Monroe,  
 Have lately been laid low in peace to rest.  
 Like Jefferson and Adams, James Monroe  
 Died calmly upon Independence Day.  
 May not this indicate that the great God  
 Makes that fair land peculiarly his care?  
 But hark! the sound of battle comes this way!  
 I go to learn the issue of the fight. . . . .  
 The Texans have their independence gained.  
 Their foes have fallen on the battle-field,  
 Are captured or are scattered to the winds.  
 See here comes Houston, hero of this fight;  
 And Santa Ana, captured, comes this way.  
 He well deserves to die a murd'rer's death,  
 But his release will give the Texans peace,  
 And crown with independence their brave State.

Scene: *House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., December 27, 1837.*

SATAN, GABRIEL.

*Satan.* Ha-ha! Ha-ha! My grandest work begins!  
 Slade of Vermont has raised my battle-cry,  
 And threescore Congressmen in chorus join,  
 Insulting all who dare to own black slaves.  
 They ask for votes to set the negroes free,  
 Just as if Congress was omnipotent,  
 With full authority to work its will.  
 But Wise, Legare, Rhett, Griffin, and McKay  
 Take up the quarrel on the other side,  
 Sustained by all the Southern Congressmen.  
 They handle one another without gloves.  
 How orderly! how calm! how dignified!  
 How loving! how courteous! how refined!  
 This hatred of the sections I'll inflame  
 Until all hearts shall blaze with fiery wrath.  
 With British emissaries I began  
 My fierce attack upon all Southerners.  
 Enthusiastic poets next assailed  
 Their Southern neighbors with vindictive zeal.  
 The smartlings of lyceums then began

To flap their unfledged wings against the South,  
 And with soft, gristly bills to fiercely peck  
 At reputations such as Washington's.  
 Then hiring lecturers, with caustic tongues,  
 Went forth to earn their bread by kindling strife;  
 While pulpit politicians loudly preached  
 Hate's cruel creed through sacred Sabbath hours.  
 Those insolent petitions I shall use  
 To fan disunion's embers into flames,  
 And hurl to every corner of the land  
 Red, sparkling brands of desolating wrath.

*Gabriel.* [Drawing nigh.] Satan, I know your reasons  
 for this work,  
 And marvel much that you have so deceived  
 So many shrewd, well-meaning citizens,  
 That at your instigation they're employed  
 To overturn the best of governments,  
 By trampling on the contracts of their sires  
 By which themselves have greatly profited.  
 Did not the British bring the negroes here,  
 Forcing the slave trade on the colonies?  
 Did not New England contract with the South  
 To bring them slaves for the first twenty years,  
 If the most southward States would vote with them  
 To tax the tonnage of all foreigners?  
 Did not the East get worthless debts assumed  
 Due by the States to her rich citizens,  
 By giving to the South the capital?  
 Were not these contracts made in all good faith  
 By sections as with sections, States with States?  
 Do not those sections and those States still live?  
 And do not those fair "bargains" bind them still?  
 If they would rue the contracts that they made,  
 Why not surrender up the price received?  
 If they repent of selling human souls,  
 Why not with tearful eyes go buy them back,  
 And set them free, and pay them for their time?  
 Judas himself brought back the price of blood,  
 But no place for repentance could he find.  
 They'll claim exemption from the punishment

Due to the sin committed by their sires;  
 But will this plea hold good while they retain  
 The profits of the contracts which they break?  
 Will quarrels or hot conflicts with the South  
 Atone for sins for which they hold the fruits?  
 Will they not meet before the judgment bar  
 Their own sins and their fathers' both combined,  
 Their violations of the contracts made,  
 Joined with the horrors of the vile slave trade?  
 If sympathy for slaves would break their bonds,  
 To buy them back is the one honest way.  
 If chivalry must fight to set slaves free,  
 Why break the solemn covenants they made  
 With their own kinsmen and compatriots?  
 Why not attack Dahomey or Brazil,  
 Whose right to slaves they have not guaranteed?  
 Who gave the Congress any right to slaves?  
 No master ever did, nor any State.  
 No State had such authority to give,  
 Nor could the Congress such a right assert  
 Without destroying justice, union, peace.  
 Satan, why lead these men so far astray?

*Satan.* Gabriel, what right have you to question me?  
 You speak the truth, but what care I for truth?  
 I'll make these meddling fellows rule this land,  
 In spite of compacts, constitutions, laws,  
 And all the compromises they have made.  
 Sheer, brazen impudence shall help them on,  
 Till step by step they rise to sovereign power,  
 And deluge this fair land with kindred blood.  
 Nay, more, I frankly tell you to your face  
 They'll do it all in the great name of Christ.  
 Go, Gabriel, lead the choruses of heaven,  
 But know that I still rule this lower world.

*Gabriel.* The Lord rebuke thee, Satan! I behold  
 The chains of darkness with which you are bound,  
 That shall confine you in the depths of hell;  
 While earth, no more polluted by your steps,  
 Shall be the home of happiness and love.

See your misguided dupes—they come this way:  
Slade, Ogle, Corwin, Naylor, and the rest.

Scene: *Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C., February 13, 1840.*  
*Henry Clay presenting a petition for the abolition of slavery in the*  
*District of Columbia.* SATAN, MARS.

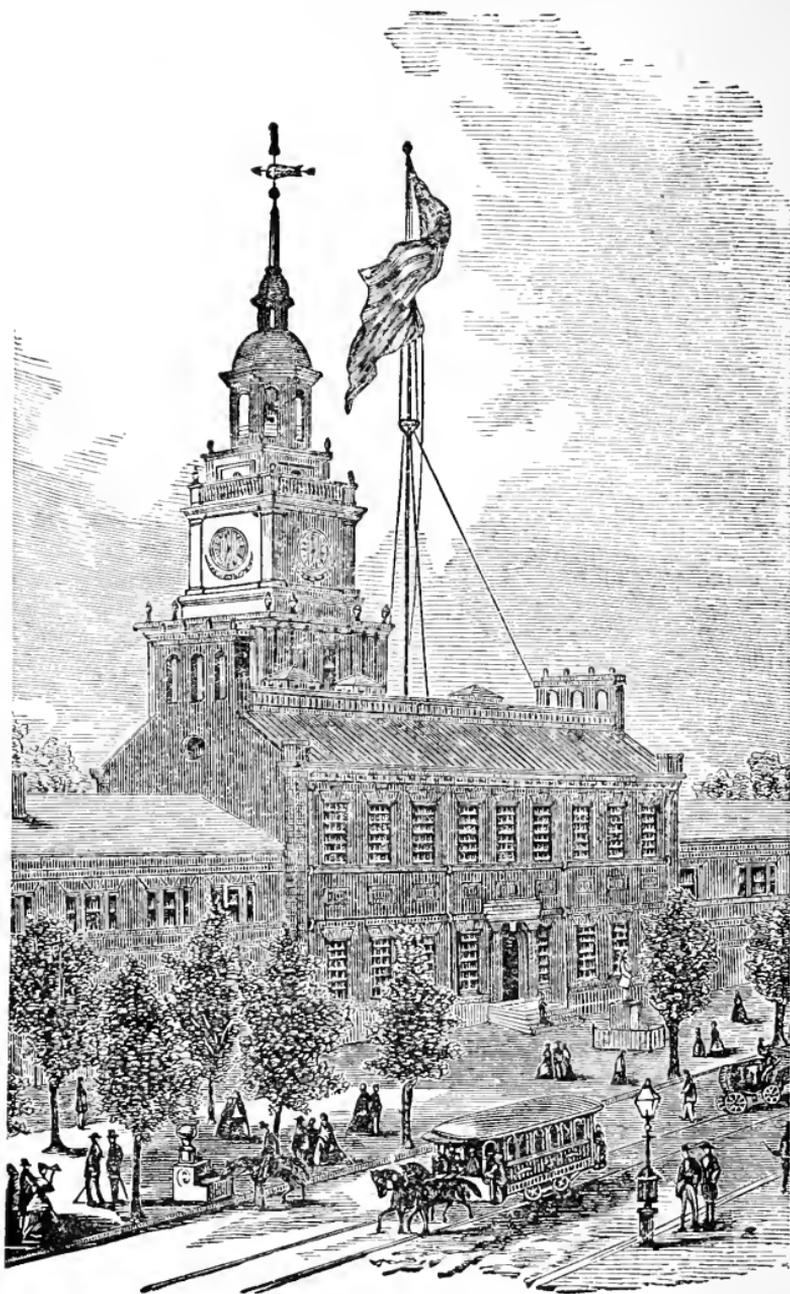
*Satan.* Unwilling as he is, Clay does my work.  
'Tis not for his Kentuckians he claims  
The right to offer these petitions here.

*Mars.* Why is it that petitions have of late  
Become less frequent and are seldom seen?

*Satan.* The hands that held the pen have been out-  
stretched  
To beg fat offices, which they expect  
When Harrison becomes the President.  
Besides, 'twas ascertained that full four-fifths  
Of Congress disapproved the action asked.  
Self-love and self-conceit talk much of slaves,  
With supercilious scorn; of masters much,  
With hate's envenomed hiss and envy's curse.  
T' annul a contract by a swindling trick,  
Or rob another under forms of law,  
Imparts more pleasure than the heav'ns could yield  
To some of Mammon's shrewd, sharp clientage.

Scene: *Capitol, Washington, D. C., April 6, 1841.*

*Zephon.* How blessed this land, where peace and order  
reign,  
Though rulers change three times within five weeks!  
Van Buren has to private life retired,  
And Harrison, the people's choice, stood forth  
To rule in righteousness the land he loved.  
But death removed him to a higher sphere,  
And Tyler takes the ruler's place to-day.  
These changes have not cost one drop of blood,  
Nor drawn a tear-drop from an infant's eye,  
Nor brought a blush to beauty's lovely cheek,  
Nor caused a widow's heart to throb with fear.



STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

*Ariel.* The census shows that in the last ten years  
 The States have gained twice told the number that  
 On Independence Day defied King George.  
 Two new republics join the kindred band  
 That constitutes the great United States.  
 Along the lakes reposes Michigan,  
 While Arkansas rests by the river-side.  
 The warring Seminoles have been subdued:  
 Fair Florida no longer dreads their wrath.  
 The peaceful Cherokees, with sobs and tears,  
 Left their old home and their forefathers' graves,  
 And journeyed sadly toward the setting sun.  
 The white men paid them millions for their lands,  
 And gave them richer ground beyond the flood;  
 But gold soothed not the sorrows of those hearts  
 That heaved the patr'ots' sigh for native land.  
 The white man's contract with the white man made  
 Must be complied with; so the Indian marched,  
 Driv'n by white soldiers from their much loved homes.

*Uzziel.* Did retribution break the white man's banks,  
 Sinking two hundred millions in one year,  
 Driving the rich men from their palaces?  
 Will some Tecumseh, in the days to come,  
 With most despotic cruelty drive out  
 The peaceful whites from that same lovely land?

*Raphael.* 'Tis not for me to say; the future's sealed.  
 So of God's will, in what he here permits,  
 Or rather what he suffers to be done.  
 But yonder comes Tyler to take the oath,  
 And Taney to administer to him  
 The obligations of a President.

Scene: *Baltimore, Md., May 29, 1844. The Magnetic Telegraph.*  
 RAPHAEL, ITHURIEL.

*Raphael.* This day has witnessed such a grand event  
 As men have never seen on earth before.  
 Compared with it, all interests of these times  
 Must dwindle into insignificance.  
 The title to Van Rensselaer's broad lands;  
 Dorr, in the prison, or at liberty,

To vex Rhode Island with anarchic schemes;  
 The monument that stands on Bunker Hill;  
 The Bank bill vetoed, or the Bankrupt bill;  
 The cabinet dissolved; the boundary line  
 Adjusted with Great Britain peaceably—  
 What are they all compared with this event?

*Ithuriel.* Please tell me what it is of which you speak?

*Raphael.* 'Tis the magnetic telegraph by Morse.  
 He makes acidulated metal plates  
 Seize with strong hands the lightning's wond'rous force,  
 And send it as a post-boy round the world,  
 Over his wiry path with such great speed  
 As distances the swift-winged flight of time,  
 Or the velocity of all the spheres,  
 Or undulations of the rays of light.  
 It makes all nations neighbors, and gives each  
 An interest in the welfare of them all.  
 "What bath God wrought!" Give glory to his name!  
 And let all people loudly say "Amen!"  
 Behold the benefactor of his race,  
 Whose honored name shall flash around the world  
 And be emblazoned in the book of life!

Scene: *Washington D. C., July 4, 1846.* SATAN, MAMMON, BELIAL.

*Satan.* What brings you here on Independence Day?

*Mammon.* The interests of my clients are at stake.  
 They saw with undissembled pain and grief  
 Tyler succeed the much loved Harrison.  
 With wrath and indignation they beheld  
 Texas annexed in spite of their protests.  
 War followed, and they yelled with savage rage.  
 But here they're touched in their most tender place—  
 Their pocket-nerve is sorely, sadly rasped.  
 Four years ago Clay's compromise had brought  
 The tariff to the rate agreed upon;  
 But, to their interests ever wide awake,  
 My clients shrewdly got the rates increased.  
 But Polk defeated Clay, and then was heard  
 Much talk of strict construction and the like.

A tariff for protection was pronounced  
 Unconstitutional, and breach of faith.  
 To introduce it was, they said, "to lie,"  
 And to enforce it, "arrantly to rob."  
 We pleaded precedents, and boldly claimed  
 That from great Hamilton to Henry Clay  
 Protection was the settled policy  
 Of this great nation, and should ever be;  
 But they out-voted us, and will require  
 My much protected friends to take their hands  
 Out of their neighbors' purses with sad haste,  
 Unless the Senate holds while rich men rob.

*Satan.* Be of good cheer. I now am laying plans  
 By which protected wealth may gorge itself  
 At poverty's expense without control;  
 When war between the sections with red hands  
 Shall hold subjected millions by their throats  
 And let protection rob at its sweet will.  
 But there stands Polk, with Walker by his side:  
 They've planned a tariff that's for revenue.

Scene: *Battle-field of Buena Vista, Mexico, February 23, 1847.* SA-  
 TAN, MARS.

*Satan.* What think you of this battle, my great friend?  
 Did Macedonians equal Taylor's troops?  
 Did Rome's famed legions make so brave a fight?

*Mars.* I must confess these troops are unsurpassed  
 By any I have seen in ancient times.  
 I saw on Palo Alto's battle-field,  
 And in Resaca de la Palma's fight,  
 And on the heights of Monterey displayed  
 Such valor as I heartily admired;  
 But Buena Vista bears the palm away  
 From all the conflicts I have witnessed yet.  
 The unpretending hero of this fight  
 Is coming this way, "Rough and Ready" still.  
 See at his side the husband of his child!  
 Though long estranged, they now are reconciled.  
 Jeff. Davis is the old man's joy and pride,  
 Whose Mississippians, a living wall

'Gainst which the tide of battle broke in vain,  
 Drove back the surging Mexicans to-day.  
 And there is Marshall, Washington, and Bragg,  
 Who gave the foe "a little more of grape;"  
 And there young Breckenridge and Crittenden,  
 And there the unnamed heroes of the ranks—  
 Let Jacob Goodson represent them all.  
 Hurrah! hurrah for Buena Vista's braves!  
 They drove five times their number from the field;  
 But Clay, McKee, and hundreds of brave men  
 Yielded their lives to win the victory.

Scene: *City of Mexico, dawn of day, September 13, 1847.* SATAN,  
 MARS, BELIAL, BAAL.

*Baal.* The strife is nearly ended. War-worn troops  
 Enter to-day their foe's proud capital.  
 A war like this I never saw before.  
 The great republic wins in every fight.  
 A handful of brave men, far from their homes,  
 Most of them raw recruits, meet well-drilled foes,  
 Ten times their number, backed by millions more,  
 And, having conquered them, bind up their wounds,  
 And treat them as born brothers and true friends.

*Belial.* Such wars as this I have no fondness for.  
 I favor wars with more of devilry.  
 These "goody-goody" men disturb no roosts,  
 They rob no sheep-folds on their pious march,  
 But leave their Bibles with their enemies.  
 'Tis said they offer fifteen millions now  
 For land that is already theirs by war:  
 This to the conquered from their conquerors.

*Mars.* So charmed am I by bravery in arms  
 That I was blind to things of which you speak.  
 I saw the cities of the Western coast  
 Surrender to Sloat, Stockton, and Fremont.  
 I witnessed Kearney's march to Santa Fe,  
 Saw it surrender to the troops he led;  
 Then saw him turn toward the setting sun  
 And at San Gabriel, with a few brave men,  
 Secure an empire for his countrymen;

Saw Doniphan with his eight hundred march  
 From their Missouri homes to Saltillo,  
 Fight at Bracito, cross the Rio Grande,  
 Capture El Paso, whip the Mexicans  
 At Sacramento Creek; march to Chihuahua,  
 Capture it and forty thousand people,  
 Besides troops; there with his ragged heroes  
 March again to find and make report to  
 General Wool at distant Saltillo.  
 I marveled at the fall of Vera Cruz;  
 And when on Cerro Gordo's rocky heights  
 Twiggs won the day, I scarce believed my eyes.  
 And when five thousand men so far from home  
 Took Jalapa, Perote, and Puebla,  
 With prisoners, artillery, and stores,  
 I said "This is but bait by which t' entrap  
 These bold invaders of this flow'ry land."  
 When unopposed the val'rous troops had passed  
 The Cordilleras and looked down upon  
 The blooming lands of Central Mexico,  
 I felt assured the trap would hold them fast;  
 But all these frowning forts have failed to check  
 Th' impetuous charges of resistless men.  
 Chepultepec was carried yesterday.  
 Last night, in darkness, Santa Ana fled;  
 To-day the conquerors come marching in.  
 See! There they give their banner to the breeze!  
 What men they are! How grandly do they march!  
 Would I could see them battle with their peers!  
 That would be war well worthy of the name.

*Satan.* Mars, you shall see them with their equals  
 fight;

Yes, with each other in most deadly strife.  
 Pillow and Twiggs shall battle against Scott,  
 And Scott plan campaigns 'gainst his native State.  
 These West Point officers, now bosom friends,  
 Shall marshal mighty hosts with wondrous skill  
 To kill each other upon battle-fields.  
 But here they come: Scott, Butler, Pillow, Pierce,  
 Twiggs, Worth, Smith, Shields, and gallant Colonel Lee.

Scene: *San Francisco, Cal., August 1, 1847.* RAPHAEL, ARIEL, ZEPHON.

*Raphael.* Four weeks ago in far off Washington  
 The President, most fortunate of men,  
 Announced the end of war with Mexico.  
 Success attends his steps and crowns his plans,  
 Writing in lines of light his honored name.  
 Texas, annexed, war Christianized and made  
 A blessing to the men who brought it on,  
 Has been successful against fearful odds  
 In ev'ry bloody battle that was fought.  
 Peace comes, with graceful steps and smiling face,  
 To bring green laurels for heroic men  
 Whom he sent forth to champion the right;  
 And title deeds conveying vast domains,  
 With rocks and sands glitt'ring with shining gold,  
 And world-wide oceans from which commerce comes,  
 To crown his country empress of the seas.  
 There is the Golden Gate, and on this spot  
 Old Asia shall lay tribute at her feet.  
 The British treaty touched the threat'ning cloud  
 That long obscured the northern boundary,  
 Bore its fierce "lightnings harmless to the deep,"  
 And let the rays of friendship light the scene.  
 Four States have been admitted, and their stars  
 Are now emblazoned brightly on the flag:  
 Fair Florida, Texas, and Iowa  
 Stand with Wisconsin in the Union now.

*Ariel.* Raphael, such progress never has been made  
 By any other nation in four years.  
 Do you remember Smithson's gen'rous gift?  
 An institution bears his honored name.

*Raphael.* I do; and generations yet to come  
 Shall own their obligations and give thanks.

*Zephon.* Is there no drawback on these prosp'rous  
 years,  
 No evil to subtraet from all the good?

*Raphael.* No, not the least, except that chilly death

Has laid his hand on two ex-Presidents :  
 Jackson and Adams, both in ripe old age,  
 Rest from their labors and their earthly cares.

Scene: *Washington, D. C., September 19, 1850.* ABDIEL, ITHURIEL,  
 ARIEL.

*Abdiel.* Ho, comrades ! this auspicious day calls forth  
 The glad congratulations of warm hearts  
 In millions of this country's happy homes.  
 The bow of hope and promise spans the sky,  
 Where storms were gathering and thunders rolled.  
 Clay's compromise, adopted yesterday,  
 Brings back sweet memories of by-gone days,  
 Ere Satan had stirred up the States to strife  
 And bade fanatic fury vex the land.  
 The sections once so rash abide in peace,  
 Encircled by the links of love's bright chain.  
 The country rings with cheerful, joyful words,  
 Ascribing highest honors to the names  
 Of Clay, Cass, Douglass, Webster, Bright, and Foote.  
 Death has called Taylor to an honored grave,  
 But Fillmore worthily fills his high place.  
 Happy the land with such wise rulers blessed,  
 And its fierce factions shamed into repose !  
 See Fillmore, Webster, Clay, and Crittenden,  
 Bright, Douglass, Foote, and Cass, and Dickinson !  
 Praise God, praise God for fearless patriots !

Scene: *Faneuil Hall, Boston, March 1, 1854.* SATAN, BAAL, MAM-  
 MON, BELIAL.

*Satan.* More than three years ago Clay's compromise  
 Rushed the rude storms that darkened all this land.  
 Since then low mutt'ring thunder has been heard,  
 And angry lightnings seen along the sky.  
 But soon a deadly cyclone shall come down,  
 Black with infernal malice and fierce wrath,  
 To overturn and desolate and crush  
 All it encounters in its furious course.  
 Yet this is what I've long desired to see.

*Baal.* Speak plainly, Satan, let us understand,  
 What is there to precipitate this storm ?

*Satan.* The hatred of the sections, long suppressed,  
Breaks forth to rend the sky and shake the earth.

*Baal.* New England's clergy pray to men, not God,  
For help against "Steve Douglass and Frank Pierce."  
Were they not born upon New England ground?

*Mammon.* They were! New England has no truer  
sons.  
What is it those two potent men propose?

*Satan.* Self-government for men in the far West.

*Baal.* Self-government? For that their fathers fought.

*Satan.* 'Twas that New England might New England  
rule.

*Baal.* Whom would they have to rule Nebraska now?

*Satan.* Of course, New England. No, her clergymen,  
With Sumner, Chase, Chandler, and Wade to help;  
Not such New Englanders as Bancroft, Morse,  
Hawthorne, Pierce, Cushing, or wise Everett.  
They e'en lock Webster out of Faneuil Hall.  
They want a few fanatics and their dupes  
To seize the helm and steer the ship of State.  
Their plans are mine; they have my hearty help.

*Baal.* They want to see "black feet on the white necks"  
Of those whose fathers broke their fathers' yokes,  
Or possibly would rather kindle flames  
To burn slave-holders as they witches burned.

*Belial.* Or else garrote them, as the Cubans did  
My friend Lopez, who went to set them free;  
Or shoot them by the millions in cold blood,  
And San Domingoize their lovely land.

*Satan.* Belial, there shall be work enough for you  
And all your cronies when the war shall come,  
As come it must in a few stormy months.  
Insults and outrages shall stir the South  
Till Southerners will haughtily withdraw,  
In supercilious pride to dwell apart.

Scene: *Battery, New York, August, 1858.* ARIEL, URIEL.

*Ariel.* Angelic rapture joins with human joy  
 In this great city on this glorious day.  
 The telegraph connects two hemispheres.  
 Its messages outspeed the flight of time,  
 And leave the rapid rays of light behind.  
 These people are the wonder of the world!  
 'Twas here the Crystal Palace grandly rose;  
 From here brave Perry sailed to far Japan,  
 Unlocking its hid treasures for mankind.  
 From here went Ingram who, with threat'ning guns,  
 Compelled the Austrians to release Koszta.

*Uriel.* This nation is indeed to be admired.  
 'Tis blessed of God and envied by mankind.  
 The product of her mines a single year  
 Would pay for Cuba, if old Spain would sell.  
 Her fields would feed the millions of the world,  
 And clothe them in clean garments day by day.  
 Her sons have rescued Britons near the pole,  
 And conquered Mormons in the Western wilds.  
 But see, there's Cyrus Field, Morse, Vanderbilt,  
 Bryant, and Greeley, Bennett, Beecher, Tweed.

Scene: *Harper's Ferry, Va., 1859.* GABRIEL, ABDIEL, ITHURIEL,  
 URIEL.

*Abdiel.* What mean these crowds of grave, indignant  
 men?

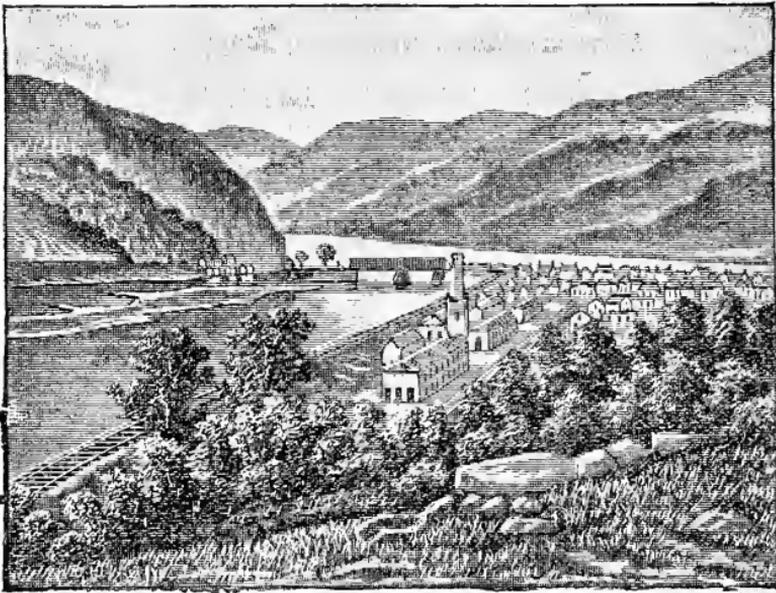
*Gabriel.* The most atrocious of all fiendish crimes  
 Was here committed by a wretch named Brown;  
 A crime involving treason, murder, theft,  
 Rebellion, kidnapping, and robbery,  
 Leading to arson, rape, and bloody war.

*Ithuriel.* Yet, strange to say, outside of prison walls  
 And lunatic asylums there are found  
 Not a few kindred spirits who, less brave,  
 Would canonize John Brown their patron saint.  
 Write poetry and sing most warlike songs  
 In honor of his name so infamous!

Brown and his guilty gang are to be hanged  
To-day, before the setting of the sun.

*Uriel.* Of course such criminals must suffer death.  
Do not all people execrate such deeds?

*Gabriel.* No; hatred of the sections longs for blood.  
This country has become two hostile camps.  
Grave Senators of mighty sovereign States,  
Sage judges of most honored civil courts,  
Poets of sweetest song and world-wide fame,



HARPER'S FERRY.

Fair ladies, loveliest of Adam's race,  
And even ministers of Jesus Christ  
Would gladly share the guilt of old John Brown,  
But for the fear that they would have to hang.  
They share his hate, but not his bravery.

*Abdiel.* Where is the grateful, patriotic love  
That warmed all hearts when Boston was relieved,  
And saw the British yield to Washington?  
Where the benevolent affection seen

When Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown?  
 Where is the confidence that was displayed  
 When Washington the oath of office took?

*Gabriel.* All, all are gone. They're driven from the  
 land,  
 Banished by jealousy and slain by hate.

*Abdiel.* Are all the people thus antagonized?  
 Does hellish malice burn in ev'ry heart?

*Gabriel.* No; not one man in twenty thirsts for blood.

*Abdiel.* How then can twenty be controlled by one?

*Gabriel.* The twenty seek for pleasure, ease, or wealth,  
 And trouble not themselves with politics,  
 Except to vote as prompted by the one.  
 The one, an active fosterling of hell,  
 Is leagued with Satan to divide the States.  
 He makes himself a champion of the North  
 Against the hateful people of the South,  
 Whose monstrous sin it is to own some slaves,  
 Sold to their fathers by this champion's sire.  
 Of course the South has champions of its own,  
 Ready to battle for its right to slaves,  
 As guaranteed by Northern patriots.  
 Thus halls of Congress now are battle-fields  
 Where North and South contend for mastery.  
 When Cavaliers met Puritans in fight,  
 Rupert and Cromwell were not fiercer foes.  
 Each of the sections has a selfish few  
 Who climb to office by the help of hate.  
 They battle for their section or their State  
 With noisy, boastful insolence and strife.  
 These noisy watch-dogs always snap and snarl  
 Most spitefully against the South or North,  
 Claiming that all who do not bark with them  
 Are foes to God and traitors to their State.  
 The multitude, misled by angry tones,  
 Bark for their section or their sovereign State.  
 The evil is infectious. Demagogues  
 Successfully employ the same bad trick,

And feign the hatred which they never felt.  
 State after State has fallen into line,  
 And marches with its section to the polls,  
 Till soon fanaticism, seizing power,  
 Will marshal twenty States against thirteen,  
 And force each citizen to serve his State.  
 A thousand mad men thus may drive to war  
 The thirty millions of the peaceable,  
 And deluge this fair land with kindred blood.

*Uriel.* Was there a compact made in eighty-seven  
 To keep the slaves from treading Western soil?

*Gabriel.* James Madison says no. The ordinance  
 Of eighty-seven was not authorized  
 By sovereign States, and had no legal force  
 To bind the people longer than they chose.  
 Cass says there was no party to contract  
 Or make a compact with the old Congress.  
 It was a simple act, and nothing more,  
 And was not binding on the Western States.

*Uriel.* What of the compromise of twenty-one?

*Gabriel.* That was without the slightest legal force.  
 'Twas the hard hand of King Majority,  
 Stripping the Southern section of its rights,  
 Breaking the treaty made with Bonaparte.  
 'Twas robbery submitted to for peace,  
 So must the courts decide when called to judge.  
 But the strong-handed North did ostracize  
 All of their men who made that compromise.

*Uriel.* Why then do they complain of its repeal?

*Gabriel.* Sheer selfishness constrains them to that  
 course.  
 When 'twas proposed to run on that known line  
 Across the continent, and give the South  
 The land below it, they would not consent.

*Abdiel.* What is it, then, they want? What can be  
 done

To satisfy the statesmanship of hate?  
Is there no remedy for this disease  
That blinds men to their own best interests,  
That darkens understandings, hardens hearts,  
And overturns all sense of right and wrong?

*Gabriel.* They want all they can get, but most of all  
A separation from all slave-holders,  
And to see negroes cut their masters' throats,  
And lustfully defile their masters' homes.  
But see, there is the Governor and staff,  
And there is Colonel Robert Edward Lee,  
And the brave soldiers under his command;  
And there the sheriff-executioner.  
The penalty of law will be enforced,  
But the most guilty have not yet been caught.

## BOOK EIGHTH.

---

Scene: *Charleston, S. C., December 25, 1860.* ABDIEL, RAPHAEL,  
ARIEL, URIEL.

*Ariel.* On this glad day men celebrate with joy  
The advent of the Lord in human form.  
We join them, saying: "Glory be to God,  
Peace on the earth, good-will to all mankind."

*Uriel.* Yet 'twas but yesterday that this great State,  
Resolved to leave the Union in hot haste,  
Dissolving all the loving ties that bound  
These three and thirty sovereign States in one.

*Raphael.* Yes, and 'tis said twelve more will soon secede  
And in a new confederation join.

*Uriel.* Can it be wise the Union to dissolve?  
Have they the right thus to withdraw at will?

*Abdiel.* You ask two questions. I will answer both.  
'Tis most unwise. 'Tis 'gainst the Lord's decree,  
As written on his valleys, mountains, plains,  
And certified by every plant that grows.  
Each section raises what the other needs;  
Each varying plant for union ever pleads.  
Disunion is impracticable too,  
So say the rivers, lakes, and gulfs and seas,  
And so the waves and storms of oceans say.  
Domestic commerce asks to be left free  
T' enrich all sections with its benefits.  
Disunion soon will lead to border wars,  
And standing armies to enslave the States.

*Uriel.* 'Tis to avoid bad neighbors they secede,  
And to prevent continued drain of wealth  
From Southern States to people of the North.

*Abdiel.* Let us suppose all that they say is true:  
 That "navigation laws," "State debts assumed,"  
 "A chartered bank" took money from the South;  
 That tariffs drained its wealth from year to year;  
 That Southern cities dwindle and lose trade,  
 While millions crowd the cities of the North,  
 And millionaires build splendid palaces.  
 Admit injustice done to Southern States  
 By legislation on the public lands.  
 For argument say swindling has prevailed  
 In all the dealings of the North with slaves;  
 Say blacks were swindled out of liberty,  
 The South was swindled into buying them,  
 With pledges that the North would well protect  
 Their right of ownership and would send back  
 All fugitives that might escape to them;  
 That Southern men were guaranteed the right  
 To vote for three in five that they would buy;  
 Say that the thrifty North received and kept  
 Payment in full for all it gave the South,  
 Then quickly broke the contract that it made,  
 And will still break it to the end of time;  
 Add that a certain faction in the North  
 Is most unjust to Southern gentlemen,  
 And most disgusting to their high-bred tastes.  
 For argument, admit that this is true.  
 Disunion will but complicate all ills;  
 War multiply them twice ten thousand fold.  
 The selfishness of sections may cause loss  
 In many ways of legal robbery,  
 But twice ten thousand years of peaceful theft  
 Would cause less damage than one year of war.  
 As to those most offensive gentlemen,  
 From whom these Southrons shrink instinctively  
 With utter loathing and supreme contempt,  
 If under constitutional restraints  
 They are so disagreeable and bad,  
 What is to make them amiable and kind  
 When those restraints no longer hold them back?  
 If legal swindling makes the Southland poor,  
 What must it lose when hatred's backed by force?

Disunion offers not the least relief  
 From any wrongs the suff'ring South endures;  
 But by the force of State rights principles  
 Compels its honest friends to join its foes.  
 Resistance in the Union against wrong  
 Would have been safer under the old flag.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

The South has more true friends in the free States  
 Than can be found in all the world besides.  
 Disunion gives to Satan all he asks  
 To work the desolation of these States.

*Uriel.* Now tell us, is secession a State right?  
 Have they the right thus to withdraw at will?

*Abdiel.* They think they have, and so have others  
thought.

The infant West while yet in swaddling-bands,  
So threatened when the East, with selfish greed,  
Would trade away her pathway to the gulf  
For small advantages to its own trade.  
The East contended for the self-same right,  
When Jefferson became the President,  
And when Louisiana was acquired,  
When the embargo law obstructed trade,  
They asked great Hamilton to lead them out  
And form a nation with its southern line  
Along the Hudson or the Delaware;  
But he refused to join them and secede.  
John Henry came with loving messages,  
Proposing union with the Canadas  
Under his gracious Majesty, King George.  
Near the green turf where Warren's ashes slept,  
They listened with the most intense delight,  
Though Bunker Hill frowned grimly all the while.  
Then came the war. The country, unprepared,  
Required the help of all her patriot sons  
Against the foe their fathers bravely fought.  
But can it be believed men of sound minds  
Talked gravely in convention of the need  
That sovereign States should, in the midst of war,  
Obstruct the work of their own government  
In its heroic battle for the right.  
Yes, the great North, through the last sixty years,  
Has often boldly threatened to withdraw.  
It threatened when new Southern States came in;  
When tariffs for protection were repealed;  
When the great State of Texas was annexed;  
When Mexico made war against the States;  
When peace was made and much new land acquired;  
And last, not least, since in these later years  
The Constitution to the North has seemed  
"A league with death, a covenant with hell."  
Their statesmen said the Union could not last  
With some free States and others holding slaves;  
Yet it had lasted more than fourscore years,

From Washington and Warren to the time  
When this fierce faction claimed the government.

*Uriel.* What said the men who made this covenant?

*Abdiel.* They claimed the right of States to interpose  
For the protection of their citizens  
Against encroachments of the Fed'ral pow'r;  
Would grant no right to make war on the States,  
Were horror-stricken at the dreadful thought  
Of military force to coerce States.  
Perpetual union was what they desired,  
But feared 'twas utterly impossible.  
They died deploring animosities  
Of section against section then at work  
To overturn the Union they had formed.  
They claimed the right to revolutionize  
Against all governmental tyranny,  
And in their States saw the best means at hand  
For overturning fed'ral despotism,  
Hence would not give their fed'ral government  
Authority to war against the States.  
The advocates of a strong government  
Never demanded such authority.  
The States would not consent to make a thing  
To arm their citizens against themselves,  
To plan "A union pinned by bayonets."  
Such was the union Britain had to give.

*Uriel.* You say the Union never gained the right  
To coerce States and force them to submit?

*Abdiel.* No, never. It has troops to rise in arms  
And bravely conquer all its foreign foes,  
Troops to aid Governors of sovereign States  
When they in need apply for fed'ral help,  
Troops to suppress by force anarchic mobs  
And drive fierce Indians off from frontier homes.  
To enforce its laws, its courts have officers;  
But to make war upon a sovereign State  
The fathers never did nor would consent.  
The Union has no soldier for that use.

*Uriel.* But what if war is made upon a State?

*Abdiel.* 'Twould be subversion of the government,  
And despotism on its ruins built.

*Uriel.* What if some States should subjugate the rest,  
And forcibly compel them to submit?

*Abdiel.* It would be such an instance of bad faith,  
So base a blow at honesty and truth,  
Such loud assertion that 'tis might makes right,  
As to strike down morality and faith.

*Uriel.* But is the Union a mere rope of sand,  
To be dissolved by waves of discontent?

*Abdiel.* No, no. 'Twas formed and lives by compromise.

Morris and Hamilton said it would take  
With its strong hand the pow'rs that were denied;  
But if it does, 'twill overthrow good faith  
And trample moral honor in the dust.  
A nation's immorality will spread  
Its rank contagion widely through the land,  
Tainting all classes with dishonor's breath,  
Corrupting both the lofty and the low,  
And teaching all to swindle and deceive,  
From tricks of trade, adulterating food,  
Or selling shoddy for good woollen cloth,  
To the divorce court's vile indecencies;  
Among the lowly and among the proud;  
Smutching the reputations of high life,  
The beautiful wives and daughters of the great,  
The brilliant Senators, the chief divines;  
From buying votes to buying Congressmen,  
Or seats for millionaires in Senate halls;  
From stealing money, lands, and stocks and bonds,  
To stealing railroads, churches, or in time  
May even steal the presidency too.  
Such retributions nations overtake!

*Uriel.* You say the Union lives by compromise.

Without the use of military force  
Can selfish men be held by such a bond?

*Abdiel.* They've been so held for more than fourscore  
years,  
And ought to be till time itself shall end.

*Ariel.* But if a war ensues, where rests the blame?

*Raphael.* The hatreds of the sections cause the strife.  
Divide the blame between them as you will.  
But the rash faction that's to rule the North  
Is in itself a menace to the South.  
'Tis revolution organized, at work,  
To overthrow the union of the States  
And subjugate the South to Northern whims.  
No hour has passed since the first Congress met  
In which its principles, if dominant,  
Would not have given the Union to the winds.  
The founders of the faction knew it well,  
Intended it, and boast about it now.

*Ariel.* Will this division now take place in peace?

*Raphael.* I fear not. Hatred drives to bloody deeds.  
The factions climbed to office upon hate;  
They lose their places if men cease to hate.  
In many things both of them are quite wrong:  
Wrong in their hatreds, in their love of war,  
In their abusive words and boasting threats:  
The North most wicked in its breach of faith,  
Its breaking of the covenant it made;  
The South most wicked in its haughty pride,  
Most silly in deciding to secede.  
The North dishonest in kidnapping slaves,  
Doubly dishonest when it set them free,  
When with their masters it had contracted  
To guarantee their right of ownership.  
Yet, if it wished to see some slaves go free,  
There was an honest, honorable way.  
To purchase and emancipate was work  
That Southern men had shown them how to do.  
This broke no treaties, trampled on no pledge,

Disturbed no peace, paid back the price of blood.  
 If fight they must to kill some slave-holders,  
 Turks, Russians, Cubans worthy of their steel,  
 Are not far off in these fast days of steam.  
 Hotspurs and Quixotes may their millions slay,  
 Nor violate one word of plighted faith,  
 Such as they're bound by to Americans.

Scene: Capitol, Washington, D. C., March 30, 1861. MICHAEL,  
 GABRIEL.

*Gabriel.* The evil that we feared confronts us now.  
 For more than twenty days these mighty States  
 Have been controlled by a minority,  
 Whose hold on pow'r cannot continue long  
 Unless they manage to provoke a war  
 And revolutionize the government.  
 This rampant faction has been born of hate,  
 And fed on malice from its earliest hours.  
 The milk of human kindness in a day  
 Would neutralize the venom in its fangs,  
 But now its horrid mother screams for blood  
 To gratify the longings of her brood.

*Michael.* Has naught been done, can nothing now be  
 done  
 To counteract this bloody-mindedness?

*Gabriel.* Virginia grandly rose in majesty  
 To lay her kindly hand on maddened States,  
 And urge them to dismiss their enmities.  
 Kentucky pleaded well for unity.  
 A great Peace Congress met at Washington  
 To plead for moderation, peace, and love.  
 The mad-caps of the South had left in haste,  
 Not knowing what the Peace Congress would ask,  
 Nor what the selfish faction of the North  
 Would condescend to grant or to deny.  
 That faction held the purse and swayed the sword.  
 It chose to be defiant, and to drive  
 The friends of union from them in despair.  
 The kindly heart of the new President  
 Gave the peace-makers many anecdotes,

Refined or rustic, chaste or otherwise,  
 And wondered that they blushed but did not laugh.  
 His fiercer followers, with threat'ning oaths,  
 Demanded "blood-letting" and nothing less;  
 While the least furious, the mild, the kind,  
 Insisted that the South be northernized—  
 If not that day, at least in a short time.  
 Slaves must be free, and slave-holders condemned,  
 In spite of constitutional compacts:  
 Laws, habits, tastes, judgments, and consciences,  
 Or evil consequences to ensue.  
 They washed their saintly hands in innocence  
 Of their forefathers' trades that made them rich,  
 Forgot "the bargain" by which they for slaves  
 Obtained wealth greater than "Peru's rich mines."  
 Their contracts with slave-holders could not bind  
 The consciences of such malignant saints.  
 Their horror-stricken souls would flee in haste  
 From slavery's contaminating touch.  
 Pinckney or Gadsden or great Washington  
 If ent'ring the abodes of those rash men,  
 Would so defile the sacred sanctity  
 Of the old union it must be purged pure;  
 So sober Southerners indignant turned,  
 Solemn and sad with dignity, to join  
 Their fierce compatriots of the farther South.

*Michael.* Will war ensue, or will they part in peace?

*Gabriel.* The Southern States desire to go in peace,  
 And claim the right to separate at will.  
 The faction that now rules claimed the same right  
 As their forefathers have for sixty years.

*Michael.* Then peace and love should evermore prevail.

*Gabriel.* Peace might prevail, but never, never love.  
 Because of hate they long have wished them gone;  
 But if the Southern States depart in peace,  
 This faction dies for having driv'n them off.  
 If it can fill the land with bloody war,  
 It may live on through evil years to come  
 And wreak its vengeance on both North and South.

To slay a million of Americans,  
 And waste ten billions of the nation's wealth  
 In gratifying malice, would be deeds  
 Such as no other faction could achieve,  
 Such deeds as might throughout all time to come  
 Immortalize the statesmanship of hate.

*Michael.* How is it that such things are possible  
 Under a government by Christians made?

*Gabriel.* This is one government by thirteen made.  
 Each of the thirteen was a sovereign State.  
 It now is one of thirty-three composed—  
 Say thirty-three republics joined in one.  
 Each of the thirteen was a sovereign State:  
 Not one would yield its claim to sovereignty;  
 Yet each agreed to clothe with potent sway  
 A fed'ral government embracing all.  
 They would not give it pow'r to coerce States,  
 But let it rule their citizens at will,  
 And said that rule should be perpetual,  
 Under perpetual union of the States.  
 And then they gave to it both purse and sword.  
 And tied its hands with handsome paper twine,  
 Called muniments of English liberty,  
 And said each State was guardian of its rights,  
 And of the rights of all its citizens;  
 Yet pointed out no way by which in peace  
 The States could interpose to save their rights.  
 The fathers gave too little, or too much,  
 To the great central pow'r the States set up.  
 Wise Samuel Adams said they gave too much,  
 And Patrick Henry, with a prophet's voice,  
 Foretold the coming evils he foresaw.  
 Morris and Hamilton demanded more,  
 And said that it would take what was denied.

*Michael.* But what has that to do with bloody strife?

*Gabriel.* With less of pow'r, the States had been left free  
 From dread of fed'ral force and tyranny;  
 With more, resistance never would be risked.

Now, a fierce faction, less than half the North,  
 Drives off the South with its insulting threats,  
 And may use force to drive them back again.  
 If so, a sort of double sovereignty  
 Makes traitors of the best of citizens;  
 Owing allegiance to his native State,  
 And through it to the gen'ral government,  
 When they agree the citizen is safe.  
 But if the State secedes, and arms her sons,  
 And men at Washington deny her right,  
 Then treason dooms the citizens to death,  
 In spite of the most loving loyalty  
 To both authorities that claim his life.

*Michael.* How stands the President upon that point?

*Gabriel.* States to the fed'ral government, with him,  
 Are but as counties are to sovereign States.  
 I fear he would make war upon a State  
 Retiring from the Union as of right,  
 With no more hesitation than a State  
 Would subjugate a county in revolt.  
 'Tis possible that he has never learned  
 The principles on which the Union's formed.  
 The fire-brands of his faction are disposed  
 With ready hands to light the flames of war.  
 I fear that he will listen to their schemes,  
 And suffer them to glut themselves with blood.

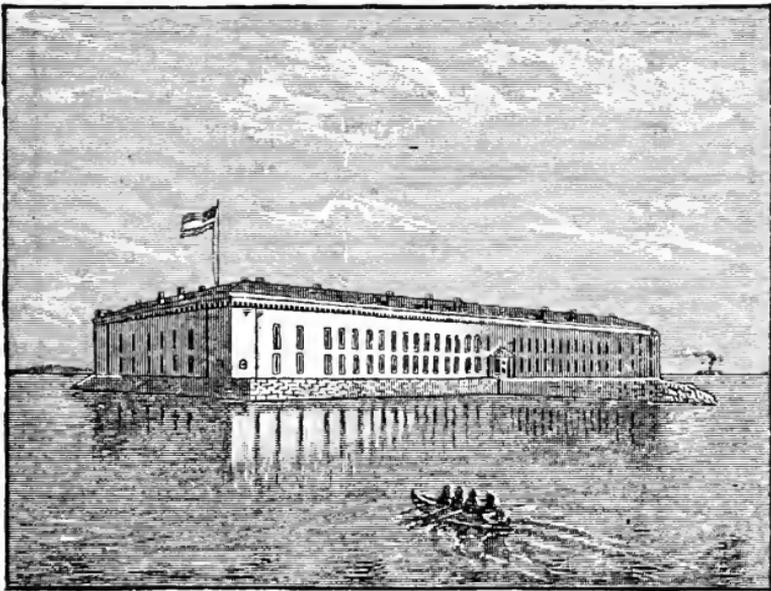
*Michael.* But will the peaceful people let them fight?

*Gabriel.* They'll wait until some Hotspur of the South  
 Can be provoked to fire upon the flag;  
 Then call for men to rally to their help,  
 Defending the bright banner of the free.  
 An army well in hand can be increased  
 In many ways in spite of discontent.  
 The fearful will be scared into its ranks,  
 The brave will rush to prove their bravery,  
 Ambitious men to fight their way to fame,  
 The poor for bread, thieves for the chance to steal.  
 It's therefore possible—yes, probable—

That cruel war will desolate this land.  
 Look! There, see Chandler, Bingham, Giddings, Wade,  
 Thad. Stevens, Sumner, Cameron, Seward, Chase,  
 They are the men to curse or bless mankind.

Scene: *Charleston, S. C., April 12, 1861.* SATAN, MARS, BAAL,  
 MAMMON, BELIAL.

*Satan.* The long expected moment has arrived,  
 When war goes forth with desolating hand.  
 The Hotspurs of the South have long proclaimed  
 That one can whip six Northern men with ease;



FORT SUMTER.

While boastful Northern men are confident  
 That they in ninety days can whip the South.  
 Both have for years been "spoiling for a fight."  
 They have it now. Let them make good their boasts.  
 This firing on the flag will fire all hearts,  
 And unify the North against the South.  
 'Twill make the South a battle-field for years,  
 And every boy a soldier for his State.  
 What say you, Mars, have I not kept my word?

*Mars.* You have. You have redeemed your promises.

*Satan.* Go, then, and gather millions for the fray.  
Bring them from ev'ry corner of this land.  
From Europe, Asia, Africa, the isles,  
And from profoundest depths of hellish gloom  
Go, Baal, call forth all your followers.  
Bring murder, arson, lust, and villainy  
Of every type that earth has ever known.

*Baal.* I will! I will! I will! your Majesty;  
And some that hell itself has yet to learn.

*Satan.* Mammon, go summon all your employees.  
Let them serve legions of camp-followers,  
Robbers and thieves by thousands in the ranks,  
And captains, colonels, gen'ral's by the score,  
With now and then a chaplain gone astray,  
Or a grave senator or sober judge,  
Hast'ning on higher plunder to get rich.  
Say, Mammon, are you ready for your work?

*Mammon.* I am! I am! my high and mighty prince!

*Satan.* Belial, your children call to their base work,  
On battle-fields, in camps, or in the homes  
Of soldiers far away from wife and child.  
Stir up the slaves to lust, theft, robbery;  
Invent new follies, vices, sins, and crimes.

*Belial.* Trust me to do my part, most potent prince.  
The world shall be astounded at our deeds.

*Satan.* Go, comrades, drench this Christian land with  
blood  
By Christians shed in fratricidal strife.  
Rest not till millions heave their dying groans,  
Till widows wail and helpless orphans cry  
In twice five hundred thousand Christian homes.  
Hark! hark! the thunder of the bombardment  
Grows louder, more terrific than before.  
Fort Sumter is in ruins! it must fall—

. . . . .

The garrison comes forth with honors crowned.  
 There's Beauregard, the victor in this fight,  
 There Anderson, and Jeff C. Davis too,  
 And all their brave compatriots in arms.  
 This mad attack of Southrons on the flag  
 Is to the ruling faction of the North  
 News far too good to be regarded true  
 Until they have it carefully confirmed;  
 But when believed, they'll loose the dogs of war  
 To wreak terrific vengeance on the South.

Scene: *Manassas Junction, Va., July 21, 1861.* MARS, SATAN,  
 BAAL, MAMMON.

*Mars.* Where are the battles and the slaughtered hosts  
 You spoke of when we met at Charleston last?  
 The city mob shot men in Baltimore.  
 Magruder slew a few at Bethel Church;  
 Morris, at Philippi, drove Southern men  
 As Wallace did at Romney. Blood was shed  
 When Garnet met McClellan, and was slain.  
 Rich Mountain saw a Fed'ral victory,  
 As did Cheat River near to Carricksford.  
 We have had skirmishes and swift retreats,  
 But nothing worthy of the name of war.

*Satan.* Be patient, Mars, great armies meet to-day,  
 Led by West Pointers upon either side,  
 Who will not suffer skulking to be done  
 By low-life cowards or by carpet-knights,  
 Or pot-house politicians in the garb  
 Of brigadier or major generals.  
 At Washington this is a gala day.  
 So confident of victory are they  
 That thousands come to see men play at war.  
 Then "On to Richmond" with but slight delay!

*Baal.* Hark! Listen to the cannon's thund'ring roar!  
 See overwhelming legions rushing on  
 To crush thin lines of soldiers dressed in gray!  
 Vast numbers will outflank on either hand  
 The worn and weary Southern chivalry.

*Satan.* What troops are those approaching from the West?

*Mars.* That is Joe Johnston bringing into line Six thousand warriors who have just arrived. What men they are! Such blood, such bravery! Such moral force has never been surpassed. The heterogeneous masses of their foes Must flee or fall beneath the banded might That fights as if one will inspired them all. They conquer. Regulars and volunteers, The "city rougns," "society's elite," Grave Senators and gifted Congressmen, All panic-stricken, in confusion mixed, With one desire—to enter Washington.

*Satan.* What next? what next? Tell me, thou God of war!

*Mars.* On, on to Washington, with haste and speed, To strengthen its intrenchments, and call out All Northern troops to fight in its defense!

*Satan.* What should Confederates do at such a time?

*Mars.* Capture their routed foes, or shoot them down; Strike Washington while yet the panic lasts; Seize forts and arms and ammunition there, The railroads and the shipping in the port; Capture the President and cabinet, The Congress and all other officers; Take Baltimore, enlist its citizens; Hasten to Philadelphia, New York, Boston and other cities of the East; Call out the rabble, arm them for the fight, And give them Southern rulers for some days, Till the whole South could hasten to the North; Then, turning back, meet the on-coming crowds Of Western soldiers at well-chosen points; Fight, or negotiate, as best might suit.

*Satan.* A Cæsar or Napoleon might do that, With half the friends the South has in the North,

Or half the haters of the men who rule;  
 But it suits not the temper of the South  
 To conquer and to hold the mighty North,  
 If such a task were easy to perform.  
 What it desires is "to be let alone."  
 Their haughty hatred of the North forbids  
 The subjugation of its busy throngs.  
 They would not take the whole as a free gift,  
 Unless its denizens would emigrate  
 To heaven or to some other distant place.  
 Against all Yankees they are taken with  
 What an old Frenchman called "one grand disgust."  
 A separation is what they demand.

*Mammon.* But this is folly's most absurd desire.  
 No Chinese wall could keep a Yankee out  
 Of lands he knows he is not wanted in.  
 Such shrewd Paul Prys would find a way to hell,  
 Were they prohibited from going there.

*Satan.* They teach me more new tricks than I have  
 learned  
 Through all the ages from all other men.

*Belus.* Old Babylon had no such citizens.  
 Had one live Yankee landed from the ark,  
 This slow old world would have been spurred to speed  
 Such as its lazy tribes failed to attain.

*Mars.* These victors will not "on to Washington."  
 Davis has come. See him with Johnston there;  
 They will not chase their panic-stricken foes.  
 The South has lost its opportunity.

Scene: *State Department, Washington, D. C., November, 1861.* SA-  
 TAN, MARS.

*Satan.* What brings you here to-day, brave, trusty  
 friend?

*Mars.* I came to stir the flames of furious wrath  
 Against the British here in Washington.  
 Wilkes is the hero of the present hour,  
 The idol of the people of the North.  
 With half a chance they'd make him President.

They talk of Wilkes, of Mason, of Slidell,  
And want to sweep old England from the seas.

*Satan.* Have you succeeded in your enterprise?

*Mars.* No. Seward can defy the hated South,  
And Lincoln laugh and joke at its expense;  
But at the threats of Palmerston they wilt  
Like fragile flow'rs before a wintry blast.  
Now tell what you have done since last we met.

*Satan.* I crossed the ocean to the British court,  
And woke to wrath the lion in his lair,  
Until his roaring echoed round the world.  
Then hastened back to hear the eagle scream,  
And see his talons strike his raging foe.  
I hoped to find quite half a world in arms—  
Old England, Ireland, India, Canada,  
And shiv'ring Russia joining in the fight.

*Mars.* You'll see the great republic cringing low  
T' appease the wrath the Trent affair provoked.  
Old Palmerston will get all he demands  
From these puissant men in Washington.

*Satan.* Please tell me what the warriors of the West  
Have been engaged in since the war began?

*Mars.* Missouri furnished soldiers for both sides;  
Jackson, her Governor, was Southern born;  
Price, her commander, has a kindly heart.  
Brave Gen'ral Harney, grand old veteran,  
The hero of a hundred Indian fights,  
Was in no haste to fight his countrymen,  
So they held back the fratricidal strife.  
But Lyon soon let loose the dogs of war;  
The Germans led by Sigel aided him.  
At Boonville they began their bloody work,  
Continued it at Carthage with success;  
At Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, fought again,  
Where Price and brave McCullough led the South.  
Lyon was slain. The Germans then fell back.  
At Lexington Price captured Mulligan

And his three regiments of well-armed men.  
 Then the command was given to Fremont,  
 Then Hunter, and then Halleck, in his place.  
 Like tops in hands of little, idle boys,  
 These heroes were spun round from Washington.  
 At Belmont Grant had skirmishing with Polk,  
 But nothing was accomplished by the fight.  
 Please tell me what the Eastern troops have done.

*Satan.* Along the sea-coast unimportant forts  
 Were captured by the navy, and some troops.  
 On the Potomac Baker, at Ball's Bluff,  
 Fell at the head of his two thousand men,  
 Of whom one-half were captured, wounded, slain,  
 By Southern men who were by Evans led.  
 Two hundred thousand healthy, well-drilled men,  
 Well fed, well clothed, and well equipped,  
 Confront black Quaker cannons made of wood  
 To keep them from bombarding Washington.  
 As many more drilled troops are scattered round  
 Between the rising and the setting sun.  
 What they are doing you will have to guess.  
 McClellan leads where Scott was in command;  
 Behold them as they meet the President.

Scene: *Fort Donelson, Tenn., February 16, 1862.* SATAN, MARS.

*Mars.* All hail! My chief, we now have war indeed.  
 Kentucky's mountain soil is stained with blood.  
 Garfield forced Marshall to retreat in haste.  
 Thomas at Mill Spring gained a victory,  
 Where Zollicoffer fell, and Crittenden  
 Retreated in disorder from the field.  
 Fort Henry, on the Lower Tennessee,  
 Was captured by Foote's gun-boats. Since it fell  
 Fort Donelson, that guards the Cumberland,  
 Has been besieged by thirty thousand men,  
 Led on by Grant, that thunder-bolt of war,  
 And aided by Foote's gun-boats to bombard.

*Satan.* How goes the siege? Can the besieged hold  
 out?  
 There has been desp'rate fighting on both sides.

*Mars.* The chief commanders at the post have left,  
And many soldiers have retired in haste.  
Pillow and Floyd left Buckner in command,  
To fight three times the number of his troops,  
Besides Foote's gun-boats and the wint'ry storms.

*Satan.* The brave young gen'ral must give up the fort;  
To hold out longer is impossible.  
The firing ceases; Grant and Buckner meet.

. . . . .  
An unconditional surrender now  
Is what the Union general requires.  
This frees Kentucky from Confed'rate troops,  
And gives the Union half of Tennessee,  
With full ten thousand pris'ners and their arms.

Scene: *Shiloh Church, Tenn., April 7, 1862.* SATAN, MARS.

*Satan.* How now, great son of old Olympian Jove,  
Have we had war to-day and yesterday?  
These armies lost ten thousand on each side

*Mars.* Yes, we had war, but they made grave mistakes.  
Grant might have made the river his defense,  
Till Buell could arrive with his large force;  
Or, risking battle without Buell's aid,  
He should have had his army well in hand,  
None lost and scattered through the hills and vales  
Of wooded regions near his enemies—  
With scouts and sentries negligently placed.  
Confederate forces, crowned with victory,  
Had a rare chance to capture their whipped foes,  
In spite of gun-boats, before Buell came.  
War claimed earth's grandest, noblest sacrifice  
When Albert Sidney Johnston was laid low.  
On yesterday Confed'rates beat their foes  
And drove them to the shelter of the cliffs;  
To-day the Fed'ral drove them from the field;  
To-morrow they will be in full retreat.  
The firing ceases. Buell comes this way;  
With him come Nelson, Sherman, Wallace, Grant.

Scene: *New Orleans, April 23, 1862.* SATAN, MARS, MAMMON,  
BELIAL.

*Satan.* Welcome to New Orleans, my warlike friend!  
Were you not here with Jackson in his prime?

*Mars.* I was. Had he been here ten days ago  
My brother, Neptune, had not sent his sons,  
Porter and Farragut, past all the forts  
To capture this fair city. It is ruled  
By one hated by women and despised  
By all who honor and esteem the fair.  
Can Jackson's statue look on such a man  
Without a most indignant, virtuous frown?

*Satan.* I beg you, Mars, refrain from such abuse  
Of one I number on my list of friends.

*Mammon.* And he is one of my best clients too,  
I pray you spare him, also for my sake.

*Belial.* He is my fav'rite, trusty crony too.  
One such to me is worth ten thousand men.

*Mars.* I leave him then with you, his honored friends.  
But tell me what you know about the war.

*Belial.* I was at Pea Ridge with my Indian braves,  
But there McCullough, McIntosh, and Pike  
Made them behave themselves like gentlemen.  
Curtis was also sober as a judge,  
So sons of Belial had no chance for sport.  
But twenty thousand armed on either side  
Fought like young catamounts for two whole days.  
Thousands were captured, sickened, wounded, slain.  
McCullough, McIntosh, and others fell,  
But the grand battle had no marked result.

*Mammon.* My clients seeking cotton claimed my care.  
So with Burnside and Goldsboro I went  
To capture Roanoke Island and New Berne.  
Three thousand prisoners were there secured.  
When Pope attacked New Madrid I was there;  
Went with him down to Island Number Ten—

Saw it bombarded more than twenty days,  
 Until five thousand men surrendered there.  
 Then came with Butler up to New Orleans,  
 After six days bombardment of the forts.

*Satan.* Then you too must have learned the art of war.

*Mammon.* Not I, for fighting never was my trade.  
 But I have learned to "capture"—that's the word  
 Used in the army, and the navy too.  
 Men of all ranks have taught me that fine art,  
 And I am ready now to graduate.  
 They capture horses, cows, and merchandise,  
 With now and then a well-trained negro cook,  
 Man-servant or maid-servant, if you please.  
 And 'tis reported parsons steal a church  
 In the great name of God and loyalty.  
 But I must hush—the great men come this way.  
 There's Farragut, no blot upon his name;  
 And there is Porter—on his lofty brow  
 Hereditary honors clust'ring thick;  
 And General Butler spurns the ground he treads.

Scene: *Malvern Hill, twelve miles from Richmond, Va., July 10, 1862.* SATAN, MARS.

*Satan.* What say you now about my "skirmishes?"  
 I want your present views of this campaign.  
 Give me some lessons in the art of war.

*Mars.* The Shenandoah conflicts, though but brief,  
 Exceeded all that I had ever seen.  
 Never before had twenty thousand men  
 Performed such wonders in so short a time  
 Against such numbers led by noted chiefs.  
 Shields and Fremont were war-worn veterans,  
 Gen'ral's triumphant over Mexicans.  
 Banks had fought many battles with his tongue,  
 Licked Abolition cohorts into shape,  
 And conquered troops of rampant Congressmen;  
 But Jackson easily outgenerated them,  
 Gave their green laurels to the frosty winds,  
 Blending their names with his undying fame.

*Satan.* What think you of McClellan's strategy?

*Mars.* Having the railroads, rivers, bay, and sea,  
He should have landed upon solid ground,  
As near to Richmond as was possible,  
Reserving all his force for one great fight,  
And then pressed in, no matter at what cost.  
His month at Yorktown, fight at Williamsburg,  
Four weeks devoted to a tiresome march,  
Served but to place exhausted, weary troops  
Where fresh ones might have been two months before.  
But toil-worn as they were, they bravely fought,  
A day at West Point, two days at Fair Oaks,  
Left Johnston wounded, Richmond's gates ajar,  
Inviting Northern troops to march right in.  
But ill-judged prudence sounded a retreat  
To Malvern Hill, where victory again  
Placed in McClellan's hands Richmond's bright keys.  
He did not use them, but led off his troops  
Some miles away, and farther down the stream.  
Far less than half the blood shed at Oak Grove,  
Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Glendale, Oak Swamp,  
Or Savage Station, or at Frazier's Farm,  
Would at Fair Oaks, or even Malvern Hill,  
Have placed in Richmond fivescore thousand men,  
In spite of all the troops that could oppose.  
The thunders that have loudly echoed here  
Through the sad moments of a dreadful week,  
And all the blood Virginia's soil drank in  
Have been in vain. Thirty thousand deaths  
Fill this broad land with tearful, sobbing grief.

*Satan.* Please give me your opinion in few words  
Of Southern strategy and its defects.

*Mars.* They fight too freely, too incautiously.  
Of the best soldiers earth has ever seen,  
They have too few to waste such precious lives.  
McClellan errs upon the other hand:  
His countless troops, like apples of his eyes,  
Are screened from harm. He hates to see them fight,  
Lest his dear pets should sleep in soldiers' graves.

'Tis Richmond that the Union forces want.  
 The South has slaves and spades enough at hand  
 To let its sons behind intrenchments fight,  
 Wherever it is known the foe will come.  
 Why not encircle Richmond with earth walls,  
 The inner one outside of cannon range,  
 Then bid the foe come on and take the place?  
 See there the Northern heroes of this war!  
 Porter and Mansfield, Hooker, Kearney, Sykes;  
 And there McClellan, idol of his troops.

In March Virginia's iron Titan dared  
 To seize old Neptune's watery domain,  
 And wield his trident over subject seas:  
 With ten guns drove more than two hundred off,  
 To seek the shallow waters near the shore.  
 The "Cumberland" and "Congress" both destroyed,  
 And their rich transports blown up, burned, or sunk,  
 In naval warfare a new era marked.  
 But when the "Monitor" joined in the fight,  
 Virginia suffered for her sad neglect  
 To learn and teach the great mechanic arts.  
 'Twas so when Rumsey, on Potomac's tide,\*  
 First showed a steamboat to a wond'ring world;  
 But skilled mechanics could not there be found.  
 'Twas so when Tompkins, near Kanawha's stream,†  
 First yoked to industry the light and heat  
 Of gas that came from subterranean depths.  
 The plodding Pennsylvanians obtained  
 In forty years the profit of their skill.  
 McCormick gave the reaper to mankind,  
 But sought skilled workmen in a distant State.  
 'Tis thus that genius gems with jewels bright  
 Virginia's most resplendent, matchless crown.  
 Transcendent glory blazes on her brow,  
 But lack of artisans depletes her wealth;  
 'Twill sink her mighty ironclads in the deep.

---

\*1784. †1842.

## BOOK NINTH.

---

Scene: *Fredericksburg, Va., December 15, 1862.* SATAN, MARS.

*Satan.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! this is the proudest hour  
That I have known. Yes, "proud as Lucifer,"  
Is what men say. Hereafter let them say:  
"Proud as great Lucifer at Fredericksburg."  
Behold the smoking ruins of that town;  
Gaze on those thousands of unburied dead;  
List to the shrieks and groans that fill the air  
Is this Dahomey, Turkey, or Fiji?  
No. Washington in boyhood trod this soil.  
Here Patrick Henry's grateful countrymen  
Escorted him t'ward Philadelphia,  
When he had driven Dunmore from the land.  
But now I triumph! triumph even here!  
I've led a few fanatical, rash men  
To fire the sections with intensest hate,  
And by that hatred turned to bitterness  
The richest gifts bestowed upon mankind;  
Their noblest virtues vices have become;  
Their excellences lead them down to death.  
West Point has trained them for my hellish work,  
Their education fits them for my use.  
Chivalric courage dooms them to the grave;  
Their hoarded wealth prolongs the dreadful fight;  
Superior skill provides most deadly arms;  
And piety makes conscience drive them on  
To deeds that hell itself might blush to own.  
'Tis war no longer; it is hatred crazed  
And armed against the best of all the race.  
I had not dared to hope for such results  
From my most cherished, sanguinary schemes.  
Inform me, Mars, about this last campaign.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.  
When August ended, Lee began again  
To seek for enemies in Maryland

*Mars.* At Cedar Mountain Jackson routed Banks;  
Then, hast'ning to Manassas, captured trains  
And troops and stores beyond all estimate;  
Fighting at Bull Run and at Centerville,  
And fighting at Chantilly, caused the flight  
Of Pope and his whipped troops to Washington.  
There, at his own request, he was relieved.  
His army, added to McClellan's force,  
Followed the fortunes of that careful chief,  
Who hurried back to trembling Washington,  
And calmed the fears of Stanton and his friends.  
When August ended, Lee began again  
To seek for enemies in Maryland—  
His men took Frederick, and passing on  
Without resistance entered Hagerstown.  
Jackson, at Harper's Ferry, captured Miles  
And his twelve thousand men, with arms and stores;  
Then hastened to join Lee at Antietam,  
Where, after four days' fighting, Lee retired.  
'Twas a drawn battle, where each army lost  
More than ten thousand men and nothing gained.  
Then "On to Richmond!" was the cry again  
Of millions armed with very sharp steel pens.  
The politicians asked McClellan's head,  
Lest victory should make him President.  
When ready to take Richmond, they required  
Protection for themselves in Washington.  
The waters all were his. He trusted them  
To land him safely where a ten-mile march  
Would bring him to the Southern capital.  
But those bad men whose hatred of the South  
And bold bravadoes first provoked the war  
Required him to fight along a line  
By which the foe might by a hasty march  
Lay hold on their puissant carcasses.  
The brave man yielded to their craven fears,  
While pity for his soldiers wrung his heart,  
That they must suffer for the cowardice  
Of place-men who controlled their destinies.  
Then they removed him from his post of power,  
Promoting Burnside to the chief command.

The rest you know. There's Mosby, A. P. Hill,  
Pickett, and Stuart, Early, Jackson, Lee.

Scene: *Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 3, 1863.* SATAN, MARS.

*Satan.* This seems the strangest battle ever fought.  
Two days ago Rosecrans was badly whipped.  
To-day his troops were forced across the stream.  
At three o'clock Confed'rates claimed the day,  
But his well-placed, well-served artillery  
Began to mow them down like ripened grain,  
Until they now retire in swift retreat.  
The new year's early hours are red with blood  
Drawn from the veins of twenty thousand men.  
Please tell me, Mars, what news from other fields?

*Mars.* Kentucky was last year the scene of strife.  
At Richmond, Kirby Smith drove Manson out,  
Then visited at Lexington, Versailles,  
Frankfort, and other noted, prosp'rous towns,  
And threatened Cincinnati and the North.  
Then Bragg came in, by Buell closely watched.  
At Munfordsville he captured prisoners;  
Then, seeking to unite with Kirby Smith,  
Gave Buell time to rest at Louisville,  
And gather re-enforcements from the North.  
At Perryville the armies met and fought.  
Brave men were slain, but without marked results.  
'Twas a drawn battle. Bragg and Smith retired  
With great deliberation from the State,  
Taking away four thousand wagon-loads  
Of precious stores and many animals,  
Which had been gathered during forty days.  
Price was repulsed from Iuka by Grant;  
Van Dorn and Price from Corinth by Rosecrans;  
Sherman was whipped at Chickasaw Bayou.  
You have not time for other dry details,  
But must be interested to behold  
Rosecrans and Thomas, heroes of this fight.

Scene: *Guiney's Station, Va., May 5, 1863.* SATAN, MARS.

*Mars.* Hooker retreats; the battle ceases here.

In three days’ fighting his great army lost  
 Seventeen thousand well-drilled veterans.  
 Lee is victorious, yet he has lost  
 More than his enemy a thousand-fold.  
 Jackson has fallen, and he soon must die.  
 In viet’ry’s loving arms the hero fell,  
 Admired and honored by his fiercest foes.  
 The trump of fame sounds forth his glorious name  
 In every land where valor is esteemed.

*Satan.* Foe as I am to all the hated race,  
 Toiling through ages most malignantly,  
 To work its ruin through eternity,  
 I must confess he triumphed over me!  
 From my maliciousness extorted praise.

*Mars.* His last great battle was a masterpiece  
 Of strategy and valor well combined.  
 He fell not by a foeman’s fatal shot.  
 The men who slew him would have gladly risked  
 Ten thousand deaths to save their hero’s life.  
 Behold the wounded warrior on his couch  
 Serenely waiting the approach of death.  
 That open window shows his manly face.  
 Let us retire; see, holy angels come,  
 With duteous love the hero to attend.

SATAN and MARS retire. Enter GABRIEL, UZZIEL, ITHURIEL, RAPHAEL,  
 ABDIEL, ZOPHIEL, ZEPHON, ARIEL, ZADKIEL, ISRAFIEL, chanting:

“Rest for the toiling hand, rest for the anxious brow,  
 Rest for the weary, way-sore feet, rest from all labor now;  
 Rest for the fevered brain, rest for the throbbing eye;  
 Through these parched lips of thine no more shall pass  
 the moan or sigh.”

“Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,  
 In full activity of zeal and power!  
 A Christian cannot die before his time,  
 The Lord’s appointment is the servant’s hour.  
 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;  
 Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done;  
 Come from the heat of battle and in peace,  
 Soldier, go home with thee, the fight is won.”

Scene: *Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 1863.* MICHAEL, ITHURIEL, ZEPHON, ARIEL, GABRIEL, RAPHAEL.

*Michael.* All hail, ye servants of the Lord Most High!  
I summoned you to meet me here to-day  
To wait on men in this their hour of need.  
'Twas ours to meet on Independence Day  
In this same State at Philadelphia  
When this republic struggled into life.  
We all were helpful at its wondrous birth.  
Please tell me what I gave you then to do?

*Ithuriel.* I tore the mask from base hypocrisy,  
Exposed the cloven foot of treachery.

*Abdiel.* I urged the slow-paced few to promptly act.

*Zephon.* I gave the timid most courageous thoughts.

*Ariel.* To the desponding I gave cheering hopes.

*Raphael.* To Jefferson I taught the use of words  
That Georgia and New England could approve.  
He had denounced the slave trade in such terms  
As they could never use with self-respect.  
New England would not thus condemn her sons  
For trafficking in human flesh and blood.  
The profits of the trade were dear to her.  
While Georgia would not do without the slaves,  
Nor would the gen'rous Carolinians.

*Gabriel.* I gave John Adams moving eloquence  
That won men over to his righteous cause.

*Michael.* And we and all the sons of God rejoiced  
To see such loving union among men;  
Hoping for peace through this broad continent.  
And freedom from all kinds of tyranny.  
How is it with this nation we have served?  
Men celebrate their country's natal day,  
Not with glad greetings, worshipping their God,  
But mid the ruins of a three days' fight,  
Where more than fifty thousand veterans,  
Killed or disabled, call for briny tears;

Or, as at Vicksburg, thirty thousand men  
Are starved or slain by their own countrymen.  
Are these the fruits of all our careful toil?

*Gabriel.* No, Michael, these are fruits of hellish hate  
Between the sections of this favored land.



MINISTERING ANGELS.

Until the gospel of the Son of God  
Shall drive this fiendish hatred far away,  
Discord and strife and malice must prevail.

*Michael.* But, Gabriel, these destroying forces claim  
That Christ and conscience drive them to such deeds.

Bishops and saints pray mightily to God  
 That slaughterers of men may have success.  
 Even the dying, like Mohammedans,  
 Claim glory in the heavens for killing men.  
 Their crowns are gifts from Christ, but kindred blood  
 Shed by their *holy* hands in this great war  
 Adds glory to the brightest of those crowns.  
 Both have high hopes of being with the Lord,  
 But Southern men to Stonewall Jackson go;  
 While the great North in the sad hour of death  
 Goes shouting to the bosom of John Brown.  
 Such silliness may hope to be excused,  
 But how can such malevolence escape  
 Just visitations of the wrath to come?

*Gabriel.* Michael, you state sad, mortifying truths.  
 A most perplexing question you propound.  
 But God is good and Christ for sinners died.  
 Satan deceives his selfish scheming dupes,  
 And they mislead and craze the multitude.  
 The hatred of the sections is indulged  
 Against imaginary, unknown foes.  
 The malice and malignity they feel  
 Are venomous against such fancied ghouls  
 As politicians paint to madden them.  
 When these men face to face associate,  
 No longer hoodwinked by the fiends that lead,  
 Malevolence is banished, and they love  
 Like brothers of one holy family.  
 Hancock and Lee and Meade and Stuart feel  
 No hellish hatred against gallant foes.  
 So of the war-worn soldiers of their ranks;  
 To know each other kindles ardent love.  
 Thousands of brave, unhappy sufferers  
 Require our aid upon this battle-field.  
 Let us to duty. There is Gen'ral Meade,  
 Attentive to the wounded and the sick;  
 And there is Hancock, wounded and in pain.

Scene: *Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863.* SATAN, MARS, MAMMON,  
 BELIAL.

*Satan.* How goes the siege? Why does it last so long?

*Mars.* 'Tis desp'rate valor upon either side  
 Prolongs the suff'ings of these val'rous men,  
 But the Confed'rates now must yield or starve.  
 Arkansas Post fell early in the spring,  
 Surrendering five thousand valiant men  
 To Porter's gun-boats and McClernand's troops.  
 Grant sought the rear of Vicksburg through the swamps,  
 The mud, the bayous, and the rugged hills;  
 Then tried to turn the river from the town  
 By digging deep canals to change its course.  
 Failing in that, he passed the thund'ring forts  
 With even less of harm than he had feared;  
 Then took with ease Port Gibson and Grand Gulf.  
 The Union troops gained hard-earned victories  
 At Jackson, Raymond, and at Champion Hills;  
 In a fierce conflict at Black River bridge  
 Whipped Pemberton, and forced him to retreat  
 Within the strong defenses of Vicksburg.  
 Grant, two days later, made a bold assault,  
 Hoping successfully to storm the place;  
 But was repulsed with loss of many men.  
 Since then, through more than seven bloody weeks,  
 The fight continues with great loss of life.

*Satan.* 'Tis said that thirty thousand half-starved men  
 Surrender on this Independence Day;  
 And that Port Hudson, now besieged by Banks,  
 Must also fall, thus op'ning to the Gulf  
 The unrestricted commerce of the West,  
 And with a wall of waters fencing off  
 Western Confed'rates from their brethren East.

*Mammon.* Then what a harvest will my clients reap!  
 The plunder of a hundred thousand homes,  
 Besides the cotton-bales and contrabands.

*Belial.* And the companions of my revelry  
 Will sport amid the wrecks of families—  
 White, red, and black, the lofty and the low.

*Mars.* The firing ceases! See that flag of truce!  
 Its snowy folds above the ruins float.

Peace, plenty, rest, and joy it promises.

. . . . .

The torn and tattered stars and bars come down;  
 The stars and stripes rise grandly o'er the scene.  
 There's plenty now for the starved garrison.  
 See Pemberton and Grant and McPherson!

Scene: *Chickamauga Creek, Ga., September 20, 1863.* SATAN, MAMMON, BELIAL, MARS.

*Satan.* Whence come you, Mammon? whither have you been?

*Mammon.* I came from Charleston, where DuPont's  
 great fleet  
 Was badly whipped in April of this year.  
 Where in July Dahlgren and Gilmore went  
 To batter forts and crush them into dust.  
 September saw Confederates retire  
 Within the lines of their heroic town.  
 Their enemies advanced their batteries  
 Within four miles of Charleston's wharves and stores;  
 Thence the "swamp angels" belched forth streams of  
 fire  
 From blazing mouths on the devoted place.  
 But there is not much cotton we can take,  
 Nor many slaves as yet within our reach.

*Satan.* Belial, say, where have you been since we met?

*Belial.* From Vicksburg I went out to Arkansas;  
 Saw Holmes and his eight thousand badly whipped,  
 And from Helena driven quite away.  
 Saw Steele take Little Rock, and force his foes  
 To leave in haste with ever-quick'ning speed.  
 I wished for Mammon—cotton was at hand,  
 And I was almost tempted then to buy.  
 But the best day of all that I enjoyed  
 Was spent at Lawrence with my friend Quantrell.  
 It brought to mind old Sodom's wildest hours,  
 With memories of days before the flood.

*Satan.* Mars, we have something much more serious here;  
The mighty Julius would have called this war.

*Mars.* Yes, such attacks as Longstreet made to-day,  
And such as Thomas stubbornly repulsed,  
Are unsurpassed in all earth's bloody wars.  
The Union right and center have been crushed,  
The troops killed, wounded, captured, or dispersed  
The scattered fragments of great army corps  
To Chattanooga in disorder flee,  
Soldiers and gen'ral's all demoralized.  
But look at Thomas, how he holds his place,  
And keeps his men in order round his flag,  
In spite of war's dread cyclone raging round.  
Where sunrise saw him sunset sees him still.  
Protected by the darkness he'll retire,  
And in good order lead his valiant troops  
To help their cowering comrades organize,  
And show the world "Virginia blood still tells."  
With forty thousand stalwart vet'rans lost,  
Darkness descends to part the combatants.

*Satan.* What think you now. Will Rosecrans have to  
yield,  
Surrendering the remnant of his force?

*Mars.* No, Hooker comes with two strong army corps,  
And Sherman also with his mighty force,  
And Grant, with his high honors newly gained,  
Must gather lofty laurels for his brow,  
Though they may grow above bleak mountain heights,  
Or hide among the curtains of the skies.  
These Fed'ral troops will not surrender now;  
They'll fight for victory and drive their foes.  
See Bragg, Polk, Longstreet, Johnston, come this way,  
With Breckinridge, Hood, Ewell, following.

Scene: *Lookout Mountain, Tenn., November 25, 1863.* SATAN, MARS.

*Satan.* When men fought yesterday "above the clouds,"  
I was not here to witness their brave deeds.  
I had expected Bragg to start the fray

And carry Chattanooga by assault.  
He did give notice that non-combatants  
Might be removed away to some safe place.  
I missed the battle, but would see it now  
Through your keen eyes—or rather hear of it  
From your glib tongue. I wait—I wish to learn.

*Mars.* Two days ago, with quietness and care,  
The troops of Hooker crossed the Tennessee,  
And rested near the mouth of Lookout Creek,  
Quite unobserved by the Confederates.  
Day dawned upon a land obscured by fogs.  
Two hours sufficed to take the rifle-pits  
That swept the foot-hills with their leaden hail;  
Then up the steep ascent bold thousands rushed  
Onward and skyward to the jaws of death,  
Crowding each other upward through the storm  
T'ward the red mouths of scores of thund'ring guns.  
Of the fierce conflict on that tow'ring height  
Between the very bravest of brave men  
No words of mine can adequately tell;  
But soon down Lookout Mountain's eastern side  
Confed'rates fled, all tumbling down the steep,  
Mingling with rocks and rifles as they rolled,  
Until by two o'clock the men in blue,  
Beneath their flag held all the mountain-top,  
And saw their foes escape to Mission Ridge,  
Where they have since been well reorganized.  
Thus I've described the fight "above the clouds,"  
But you can now behold it for yourself,  
As if you had but loudly cried "Encore,"  
And actors come again to play for you.  
A larger army climbs to Mission Ridge  
To drive a foe intrenched and wide-awake.  
Yes, we'll have more than royal sport again,  
With larger forces more distinctly seen.  
See Hooker's braves descend the mountain side;  
They cross the Chattanooga and ascend,  
With lion leaps, far up the south-west slope  
Of Mission Ridge. Sherman has boldly passed  
The Chickamauga and the Tennessee.

His fearless troops, like bounding tigers, climb  
 The north declivity. Thomas awaits  
 The word that hurls uphill against the foe  
 His val'rous fighting host's resistless might.  
 Time's tardy step has left high noon behind  
 More than an hour ago. No order comes  
 For all to join in a combined assault.  
 'Tis two o'clock! Grant speaks the mighty word  
 That moves in majesty, with earthquake force,  
 Forward and upward the whole armament,  
 As if to seale the skies and capture heaven.  
 Such warfare mortals never waged before,  
 Nor all the fabled hosts that classic times  
 Gave to Olympian heights and groves and clouds.

*Satan.* Well might Confed'rates yield and flee away.  
 By them all Tennessee is lost and left.  
 The conquerors triumphant now return:  
 Grant, Thomas, Hooker, Sherman, McPherson.

Scene: *Covington, Ky., November 20, 1863.* ARIEL, RAPHAEL.

*Ariel.* Whose gallant form is that with active step  
 Treading Kentucky's soil so joyfully?

*Raphael.* 'Tis John H. Morgan, whose heroic deeds  
 Admiring millions gayly celebrate,  
 And crown with praises worthy of the name  
 Of him who led his troops to victories  
 That seemed impossible to other men.

*Ariel.* He walks these streets with the majestic air  
 Of an archangel just returned to heav'n.

*Raphael.* This most romantic of all cavaliers  
 Rode rashly on where danger led the way,  
 As if to court adventures fearlessly,  
 And throw himself into the arms of death.  
 Yet he was gentle to the little ones,  
 With smiles for beauty, and the tenderness  
 Of friendship toward his num'rous prisoners.

*Ariel.* What brings him here, and why sees he so  
glad  
To set his feet upon Kentucky ground?

*Raphael.* He is the idol of Kentuckians:  
His enemies admire his gallantry.  
Last summer he attacked the great North-west  
With but two thousand bold Kentucky boys;  
Captured six thousand of his enemies,  
Destroyed ten millions of their property,  
With thirty thousand thund'ring at his heels.  
But he was captured, and his enemies  
Confined him in their penitentiary.  
They thought that they'd disgrace their prisoner,  
But most egregiously disgraced themselves  
By their base treatment of a gentleman  
Whose gallantry had never been surpassed.  
Morgan outwitted them, and has escaped  
To dazzle them with other glorious deeds.

Scene: *Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1864.* MARS, MAMMON, BELIAL.

*Mammon.* Great son of Jupiter, what brings you here?  
Belial and I have business everywhere,  
But battles and the like belong to you.  
Had fighting here, you say, where B. . . . commands.

*Mars.* Yes, three grand armies were to meet near here,  
And with the help of Porter's flotilla  
Take Shreveport from Confederates with ease.

*Mammon.* And did they do it? And if not, why not?

*Mars.* Smith and the fleet took several river towns,  
But here at Mansfield and at Pleasant Hill  
B. . . . lost three thousand men and all his guns,  
With rich supply trains to the enemy;  
And but for the brave fighting Gen'ral Smith  
Captivity had been the fate of B. . . . .

*Mammon.* Was not this general many months ago  
Made "commissary of great Stonewall's troops?"  
And does he now serve "Rough and Ready's" son,  
With equal skill in this Red River land?

*Belial.* Mammon, shame on you for your *badinage*.  
 You'll soon attack that other General B.  
 Remember I too claim a share in Ben.  
 If he loves money, he loves pleasure too.  
 What if they are "no generals to hurt?"  
 They work the wires of party with success,  
 And seize a share of good things as they pass.  
 Think not to find men great in every thing,  
 Nor in one spot to gather all that's great,  
 Nor every kind of greatness that is great,  
 Not e'en in that great spot that gave the world  
 The two great generals, B. . . . . and B. . . .  
 You'll own it has fair women and wise men,  
 And poets that can fight, in soft, smooth rhymes,  
 And pulpits that can utter words of hate,  
 And scores of wordy transcendentalists,  
 Ready in hitchy language to admit  
 That possibly, if properly received,  
 High Boston culture in two thousand years  
 Might make their Saviour equal to themselves!

*Mars.* I will not listen to the trifling talk  
 Of two such worthless fiends about great men  
 And that great spot that gave them to mankind!  
 What! Shall a brace of epauleted B.'s,  
 Or a whole swarm of callow generals,  
 And a few learned transcendentalists,  
 And some malignant, spiteful pulpiteers,  
 Joined with disciples of hate's horrid school,  
 Obscure the glory of a land that boasts  
 Greene, Warren, Prescott, Sullivan, Frank Pierce—  
 The Union's patriot heroes in their day?  
 And the great names of Adams, Fisher Ames,  
 Webster and Caleb Cushing, tried and true—  
 The Union's statesmen and great orators?  
 And Union *litterati* such as Dwight,  
 Paine, Bryant, Halleck, Baneroft, Hawthorne, Sprague?  
 And great inventors, Franklin, Whitney, Morse?  
 And merchants whose unrivaled enterprise  
 Sent winter's icy fetters round the world  
 And brought them back transmuted into gold?

Know ye that men shall glory in that land  
 Long after hatred's minions, hurled from pow'r,  
 Shall end their spiteful, ignominious lives,  
 To rest in graves unhonored and unknown.  
 See! There is Taylor and his valiant staff.  
 He has chased off his conquered enemies,  
 And well secured his numerous prisoners;  
 Has gathered his rich spoils of victory,  
 And now returns with his triumphant troops.

Scene: *Cold Harbor, twelve miles north-east of Richmond, Va., June 4, 1864.* MICHAEL, GABRIEL, ZEPHON, RAPHAEL, ABDIEL, ITHURIEL.

*Zephon.* Tell us, ye leaders of the heavenly host,  
 Why this fair land's so drenched with human blood.

*Ithuriel.* 'Tis said that Grant is losing, month by month,  
 Sixty or eighty thousand fighting men;  
 And that he now proposes to move round  
 South of James River, where he might have been  
 Two months ago without the loss of one.  
 Why this unnecessary waste of life?

*Gabriel.* The men who cursed this land with fiendish  
 war  
 Keep the brave troops between themselves and harm.  
 Behind their well-manned forts they shudder still  
 At sounds of horses' hoofs borne from the South,  
 Though these vast armies face their Southern foes,  
 And die to save them from their ragged ranks.

*Zephon.* I understand how bravest of the brave  
 May die to save base cowardly poltroons;  
 What I would learn is, why such slaughter here?

*Gabriel.* When fed'ral force made war on other States,  
 It was against the great organic law  
 By which the thirteen nations became one.  
 'Twas usurpation, fraud, and despotism;  
 A rash subversion of the government;  
 For all the States refused to grant that pow'r.  
 But when fanatic fury dared to strike  
 The grand majestic mother of the States,

Virginia in her monumental home,  
 The sacred citadel of liberty,  
 'Twas ingrate, cruel, matricidal crime!  
 This sovereign State entered the Union free  
 To leave at will should it abuse its powers.  
 'Twas she gave millions liberty and law,  
 With Washington to guard them with his sword,  
 And Jefferson to write their principles  
 And Madison to give organic form  
 To their well-guarded federal government,  
 And Marshall to apply those righteous laws  
 To real life in freedom's highest court.  
 With lavish liberality she gave  
 Her vast domain to make the Union strong,  
 Adding six mighty States to the bright band.  
 Virginians bought Louisiana's realm;  
 Traced its broad bound'ry to the western sea  
 That laves far distant Asia's sunny shore;  
 Virginians purchased Florida from Spain,  
 Led Texan troops on San Jacinto's field,  
 And re-annexed the Texan soil and men;  
 Virginians led the troops in Mexico  
 That won the lands toward the setting sun;  
 And a Virginian did negotiate  
 The treaty that conveyed those vast domains.  
 She tried to reconcile the headstrong hosts  
 That sought to kindle strife between the States.  
 She bore with patience insults, threats, and wrongs  
 Until the Northern faction spurned the hand  
 Outstretched by her to ward off civil war.  
 War came—she had no hatreds in her heart.  
 She fought the invaders of her sacred soil,  
 For principles, defending sovereign rights,  
 As men on earth had never fought before.  
 The leader of her sons called fiercest foes,  
 In loving tones, "Our friends, the enemy."

*Raphael.* Yes, and her homes, with hospitable haste,  
 Oft spread her feasts to feed her enemies.

*Abdiel.* She gave high honors to her brave compeers  
 Of other States who fought upon her soil;

But at the post of danger placed her sons,  
To bear the brunt in many a hard-fought field.

*Michael.* Vainly her foes have subsidized mankind  
To bring their hireling forces from all lands.  
Her loving children formed a living wall  
Around the immortal mother of the brave.  
Four bloody years they've fought a world in arms,  
Until her enemies turn to her slaves  
To cry, "O help us, help us, or we fail."

*Abdiel.* But do not Northern armies have brave men,  
True patriotic sons of liberty?  
Men worthy of great honor and renown?

*Michael.* They do, and their brave deeds inscribe their  
names  
High on the records of undying fame,  
As witness Hancock, McPherson, and Grant,  
And many of their worthy, brave compeers.

*Abdiel.* In other States they win great victories.  
Why should they here wear laurels soaked in blood?

*Michael.* I answer, to avenge Virginia's wrongs,  
And highly honor her devoted sons.  
Give to the Fed'ral hero honor due:  
He falls obedient to his honored State,  
Or lives to wear the honors she bestows.  
Like the brave Spartans at Thermopylae,  
He moves obedient to a law's command.  
The accident of birth or prejudice  
Determined where he bravely lived or died.  
Give him your hearty sympathy and prayers,  
But let your condemnation rest upon  
The politicians who provoked the war  
By trampling on the compacts of their sires.

Scene: *Atlanta, Ga., July 10, 1864.* SATAN, MARS.

*Satan.* How go the battles? Tell me, god of war.

*Mars.* Lee is in Petersburg, besieged by Grant.  
Here in Atlanta Johnston is besieged.

Grant moved toward Richmond on the fourth of May;  
Lee fought him in the Wilderness three days,  
Then three days more near Spottsylvania.  
June came. Cold Harbor saw Grant's legions hurled  
In desperation against Lee's command,  
Until ten thousand fell in half an hour.  
Less than one month of such fierce warfare gave  
Near fourscore thousand of Grant's veterans  
To gory graves or to disabling wounds—  
A larger number than Lee's gallant force!  
The Fed'ral chief then turned toward Petersburg  
To ground he might have reached without a fight.  
While Grant sought Richmond o'er a bloody road,  
Three thousand soldiers and a few cadets  
Attacked and routed fifteen thousand men.  
The men fought under Sigel; the brave boys  
Were led by Breekinridge to victory.  
Then to the far-famed valley Hunter came,  
In expectation of submissive prey.  
But Early, having less than half his force,  
Drove the foul fire-fiend in hot haste away  
Beyond the Alleghanies, toward the west.  
At last accounts Early and Breekinridge  
Had whipped Lew Wallace at Monacacy,  
And scared almost to death the trembling crew  
That rules the nation now at Washington.  
As to these men whose movements we behold,  
They marched from Chattanooga May the seventh.  
At Dalton sixty thousand well-drilled troops  
Were flanked by twice their number and fell back.  
Resaca's two days' fighting was in vain:  
On the fifteenth commenced a forced retreat.  
At Dallas fighting was again renewed,  
Lost Mountain next became their battle-ground.  
A three days' fight led Johnston to retreat.  
At Kennesaw Hood was repulsed with loss.  
Five days elapsed, and June the twenty-eighth  
Saw Sherman's fierce assault and his repulse;  
When he would strike and storm great Kennesaw  
He failed, but his flank movements drove his foe  
Into Atlanta early yesterday.

Around this place will fiercest conflicts rage;  
 For if it yields, the South will lose car-works,  
 Machine-shops, foundries, arms, and army stores;  
 And Sherman march triumphant to the sea.  
 'Tis said that Johnston's Fabian policy  
 Is criticised by many wordy ones,  
 Who ask for battles—battles every day;  
 And that the cautious chief must stand aside  
 And give his place to one more venturesome.  
 See, there is McPherson, this army's pride.  
 He reconnoiters the defenses now.

Scene: Winchester, Va., October 22, 1864. ABDIEL, ITHURIEL, ZEPHON, RAPHAEL.

*Abdiel.* Comrades, call forth with sympathetic speed  
 The swift-winged ministers of heavenly help.  
 The people of this valley need their aid.  
 With ribald mirth their enemies proclaim  
 That sword and ax and torch have made this land  
 So desolate that birds of rapid flight  
 In passing o'er it must provide their food,  
 And take it with them on their desert way.  
 As to the people they have doomed to die,  
 They say starvation is too good for them.

*Zephon.* Why so? Are they the worst of Adam's race?

*Ithuriel.* God and good angels say they are the best.

*Raphael.* What then is charged against these suffering ones?

*Abdiel.* Defense of native land and native home.  
 Earth has no holier homesteads for her tribes  
 Than decked this valley and these mountain sides.

*Zephon.* Why, then, these horrid vandal outrages?

*Abdiel.* The dastard cruelty of those who rule  
 The war department of a Christian land  
 Finds nothing that can soothe their quaking fears  
 While this heroic valley feeds its sons.  
 The name of Shenandoah strikes alarms

Through every craven heart in Washington.  
Hence the great valley suffers for the frights  
Her children gave to craven tyrant's hearts.

*Raphael.* But what avails the malice of a foe  
Who wreaks his vengeance on the saints of God?  
The slain wear crowns of triumph with the Lord,  
The wounded have the comforts of his grace.  
This fertile soil shall soon renew the wealth  
Barbarian hands have given to the flames.

*Zephon.* How sad the thought that thousands of the  
brave  
Shed their rich blood to fertilize these lands,  
Lest cowardice should meet its dreaded doom!  
How hard that one so brave as Sheridan  
With arson's flames must scorch his laurel-wreaths,  
And to felonious deeds train men in arms!  
Behold the youthful hero of the torch:  
Him pity, while you censure his vile deeds.

Scene: *Ruins of Atlanta, Ga., November 17, 1864.* MARS, SATAN,  
MAMMON, BELIAL.

*Mars.* Call you this war? or is it felony  
Arrayed in all the pride and pomp of arms?

*Mammon.* 'Tis arson marching in a warlike garb,  
And barbarism licensed to destroy.

*Satan.* 'Tis the accomplishment of well-laid plans,  
Which I have worked for nearly fourscore years.  
The hatreds of the sections I have stirred  
Until they stop at nothing in their rage.  
It was not thus that Scott fought Mexico,  
Nor thus that Grant and Sherman learned to fight.  
'Twas I that taught this modern art of war.

*Mammon.* This burning property finds no excuse,  
Nothing to palliate such wanton waste.

*Mars.* My grand old heathen heroes would have  
scorned  
To drive out widows from their peaceful homes

Or banish infancy from cradle-beds.  
 They fought with men—with stalwart men in arms.  
 Rome's worst fanatics never could have driv'n  
 The mighty Julius to perform such deeds.

*Satan.* I marvel greatly at my own success  
 In banishing from peaceful, quiet homes  
 Defenseless thousands to far western scenes  
 To toil among their distant enemies,  
 Or die from home and much loved native land.

*Belial.* And so do I. How was it all contrived?

*Satan.* These Georgians are the saints of the Most  
 High.  
 His angels guard and train them for the skies;  
 His providence works all things for their good.  
 But earthly retribution gave me power  
 To have them banished as the Cherokees,  
 By Georgians banished, lost their native land.

*Mammon.* God gave the Cherokees a better land.  
 He'll make these Georgians profit by their loss!  
 So end in disappointment all our schemes  
 Against the servants of the Lord most high.

*Satan.* Mammon, you have of late grown insolent.  
 Like other purse-proud people, you're too bold.

*Belial.* Yes, that he is. He even prates against  
 My chosen crony, great Tecumseh S.  
 What if he does burn towns and cities here?  
 That Indian name avenges Cherokees.

*Mars.* The red Tecumseh whose great name he wears  
 Never made war on women and on babes,  
 Nor fired the cities of his enemies.  
 A thousand Proctors, Stantons, or the like,  
 In vain had put red torches in his hands.

*Satan.* More than four months have passed since we  
 met here.  
 Then Johnston was besieged by mighty hosts.  
 Please tell us how the war is going since.

*Mars.* Johnston was superseded by brave Hood.  
 In three assaults upon the Union lines  
 The new commander lost more fighting men  
 Than Johnston had in quite as many months.  
 At last to save his army Hood marched off,  
 And with September Sherman entered in  
 And took possession of his costly prize,  
 In four months losing forty thousand men,  
 Among them McPherson, his noblest chief.  
 He still has sixty thousand well-armed troops  
 Marching triumphant eastward to the sea;  
 While Hood moves backward, hoping to cut off  
 Sherman's connection with the great North-west.  
 Vain hope! He leads his heroes back to face  
 O'erwhelming numbers of his well-drilled foes,  
 Led by the very ablest of their chiefs.  
 One only chance has he of victory:  
 Fanatic fury never can forgive  
 Thomas for being born on Southern soil.  
 The imbeciles at Washington propose  
 To move the gen'ral from his high command.  
 'Tis said that Grant puts Logan in his place.  
 If this be done, Hood may expect success.

*Satan.* What of the armies under Lee and Grant?

*Mars.* They fight like crazy fiends at Petersburg,  
 Where greedy, gaping graves swallow in haste  
 Uncounted thousands slaughtered day by day,  
 Replaced by victims drawn from ev'ry land.

*Satan.* You told of Early threat'ning Washington,  
 Alarming the weak rulers of the land,  
 Whipping Lew Wallace near Monocacy.  
 Was he allowed in safety to escape?

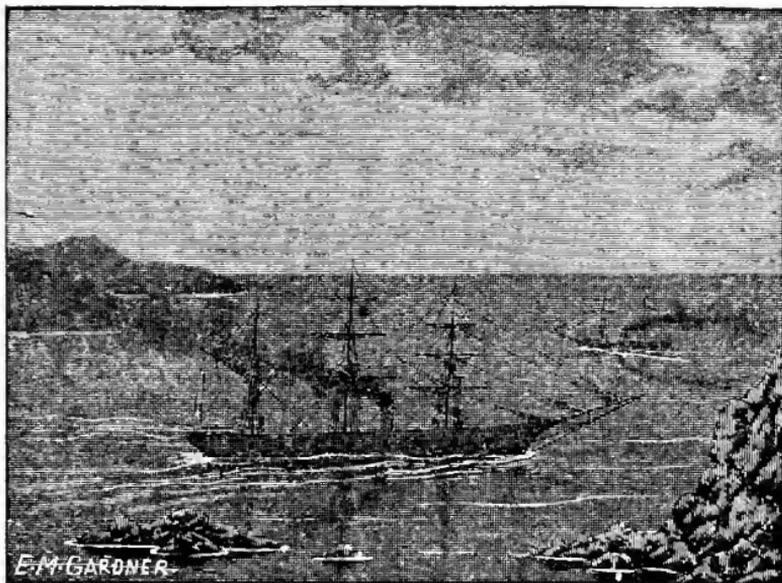
*Mars.* He was; and took vast quantities of stores.  
 Wright followed him as far as Winchester.  
 But Early turned and drove Wright's army back;  
 Then captured Chambersburg, demanding cash  
 To pay for buildings Hunter had burned down,

Which they refused. Then, to retaliate,  
 He turned barbarian, and sent a torch  
 To fire the town; retreated from the State,  
 With rich supplies of military stores.  
 Then Sheridan, with forty thousand men,  
 Defeated Early and began his work  
 Of desolation with both ax and torch.  
 Leaving his vandal task to underlings,  
 He sought his patrons at the capital,  
 To tell of all the wonders he had wrought.  
 Early returned, surprised the Union camp,  
 Scattered and drove the troops like frightened sheep,  
 Took their artillery and all their stores.  
 Then the Confed'rates stopped to rest and eat,  
 But Sheridan, returning, met his men,  
 Turned back the fugitives and made them fight,  
 Till they recovered the great guns they lost,  
 And with them won a noted victory.  
 Since then the war-worn valley's plundered homes  
 Have no defense against consuming fires.  
 The helplessness of outraged innocence  
 Sees food and barns and mills and fences blaze,  
 Revealing famine's ghastly countenance.

*Satan.* How fares the navy in these fighting times?

*Mars.* The Union fleets blockade the Southern coasts,  
 Seal up Confederate ports and banish trade.  
 Lieutenant Cushing sunk the "Albatross"  
 In Roanoke River with a torpedo.  
 'Twas bravely done, and won him much applause.  
 In Mobile Harbor Farragut displayed  
 Great skill and courage as an admiral.  
 Lashed to his flag-ship's rigging he remained  
 Till forts and ships and monster iron-clad rams  
 Pulled down their flags and Mobile was his prize.  
 Confed'rate ships have fought most gallantly,  
 Destroying commerce at a fearful rate,  
 Making their flag the terror of the seas,  
 But gaining nothing for their sinking cause.  
 Yet "Alabama," "Sumter," "Florida,"

And other softly spoken Southern names  
Sent consternation among Northern ships.  
When Semmes met Winslow on the coast of France,  
A foeman worthy of his steel was found.



THE "SUMTER" CHASED BY THE "IROQUOIS."

An hour of battle ended in defeat  
To Semmes, who saw the "Alabama" sunk.  
An English yacht saved the brave captain's life,  
But Winslow on the "Kearsarge" won the fight,  
And proudly walked his deck a conqueror.

## BOOK TENTH.

---

Scene: *The Capitol, Nashville, Tenn., December 13, 1864.*

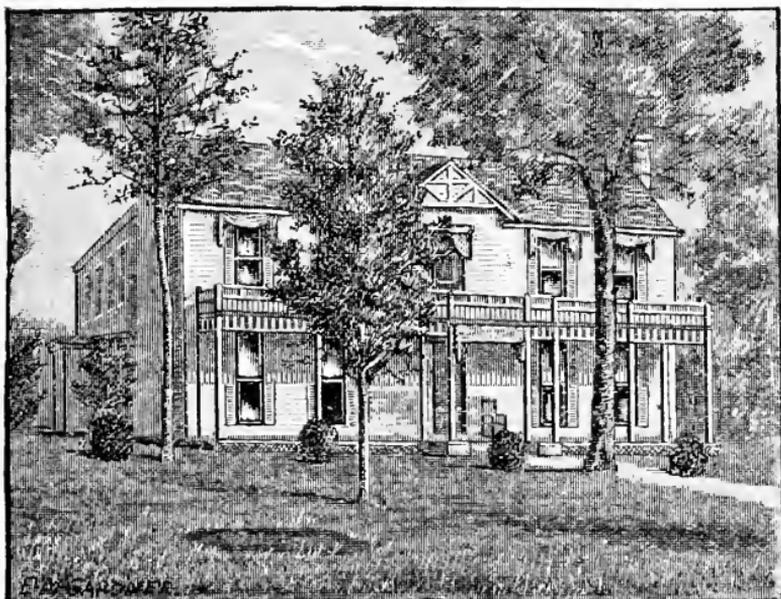
*Mars.* From this proud Capitol how grand the view !  
Rome's seven hills by seven multiplied  
Could never match what we behold to-day ;  
Nor had the Tiber, in its hour of pride,  
Such sparkling waters as the Cumberland,  
Nor all antiquity a braver man  
Than he whose statue will adorn these grounds, )  
His heroism might have well sufficed  
For twice ten thousand ordinary men,  
With quite enough to make a Cæsar left.  
The recollection of his glorious deeds,  
Inspiring generations yet unborn  
With patriotic valor, shall raise up  
Defenders of his much loved native land  
Against all foes throughout all time to come.

*Satan.* What of the living issues of these times ?  
What can you say of yesterday's great fight ?

*Mars.* Thomas, the conq'ring hero of the day,  
Is much the ablest gen'ral of the North,  
But never fully trusted by the men  
Who rule to ruin this great government.  
To serve them he had trampled on State pride,  
Fought for the North and her compatriots,  
Gave his Virginia talents to their cause,  
Won vict'ries for them, saved them in defeat,  
Endured Virginia's blushes and her frowns,  
Through sadd'ning years of sanguinary war.  
The rulers, hating his brave Southern blood,  
Had issued orders, and had sent them on,  
Dismissing Thomas from his high command.

*Satan.* How could he lead the army if removed?

*Mars.* His generalship had taught him when to strike  
And vict'ry taught the prudent messenger  
That orders from his master came too late  
To vanquish such a victor and disgrace  
The hero of so many gallant deeds.  
Hood had come north, indulging in high hopes;  
At Franklin fought with Schofield, who retired  
Behind intrenchments Thomas had thrown up,



GENERAL HOOD'S HEAD-QUARTERS NEAR NASHVILLE.

While Hood made ready to begin the siege,  
Thomas moved from his works and routed him.  
Hood and his men fought bravely to the last;  
But yesterday his bleeding, shattered ranks  
Turned sadly southward, fleeing from their foes,  
With five and twenty thousand comrades lost.  
Thomas and Schofield, coming up the walk  
Meet Andrew Johnson, the war Governor.

Scene: *Columbia, S. C., February 20, 1865.* ABDIEL, ITHURIEL,  
ZEPHON, RAPHAEL.

*Abdiel.* War fills the earth with most atrocious crimes.  
The righteous suffer and require our aid.  
I followed Sherman's forces to the sea,  
And saw Hardee, with fifteen thousand men,  
Forsake Savannah and retire in haste,  
While Sherman's forces proudly entered in.  
I've seen the sky lit up with hellish flames,  
And heard the shrieks of outraged innocence,  
And helped in many a case of sore distress,  
But never witnessed aught that equals deeds  
Of lawless villains in this commonwealth.

*Ithuriel.* I found the saintly Bachman in the hands  
Of ruffians who wore Union shoulder-straps.  
God's aged servant suffers their abuse  
Because he shielded helpless womanhood.  
I had them captured by the good man's friends  
And brought to beg for mercy at his feet.  
He spared them, and refused to have them slain.

*Zephon.* I turned away the furious tongues of flame  
That threatened to consume the lowly home  
Where faithful Dinah trusted God and prayed.

*Raphael.* I saw Hardee leave Charleston with his  
troops;  
And from devouring flames I rescued men,  
And saved fair women from ills worse than death.  
The old flag floats in triumph o'er this State  
But to protect base bummers, thieves, and brutes,  
Turned loose to prey upon defenseless homes.  
How long, how long will Sherman's Christian men  
Permit their troops t' indulge in such black crimes?  
Northward the army moves in grand array,  
While conflagrations blaze along its march,  
And fiendish men stray from its serried ranks  
To carry consternation to sad homes.  
Behold the hell-hounds searching for their prey!

Scene: *Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865.* MAES, BELIAL, MAMMON.

*Mars.* The oft defeated army still fights on.  
This morning Johnston, who commands again,  
Attacked his enemies and would have gained  
A glorious victory but for the fight  
Made by brave troops by Jeff C. Davis led.  
They held the field and saved the scattered hosts.

*Belial.* No wonder Johnston hoped for victory.  
Hosts of base fellows of the vilest class  
Went off from Sherman's army to attack  
Weak women, little children, and poor slaves.

*Mammon.* And larger numbers of my thieving friends  
Were absent laying hold on property.  
Kirkpatrick's cavalry rode forth in pride  
To strike at Hampton on the eighth of March;  
But they were driv'n for refuge to the swamps,  
And hardly managed to escape on foot,  
Saved by a part of Slocum's army corps.  
Two more strong army corps approach this place.  
See! their successful leaders come this way.  
There's valiant Terry, whose brave forces took  
Fort Fisher after B. F. Butler failed;  
And there is Schofield, late in Tennessee,  
When Thomas scattered Hood's most valiant troops.

Scene: *Steps of the Capitol, Richmond, Va., Sunday morning, April 2, 1865.* GABRIEL, RAPHAEL, ITHURIEL, ZEPHON, URIEL.

*Raphael.* How lovely is this sacred Sabbath-day!  
How bright the sunshine, and how green the hills  
Reflected by James River's crystal flood!  
See swelling buds adorning ev'ry tree,  
And song-birds making charming melody.  
The sound of sweet-toned bells invites to prayer.  
The little ones already sing God's praise,  
And lovely women lead their joyful songs.  
The aged and infirm send up to heav'n  
Devout thanksgiving for celestial gifts.  
The pris'ners and the wounded call on God  
For gracious help in this their time of need.

The pious slaves, with rich religious joy,  
 Crowd to the temples of the living God.  
 Blessed with the liberty that Jesus gives,  
 Their human bondage lightly bears on them.  
 So much of grace pervades this atmosphere  
 It seems a happy half-way place to heav'n.  
 And this, in spite of vast beleaguering hosts  
 That gather to destroy these Christian homes.

*Ithuriel.* Yes, and the war grows fiercer hour by hour.  
 Six thousand men were captured yesterday  
 From the defeated army of the South.  
 'Tis whispered Petersburg must shortly yield;  
 And when it falls, Richmond must share its fate.  
 But see! the ministers of God go forth  
 To lead the worship of good citizens  
 In all the sanctity of godliness.  
 There's Duncan, Doggett, Minnegerode, and Hogue;  
 And there is Burroughs, an adopted son,  
 True to his foster-mother to the last.  
 Promiscuous crowds now pass on solemnly,  
 Gazing intently upon Washington,  
 Whose statue seems to bless them from its height.

*Uriel.* There is the President, with form erect;  
 He seeks support from Him who governs all.  
 God help that honored heir of many woes!  
 This day Grant orders a severe assault  
 By such a force as never charged before.

*Zephan.* And must these saints surrender to their foes?

*Gabriel.* 'Tis possible. "God chastens whom he loves."  
 Let us unseen go worship where they meet.

Scene: *Richmond, Va., noon, April 2, 1865.* SATAN, MAMMON,  
 CHEMOSH, BELIAL.

*Satan.* Ha, comrades, this religious calm soon ends!  
 Strange people are these pious Southerners!  
 I moved my people greedily for gain  
 To bring barbarian slaves to this fair land,  
 Hoping to so demoralize the whites  
 That with their servants they would sink to hell.

But the black wretches soon were taught to pray  
 And hymn the praises of the Lord most high.  
 Another generation would have swept  
 Th' improving Ethiops far from my control,  
 While those who ruled them gracefully displayed  
 Devotion, piety, and holy zeal,  
 With morals pure and manners so refined  
 As won the admiration of mankind.  
 I gave them war and drenched their land with blood;  
 And yet while millions threaten them with death,  
 They pray and sing and preach, and offer Christ  
 To ev'ry ragamuffin in their camps.  
 And Richmond with the "Bummers" at her doors,  
 Still goes to Church and keeps the Sabbath-day.  
 I'll let her know hell hates such worshipers!  
 Her pious homes, consumed by raging flames,  
 Shall give her children to the midnight storms.  
 I'll wreak my fury on the whole broad land,  
 My foot-prints now are seen in battle-fields,  
 In countless graves and trenches of the slain,  
 In piles of ruins and in rising smoke.  
 Proud, patient people look upon it all,  
 And say they trust in God for better days.  
 But they shall yet "curse the great God and die."  
 Some shall be banished to far foreign climes;  
 The gloom of dungeons others shall enshroud,  
 While iron fetters cramp most honored forms.  
 Worse still! worse still! these pious polished saints  
 Shall have for rulers through long, weary months  
 The lowest, vilest, most outrageous tools  
 That earth or hell or the whole universe  
 Can furnish to my hand to govern them.

*Mammon.* Ho! Satan, did you see that messenger,  
 Who at the Church called out the President?  
 Lee is retreating now from Petersburg.  
 Richmond must also soon be given up,  
 And there will be much booty to divide.

*Belial.* And there will be disorder here to-night.

*Baal.* And fires will blaze extensively around.

*Chemosh.* The worshipers desert the churches now

*Belus.* The rulers are assembling in hot haste.

*Mammon.* The treasure chests go rumbling toward the  
cars,

Guarded by trusty soldiers with due care.

There's Davis, Breckinridge, and their small force,

Bound for Amelia Court-house to meet Lee.

Thence to seek Johnston and combine their strength.

*Satan.* But I have counteracted their design.

Starvation will confront them at that place,

To Danville I have forwarded the trains.

To-morrow enemies will triumph here.

Soon the whole South must yield to conquerors.

Scene: *McLean's Orchard, Appomattox Court-house, Va., 1 o'clock,  
April 9, 1865.*

*Uzziel.* Contending armies still surround our steps  
And dying groans are heard on ev'ry hand.

*Abdiel.* The strife grows fiercer as if near its close.

*Ithuriel.* At Deatonsville Lee lost six thousand men,

At Farnville burned the bridges in his rear,

Sent Longstreet to secure the Lynchburg road

To give his starving troops a safe retreat;

But Sheridan was there to drive him back,

And close the only pathway of escape.

*Raphael.* Then must the dauntless hero soon submit.

*Zophiel.* Already the conditions have been named

On which the troops of Lee lay down their arms.

The gen'rous magnanimity of Grant

In this his hour of triumph and renown

Is admirable, and deserves high praise.

Lee's dignity and grandeur in defeat

Crown the illustrious hero of the South

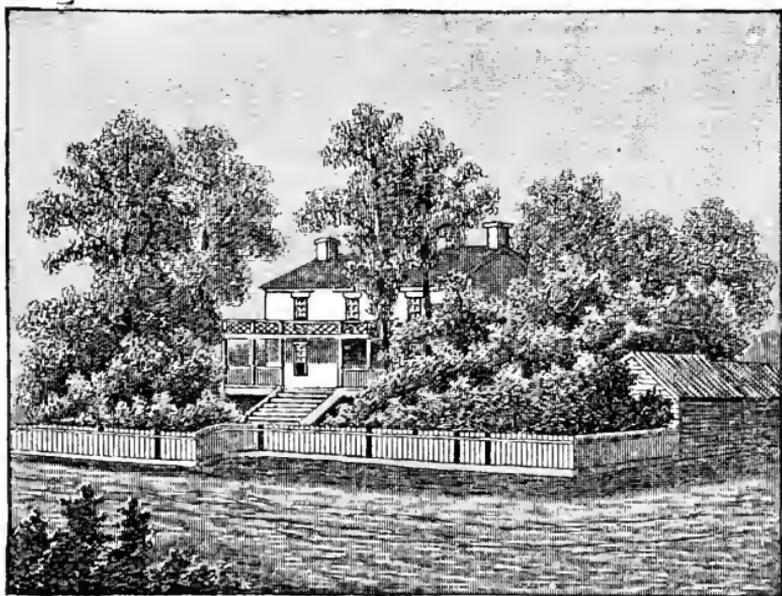
With the completeness of a character

By grace refined, by suff'ring perfected.

Behold the foremost men of this broad land!

Grant leads the millions of a conq'ring host;

Lee, in adversity, stands forth confessed  
 The noblest product of the centuries—  
 A peerless, modest, brave, heroic, grand,  
 Unostentatious Christian gentleman!  
 Earth has no soldier worthy to receive  
 The battle-blade of such a man as Lee.  
 Grant knows it. He will never take that sword!  
 But leave it to be wielded by the hand  
 Of him from whom he learned in joyous youth  
 With stainless hand to grasp the spotless prize  
 Fame offers to the valiant and the pure.



THE HOUSE WHERE LEE SURRENDERED.

Scene: *Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., April 14, 1865.* SATAN,  
 BELIAL.

*Belial.* Satan, what next? Your war must shortly end.  
 Johnston's and Kirby Smith's and other troops  
 Must soon surrender and go home to work.

*Satan.* Yes, and the Fed'ral army will disband;  
 But my great conflict with the pow'rs above  
 Knows no cessation, nor an hour of truce:

I now propose a bloody tragedy  
 To startle angels and astound mankind.  
 An actor here, who from his infancy  
 Has been familiar with the tragic stage,  
 Has long sought opportunity to seize  
 The President and all his cabinet,  
 And hasten with them through the Southern lines  
 As pris'ners to negotiate for peace.  
 Of course he failed; but his poor silly dupes,  
 Hare-brained and stage-struck, wait upon his will,  
 Ready to deal out death if he commands.  
 The conquered South in hopeless ruin lies;  
 Its rulers even now are fugitives.  
 This actor's best loved friend was doomed to death  
 For a most daring feat performed by Beall  
 Upon the waters of the Chesapeake;  
 The President refused to save Booth's friend.  
 Booth's crazed, and I have instigated him  
 To act the assassin on this very night,  
 While his copartners in this dreadful crime  
 Seek noted victims in their quiet homes.  
 Behold the actor, with a deadly aim  
 To slay the nation's most important man,  
 Kindling to fury all the wrathful flames  
 That now between the angry sections blaze!

GABRIEL *enters.*

*Gabriel.* Horror of horrors! blackest of all crimes!  
 A bold assassin slays the President.  
 Quite unfamiliar with theatric scenes,  
 I'm here too late to save him from his fate.  
 Satan's malignity has triumphed here.

Scene: *Durham, N. C., April 18, 1865.* MICHAEL, UZZIEL, ARIEL.

*Ariel.* Nine days have passed since Lee's brave veterans  
 Laid down their arms and homeward turned their steps,  
 In peace to tread the paths of poverty;  
 Will Johnston still in bloody strife engage,  
 Aiming by swift retreat toward Mexico  
 To pop the throne that Maximilian claims?

*Michael.* He will not. Never will Americans  
Uphold an Austrian despot on these shores.  
But if they would, the forces led by Grant  
Hedge up all roads that lead troops westwardly.  
When Lee's surrender sealed the Southland's fate,  
Her sons determined blood should cease to flow.  
Troops of the South fought for their principles;  
Failing to win, they nobly claim their place  
Under the flag 'neath which their fathers stood,  
And standing firm defy a world in arms.

*Uzziel.* 'Tis said that Sherman offers Johnston terms  
By which his soldiers become citizens,  
Restored to all the rights that were secured  
When British foes were driven from this land.  
O'er Lee and Grant the flower of chivalry  
Bloomed in the light of Christian principle,  
And men wore superhuman dignity.  
Now Sherman to the troops of Johnston gives  
The conquered all the rights that conq'rors claim.  
He uses language such as charmed mankind  
When Thomas Jefferson still lived and wrote  
Of civil liberty and equal rights.  
Sherman, the hero, shows wise statesmanship,  
With scholarly perfection unexcelled.

*Michael.* 'Tis Breckinridge whose classic statesmanship  
Deserves the plaudits you to Sherman pay.  
The Fed'ral chieftain first denied the right  
Of a civilian to take any part  
In the affairs of military men,  
But when reminded that his visitor  
Had been an active Major-general,  
And of the War Department had been chief,  
He kindly condescended to permit  
The great man to be present and assist.  
Then did the might, the majesty of mind  
Assert its natural supremacy,  
As Breckinridge dictated Sherman's terms  
In the most polished language of the schools,  
Until the hero marching toward the sea,

Charmed by the blandishments of Breckinridge,  
 Declared that with but one more social drink  
 He had commanded his entire consent  
 To give his conqu'ring army to his foe,  
 And yield himself a pris'ner of war.  
 But as it is under the great man's lead  
 The Fed'ral gen'ral plays the dictator  
 To elevate the men that Johnston led;  
 And who shall venture to deny his right,  
 As a supreme commander in the field,  
 To dictate terms to his own prisoners?

*Ariel.* 'Twas fortunate that Breckinridge was here  
 To be the advocate of worthy men.

*SATAN approaches.*

*Satan.* Ha, Michael! I yet rule this lower world;  
 I rule to ruin your most hopeful plans.

*Michael.* But, Satan, in his day of mighty power  
 The President, like Sherman, is most kind,  
 And much disposed to pardon all his foes.

*Satan.* The President! He has been dead three days,  
 And I control the madness of these times.  
 Fanatic fury drives to bloody deeds,  
 Wreaking its vengeance upon multitudes;  
 It e'en hates Sherman for his last kind act,  
 And soon will wrest all power from his hands.  
 Lincoln would have restrained it; he is gone.  
 It would hang Lee and Johnston if it could,  
 And millions of the people of the South.  
 This Breckinridge, with all his wondrous gifts,  
 'Twill to the ocean drive in a frail skiff.  
 But, Michael, I've no time to waste on you:  
 This is my most important harvest time.

*Michael.* Perverted talents, as in Satan seen,  
 Are quite enough to make archangels weep.  
 Capacities for good, in men unused,  
 All run to waste because of enmity.

A hundred thousand filled not Johnston's place  
When he no longer was in high command;  
Yet this great nation ostracises him,  
And would if fiercest foes were raging round.  
Such is the fruit of war between the States;  
So Breckinridge, a statesman from his youth,  
Will soon be banished from the land he loves.  
Uncounted generations of the past  
Hereditary virtues have sent down  
To give in him "assurance of a man"  
Possessed of every needed excellence.  
With Buena Vista's laurels on his brow,  
Wit, genius, learning, talents in his brain,  
And oratory flowing from his lips;  
Honors came crowding thickly round his steps,  
And fame proclaimed his greatness in his youth.  
He distanced competition, and looked down  
On every rival of his grand career,  
Until the highest place was in his reach  
That any nation ever had to give,  
And then lamented that they had not more  
To lavish on the object of their love.  
But fiery factions blazed around his path,  
And drove him from his highway of renown  
To give a section talents that belonged  
To every foot of his dear native land.  
True to his friends, he fought their battles well,  
When fiercer partisans had ceased to fight,  
Upheld their government until it fell  
A pile of hopeless ruins at his feet.  
Then sent his kinsman of the silv'ry tongue,  
Most eloquent of all his country's sons,  
With true Kentuckians to guard the way  
Of his great chieftain through the forest's gloom;  
Till Davis chose seclusion as his guard,  
And was betrayed by darkness to his foes.  
Kentucky's hero grandly gave himself;  
No other had so much to sacrifice  
On friendship's altar for his countrymen—  
Youth, health, wealth, office, power, promotion, fame—  
But Breckinridge gave all to honor's cause.

Scene: *Capitol, Washington, D. C., May 20, 1865.* GABRIEL, ITHURIEL.

*Gabriel.* Once more peace walks the earth with graceful steps,  
 Most gently stretching forth her loving hands,  
 Releasing pris'ners and disarming foes,  
 Disbanding armies and conducting home  
 Husbands long banished from their loving wives,  
 Sons to their parents, lovers to fond maids,  
 And fathers to their little, prattling babes.  
 On yesterday the new-made President  
 Proclaimed amnesty to Confederates,  
 Except a few conspicuous characters.  
 They'll hasten to repair the waste of war,  
 And with the hand of industry invite  
 Prosperity to visit their abodes.

*Ithuriel.* But will it come since laborers are free?

*Gabriel.* Our God has done so much t' enrich these States,  
 No enemies can keep their people poor.  
 Two questions have been settled by the war:  
 The slaves are free, the Union permanent.  
 If it's oppressive, there's no remedy;  
 To this rash revolution all submit.  
 Secession and disunion now are dead,  
 And with them negro slavery expired.  
 This change admitted, other things remain  
 As they have been for nearly eighty years.  
 The North made war for union, so she said,  
 And freed the slaves in order to success.  
 She has succeeded, and of course the States  
 Are in the places which they tried to leave.  
 So Lincoln said, and so says Johnson now.  
 This was the theory on which the war  
 Was prosecuted to its bloody end.  
 Men who believe that States might freely leave  
 Of course denied the right to drive them back;  
 But if the Constitution gave the right  
 To coerce States and force them to remain,  
 Or drive the straying wand'ers back again,

'Twas to the very places that they left,  
With all their rights and duties unimpaired;  
If not, coercion was atrocious crime.

*Ithuriel.* But you forget that Satan heads the gang  
Of desperadoes that now rule the land;  
You'll not expect consistency in them,  
They would have deposed Lincoln, had he lived  
T' oppose their furious onslaughts on the South.  
To them the Constitution and the laws  
Seem "leagues with death and covenants with hell"  
When they protect the people of the South  
Against malicious, furious, fiendish rage.  
Johnson has hated aristocracy,  
Proclaimed himself the champion of the poor;  
Has loved the Union, and has risked his life  
In its defense among its enemies.  
He may be rash and rough, but he is brave,  
And will uphold th' authority of law;  
What seems to him his duty he'll perform  
In spite of whatsoever may oppose.  
Vindictive cruelty may sometimes hurl  
Unnecessary insults at his foes,  
And suff'ring, too, if they're of high degree;  
But to the lowly he is ever kind.  
Behold the poor man's ever faithful friend!  
Th' unpurchasable champion of the poor  
Boldly defies the hosts of Mammon led  
In this proud capitol, where capital  
Controls the legislation of the land,  
And dominates obsequious cabinets.

Scene: *Richmond, Va., May, 1867.* ABDIEL, ARIEL, ZOPHIEL, ZEPHON.

*Abdiel.* What brings my faithful comrades here to-day?

*Ariel.* We come th' escort of one who needs our aid;  
Two years have passed since Davis ceased to rule  
The noblest people earth has ever seen.  
Since then this chosen ruler has become  
A great vicarious suff'rer for his class  
And for the people over whom he ruled.

*Zephon.* How so? And why should he such suff'rings bear?

*Ariel.* Some think t' avenge the wrongs of negro slaves,  
And vindicate the government of God.

*Zophiel.* Did not our God give laws to govern slaves?  
And did not that convey a right t' enslave?

*Ariel.* God did give laws to govern human slaves,  
But not a law to make of freemen slaves.  
Man kidnaps man: thus slavery begins.  
The kidnapper was wicked, and his prey,  
Per possibility, more wicked still.  
The rude barbarians became merchandise  
By commerce taken to plantation homes.  
The master can be fiend-like, if he will,  
And suffer for the sins that he commits;  
Or, like the friend of God, great Abraham,  
May train the servants born in his own house  
To be the valiant soldiers of the Lord.  
The law of God to masters and to slaves  
Proposes to bestow upon them both  
The glorious freedom of the sons of God.

*Zophiel.* Where rests the guilt of human slavery  
As it existed in the Southern States?

*Ariel.* For more than fourscore years the British  
king,  
And his rich lords of trade forced negro slaves  
Upon the people of their colonies.  
Virginia protested; but the rude blacks,  
To make the British rich, were sent in droves.  
The far-famed "bargain" which New England made  
With Georgians and with Carolinians  
To bring them slaves for fully twenty years,  
Doubled the numbers of the servile race.  
In spite of protests from the other States  
The East received millions of yellow gold  
For black slaves bought with rum, and in exchange  
For souls of white men unto Satan given.

*Zophiel.* Did not the mad men of the North predict  
An insurrection of the Southern slaves,  
Filling the land with arson, murder, lust,  
And nameless horrors such as Hayti saw?

*Ariel.* They did. It was not soldiers, arms, nor forts  
Kept their predictions from becoming true;  
Nor politicians nor patrolling guards  
Preserved the sanctity of Southern homes.  
'Twas Christian love among religious slaves  
That neutralized barbarian viciousness.  
The saintly women of the sunny South,  
Gentle, refined, meek, modest, pious, pure,  
Most beautiful, most lovely, and best loved  
Of all Eve's fairest, fascinating train,  
Have claimed the sooty children of their slaves  
For virtuous heirs of immortality:  
Meek, humble followers of Jesus Christ.  
John Brown and his most fiendish followers  
In vain have hoped for San Domingan scenes  
Among the true disciples of the Lamb.

*Zophiel.* If slavery thus Christianizes slaves,  
Why not enslave the whole of Africa?

*Ariel.* So thousands argued against common sense.  
It did not save the slaves of other lands:  
'Twas Christianity that Christianized.  
The Methodists and Baptists of the South  
Have brought more Africans to Jesus Christ  
Than have been gathered upon heathen ground  
Of all earth's tribes by all earth's ministers.

*Zophiel.* You charge the guilt of Southern slavery  
Against Great Britain and New England States;  
Does no part of it rest upon the South?  
Men of the South once hated it, but now  
They all have learned t' embrace it lovingly.

*Ariel.* Yes, *Zophiel*, to those slav'ry-hating men  
Its horrors and its profits all belonged;  
But the great guilt of gross mismanagement  
Rests on the South with more than mountain weight.

The South loathed slavery till the mighty North  
Would wriggle out of all the covenants  
Made with slave-holders in more honest times,  
And called their benefactors criminals.  
Then hatred seemed to drive out common sense;  
Then Southern men defended slavery.  
They said it was a blessing sent from God,  
A blessing to the master and the slave:  
Each son of Japhet owed it to the Lord  
To capture and enslave some child of Ham,  
To the great glory of the Lord most high.  
This theory was never practiced there,  
But something worse grew out of hellish hate  
Between the sections of a Christian land.  
To charge God with the guilt of slavery  
Was most insulting to the Holy One,  
But the domestic slave trade was far worse.  
When Southern men sold slaves to Southern men,  
The slave might often choose his own new home,  
And keep his loved ones in his neighborhood;  
But this depended on a kindly heart:  
Law must not meddle with a master's rights:  
So said defiant Southern gentlemen.  
They left their slaves without a word of law  
To shield them from the Northern rich man's greed.  
But when the sheriff sold for Northern debts,  
The highest bidder took the human soul,  
And sundered all the slave's most tender ties.  
No matter if the loving master plead,  
Or wept, or cursed to see his playmate sold:  
Away from parents, children, wife, and home,  
The property must bring its highest price.  
In spite of cries and tears from anguished hearts  
The slave was exiled far from all he loved.  
The suff'ers by this lack of kindly law  
Were not barbarians brought from Africa,  
Nor hardened criminals, well steeped in crime,  
But colored Christians born and taught of God.  
The possibility of such hard fate  
Robbed the gay slave of much hilarious glee.  
"Old master's" home was his blest paradise;

To leave it, banishment from Eden's joys.  
 Thousands for sale begged men to purchase them,  
 To keep them near the families they loved.  
 And when they failed to find a purchaser,  
 Lest they should flee to swamps, or Canada,  
 Were thrust into damp jails and bound in iron  
 To go in agony they knew not where.

*Abdiel.* These helpless suff'ers from infernal hate  
 Between the ruling sections of the States  
 Did God forget and fail t' avenge their wrongs?

*Ariel.* I need not talk of retribution now;  
 But slaves are free, and more than all the wealth  
 They ever earned has been destroyed by war.  
 Thousands of wealthy, honored Southern men  
 Have begged for bail to stay in their own homes,  
 When low-bred despots, proud of hate-born rule,  
 Arrested them with spiteful tyranny.  
 And tens of thousands, fearful of arrest,  
 Have dodged the hated "home guards" day and night,  
 Or slept in prisons, fed on prison fare.  
 Hundreds of thousands, men of ev'ry rank,  
 Left happy homes to sicken in the camps;  
 Or way-worn trudged through dank, malarious swamps;  
 Or pined in prison far from friends and home;  
 Or died by thousands battling with fierce foes.

*Abdiel.* Was this t' avenge the wrongs of suff'ring  
 slaves  
 On those who might have shielded them from harm?

*Ariel.* I did not say so, but the white man's lot  
 Was not unlike what the sold slave's had been.  
 Such seeming retribution threatened all  
 Whose hate of Yankee meddling left their slaves  
 So unprotected by the civil law.  
 But there were some conspicuously known  
 Who suffered much from arbitrary pow'r.  
 Those times saw Henry Clay's beloved son  
 Dragged from his happy home and family

To the chief city of his native State,  
 And exiled in the care of hireling guards,  
 As many decent negroes oft had been ;  
 Saw her chief-justice flee to Canada,  
 As pious, sober slaves with haste had fled ;  
 And the chief pastor of the proudest sect  
 Hasten away to dwell in Toronto ;  
 Her loved ex-Governor, a Union man,  
 Dragged from his bed at night by armed men,  
 And hurried off to damp Fort La Fayette,  
 Deprived of all the decencies of life,  
 Thence carried to Fort Warren to reflect  
 On men who won the liberty he lost  
 For failing to appreciate and laugh  
 At obscene jokes from one whose will was fate.  
 So a slave trader might have shown dislike  
 Toward one too pure to relish his coarse wit.  
 Another Governor, who fought three years,  
 Commanding Union troops in active war,  
 Was exiled from his State into a wild,  
 And left to wander without purse or sword,  
 As destitute as any negro slave,  
 Fleeing from traders who bought human souls.  
 His grave offense was voting for his choice  
 Among the men who would be President.  
 I might proceed to tell of thousands more  
 Whose sufferings were such as negroes bore  
 As the result of lack of human law  
 To save them from unnecessary woes,  
 But I forbear to state more instances.  
 Undignified contentions now prevail  
 Between the Congress and the President.  
 While they contend about prerogatives  
 And how the conquered States shall be controlled,  
 The Southland suffers from the worst misrule  
 Bad negroes and worse white men can inflict.  
 Plantation government, by blacks or whites,  
 Was not considered half so villainous.

*Abdiel.* Can there be retribution in the fact  
 That white men must endure misgovernment?

*Ariel.* I did not say so. You may judge of that.  
I said that he who ruled by their free choice  
The noblest sons and daughters of their race  
Is a vicarious suff'rer for his class  
And the proud people he was called to rule;  
That this great man has borne indignities  
And sufferings beyond comparison  
With any borne by other Christian men.  
A price was set upon his honored head;  
He was accused of most atrocious crimes,  
Was hounded through the land that honored him.  
Mad millions loudly clamored for his blood,  
And sung of hanging him upon a tree.  
Chased through the forest paths of three great States,  
Th' illustrious fugitive at dawn of day  
Was torn from much loved family and friends,  
And rudely hurried to the Chesapeake.  
Fortress Monroe became his prison house,  
Made strong by his own care in happier days.  
There the meek invalid was doomed to wear  
The iron fetters of despotic rule.  
When the sick suff'rer saw the manacles  
And the rough men to fetter his weak limbs,  
Astonishment almost suspended thought.  
Soon indignation gave him such great strength  
That men and shackles were thrown off with ease,  
And manhood's majesty defiant stood  
Proof against degradation by his foes.  
Exhaustion followed effort. There he lay,  
The helpless victim of infernal hate,  
With iron on his limbs and in his soul.  
The tread of sentinels drove sleep away:  
No quiet moment visited his cell,  
No secret corner hid from watchful eyes,  
By day or night this modest gentleman.  
Brave sentinels abhorred the cruel task  
That made them seem like Gorgons or foul fiends,  
With horrid looks converting men to stone.  
The army surgeons in the name of God,  
Inhumanity, and their great science plead  
For one whose virtues had made them his friends

Two years' subjection to tyrannic whims  
 Have failed to crush the patient sufferer.  
 He comes to-day demanding liberty  
 Or a fair trial through the courts of law.  
 They hold him still for trial. He gives bail.  
 He never will be tried. He's innocent.  
 No law condemns the victim of hell's hate,  
 So his worst enemies must now admit.

*Abdiel.* If God avenged the wrongs of negro slaves  
 Upon the honored men of Southern States,  
 Did that excuse or justify the wrongs  
 Inflicted upon Davis and his friends,  
 And on the humbler millions of the South?

*Ariel.* No, no! Stern retribution follows fast  
 In footsteps of wrong-doers of all grades:  
 Some in this life, more in the life to come.

Scene: *Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C., May 26, 1868.* SATAN,  
 MARS, MAMMON, BELUS, BELIAL.

*Satan.* Comrades, the rulers of this continent  
 Have fallen upon most unhappy times.  
 Davis was hunted, captured, bound in iron,  
 Accused of crimes, confined two years, gave bail,  
 And then demanding trial was denied.  
 In Lincoln's hour of triumph he was shot,  
 Mourned by the men who were his enemies.  
 The Mexicans dethroned their emperor,  
 And doomed him to the penalty of death.  
 'Tis said that Johnson, who is now impeached,  
 Will be expelled from his high place to-day  
 By the rash men who rule to ruin here.

*Belial.* They've met their match in this their President.  
 I've watched my big-brained crony from his youth.  
 He seldom fails in what he undertakes.

*Belus.* What have these men against their President?

*Mars.* He was as rough and ready as themselves,  
 Able to comprehend their vicious schemes  
 And counteract the shrewdest of their plans.

At duty's call he vetoed their bad acts,  
 And turned out Stanton from his cabinet.  
 He wished to rule the country four years more  
 And end unconstitutional misrule.

*Mammon.* He need not lose his office for a day:  
 If they hate Johnson, they love money more.

*Satan.* Halt, Mammon, and be careful how you talk!  
 Most Senators may be quite sinful men  
 And like myself may glory in their deeds,  
 But hint not that such great men can be bought.

*Mammon.* I dare not speak against your chosen friends,  
 But may assert that they have all grown rich.  
 The silly honesty of early times  
 Has long been numbered with the things that were.

*Satan.* Mammon, imprudence is your fault of late:  
 You tell our party secrets out of school.  
 While we await the Senate's action here,  
 Let us rehearse the hist'ry of these times.  
 The buying of Alaska was an act  
 To be remembered to the end of time.  
 But I shall watch for opportunities  
 For war between Great Britain and the States  
 About their frozen boundaries and trade.

*Mammon.* The grand old party we have served so well  
 Has proof of our devotion to its cause.  
 With Douglass or with Bell for President,  
 There could have been no war between the States.  
 We beat them by divisions in the ranks  
 Of the majorities opposed to us.  
 When we had beaten them, some kindly words  
 Would have hushed all the storms of discontent.  
 We spoke them not, but let the storm rage on.  
 To serve our faction and preserve its life  
 Has cost ten thousand millions in hard cash  
 And sent a million to untimely graves.  
 Was such a party cheap at such a price?

*Satan.* To us it was. We need its services  
 To curse the country to the end of time.  
 If dying it should cease to work our will,  
 Another like it never could arise  
 To secrete so much venom in its hate.

*Mars.* Its miscreated, monstrous government  
 Of subjugated people in the South  
 By ten black Legislatures of ten States,  
 With lighter-colored Governors to match,  
 Five military rulers with their troops,  
 Over five districts under epaulettes,  
 Fifteen coarse Congressmen to crown the whole.  
 Is complicated, military, mixed,  
 Kaleidoscopic and yet quite unique.  
 Solon, Lycurgus, Numa, Draco, Laud  
 Could never have imagined such a scheme.  
 Stanton and Satan must have hatched it out.  
 Own up now, Satan, tell the truth for once.

*Satan.* What if we did? Who had a better right?  
 See! see! the crowd! The Senate now adjourns.  
 Johnson's acquitted. Yes, he comes this way,  
 With Evarts, Seward, Stanberry, and Chase.  
 See yonder Butler, Stephens, Chandler, Wade,  
 Sumner, and Morrill, Sherman, Morton, Hoar.

Scene: *Boston, Mass., November 12, 1872.* GABRIEL, ZEPHON, AB-  
 DIEL.

*Zephon.* What means this burning mass of merchan-  
 dise,  
 This crumbling granite and this melting iron?  
 Here blazes eighty millions of heaped wealth  
 On threescore acres of rich Boston's ground!  
 A year ago Chicago saw fierce flames  
 Consume two hundred millions at one time,  
 Spread over more than three square miles of land.  
 The great North-west has been so scorched by flames  
 That dwellings, factories, stores, merchandise,  
 Green, growing crops, and rich, ripe, luscious fruits,  
 And even vegetables under ground  
 Have been devoured by the hungry heat.

I've seen it all, and asked myself the while  
 Whether their boisterous glee and joyful shouts  
 O'er flames that blazed upon Atlanta's hills,  
 Or lit the skies o'er Georgia's villages,  
 Or gave unfading glory to the land  
 Where flows the Shenandoah's sparkling stream,  
 Has aught to do with these calamities.

*Gabriel.* 'Tis not for us to judge the sons of men,  
 Or pour out retribution on their heads.  
 I saw th' unseemly mirth of which you speak.  
 These blazes bring to mem'ry their offense,  
 But kindle not in them a thought of guilt.  
 'Tis ours to aid all peoples in distress.  
 These troubled ones demand our hearty help.

*Zophiel.* Such losses industry will soon retrieve,  
 And enterprise convert them into gains.  
 But only grace can build good character  
 Amid the ruins by sin's cyclone made.  
 If States may swindle States and compacts break,  
 To profit by collective villainy,  
 Shrewd citizens will rulers imitate,  
 For fraudulent States raise fraudulent citizens,  
 Till rank corruption fills the land with fraud.  
 Wat'ring lean cattle just before they're weighed  
 Suggested wat'ring railroad stocks to sell,  
 And thus get two for one by a sly trick.  
 "Black Friday" gave slick scoundrelism wealth,  
 But covered the great business world with gloom.  
 Commercial ruin came from cornering gold,  
 But gave twelve millions to two swindling men.  
 Tweed and his comrades steal from rich New York  
 Uncounted millions, and insulting ask:  
 "What will you do about this trifling thing?"

*Abdiel.* But worse than this, "The Credit Mobilier"  
 Taints the great Congressmen with basest fraud.  
 From sea to sea the railroad has been laid  
 On the crushed ruins of their characters,  
 And yet with brazen fronts they claim respect  
 Without a blush for their ill-gotten gains.

So universal is corruption now  
That thieves and swindlers most adroitly cling  
To all departments of the government.  
No methodistic honesty can shield  
Nor West Point lofty honor well protect  
The President himself from the shrewd thieves.  
They wind themselves into his confidence,  
And cast the shadows of their crimes on him.

*Gabriel.* 'Tis sad to see so much dishonesty,  
Such universal grabbing after gold;  
But I predicted this great greed for gain  
When hatred seized the reins of government  
And, spurning constitutional restraints,  
Drove madly over all the rights of States.

*Zephon.* This wondrous country still grows rapidly  
In spite of sins and gross mismanagement.  
The broad Pacific ocean from afar  
Sends greetings to th' Atlantic hour by hour,  
And both stretch out strong arms of shining steel  
To grasp hands over this broad continent.  
Thirty-eight millions in their peaceful homes,  
Under one flag in thirty-seven States  
May bid defiance to their ev'ry foe.  
The States are all once more in Congress halls,  
With Senators and Representatives.  
The ruling faction, hoping to secure  
By negro votes a longer lease of power,  
Has made the blacks voters and citizens.  
This gives more Congressmen to Southern States  
Than they have ever had before the war.  
These will be white men chosen by white men,  
Pledged to support a white man's government  
Over the negroes and their Northern friends.  
What will the ghost of Sumner say to this?  
And how will his live friends ward off the force  
Of the reaction of their boomerang?

## BOOK ELEVENTH.

---

Scene: *Centennial Building, Philadelphia, Pa., May 10, 1876.* MICHAEL, GABRIEL, UZZIEL, ITHURIEL, RAPHAEL, ABDIEL, ZOPHIEL, ARIEL, ZADKIEL, ISRAFIEL, AZARIAS.

*Michael.* Comrades, with joy I meet you here to-day  
Amid these works of nature and of art,  
Gathered together out of many lands.  
These signs of peace and progress call for thanks  
To the great Giver of all perfect gifts.

*All.* " We give thee joyful thanks, most gracious Lord,  
For all that thou has done for Adam's race  
And for thy blessings lavished on this land ! "

*Gabriel.* The storms of war were low'ring darkly round  
When we beheld this youthful nation's birth.  
We've watched it through a hundred years of growth,  
And now see giant strength and wisdom joined  
With beauty's blooming, glowing loveliness.  
This exhibition well rewards our care.  
While we await the coming multitude,  
Please tell of great events of recent date.

*Uzziel.* England has paid for damages at sea  
To the rich commerce of America  
By war-ships that went out from British ports,  
Of dollars fifteen millions and a half !  
What would King George the Third have said to that ?  
England concedes to the United States  
The channel boundary which they had claimed  
Near to Vancouver's Isle and Fuca's Straits.  
Grant wanted San Domingo's sunny isle,  
But Sumner was the marplot of his plan.

*Israfiel.* Proud magnates of this land by death laid low  
Await the resurrection trumpet's sound.

Stevens and Stanton, Seward, Sumner, Chase,  
 Wilson and Greeley, Thomas, Canby, Meade,  
 Brave Farragut, and matchless Robert Lee—  
 All silently sleep now in quiet graves,  
 Unnoticed by the busy, bustling world.  
 Still this great country lives and flourishes,  
 The noblest nation in the universe.  
 Hark! Martial music floats upon the air!  
 Four thousand veterans escort their chief  
 And make the welkin ring with their huzzas.  
 Behold the living magnates of to-day!  
 They come to act their parts in this grand scene!  
 See the ambassadors of foreign lands,  
 The judges of earth's highest civil court,  
 The honored Governors of sovereign States,  
 Great Senators and Representatives,  
 Naval and military officers  
 Of highest rank and most successful deeds,  
 Distinguished visitors and citizens,  
 Thousands of women in their loveliness,  
 And gleeful childhood's artless innocence.  
 Who enter? 'Tis the modest President.  
 He takes his seat, and at his side is seen  
 The Emperor and Empress of Brazil.  
 Music rings out! Th' enchanting notes are hushed.  
 Prayer lifts its voice—the suppliant prayers of all  
 Ascend to heav'n from Matthew Simpson's lips.  
 . . . . Hear Whittier's hymn! It sounds as if inspired.  
 To Hawley Welsh presents; and he to Grant  
 The grounds and buildings and their grand array.  
 Grant kindly welcomes all, and then declares  
 The exhibition open to the world.  
 Then with Brazil's great emperor to help,  
 Starts the grand engine that with giant force  
 Propels broad acres of machinery.

Scene: *Pittsburg, Pa., July, 1877.* CHEMOSH, SATAN, MOLOCH,  
 BAAL, MARS, MAMMON, BELIAL, BELUS.

*Satan.* Comrades, what think you of those hellish  
 flames  
 That on red wings soar upward toward the heav'ns?

*Baal.* Their tow'ring grandeur fills me with delight!

*Moloch.* They promise flowing streams of human blood!

*Belus.* I am reminded of old Babylon,  
Tyre, Nineveh, Ecbatana, and Troy,  
Long buried 'neath the ashes of their homes!

*Belial.* I think of present pleasure in rough sport!

*Mars.* I ask for valiant legions to shoot down  
The wretches who disturb the public peace!

*Mammon.* I mourn such waste of so much precious  
wealth!

*Satan.* Here is the "aristocracy of wealth,"  
And the "Democracy of numbers" too,  
That Alexander Hamilton desired.  
The aristocracy of wealth conspired  
To cut down labor's earnings ten per cent.,  
Which meant less food, less clothing, and less fire  
In the rough huts of squalid poverty,  
That millionaires might faster heap their hoards.  
The maddened toilers in the Southland, taught  
By honored officers to light the torch,  
Apply it now to Northern property.  
See in those flames the red, rich, ripening fruits  
Of Sherman's tactics, Hamilton's finance.  
But this destruction is the poor man's loss;  
The rich will make him pay the damages  
In taxes, lower wages, higher rents,  
More costly clothing, fire, food, furniture.  
Less wealth must mean less comfort for the poor.  
The rich can always buy what they desire.

*Chemosh.* These railroad riots and destructive fires  
Spend all their fury on the prosp'rous North;  
The long lines stretching southward are secure.

*Baal.* War taught the Northern workmen how to burn  
The property of men they do not love.  
That lesson Southern men are slow to learn;  
Even the negroes, though exhorted long  
To burn up Southern property, refuse.

Mammon, you study questions of finance,  
 Please tell us whether capital's increase  
 Is detrimental to the lab'ring poor?  
 Whether the poor have any thing to gain  
 By the destruction of a rich man's wealth?

*Mammon.* No; wealth's increase is gainful to all men,  
 And wealth's destruction subjects all to loss.  
 Some get an unfair portion of the gain,  
 And others share too largely in the loss.  
 The strife between labor and capital  
 Is ruinous to both, and ought to cease.  
 If either party grows dissatisfied,  
 Let operatives and machines work on  
 At such fair rates as a just court may fix.  
 Thus, without quarrels or the loss of time,  
 Production still proceeds to increase wealth.  
 Work the machines all day and all night long—  
 Three sets of operatives, each eight hours.  
 Overproduction never need be feared,  
 With free trade in the markets of the world.  
 If public faith is pledged to certain men  
 For their protection against foreigners,  
 Take off the tariff, lay a bounty on  
 To indemnify confiding citizens.  
 Add the just bounty to the general tax,  
 Let the whole Union and each separate State  
 Pay their whole tax into one treasury,  
 From which the States or counties would draw out  
 An equal sum for ev'ry citizen.  
 The only other tax to be assessed  
 Would be by cities for their purposes.  
 To raise the money for that gen'ral tax,  
 Double the duty and the excise on  
 Tobacco and intoxicating drinks.  
 From ev'ry dollar of the capital  
 Of money-making trusts and syndicates,  
 And other corporations of the kind,  
 Collect three mills in each and every year.  
 Raise the deficiency from capital  
 Over one thousand dollars in amount.

*Chemosh.* But what of State rights in a plan like this?

*Mammon.* The right of all to tax the capital  
That hides itself from States in which 'twas earned  
In the great cities where the wealthy live.  
Amend the Constitution to that end.

*Mars.* Tell us what else the nation yet can do  
To save its millions from its millionaires,  
And thus avert the ruin that impends?

*Mammon.* With no taxation on the lab'ring poor  
By tariff, excise, or to license trade.  
Tax heavily the filth, the wastefulness—  
Disease and crime in alcoholic drinks,  
Till prohibition drives them out of use.  
Wash with soft soap at least three times a day  
The mouths of minors who defile themselves  
With snuff, tobacco, or with nicotine  
In any of its varied, filthy forms.  
Thus to the poor would soon be saved with ease  
Two hundred millions paid in tariffs now;  
Eight hundred paid in bounties to the rich,  
Because of tariffs on the things they make;  
Eight hundred more from alcoholic drinks,  
And full two hundred from tobacco saved.  
Two billions yearly thus saved to the poor,  
And a round billion taxed upon the rich,  
Would make the poor grow richer ev'ry year  
Without depriving wealth of luxuries  
Or bringing one rich man to poverty.  
To help the poor rise up in affluence,  
Compel all children to attend the schools  
From fifth or sixth up to their fourteenth year;  
From fourteen to eighteen, to learn some trade,  
Profession, calling, business, or pursuit.  
Make vagabonds, tramps, vagrants, swindlers work;  
Convicted criminals keep well confined,  
And give them food and clothes and constant toil.

*Belial.* Ho, Mammon! you had better now turn saint.  
Add exhortation, preaching, prayers, and smiles,

And music to relieve their leisure hours.  
 Your money-mong'ring statesmanship would leave  
 No worthless character in all the land,  
 Nor one disciple of destruction's school.  
 If Satan does not keep close watch on you,  
 You'll turn the head of every devil here,  
 And then turn pastor of a thrifty Church  
 (An independent, liberal Church, of course)  
 Among the wealthy people of New York,  
 Chicago, Boston, Brooklyn, or Detroit.  
 But go on with your lecture on finance  
 Till Satan comes with more important work.  
 You could give lessons even to Jay Gould.

*Azazel.* Why not divide all wealth in equal parts  
 Among the people of a prosp'rous land?

*Mammon.* It would not stay divided for an hour:  
 The thrifty men could soon seize sev'ral shares,  
 The spendthrift hasten to be poor again.  
 'Twould clog the wheels of progress and destroy  
 The fruits of many years of industry.

*Belus.* But as the rich grow richer, and the poor  
 Still more dependent on machinery,  
 Will not the fate of Babylon and Rome  
 Descend upon a land of helpless slaves,  
 Dependent on a few with purse and sword?

*Serapis.* These people boast of their intelligence:  
 So did old Egypt in her days of pow'r,  
 But basest of the nations she became.

*Mars.* They glory greatly in self-government;  
 But so did Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and Rome.  
 Wealth in few hands led to their overthrow;  
 It purchased slaves and fawning sycophants,  
 But patriotic valor to defend  
 The failing fortunes of a sinking State  
 Was something wealthy rulers could not buy.

*Mammon.* This great republic had its destiny  
 In its strong hands for its own weal or woe.

It placed the yoke of hatred on its neck,  
 And used its strength to drag the car of war  
 Through gory fields to fame's enchanted grounds.  
 Peace came, and my shrewd minions seized the reins,  
 Gilded the yoke, and drove the nation on  
 To serve an aristocracy of wealth.  
 Of all the millions spent in hatred's war  
 One-half went to the purses of my friends.  
 One dollar in the public treasury,  
 Drawn by the tariff from the toiling poor,  
 Puts four into the pockets of the rich  
 In higher prices for protected goods.  
 'Tis said they now make merchandise of votes;  
 That one in four of voters is for sale,  
 That Legislatures sell themselves for gold,  
 And senatorial honors can be bought.  
 'Tis said the presidency, if not sold,  
 Was hocus-pocused from th' elected man,  
 To keep the grand old party still in place  
 The nation's treasures to manipulate,  
 Strike freedom down and fan the fires of hate.  
 But let the truth be told. *The non-elect*  
 To whom the highest office in the world  
 Was given by the nation's great mishap  
 Was the best man, or rather the least bad,  
 Of the bad money party's chosen chiefs.  
 'Tis a great pity that a man no worse  
 Should have to bear his party's infamy.

*Satan.* Ho, Mammon! You've grown wondrous wise  
 of late.

You're quite a statesman and philanthropist.  
 Why not to free trade and free public schools  
 Add free libraries, lectures, lyceums,  
 Free fruit on all the road-ways of the world,  
 And dwellings free from sale for tax or debt?  
 Have done with your nonsensical debates!  
 'Twas other business brought us here to-day.  
 What might be and what will be differ much.  
 With flames like these we'll fill this boasting land.  
 Society's great social pyramid

Grows broader at the bottom day by day,  
 And at the top richer and heavier.  
 By combinations, trusts, and syndicates,  
 And higher tariffs to enrich the rich,  
 We'll heap up gilded greatness till the poor,  
 Crushed and despairing, overturn it all,  
 As did the French a century ago.  
 See you that Scotchman? Once he was quite poor;  
 But tariffs piled up riches at his feet  
 Until he buys an old, historic home,  
 In honest times giv'n by a grateful State  
 To show her love for a great general.  
 Pile on the tariff, let the trusts combine,  
 And such a princely fortune will be his  
 That he'll hobnob with princes in their realms,  
 And have proud statesmen share his toadying.  
 Let us away. Chicago claims our care.

Scene: *Washington, D. C., December 5, 1879.* ITHURIEL, ABDIEL,  
 ZADKIEL. *On Currency.*

*Ithuriel.* 'Tis said that silver was demonetized  
 In such a quiet, underhanded way  
 That Senators and Representatives  
 Could not learn when or why or how 'twas done,  
 But the effect was soon well understood.  
 Less currency took money from the poor  
 And gave it to their wealthy creditors,  
 While trade constricted, wilted, withered, shrunk.  
 But when the people learned what had been done,  
 They forced the emissaries of the rich  
 To issue silver currency again  
 In coins such as their honest fathers used.

*Abdiel.* When war was raging, paper currency  
 Was often borrowed by the government,  
 To be repaid in paper promises:  
 But when war ceased the shrewd old bond-holders  
 Demanded gold for paper promises;  
 And politicians gave them all they asked,  
 Thus doubling all that debtors had to pay  
 And doubling the receipts of creditors.

*Zadkiel.* Millions of money known as trade dollars,  
 Though they were largely over "standard weight,"  
 Of more intrinsic worth than "standard coin,"  
 Were in the people's hands, and when suppressed  
 Caused them the loss of twenty cents on each:  
 Thus have base sharpers filched from multitudes.

*Ithuriel.* So the great banking law gave to a few  
 Int'rest on bonds, on notes, deposits, drafts;  
 And left the people subject to the whims  
 Of six and thirty thousand selfish banks,  
 To lend them much or little, as they please,  
 T' expand or contract currency at will,  
 With naught to regulate their waywardness.  
 In speculative times they've funds to lend,  
 Expanding the expansion more and more;  
 But when a crisis comes, as come it must,  
 They make the pressure more and more severe;  
 Sad borrowers, begging from door to door,  
 Find no relief from hopeless bankruptcy.  
 Far better would it be to separate  
 All banks and banking from the government.  
 They talk of an elastic currency—  
 'Tis flexible to make the bankers rich  
 At the expense of losing multitudes—  
 A currency to stretch in prosp'rous times,  
 And to contract when scarcity prevails.

*Abdiel.* A stable currency is what men need,  
 Subject to no contraction nor control;  
 Enlarging as the people multiply,  
 And mines give up their silver and their gold.  
 This can be gained by banishing bank-notes,  
 And ev'ry form of currency but one,  
 That issued by the public treasury;  
 In notes of ev'ry various size required,  
 From hundred thousand dollars to half-dimes;  
 But never to exceed in its amount  
 Four times the money in the public vaults,  
 Nor fifty dollars for each citizen.  
 Backed by the specie and the government,

These notes would pass most current round the world,  
 Were any lost, 'twould be the nation's gain,  
 Nor would the wear of coin cause any loss.  
 To circulate this people's currency  
 Use it to pay expenses, purchase bonds,  
 And satisfy all public creditors,  
 Replenishing the treasury with coin.

Scene: *Elberon, Coast of New Jersey, September 19, 1881.* RA-  
 PHAEL, ISRAFIEL, ZADKIEL, ZOPHIEL, ZEPHON, AZARIAS.

*Azarias.* The patient suff'rer is at last relieved.  
 Death, the deliverer, to his rescue came.  
 On him the healing art exhausted skill,  
 Trying in vain its choicest remedies.

*Ariel.* Affection's gushing sympathies on him  
 Lavished their kindest, tenderest ministries.  
 Mother, wife, children, multitudes of friends,  
 Vied ardently in fond devotedness.

*Raphael.* He was a model husband, father, son;  
 Was much devoted to the sciences,  
 To art, to oratory, and to law;  
 And literary lore was his delight.

*Israfiel.* In arms and statesmanship he had success,  
 And reached the highest station under heav'n.

*Zadkiel.* Th' assassin's bullet killed all enmities,  
 Turning his fiercest party foes to friends.  
 His agonizing pains struck censure dumb.

*Zophiel.* The millions of a nation sore bereaved  
 Lament the loss of their chief magistrate,  
 And Europe's royalty in sympathy  
 Sends letters of condolence o'er the sea.

*Zephon.* Six months ago the Czar of Russia fell,  
 A victim under an assassin's hand.  
 Thus despots have been slain in foreign lands  
 Through many years with mournful frequency.  
 But these self-governed people were exempt  
 From deeds of violence against their chiefs,

Till old John Brown was made a model saint,  
 And murder was the highway to renown.  
 Such teachings tend to multiply Gitteaus.

*Zophiel.* Death reaps rich harvests of distinguished  
 men

Without assassin's blades or minie-balls.

*Zephon.* Death's doings need not be reported here  
 To prove assassination's uselessness;  
 But if you will add Morton, Hooker, Black,  
 Brave Custer, Chandler, Phillips, Carpenter,  
 With thousands killed by Scio's earthquake shock;  
 But give your highest honors to the names  
 Of Bryant and Longfellow, sons of song,  
 Whose rhymes ring grandly through the universe.

Scene: *Concord, Mass., 4 P.M., April 30, 1882.* ARIEL, RAPHAEL.  
*The Burial of Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

*Ariel.* The length'ning shadows of this April day  
 Fall mournfully upon an open grave  
 Where soon shall rest the honored form of one  
 Whose death sends sadness to ten thousand homes.  
 To bury him, behold what hundreds come  
 Of Boston's *litterati* and *elite*,  
 With eloquent orations, solemn songs,  
 A tender sonnet, poetry sublime,  
 Inspired Scripture, fervent prayers to God,  
 Spring's fairest flowers, her greenest laurel wreaths.

*Raphael.* He had hereditary genius, wit,  
 Gentility, refinement, and good taste.  
 Learning, philosophy, and poetry  
 Unitedly twined honors round his brow.  
 Graceful and honest, his mild manners won  
 Respectful admiration from mankind.  
 Admiring thousands followed where he led,  
 And, fascinated, copied his defects.  
 His brief, concise, unfinished epigrams  
 Gave them a halting, stumbling, hitchy style,  
 In which t' express his nebulous conceits,  
 And throw obscurity round what he taught.

His "nature," "spirit," "soul," and "over-soul"  
 To them meant pantheism undisguised,  
 Or inspiration of the Quaker sort,  
 Or Swedenborgian dreamy mysticism,  
 Leading away from Christ, from God, from heav'n  
 Toward ill-defined and vague uncertainties.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Better for him and his wise followers  
 The iron creed which his forefathers held;  
 But better still the truth of God as taught  
 By the Redeemer of the human race.  
 Here is firm footing; here is solid ground  
 On which the humblest of his children build  
 The principles of sound morality

And glorious hopes of endless blessedness.  
O God, in thy great goodness, give the learned  
These blessings lavished on the ignorant!

Scene: *Baltimore, Md., 1884. Methodist Centennial Conference.* RA-  
PHAEL, ARIEL, ZEPHON. *Theology.*

*Ariel.* What brings these thoughtful, prayerful people  
out?

*Zephon.* They come to celebrate th' important day  
That gave this nation its first bishop here,  
And organized its purest, strongest Church.  
A hundred years have set the seal of God  
On their devotion to his sacred cause.

*Ariel.* What say these men to those misguided ones  
Who in their hard hearts say: "There is no God?"

*Zephon.* When pressed by such, they modestly reply:  
"Whence came this universe of wondrous worlds,  
The marshaled legions of a countless host,  
Marching in majesty, with tireless step,  
In glory and in grandeur through the skies?  
How was the gay and gladsome world attired  
With sparkling gems and robes magnificent,  
The embodiment of beauteous loveliness,  
As if to claim th' admiring love of heav'n?  
Whence conscious life in all its varied forms,  
Its grand gradations, its mysterious force?  
And man the worshiper? whence his desire  
To trust and to adore, if there's no God?  
Whence his astonishing perceptive pow'rs,  
His quick and lively sensibilities,  
His lofty reason, his potential will,  
If there's no God in all the universe?  
What is eternal, if it is not God?  
What are the leading links in the long chain  
Of secondary causes?" The reckless,  
Vain agnostic proudly says he knows not,  
And, sneering, says he does not want to know.  
Perhaps he fears a rival on the throne  
Where self receives the homage of his heart,  
And hence concludes to know no other god.

*Raphael.* But a wise scientist must know it all,  
Or seek to know it all, and teach it too.

*Zephon.* "A fev'rish mass of phosphorated brain,"  
He says, "spins, spider-like, a misty web  
Of philosophic thoughts of evolution."  
What he calls evolution he asserts  
Makes lifeless law by dull, dead force evolve;  
"Hot, hissing, blazing, embryonic globes"  
"Evolved from yielding luminiferous ether,"  
Or from "primordial hydrogen, molded  
In some atomic vortex" deep and wide.  
Whence came the ether or the hydrogen  
Our wise men do not condescend to tell.  
But evolution hardens those hot globes  
To rocks, to metals, or to ocean's bed;  
"Decomposition clothes their surfaces  
With soil or water, and the sun gives warmth,"  
"Atoms infinitesimal" become  
The "protoplasmic germs of quick'ning life"  
No microscopic glass has yet revealed.  
Ten thousand ages pass, and these become  
Distinctly "animalcules." Then slowly  
Through interminable centuries in  
Leisurely succession, wriggling into  
Being, come "maggots, worms, minnows, monkeys,"  
And even great philosophers themselves,  
As evolution's last, completest work.

*Ariel.* In forty weeks God's providence evolves  
From one infinitesimal live germ  
The various metamorphoses required  
To make a full-fledged infant scientist.

*Zephon.* Yes, that is true, but hear the argument:  
"This evolution of all things," they say,  
"Proceeds from natural, unchanging law,  
Inherent in unliving or dead force  
That in unconscious or dead matter dwells.  
How could a changeless and unvarying law  
Cause variations in its own effects?"

According to this fancied theory,  
 At ev'ry step of evolution's march  
 Through ages past resistless law cried, "Stop!"  
 And evolution had no pow'r t' evolve.  
 Immutability must ever be  
 Omnipotent, in an unliving law,  
 Forbidding progress and preventing change.  
 Under the rigid reign of changeless law  
 Eternal fires through nature's boundless realm,  
 If kindled once, must ever burn and blaze.  
 If burning globes were formed, unvarying  
 Law would bid them burn forever. Lifeless,  
 Unchanging law would, in a lifeless world,  
 Eternize lifelessness and death enthroned.

*Raphael.* All law implies a maker of the law,  
 Authority, intelligence, and will  
 To modify, suspend, enforce, repeal.  
 This theory still lacks the Christian's God  
 To give and to administer its law;  
 But needs him most to make its universe,  
 And people it with living worshipers.

*Zephon.* Unliving law, inherent in dead force,  
 Could never from dead substance life evolve,  
 Nor from unconscious nothingness evoke  
 A living, conscious, active intellect.  
 Life comes from life, comes from the life Divine —  
 Life unoriginated, underived,  
 Eternal, self-existent, infinite!  
 Without whom nothing did or could exist.  
 Receive in faith this great foundation fact,  
 And they may build what theories they please.  
 They are but thoughts. They may be true or false.  
 Take, if they must, a past eternity  
 For evolution under changeless law;  
 But drive not God out of his universe,  
 The God who made it and pronounced it good.  
 Think of that period in the distant past  
 When only God filled all immensity.

He, the sole Self-existence, the I Am,  
 No atom, force, law, motive, purpose, plan,  
 Nor possibility but in himself.  
 Then of, and by, and for himself alone,  
 Creation's mighty fabric was produced.  
 For of him, to him, through him are all things.  
 He was the All! He now exists in all,  
 Yet quite distinct from all created things.  
 He still supports and governs what he made.  
 He is the Father. All depend on him,  
 His arms embrace them and his pow'r protects.  
 Pervading space, filling immensity,  
 His awful voice has frequently been heard,  
 His pow'rful presence ev'rywhere is felt,  
 Yet nowhere seen by any eye of man;  
 For no man hath at any time seen God.  
 No man hath seen him, nor can any man  
 Behold the omnipresence of the Lord.  
 Too broad for human sight, ubiquity  
 Defies all finite pow'r his form to scan.  
 No creature is ubiquitous. Give one  
 The speed of thought and perfect holiness  
 Attracting him to the Most Holy One;  
 Of omnipresence, what could he perceive?  
 Only so much as might be manifest  
 At one small point in universal space,  
 In one brief moment of fast fleeting time.  
 The infinite beyond remains unseen.  
 A natural impossibility  
 Denies to sight divine ubiquity.

*Raphael.* But have not men seen and conversed with  
 God?

*Zephon.* Yes; God, the Son, hath often talked with men;  
 Adorned their feasts with his loved countenance;  
 Revealed himself to Adam, Abel, Cain,  
 Seth, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and Job,  
 To Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Joshua,  
 And many other saints of ancient times.  
 Yes, his delights were with the sons of men.

'Twas he became incarnate, wore the flesh,  
 And shed his blood to save a sinful race.  
 He conquered Satan, death, and left the grave,  
 To reign till ev'ry foe shall be subdued.  
 'Tis He in his humanity shall judge  
 The countless millions of angelic hosts,  
 And men in his eternal likeness made,  
 In glorified humanity enthroned,  
 Shall rule in righteousness the universe,  
 Through all the cycles of eternity.

*Raphael.* And does the Holy Ghost reveal himself  
 To sight as well as to the throbbing heart?

*Zephon.* The Holy Spirit manifests himself  
 In dove-like hoverings of lambent flame.  
 So he was seen by Moses on the Mount  
 Of Horeb, when the bush burned unconsumed;  
 And upon Sinai, when the prophet's face  
 Bore off its borrowed brightness to the camp.  
 Isaiah beheld him when the triune God,  
 Throned in the temple, sent him to his work.  
 When at the baptism of the Son of God  
 The Holy Ghost descended on his head,  
 'Twas in a glorious, dove-like form he came.  
 At Pentecost in cloven tongues of fire,  
 On apostolic heads his brightness shone.  
 Thus, while ubiquity's too vast for sight,  
 The unembodied Father is not seen.  
 But Deity is manifested by  
 Th' eternal Son and by the Holy Ghost.  
 Doubtless the Son in human form divine,  
 The Holy Ghost in dazzling glory bright,  
 Did manifest supreme Divinity  
 From the first moment when created light  
 Made motion, form, and color visible.

*Ariel.* Are there not some who still deny the Son  
 The worship due to his most honored name,  
 And say the Holy Ghost is not divine,  
 And call triunity irrational?

*Zephon.* There are, but Christ claimed worship and  
 The adoration of inspired men. [received  
 He's an impostor if he's not divine;  
 Trinity is not irrational;  
 We reason from the known to the unknown.  
 Nature abounds in things that are triune.  
 In God's own image man was made triune;  
 He craves companionship and pines away  
 If left with none to banish loneliness.  
 Yet Arians leave their unitarian God  
 Through all the eyles of eternity  
 That passed before the universe was made,  
 Self-doomed to solitary loneliness.  
 They make immensity his prison-house,  
 With none to share the horrors of his fate.  
 They own that God is love, but love requires  
 An object, its affection to receive.  
 Love passes over to the object loved.  
 What was there for a unitarian God  
 To lavish love upon before the dawn  
 That ushered in creation's natal day?  
 He of necessity must then have been  
 A God of unaccompanied solitude,  
 In isolated selfishness enthroned.  
 Not so the Christian's God reveals himself!  
 Our God is love. Trinity in him  
 Ineffably unites loving and loved  
 In infinitely joyful fellowship.  
 Three real persons most distinctively;  
 Yet in their nature, essence, substance, one.  
 Alike, eternal, good, immutable,  
 Omnipotent, omniscient, holy, just,  
 Their omnipresence through the realms of space  
 Necessitates eternal unity  
 In the divine, the purely spiritual.  
 Our God is love. Compassion for the lost  
 Gave the divine, eternal Son to die,  
 Redemption to provide for Adam's race.  
 He through the ages calls his ransomed home.  
 Man's access to the Father's through the Son  
 By the felt power of the Holy Ghost.

*Ariel.* Some men assert that from eternity  
 God did most freely and unchangeably  
 Wisely ordain whatever comes to pass;  
 That all events in him originate,  
 All destinies depend on his decrees,  
 Established ere he made the universe;  
 That one cannot be added to the saved,  
 Nor one diminished from the number lost.  
 They say contingencies, if once allowed,  
 Might overturn his righteous government,  
 Dethrone the Lord, and wreck the universe.

*Zephon.* He has not so revealed himself to us.  
 God does not ordain all that comes to pass.  
 Sin comes to pass which he could not ordain,  
 For he prohibits sin and threatens death  
 To all who violate his righteous law.  
 He has no secret will to set aside  
 The teachings of his own inspirèd word.  
 The sovereignty of God is absolute,  
 His universe is under his control,  
 His wisdom and his power are limitless.  
 By his decree angels and men exist,  
 Created free to freely serve their God.  
 This finite freedom, if unlimited  
 Except by its inherent weaknesses,  
 Finds ample scope for its free exercise  
 Without endangering the throne of God.  
 Unfettered, finite freedom's loftiest flight  
 Falls far below th' encircling infinite.

*Ariel.* They say if he does not ordain, he knows,  
 And that foreknowledge certainly implies  
 Fore-ordination by the all-wise God.

*Zephon.* Not so. Fore-ordination is the cause  
 Of all that ever has been fore-ordained;  
 Fore-ordination causes the thing known,  
 But knowledge causes not. 'Tis what's foreknown  
 Causes the knowledge and must govern it,  
 But though foreknowledge does not cause what's known,  
 The absolute foreknowledge of events

Implies the certainty of what is known,  
 Because the Lord can never be deceived.  
 Th' event will be as certainly foreknown.  
 All that depends on human liberty  
 Can only as contingencies be known,  
 Uncertainty of action must forbid  
 All certainty of knowledge of the act.  
 Contingent, as they were, on human wills,  
 There was not any thing to know till man  
 Freely determined what that thing should be.  
 And the same man might freely change again  
 From evil unto good, or bad to worse.  
 God knows all things precisely as they are;  
 His knowledge is exact and accurate.  
 Some things he knows as fore-ordained by him  
 Before the race of man began to be.  
 Of these his knowledge is most absolute.  
 Such was his purpose to create mankind  
 With freedom to obey or disobey.  
 Such is redemption's glorious mystery.  
 The gen'ral judgment, the triumphal reign  
 Of our great Saviour over all his foes,  
 And the enthronement of his honored saints,  
 With him in glory through eternity.  
 Some great events were fore-ordained and known  
 For years before they actually took place.  
 Such was the deluge. Such was Israel's march  
 From Egypt to the glorious promised land,  
 And Judah's from the plains of Babylon,  
 When sent by Cyrus, the "Elect of God."  
 But many things were as contingent known,  
 Because dependent on free agency.  
 So "God repented that he had made man  
 When man had sinned and grieved him at his heart."  
 To Israel made his "breach of promise known,"  
 And let them perish in the wilderness.  
 So disobedient Saul was doomed to death.  
 So David's sin brought punishment and grief:  
 His penitence found mercy with the Lord.  
 So Hezekiah's life was lengthened out,  
 And Nineveh's destruction was postponed.

So Judas fell from his apostleship  
 To depths of degradation and despair,  
 While humble Peter's penitential tears  
 Obtained forgiveness from his loving Lord.

*Raphael.* Thus ev'ry sinner who has been forgiv'n  
 Illustrates the great principle involved.  
 God changes not. He ever is the same,  
 Nor does he change his purposes or plans.  
 But when men change, he gladly welcomes them  
 With changed relations toward his government.  
 When men with gracious freedom turn from sin  
 To seek salvation through the Saviour's blood,  
 Then God beholds his ransomed with delight,  
 Welcomes the prodigal in loving arms,  
 And says the dead's alive, the lost is found.  
 He knew them once as sinners doomed to death;  
 He knows them now as heirs of endless life.

*Zephon.* God the immutable can never change,  
 But his foreknowledge of contingencies,  
 His knowing all things as they really are,  
 His unrestricted freedom from control  
 Provides for mercy through atoning blood  
 And leaves him free to show that God is love.  
 Love from the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
 Brings to the penitent from Calvary  
 Grace, mercy, peace, and everlasting life,  
 While justice, holiness, and truth approve.

*Raphael.* Our God is free! Most absolutely free!  
 No mythologic fate is over him,  
 Nor is he chained to an "Eternal Now"  
 Forbidding action and restraining love;  
 Nor, as a false philosophy asserts,  
 Is a concatenation of events  
 Held in his hand to help him govern worlds,  
 Lest they escape beyond his wise control.  
 Nor did he from eternity enact  
 Augustine's and John Calvin's stern decrees,  
 Ordaining whatsoever comes to pass,

Forbidding hope to millions ere they lived,  
And dooming little infants to be damned.  
Fore-ordination binds not loving hands,  
Foreknowledge fetters not the Saviour's feet,  
Omniscience does not drive omnipotence  
To the performance of a task prescribed.  
No bondage to eternal prescience  
Forbids eternal love to save mankind.  
No despot attribute's resistless force  
Withholds from men the saving grace of God.  
He freely governs those whom he made free.  
His knowledge of contingencies is such  
That by his all-wise, comprehensive plan  
Man's finite freedom through its grand career  
Is unobstructed by the infinite.  
The freedom of the infinite provides  
For all emergencies that can arise  
From finite freedom's largest liberty.  
Most freely in his own free government  
Over the free, in his free likeness made,  
Divinely free the mighty sovereign rules!

## BOOK TWELFTH.

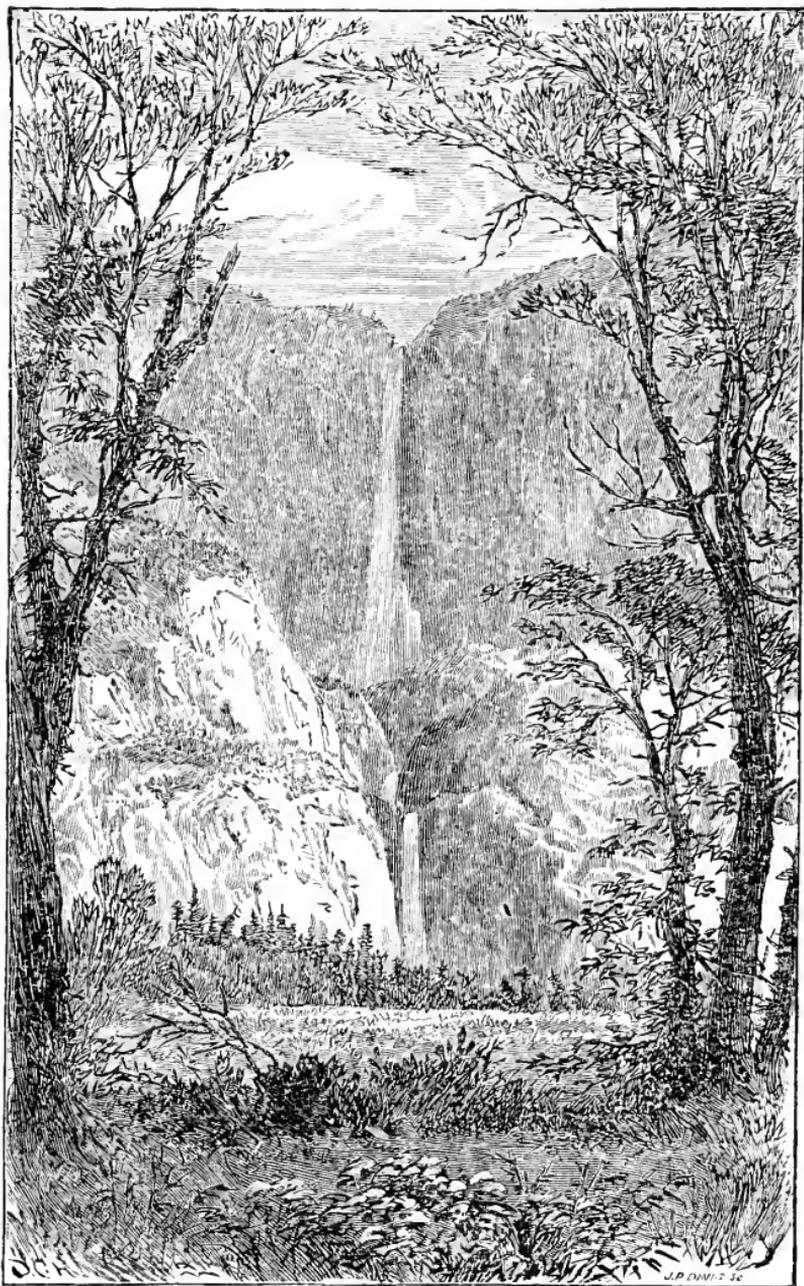
---

Scene: *Washington, March 4, 1885, at the Capitol.* ABDIEL, ZOPHIEL, ISRAFIEL.

*Abdiel.* A nation changes rulers here to-day.  
The party that was dominant goes out,  
Producing scarce a ripple on the stream  
Of its unequaled grand prosperity.

*Zophiel.* Great Washington's completed monument  
Looks down on the new ruler as he takes  
The solemn oath that binds a President  
The Constitution and the laws t' obey,  
Support, enforce, and rightfully maintain.  
But Washington's example wields a force  
More potent than laws, oaths, or penalties  
To lead successors into rightful paths.

*Israfiel.* Short-sighted men imagine that they see  
Impending ruin, like an avalanche,  
Descending and o'erwhelming this fair land,  
Whenever their own party's overthrown.  
The party falls, the country flourishes;  
It thrives and gladdens in the smile of God  
In spite of all the tricks of selfishness.  
The gifts of God enrich a prosp'rous land,  
And make it an example to the world.  
Thrift, enterprise, invention, science, art  
Unveil the treasures that have long been hid  
In air, in earth, in waters, and in mines,  
Until, o'er rivers bridged, through mountains drilled,  
Trade heaps up treasures brought from ev'ry land,  
And opens avenues from shore to shore  
Till the Pacific "hears" the Atlantic "roar."



(254)

YOSEMITE FALLS.



NEVADA FALL.

(255)

*Abdiel.* But is there nothing gained by all the strifes  
Of noisy parties seeking offices?  
Does all the waste of time, of money, zeal  
By politicians bring no lasting good?

*Israfiel.* In a free government the watchfulness  
Of parties over parties serves to check  
Extravagance and rashness, and detect  
Dishonesty among the men who rule.  
The "ins" are tempted to lay hold upon  
The treasures that are under their control;  
The "outs," though not more honest, are inclined  
To publish and expose the plunderers,  
And hasten to eject from office those  
Whose hands have robbed the public treasury.  
This selfish watchfulness results in good.

*Zophiel.* Between the parties of the present time  
The tariff has been cause of much dispute,  
But the protected classes are too strong  
To loose their hold upon their victims yet.  
Hundreds of millions of ill-gotten gains  
Serve well to gain a thousand millions more  
T' enrich the rich, and make the poor more poor.

*Abdiel.* This new administration promises  
Reform in civil service, and much else  
That tends toward honesty and uprightness.  
But when did office-seekers prove sincere?  
The hatreds of the sections Cleveland hates,  
He will encourage unity and love;  
Will know no North, nor East, nor West, nor South,  
But one broad banner waving over all  
The dwellers in the country that he loves.

*Zophiel.* From statesmen let us turn our thoughts  
away  
To those who subjugate to man's control  
The broad domains of nature's untrod realms.  
The telephone, by mute electric force,  
Conveys the human voice hundreds of miles  
On paths of wire to seek the list'ning ear.

The phonograph catches the life-like tones,  
 Imprisons them so that they may be heard  
 In song, or speech, or cheerful dialogue  
 Through days, months, years, or centuries to come.  
 Electric lights drive darkness far away  
 From streets, from dwellings, churches, halls, or shops,  
 Kindling bright sunshine in the darkest nights.  
 Electric motors easily propel  
 Swift gliding cars, or drive machinery.  
 From depths profound come gas to light the towns,  
 Smelt ores, make glass, cook food, and warm the homes  
 Of millions in the cities of the land.  
 How wonderfully blest of God are those  
 Who claim this country for their dwelling-place!  
 Cleveland and Hendricks, walking, come this way.

Scene: *Riverside Park, Overlooking Hudson River and New York City, August 8, 1885.* UZZIEL, ITHURIEL, ZADKIEL.

*Uzziel.* What means that solemn, mournful cavalcade,  
 Inspiring awe along the crowded streets,  
 Awakening grief in millions of sad hearts,  
 And sending sorrow through a weeping world?

*Ithuriel.* It is the obsequies of General Grant  
 That drape in mourning all the eye can see,  
 Hushing to stillness all irreverent sounds.  
 The soldiers that he led to victory  
 Are moving slowly toward their hero's grave,  
 And the great gen'als against whom he fought  
 Pay willing honors to their conqueror.  
 They come like true, brave brothers of the brave,  
 To honor and lament their countryman,  
 And pledge themselves to gallantly defend  
 The union of the country that he loved.  
 Henceforth the hatreds of the sections lie  
 Forever buried in the grave of Grant.  
 Men of all sections see in his career  
 Inspiring lessons, as they fondly turn  
 To boyhood's ventures, manhood's first success  
 Upon the battle-fields of Mexico;  
 The trials of his life till Donelson

Gave to his name the charm of victory;  
 The rapid strides by which he rose to pow'r,  
 The honest struggles of the President  
 To stem corruption's overwhelming tide,  
 The true Republican in foreign courts,  
 The honest victim of a sharper's tricks,  
 Toiling with failing strength to pay his debts  
 And make provision for a widow's wants;  
 The long, brave battle with disease and death,  
 The patriot's love for his whole native land,  
 Give Grant the tribute of a nation's tears,  
 A place within all memories and hearts,  
 As his old comrades lay him in the grave.

*Zadkiel.* Behold the peaceful heroes as they come!  
 Hancock superbly leads the solemn pomp,  
 Conducting the great chief to glory's grave,  
 Followed by those who knew and loved him best—  
 Fond, faithful mourners of his household band;  
 Then as pall-bearers, Sherman, Sheridan,  
 Logan, Jones, Porter, Rowan, Boutwell, Hoyt,  
 Childs, Drexell, and two mourning gentlemen  
 Who wore the gray when armies bravely fought;  
 Johnston and Buckner, with sincere respect,  
 Join their old enemies to honor Grant,  
 And mingle tears with Union veterans,  
 Who crowd by thousands round their hero's tomb.

Scene: *House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., 6 P.M., October 1, 1890.* MICHAEL, GABRIEL.

*Michael.* Comrade, we've watched the glorious destiny  
 Of this great people more than sixscore years.  
 We've seen weak colonies become great States,  
 With thirty times the number that rose up  
 To Protest against British tyranny.  
 Sixty-three millions under one grand flag  
 Defy the power of a world in arms.  
 We've seen the expansion of their peaceful rule  
 From Mexico's warm Gulf to arctic seas.  
 All climates, soils, mines, waters now combine  
 To pay their tribute to these mighty States.

What can a nation need that this has not?  
 Peace and prosperity with magic force  
 Shall draw the people of this continent  
 Till in an equal union bound by love  
 All parts of this vast hemisphere unite.  
 Yes, from the northern to the southern pole  
 And from the centers of surrounding seas  
 The stars and stripes of freedom soon shall float.

*Gabriel.* Your vision of the future is sublime,  
 It may be realized in years to come  
 If Satan does not triumph over man.  
 But we have witnessed his malign control  
 Of millions thirsting for each other's blood,  
 Till nothing seems impossible or hard  
 To be accomplished by this foe of man.

*Michael.* What are his latest shemes to overturn  
 This blessèd home of human happiness?

SATAN, *rushing forward.*

*Satan.* Michael, I'm here to answer for myself,  
 And hurl defiance at your heav'nly hosts.  
 I claim this world as mine. Its Prince! Its God!  
 O'er its proud millions I still reign supreme.  
 What right have you to prowl through my domains,  
 Skulking in these high places where I rule?  
 You ask what are my latest schemes and plans?  
 Know then that I veil not my grand designs,  
 But boldly execute my sovereign will  
 Before the faces of my enemies.  
 I have for servants mighty ones of earth,  
 Who stop at nothing when I lead them on,  
 As witness Reed, McKinley, Lodge, and Quay.  
 With such as those to back me, I am bold.

*Michael.* Satan, I've heard before your boastful words  
 And witnessed your malignant practices.  
 You would dethrone th' Almighty if you could,  
 And on the ruins of his universe  
 Erect mid dismal horrors your dark throne.  
 But chains of darkness limit your career;

Omnipotence restrains malignity.  
 You have not power to work your wicked will.  
 Forbear, bravado, lest by wrath divine  
 To outer darkness you should be consigned.

*Satan.* Michael, I laugh to scorn your silly threat.  
 Malevolence, forgetful of all dread,  
 Impels me on to triumph over men;  
 And proudly, grandly I disdain to fear  
 All possibilities of punishment  
 Or unknown horrors of most dismal fate.  
 Know then that Europe's nihilistic bands  
 I'll move by desperate, destructive deeds  
 To overwhelm this land in anarchy.  
 By socialistic communists I'll drive  
 Away life's gentle, Christian courtesies  
 And undermine domestic blessedness;  
 Banish all Sabbath laws and Sabbath rest,  
 And fill the holy day with revelry,  
 Dragging the toil-worn laborer from his home,  
 His church, and life's most sacred sanctities.  
 I'll move Rome's zealous priests to strike the schools  
 Where patriotic Christian men unite  
 To banish bigotry's malign control  
 And teach the young to walk in wisdom's ways.  
 The demagogues of this free land shall move  
 To place the children under the control  
 Of princes of a dethroned despot's court.  
 Yes, your republicans shall bow around  
 The thrones of haughty red-clad cardinals,  
 And give them money to enthrone again  
 Rome's cast-off tyrant on her seven hills.

*Michael.* Satan, the decent people of this land  
 Will hang your anarchists and nihilists.  
 They'll make your communists behave themselves,  
 Or limit socialism to prison bounds.  
 The public schools, time-tested and approved,  
 Will be sustained in spite of ev'ry foe.  
 Americans may mumble Latin prayers  
 And toady round the slaves of priestly rule,

With loss and harm to no one but themselves.  
 Satan, you are the sland'rer of mankind:  
 "Accuser of the brethren" is your name.  
 Why throw suspicion upon Catholics?  
 Carroll, of Carrollton, with patriot zeal,  
 Stood by his country in her hour of need.  
 Taney and Emmett were bold Democrats,  
 Upholding Jeffersonian principles.  
 If you seduce their co-religionists,  
 And show through them your ugly, cloven foot,  
 To trample upon sacred human rights,  
 As you have often done in other lands,  
 Your dupes will hear indignant thunders roll,  
 And feel the flashes of the people's wrath.

*Satan.* Your optimistic views of human life  
 Throw their red rose tints over this fair land.  
 Indulge them while you can. It suits me well  
 To hear of your high hopes. I'll blast them all  
 And rule to ruin your most hopeful pets.  
 Another means of ruining the race  
 Is by the tyranny of appetite.  
 By votes of silly negroes and the scum  
 Of Europe's pauper hordes and criminals  
 I'll fasten on this country the vile trade  
 In filthy liquors, that sends to the grave  
 Eight hundred thousand victims in ten years;  
 That fills asylums with mad lunatics,  
 Crowds jails and prisons, packs the poor-houses,  
 Sends mis'ry to twelve hundred thousand homes,  
 Hangs ripened fruits of crime on gallows trees,  
 And fills the land with deeds of violence.  
 Nay, more, to prove to you that I still rule,  
 Grave judges, Senators, and Governors  
 Shall be degraded victims of strong drink;  
 Shall drag their lofty honors through the filth  
 Of pot-house politics, to lead the hosts  
 That trample on all law in hot pursuit  
 Of public plunder and illicit gain.

*Michael.* Satan, the happy people of this land  
 Have grown familiar with your villainy.

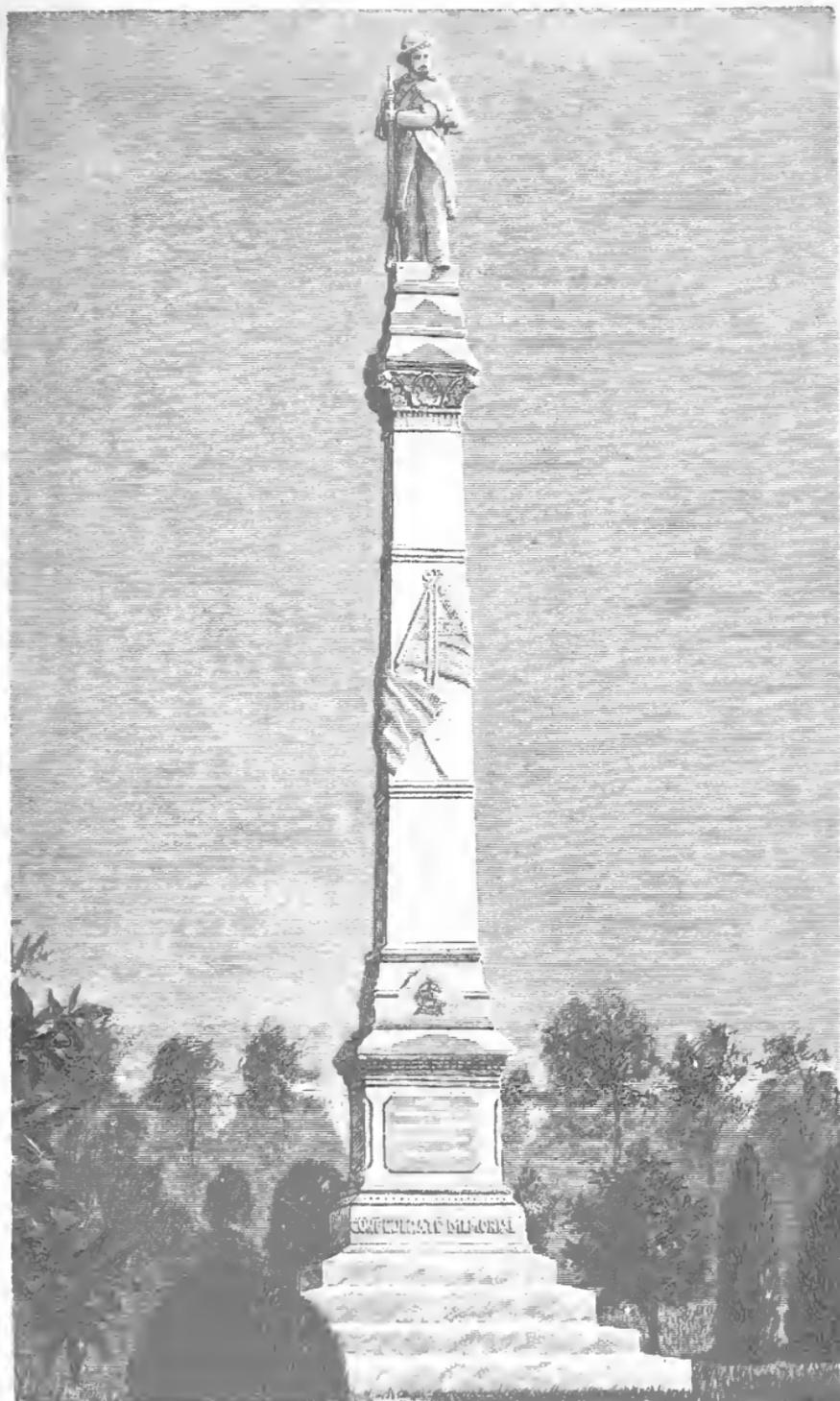
Soon they will be too wise to vote for such  
 As you would elevate to seats of pow'r.  
 The accursed traffic by which men get drunk  
 Will be prohibited and have to cease.  
 This old device of yours against mankind  
 Has slain its millions, may slay millions more,  
 But men will not forever be deceived.  
 The trade is doomed; 'twill be prohibited.  
 Go, braggart, seek for plans you have not tried.

*Satan.* Michael, you are the braggart. I prevail  
 In every conflict with the hateful race.  
 In spite of all the teachings of all time  
 And all the heavenly help that they receive  
 The sons of Adam will be drunkards still.  
 Hereditary appetite's too strong for law,  
 Too strong for will, for conscience to control,  
 Will make them slaves to poisonous alcohol.  
 The hatreds of strong parties I've inflamed,  
 Hoping to see a furious civil war,  
 With ev'ry voting place a battle-field.  
 The party that made voters of the slaves  
 Are sadly disappointed when they see  
 Blacks represented by the men they hate.  
 They know that large majorities of whites  
 Vote solidly against them ev'ry time.  
 Their only hope of carrying "close States"  
 Is based upon the solid negro vote.  
 New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut,  
 Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,  
 Theirs only by the grace of colored men,  
 Will soon to them most hopelessly be lost.  
 Hence they are desp'rate to gain Southern States.  
 They'll have them if they have to fight for them.  
 Hence an election force bill is proposed.  
 A host of saucy, meddling officers  
 Are to attend at ev'ry voting place  
 To keep the meddling party still in pow'r.  
 The President's appointees are t' appoint  
 These officers to teach men how to vote,  
 And how to skillfully manipulate

Compliant, rascally "returning boards."  
 When these my "men of seven principles,"  
 "Five loaves and two small fishes," raise some fights,  
 A new rebellion will be then proclaimed,  
 And dogs of war let loose against the South.  
 Local self-government is what men want;  
 This they demand all over this fair land,  
 And when they see these myrmidons of pow'r  
 Rudely assailing this most cherished right,  
 'Twill stir the fires of strife, both North and South  
 And kindle flaming war from sea to sea.  
 Michael, my plans o'erwhelm your faculties;  
 Your utter helplessness provokes contempt  
 For you and the poor subjects of your care.  
 Beware, beware! I'll fill this land with blood.

*Michael.* Satan, the people rising in their might  
 Will vanquish your rash meddlers at the polls.  
 An avalanche of votes shall fall on them,  
 And bury them 'neath infamy and scorn.  
 Five weeks shall see Lodge, Hoar, Houk, Chandler, Reed,  
 Rebuked by an indignant, mighty host  
 Of peaceful patriots through the ballot-box,  
 And Lodge's Force bill take its place by right  
 With alien and sedition laws of old.  
 A few malignants shall not stir up strife  
 Among the peaceful people of this land—  
 Yorktown, Long Island, Bunker Hill forbid.  
 Men have grown sick of sectional disputes;  
 Nine-tenths of all good citizens rejoice  
 To live in love, and let all hatreds die.  
 Self-interest on the part of Northern men  
 Will settle the race question in the South.  
 Mischievous intermeddlers must retire,  
 Or ruin the investments Northern men  
 Have made by millions in the great Southland.  
 Negroes may legislate in Congress halls  
 To give Republicans majorities,  
 But a black government on Southern soil  
 Would sink the capital invested there.  
 Besides all this, most noble Northern men

Despise the silly hate of demagogues  
Between the people of the same grand race.  
They saw their brothers of the South grow poor  
Through eighty years of tributary trade,  
By which the thrifty North was much enriched;  
They saw the entrance of the iron wedge  
That severed friendship, broke the bonds of love,  
And drove those brothers from their Union's home.  
They saw them strive to separate in peace,  
Accept stern war, fight bravely for their cause—  
More bravely than men ever fought before—  
Pity their pris'ners, beg for fair exchange,  
Which Stanton would not grant on any terms;  
Beg the rich North to send its surgeons down  
With medicines for its own suff'ring men,  
Asking no aid for Southern helplessness.  
Saw their brave brethren conquered and subdued;  
The woe that waits the vanquished frowned on them.  
The South in ruins smiled at poverty,  
And welcomed toil as its hard heritage;  
Yet saw its fruits of labor wrenched away  
By thieving blacks, by alien scoundrels led;  
Then, rising in its manly majesty,  
Cast off barbaric hordes and rascal rule,  
Obtained from heaven renewed prosperity,  
And stands to-day the peerless conqueror  
Of earth's most dread, malign adversity.  
Since bled by tariffs, and by pensions robbed,  
Sees the great North grow rich at its expense.  
Ireland to landlords, Poland to the czar,  
Nor conquered provinces to ancient Rome,  
Never so much of tribute could have paid.  
And so the wealthy, the triumphant North,  
Owns Southern railroads, mines, and furnaces,  
Banks, factories, plantations, farms, and stores,  
With dividends sent duly to the North.  
The North-men own hotels and palaces,  
All occupied by North men half the year,  
Then watched by North men till North men return.  
The South looks on admiringly to see  
Northern magnificence and wealth displayed,



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT NASHVILLE.



And, toiling on, begs most imploringly  
 For more and more of wealthy Northern men  
 To bring still more of Northern capital;  
 Invites and welcomes Northern working-men  
 To build up homes in its mild Southern clime,  
 Hails them as brethren of one family.  
 The Southron's trust in God, his fortitude  
 While boldly fighting with adversity,  
 His patient industry, his enterprise,  
 His Christ-like, his divine forgetfulness  
 Of dreadful suff'ring wrongfully endured,  
 His most sincere, undying confidence  
 That Northern men, rebuking tyranny,  
 Will, from high places of authority,  
 Drive out his bitter, unrelenting foes—  
 All, all with most resistless potency  
 Appeal to Northern magnanimity  
 For help against fanatic, furious hate.  
 Nor will th' appeal be vain. Election day  
 Will see the millions of the mighty North,  
 With gen'rous sympathy, indignant rush  
 To hurl their ballots against despotism,  
 And free their Southern friends from Reed, from Lodge,  
 McKinley, Ingalls, Cannon, and their dupes.  
 'Twill shake the tyrants with an earthquake shock,  
 And disappoint your base malignancy.

*Satan.* Gabriel, there's millions of ill-gotten wealth  
 At my disposal to secure results.  
 We can buy votes enough in the close States  
 To overcome your large majorities.  
 We'll do it, and we'll rule with heavy hand  
 In spite of Northern magnanimity  
 And sympathy for noble Southerners.  
 But even if we lose November's vote  
 Our famous Congress will have three months left  
 In which to drive our hated Force bill through,  
 And any legislation we may need  
 To keep the country under my control.  
 They'll pass the Force bill, and insult the South,  
 And rob the treasury to pay their tools,

If the next Congress should by two to one  
Condemn our grand old party's sad misrule.

*Michael.* If they should be so steeped in tyranny  
As to despise the people's spoken will,  
It will but seal their everlasting doom,  
And give them to undying infamy.  
Satan, in spite of your malignity  
This country still shall flourish, and its sons  
Shall triumph over you and all your dupes.

*Satan.* But, Michael, here in this broad capital  
This very hour my grandest scheme prevails  
Against all common sense, all scholarship,  
All science, all economy, and thrift,  
All friendships of the nations of earth,  
And the best judgment of earth's shrewdest men.  
McKinley's Tariff bill is now a law;  
In this my friends have pleased me quite too well.  
So much taxation people will not bear;  
But the rich manufacturers had paid  
Into the party's great corruption fund  
Such mammoth sums beyond all precedent,  
We could deny them nothing that they asked.  
They saw their chance and piled the tariff on  
Beyond all reason, or propriety.  
In vain we warned them not to kill the goose  
That laid for them so many golden eggs.  
They answered that they had a bird in hand  
Worth more to them than two in any bush;  
That they were now determined to make hay  
While summer suns shine on Republicans:  
And so the monstrous bill was hurried through,  
From which they hope for many, many years  
Of peaceful plunder to enrich themselves.  
See! Harrison comes forth, followed by Blaine,  
By Windom, Tracy, Proctor, Miller, Rusk,  
Noble and Mason, and McKinley too,  
Proud author of this famous Tariff act.  
The President has signed the robber bill,  
Now wealth shall glut its rav'nous appetite  
At the expense of pinching poverty.

*Michael.* He signed the warrant of his party's death.  
McKinley is its executioner.  
Yes, this is "the beginning of the end"  
Of the bad party called Republican.

*Satan.* Michael, your wish was father to that thought.  
The party lives to work my sovereign will.  
'Twill still live on to give protected wealth  
A longer lease of pow'r to rob the poor.  
The excise and the tariff ev'ry day  
Take a round million for the treasury.  
To raise that million the taxed people pay  
Four millions to protected industries.  
Domestic manufactured merchandise  
Costs that much more than they would have to pay  
But for the tariff and the excise laws.  
Thus do the rich heap up increasing wealth,  
The poor sink down in deeper poverty.  
When wealth was well divided in this land,  
Each workman hoped that he would become rich;  
But now the millionaires, trusts, syndicates  
Can dictate wages, prices, and rewards,  
Till a poor man must starve or beg or steal,  
Or take for wages wealth's most grudging dole  
For the hard labor of his horny hands.  
Soon this oppression becomes heavier,  
And hopeless toil sees wondrous stores of wealth  
Most temptingly appealing to desire,  
Yet for the hardest and most constant work  
Can earn no right to share the good he sees  
Beyond a pittance to sustain his life.  
Will not strong hands lay hold on luxuries,  
Despising all the rights of property,  
Giving to anarchy and lawless rage,  
The rich inheritance of these great States,  
And laying all their glory in the dust?  
Yes, I shall see destructive forces here  
Spoiling the grandeur of this capitol,  
Shall revel 'mid the ruins I have wrought.  
With fiendish exultation I shall gloat  
Over archangels driven from the earth

And helpless, hopeless human sufferers  
 Enduring unimagined agonies.  
 Michael, draw off your legions to the skies.  
 Leave your broad banners trailing at my feet,  
 Go hide within the battlements of heav'n,  
 Flee mourning over realms that you have lost;  
 Go, leave me in my glory here to reign!

*Michael.* Satan, your silly boasting I despise;  
 No threats of yours can daunt whom God protects.  
 Corruption's legions cannot rule this land  
 By their unprincipled, compliant tools.  
 Sheer selfishness drives them to nominate  
 Men of a nobler class for offices  
 Demanding honor and integrity.  
 How wonderful it was to see pure men  
 Like Cleveland and like Harrison succeed  
 In winning office through conventions swayed  
 By many of the most unprincipled,  
 Who ever sold themselves for offices,  
 Or bartered honor for advantages.  
 Such honest, upright, honorable men,  
 Selected by the selfish or corrupt,  
 Prove heav'n's own watch-care over this fair land.  
 So down to latest times shall God preserve  
 This noblest of the nations of the earth.  
 Your robber tariff soon will be repealed.  
 The people in their might and majesty  
 Will soon rise up against your tyranny.  
 The senate and the representatives  
 Will pass a tariff law for revenue,  
 Will take the hands of rich monopolists  
 Out of the purses of the laboring poor,  
 Will build up commerce with a whole round world,  
 And send the white-winged argosies of trade  
 To ev'ry port beneath the smiling heav'ns.

*Satan.* Michael, the hist'ry of the human race  
 Is but the record of my victories.  
 Go seek for Babylon and Nineveh,

Tyre, Sidon, Troy, Carthage, Palmyra, Thebes,  
The Greeks, the Romans, and the Saracens!  
I gave them to destruction, and they fell.  
Think you these people but of yesterday  
Can stand against my strong, resistless might?  
The greediness of gain that here prevails  
Will undermine the virtue of these States.  
Such selfishness indulged in ancient times  
Extinguished all the glory of old Rome.  
The rich men and their sons monopolized  
The good things of the empire until wealth  
Corrupted young patricians and left none  
To fight the battles of imperial Rome  
But foreigners and rude barbarian hosts.  
The men who would have formed a living wall  
Between their country and its enemies  
Had vanished from the places that they loved.  
They slept in death, while rich men and their slaves  
Became the prey of vile barbarians.  
But selfishness seeks only its own good;  
It heaps up wealth no matter who may lose.  
A hundred millions wants a hundred more,  
A thousand would another thousand add.  
For this high tariffs tax the toiling poor,  
Wages reduced give lab'ers scanty food,  
Scant clothing, fuel, books, and ev'ry thing.  
The very rich grow richer hour by hour,  
The very poor more num'rous every day.  
When these two classes cover the whole land  
Then anarchy or slavery must prevail,  
And your great nation takes the downward grade  
By which old Rome passed onward to decay.  
Michael, the evils that o'erthrew old Rome  
Are actively and dang'rously at work.  
They'll give your millions to destruction soon.  
I'll drive my chariot over their remains,  
And hell shall celebrate their obsequies  
By crowning its great chief with honors won  
In battles with the proud Americans!  
At my grand triumph I would gladly drag  
Gabriel and Michael at my chariot wheels.

*Michael.* The Lord rebuke thee, Satan! I behold  
 Like lightning your descent to deeper depths  
 Of degradation and disgraceful crime.  
 Go, wretch! [Satan disappears.] The curse of God  
 abides on you  
 Until the sentence of the day of doom  
 Consigns you to the "pit that's bottomless,"  
 The "outer darkness," and the "lake of fire."

*Gabriel.* Michael, that foe of God and men departs.  
 Let us now profit by his boastful threats.  
 The people will rebuke his guilty dupes  
 And banish them from their high seats of pow'r.  
 Tariffs and force bills we need dread no more,  
 Nor Reed's pretentious, petty tyranny.  
 But wealth and poverty in hostile ranks,  
 Increasing their great armies day by day,  
 And alcohol disguised in tempting drinks  
 Are evils that demand most watchful care.

*Michael.* Yes, Gabriel, danger threatens at these points,  
 And selfishness will counteract our plans;  
 But we must lift taxation from the poor,  
 And help them to control their appetites.  
 Yes, we must now with watchful, honest care  
 Double the duty and the excise on  
 Tobacco and intoxicating drinks  
 Till prohibition drives them out of use.  
 From ev'ry dollar of the capital  
 Of money-making trusts and syndicates,  
 And other corporations that get gain,  
 Collect three mills in each and ev'ry year.  
 If more is needed for the public use,  
 Collect it from existing capital.  
 Less than a thousand dollars should not pay  
 A cent into the public treasury.  
 A hundred thousand should pay double tax;  
 One million should pay double that again,  
 Over ten millions double that high rate.  
 Except tobacco and intoxicants,  
 Let nothing pay tariff or excise tax.

If there must be protected industries,  
 Protect by bounties from the treasury  
 To cheapen what the poor man has to buy.  
 All moneys for the nation or the States  
 Should through collectors of one class be paid  
 Into the nation's common treasury.  
 Thence draw by States according to the sum  
 Of population on the ground of each.  
 Cities and towns would only have to tax  
 For municipal purposes alone.

*Gabriel.* But, Michael, how would that affect State rights?

*Michael.* 'Twould give the States a right to find their wealth  
 Now hid in the rich cities of the land,  
 Or swallowed by incorporated trusts.  
 Let the robbed people understand their rights,  
 Amend the Constitution, and thus save  
 Impoverished millions from shrewd millionaires.  
 The common people pay the taxes now  
 By tariff and by excise laws, and pay  
 The manufacturers four times as much  
 In higher prices for their merchandise.  
 Reverse this: lift the burden from the poor,  
 Let wealth pay taxes and pay bounties, too,  
 So that protected industries may thrive.  
 'Twould save the poor two billions ev'ry year  
 Without denying wealth its luxuries.  
 A court of equity's authority  
 Could hold the scales of justice evenly  
 Between hard labor and stern capital,  
 Assigning each its just and rightful share  
 Of profits from their joint activity,  
 And thus avoid most wasteful, costly strikes.  
 Thus might the poor grow richer year by year,  
 Hushing the loud complaints of poverty,  
 The rich become true brothers of the poor,  
 Fearing no evil from invet'rate hate.

*Gabriel.* Michael, corruption in high places seems  
 Too strong to yield success to your wise plans.  
 The selfish rich will strive by bribery  
 To hold the advantages they now possess  
 For gath'ring up the coppers of the poor.  
 They'll madly work 'gainst honor, justice, right,  
 To hoard up wealth that they can never use,  
 Nor many generations of their heirs.  
 You'll find it hard to stem so strong a tide.

*Michael.* But, Gabriel, this great nation reads and  
 thinks;  
 It reasons well upon its own affairs;  
 It rules its millions through the ballot-box;  
 It will not suffer low-lived, vile saloons  
 To prey upon its vitals as they have.  
 'Twill not permit ten thousand wealthy men  
 To undermine the people's liberties  
 And trample on the millions of the free.  
 It will not wait till revolution rends  
 The glorious fabric which the fathers built;  
 But, peaceably and quietly, will find  
 A remedy for ev'ry threatening ill.  
 With optimistic vision I foresee  
 Prosperity and greatness for this land  
 In spite of selfishness and Satan's schemes.  
 Parties may change, factions may gender strife;  
 But Christian character shall grandly rise  
 Above corruption's overwhelming tide,  
 And steer the ship of State in safety on  
 To peaceful ports, secure from every storm.  
 This people, mightiest that earth has known,  
 Shall tower in grandeur and magnificence  
 Sublimely over an admiring world  
 Till Christ shall come to reign in righteousness.

## INDEX.

---

- A court to prevent losses by workmen and employers, 234, 271.  
A court to prevent war, 127.  
Adams, John, 56, 61, 68, 104, 124, 137.  
Adams, John Q., 129, 134, 151.  
Adams, Samuel, 32, 33, 56, 60, 95.  
Africa, 22.  
Agnostics, 243.  
Alabama, 129.  
Alabama claims, 231.  
Alamo, 139.  
Alaska, 227.  
Alcoholic drinks, 22, 105, 234, 235, 270.  
Alexander, 62.  
Alexandria, 58.  
Alien and sedition laws, 113.  
Allen, Ethan, 63.  
Allies of Washington, 70.  
America a greater Britain, 8.  
Anarchy, 260.  
Anderson, Major, 171.  
Andre, Major, 82.  
Angels, 3, 187.  
Annapolis, 89.  
Arianism unnatural, 248.  
Arius, 107.  
Arkansas, 145, 190.  
Arkansas Post, 189.  
Arnold, Benedict, 82.  
Arson: Dunmore, 59; Tryon, 80; Arnold, 82; Lord Ross, 127; Sherman, 201; Sheridan, 201; Hunter, 203; Early, 203.  
Asbury, 43, 106.  
Atheists, 243.  
Atlanta, 198, 201.  
Augustine, 107, 251.  
Babylon, 62, 248.  
Bachman, 208.  
Baker, 175.  
Ball's Bluff, 175.  
Baltimore, 52, 69.  
Bancroft, 152.  
Bank, 146.  
Banks, 178, 183, 194.  
Bankrupt law, 146.  
Bayard, 113.  
Beattie, 38.  
Beauregard, 171, 172.  
Beecher, 153.  
Bennett, 153.  
Bethel, 171.  
Bingham, 169.  
Black Boomerang, 230.  
Black Dinah, 208.  
Black Friday, 229.  
Black Hawk, 139.  
Black River Bridge, 189.  
Blenheim, 32.  
Bonaparte, 122.  
Boonville, 174.  
Boston massacre, 36.  
Boston Port bill, 50.  
Botetourte, 25.  
Bracito, 149.  
Brandywine, 75.  
Brahma, 107.  
Breckinridge, John C., 191, 199, 212, 215, 216, 217.  
Breckinridge, W. C. P., 217.  
Bright, J. D., 151.  
Bristol, 52.  
British boundary, 146, 150.  
Brown, General, 122.  
Brown, John, 153, 188.  
Bryant, W. C., 153.  
Buckner, 176, 258.

- Buddha, 107.  
 Buena Vista, 147.  
 Bunker Hill, 61, 131.  
 Burgoyne, 73.  
 Burks, 20, 56.  
 Burnside, 177, 183.  
 Burr, 113.  
 Butler, Ben F., 178, 195.  
 Butler, Wm. O., 149.  
  
 Cabinet dissolved (Jackson's),  
     138.  
 Cadets, 199.  
 Calhoun, 118, 128, 138.  
 Calvin, 107, 251.  
 Camden, 20, 30.  
 Cameron, 169.  
 Canada, 55, 65, 123, 124.  
 Cass, 151.  
 Catharine of Russia, 23.  
 Cedar Mountain, 183.  
 Centennial of Independence,  
     231.  
 Centennial of Methodism, 243.  
 Centerville, 183.  
 Cerro Gordo, 149.  
 Champion Hills, 189.  
 Chandler of Michigan, 169.  
 Chandler of New Hamp., 263.  
 Chantilly, 183.  
 Charleston, 29, 47, 52, 81, 158,  
     169.  
 Charlotte, Queen, 31, 37.  
 Chase, 152, 169.  
 Chatham, 8, 20, 26, 31, 34, 38, 56.  
 Chapultepec, 147.  
 Chauncey, 120.  
 Cherokees, 145, 202.  
 Chickamauga, 190.  
 Chihuahua, 149.  
 China, 23.  
 Choiseul, 29.  
 Christmas Christians, 118.  
 Clarke, George Rogers, 79.  
 Clay, Henry, 118, 139, 143, 147,  
     151.  
 Clay, Henry Jr., 148.  
 Clay, James B., 223.  
 Clinton, 81.  
  
 Clive, 23.  
 Coercion of States, 162.  
 Cold Harbor, 196, 199.  
 Columbus, 8.  
 Compromise of 1821.  
 Compromise of 1850.  
 Confucius, 107.  
 Conspiracy against Washington,  
     76  
 Contracts North and South, 92.  
 Cordilleras, 149.  
 Cornwallis, 70, 72, 83, 87.  
 Corruption, 163, 229, 230, 237.  
 Covington, Ky., 192.  
 Cowper, 38.  
 Currency, 238.  
 Curtis, 177.  
 Cushing Caleb, 195.  
 Cushing Lieutenant, 204.  
  
 Dalrymple, 32.  
 Damascus, 62.  
 Daniel, 9.  
 Dahlgren, 180.  
 Davis, Jefferson, 147, 173, 210.  
 Davis, Jeff C., 171, 209.  
 De.urborn, 120.  
 Decatur, 123, 128.  
 Declaration of Independence, 68.  
 De Estaing, 79, 81.  
 Defects of the Constitution, 101.  
 Demagogues, 155.  
 Destitution, 81.  
 Dickinson, John, 45, 52.  
 Donelson, Fort, 175.  
 Doniphan, 149.  
 Dorr, 145.  
 Douglass, 151, 157.  
 Downie, 122.  
 Dudley, 120.  
 Dunmore, 57, 58.  
 Dupont, 190.  
  
 Early, 184, 199, 203, 204.  
 Elberon, N. J., 240.  
 Electric lights and cars, 257.  
 Ellsworth, Oliver, 92.  
 Embury, 42.  
 Emerson, 241.

- Emmett, 261.  
 England, 8.  
 Europe, 22.  
 Eutaw Springs, 82.  
 Evolution, 244.  
 Ewell, 191.  
  
 Factions confounded, 151.  
 Fair Oaks, 179.  
 Farragut, 177, 178, 204.  
 Federal Constitution, 92.  
 Federal convention, 90.  
 Federal soldiers honored, 198.  
 Field, Cyrus, 153.  
 Fillmore, 151.  
 Fires in the North, 228, 232.  
 Florida, 129, 145.  
 Floyd, 176.  
 Foote, 175.  
 Ford's Theater, 213.  
 Fort Sumter, 169.  
 France, 12, 24, 29, 34, 73, 75, 81,  
     84, 85.  
 Frankfort, Ky., 184.  
 Franklin, 48, 49, 73, 92, 93.  
 Frederick, 183.  
 Fredericksburg, 181.  
 Fremont, 175, 178.  
 French agent, 64, 67.  
 French officers, 87.  
 French Revolution, 100, 104.  
 Fulton, 115.  
  
 Gadsden, 54, 56.  
 Gage, 49, 54, 56, 59.  
 Gaines's Mill, 179.  
 Garfield, 175, 240.  
 Garnet, 171.  
 Garrettson, F., 106.  
 Gates, 74, 75, 76, 81.  
 Genet, 109.  
 George the Third, 6, 16, 26, 30,  
     31, 35, 37, 39, 45, 48, 49, 55, 59,  
     60, 64, 74, 89.  
 Georgia, 14, 18, 58, 79.  
 Georgians banished, 202.  
 Germantown, 75.  
 Gettysburg, 186.  
 Giddings, 169.  
  
 Glendale, 175.  
 Golden Gate, 150.  
 Goldsboro, 177.  
 Goldsmith, 38.  
 Goodson, 148.  
 Gore, 95.  
 Gorham, 95.  
 Government, 167  
 Grant, 175, 176, 189, 190, 196,  
     198, 199, 201, 210, 212, 213,  
     215, 231, 232, 257, 258.  
 Gray, 38.  
 Great Kennesaw, 199.  
 Greene, 71, 82, 83.  
 Grenville, 10, 15.  
 Gridley, 63.  
 Grundy, Felix, 118.  
 Guilford C. H., 83.  
 Guinea's Station, 185.  
 Gulf Stream, 12.  
  
 Hagerstown, 183.  
 Halleck, 175.  
 Hamilton, 86, 93, 104, 109, 116,  
     132, 161, 167, 233.  
 Hampton, 209.  
 Hancock, John, 54, 60, 95.  
 Hancock, W. S., 188, 198, 258.  
 Handel, 38.  
 Hanover, 37.  
 Hardee, 208.  
 Harney, 174.  
 Harper's Ferry, 154, 183.  
 Harrison, Ben, 60.  
 Harrison, Ben Jr., 266, 268.  
 Harri-son, W. H. 116, 121, 143.  
 Hartford convention, 121.  
 Harvard, 13.  
 Hatred of masters, 152.  
 Hawley, 232.  
 Hawthorne, 152.  
 Hayne, Gen., 83.  
 Hayne, Senator, 138.  
 Helena, 190.  
 Henry, Fort, 175.  
 Henry John, 116, 117, 123, 161.  
 Henry of Navarre, 24.  
 Henry, Patrick, 17, 18, 56, 57,  
     64, 97, 98, 167.

- Hill, A. P., 184.  
 Hoar, 263.  
 Holmes, 190.  
 Hood, 191, 203, 207.  
 Hooker, 180, 184.  
 Houston, Samuel, 140.  
 Howe, 70.  
 Hudson, Fort, 189.  
 Hudson River, 81.  
 Hull, 118.  
 Hull, Hope, 106.  
 Hall, Isaac, 119.  
 Hunter, 175, 199.  
 Hunt, Robert, 13, 43.
- Illinois, 129.  
 Independence Day, 68, 186.  
 India, 23.  
 Indians, 12, 105, 120, 125, 139, 145.  
 Indiana, 129.  
 Iowa, 150.  
 Italy, 24.
- Jackson, Andrew, 125, 126, 128, 134, 139, 151, 206.  
 Jackson, Miss., 189.  
 Jackson, Stonewall, 178, 183, 185, 188.  
 Jalapa, 149.  
 Jamestown, 11.  
 Japan, 23.  
 Jasper, Sergeant, 81.  
 Jay, John, 56, 104, 110, 111.  
 Jefferson, Thomas, 17, 56, 68, 106, 109.  
 Jessup, 122.  
 John Street Church, 39.  
 Johnson, Andrew, 207, 218, 226, 227, 228.  
 Johnson, R. M., 121, 122.  
 Johnson, Samuel, 31, 38.  
 Johnston, A. S., 176.  
 Johnston, Joseph E., 172, 179, 191, 200, 203, 209, 214.  
 Jones, 119.  
 Junius, 45.
- Kearney, 148.
- Kentucky, 114, 165.  
 King, Rufus, 95.  
 Knox, 87, 104.  
 Kosciusko, 74.  
 Koszta, 153.
- Lafayette, 77, 84, 85, 87, 132.  
 Laurens, 87.  
 Lawrence, 190.  
 Lee, Charles, 67, 76, 77.  
 Lee, Jesse, 106.  
 Lee, L. H. Harry, 80, 83, 105, 111.  
 Lee, R. H., 17, 56, 57, 64, 93.  
 Lee, Robert E., 149, 157, 182, 183, 198, 199, 213.  
 Legare, 140.  
 Leopard and Chesapeake, 117.  
 Lewis & Clarke, 115.  
 Lexington, Ky., 184.  
 Lexington, Mass., 59.  
 Lexington, Mo., 174.  
 Lincoln, A., President, 165, 168, 174, 214, 218, 219, 224.  
 Lincoln, General, 74, 81, 87.  
 Little Rock, 190.  
 Liverpool, 52.  
 Livingston, Chancellor, 20, 56, 104.  
 Livingston, Edward, 138.  
 Lodge, 265.  
 London, 6.  
 Longstreet, 191.  
 Lordlings, 49.  
 Louisiana, 111, 197.  
 Louisville, 77, 184.  
 Lyon, 174.
- Macomb, 122.  
 Madison, 91, 93, 128.  
 Magnetic telegraph, 140.  
 Maine, 18, 129.  
 Malvern Hill, 178.  
 Manassas, 171.  
 Mansfield, Gen., 180.  
 Mansfield, Lord, 75.  
 Marion, 83.  
 Marshall, 113.  
 Mason, 174.

- Massachusetts, 95.  
 McClellan, 171, 179, 180, 183.  
 McClermand, 189.  
 McHenry, Fort, 122.  
 McIntosh, 177.  
 McPherson, 190, 193, 200.  
 Meade, 188, 232.  
 Mechanicsville, 179.  
 Mexico, 148.  
 Michigan, 145.  
 Mill Spring, 175.  
 Missouri, 129, 130.  
 Mississippi, 129.  
 Monmouth battle, 77.  
 Monroe, 128, 129, 133.  
 Monterey, 147.  
 Morgan, Col., 74, 82.  
 Morgan, John H., 193.  
 Morris, 163.  
 Morse, 140.  
 Munfordsville, 184.  
 Murfreesboro, 184.  
  
 Nashville, 206.  
 Natural gas, 257.  
 Napoleon, 111, 114, 130.  
 Nebraska, 152.  
 Negroes, 19.  
 Nelson, Gen. 176.  
 Nelson, Gov., 87.  
 Netherlands, 34.  
 Newbern, 177.  
 New England, 13, 14, 24, 55, 59,  
     66, 106; clergy, 152.  
 New Orleans, 125, 177.  
 New Jersey, 69, 74, 74.  
 New York, 18, 104, 153  
 Nimrod, 31.  
 Nineveh, 62.  
 Norfolk, 52, 59.  
 North, Lord, 50, 64.  
 North Carolina, 58, 65.  
 Nullification, 138.  
  
 Ocean telegraph, 153.  
 O'Hara, 87.  
 Ohio, 114.  
 Ordinance of 1787, 156.  
 Otis, 37.  
  
 Palmerston, 174.  
 Palo Alto, 147.  
 Paper promises paid in gold,  
     238.  
 Patriot army, 3,000 strong,  
     69.  
 Peace Congress, 165.  
 Peaceful statesmen, 1, 15.  
 Peace in 1815, 127.  
 Peace with amnesty, 218.  
 Peace with independence, 89.  
 Pemberton, 190.  
 Pennsylvania, 71.  
 Perote, 149.  
 Perry, 121, 122.  
 Perryville, 184.  
 Persia, 23.  
 Petersburg, 203.  
 Philadelphia, 51, 68, 88, 90.  
 Philippi, 171.  
 Phonography, 257.  
 Pickens, 80, 83.  
 Pierce, Frank, 149, 152.  
 Pike, 120.  
 Pinckney, 93, 95, 111.  
 Pittsburg, 232.  
 Plymouth Rock, 13, 14.  
 Polk, Gen., 175, 191.  
 Polk, President, 146, 147, 150.  
 Pope, 183.  
 Port Gibson, 189.  
 Porter, Commodore, 178.  
 Porter, Fitz John, 180.  
 Portugal, 139.  
 Prescott, 63.  
 President and Little Belt, 117.  
 Preston, Capt., 36.  
 Price, 174.  
 Princeton, 71.  
 Proctor, 120.  
 Prussia, 23, 24.  
 Public schools, 260.  
 Pueblo, 149.  
 Pulaski, 81.  
 Palpit politicians, 141, 152.  
 Purse and sword, 232.  
 Putnam, 98.  
  
 Quantrell, 190.

- Randolph & Bland sell forty negroes, 59.  
 Randolph, Edward, 104.  
 Randolph, John, 140.  
 Rawdon, 83.  
 Raymond, 189.  
 Republicanism is revolution organized at work, 164.  
 Resaca de la Palma, 147.  
 Retribution, 17, 21, 197, 209, 219, 223, 224, 225.  
 Richmond, Ky., 184.  
 Richmond, Va., 21, 44, 56, 209, 216.  
 Ripley, 122.  
 River Thames, 119, 120, 121.  
 Riverside Park, 257.  
 Roanoke Island, 177.  
 Robbery by law, 147.  
 Rome, 62.  
 Romney, 171.  
 Rosecrans, 184, 191.  
 Rousseau, 24.  
 Rusk, 266.  
 Russia, 23, 115.  
  
 Salem, 51.  
 Saltillo, 149.  
 San Francisco, 150.  
 San Gabriel, 148.  
 San Jacinto, 139.  
 Santa Fe, 148.  
 Saratoga, 73.  
 Satan at Fredericksburg, 182.  
 Satan's call to war, 170.  
 Satan's grand plot, 100, 101, 102, 105, 110, 123, 125, 129, 130, 131, 134, 137, 140, 141, 142, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 167, 169, 170, 201.  
 Satan's great storm at Richmond, 98.  
 Satan's soliloquy, 21.  
 Savannah, 79, 208.  
 Scott, 122, 149, 175.  
 Secession claimed as a right, 162.  
 Secession unwise, 158.  
 Sectional hatred, 131.  
 Settlers of States, 14, 15.  
 Seward, 167, 174, 227, 232.  
 Shelby, Isaac, 121, 122.  
 Shenandoah, 178.  
 Sheridan, 201, 204, 212.  
 Sherman, Roger, 92.  
 Sherman, W. T., 176, 191, 199, 200, 202, 203, 208, 215.  
 Shiloh, 176.  
 Sigel, 174, 199.  
 Silver demonetized, 538.  
 Simpson, Bishop, 232.  
 Slade, 140.  
 Slave freed by Mansfield, 50.  
 Slave trade, 19, 50, 59, 68, 92, 95, 186.  
 Slidell, 174.  
 Sloat, 148.  
 Smith, John, 43.  
 Smith, E. Kirby, 184.  
 Smith, Samuel, 122.  
 South Carolina, 58, 82.  
 South Carolina Constitution, 95.  
 Spain, 12, 89.  
 Stamp act, 8, 15, 26, 26.  
 Stanton, 183, 227, 232.  
 Stanton and Satan, 228.  
 Stark, 73.  
 Statesmanship of hate, 157, 165, 167.  
 St. Clair, 74, 105.  
 Steel, 190.  
 Stevens, A. H., 158, 160, 162.  
 Stevens, Thaddeus, 228.  
 St. John's Church, Richmond, Va., 56.  
 Stockton, 148.  
 Strawbridge, 42.  
 Stuart, 188.  
 Sullivan, 59, 69, 71.  
 Sumter, Fort, 169.  
 Surrender of R. E. Lee, 212.  
 Swamp angels, 190.  
  
 Taney, 145, 261.  
 Tariff, 90, 135, 139, 147, 266.  
 Tarleton, 82, 83.  
 Tax, corporations, syndicates, and trusts, 234, 270.

- Taylor, Z., 147, 151.  
 Tecumseh, 120, 140.  
 Tecumseh, White, 145, 202.  
 Telephone, 257.  
 Terry, 209.  
 Texas, 129, 139, 150.  
 Thames, 119.  
 Thomas, 175, 184, 191, 193, 207, 232.  
 Tippecanoe, 115.  
 Toronto, 120.  
 Townshend, 27, 30, 34.  
 Tracy, 266.  
 Trade dollars, 239.  
 Trenton, 71.  
 Trinity Church, 18, 39.  
 Tripoli, 128.  
 Tunis, 128.  
 Twiggs, 149.  
 Tryon, 80.  
 Tyler, 145.  
 Vagabonds, 235.  
 Valley Forge, 76.  
 Van Buren, 138.  
 Van Rensselaer, 145.  
 Vandalism, 317, 318.  
 Vanderbilt, 153.  
 Vermont, 114.  
 Versailles, 184.  
 Vicksburg, 189.  
 Virginia's benefactions, 196, 197, 198; conditions on acceding, 96; wrongs predicted, 44, 98, 100, 102; heroism predicted, 44; efforts to prevent war, 165, 197; heroism in war, 172, 197, 198; destruction of enemies, 181, 196; hospitality, 14, 197.  
 Voltaire, 24.  
 Walker, R. J., 147.  
 Wallace, Lew, 176, 199.  
 War Christianized, 150.  
 War with left hand, 122.  
 Warlike Christians, 118.  
 Warren, 62, 124.  
 Washington, D. C., 111.  
 Washington, George, 17, 46, 56, 57, 61, 64, 70, 71, 73, 76, 77, 87, 89, 103, 104, 109, 113.  
 Washington Monument, 255.  
 Washington, William, 83.  
 Wayne, 80, 111.  
 Wealth: all lose by its destruction, 233.  
 Webster, Daniel, 132, 138, 151, 152.  
 Wellington, 122.  
 Welsh, 232.  
 Wesley, Charles, 11, 38.  
 Wesley, John, 11, 64.  
 West, 38.  
 Westminster Abbey, 5.  
 Whitefield, 40.  
 Whittaker, 43.  
 Whittier, 232.  
 Wilkes, Commodore, 174.  
 Williams, Paulding, Van Wert, 82.  
 Williamsburg, 16.  
 Wilson's Creek, 174.  
 Winchester, 119.  
 Winder, 120.  
 Windom, William, 266.  
 Windsor Castle, 27, 48, 49.  
 Winslow, 205.  
 Wisconsin, 150.  
 Wise, 140, 157.  
 Wolfe, 43.  
 Wool, Gen., 149.  
 Worth, 149.  
 Wyoming, 79.  
 Wythe, 17.  
 Yale, 13.  
 Yorktown, 83.  
 Zollicoffer, 165.



Servant of God and Guardian of mankind.  
(280)

# QUESTIONS.

## BOOK FIRST.

The figures refer to the pages upon which the questions are answered.

FROM what nation did our States spring? Great Britain. With what event does authentic British history begin? Julius Caesar's conquest, B.C. 55. After the Romans left (A.D. 410), what peoples oppressed Britain? (6.) With what results? What change had taken place when George III. reigned? What city is the British capital? (6.) Where do the British erect monuments to distinguished men? (5.) When did Columbus discover America? October 11, 1492. To what nation did he give it? Spain. Who first landed in North America? John Cabot and his son Sebastian. In attempts to plant colonies, what Englishmen failed? Gilbert, Raleigh, and Grenville. Where and when was the first permanent settlement made? Jamestown, Va., May 13, 1607. Who were leaders? Gosnold, Smith, Rev. Robert Hunt, Newport, and Wingfield. By whom were they assisted? Lord De La Ware, Sir Thomas Gates, and Sir George Somers. What did they take to Virginia? Europe's highest civilization. What became of most of these sons of England's nobility and gentry? They died prematurely. When the survivors became inured to hardships and toil, what followed? (12.) What took place long before the "Mayflower" left Holland? (13, 14.) What is said of the New Englanders? (14.) Of colonists of other States? (14, 15.) Of a nation in embryo? (8.) Of separation from Britain? (8.) Of William Pitt? (8.) Of George III.? (10.) Of Grenville's Stamp act? (10.) Of the Western Hemisphere? (11, 12.) Of the Indians? Of the French? Of Spain? (12.) Of the Stamp act in the North? (15.) Of Virginia's happy condition? (15, 16.) Of the House of Burgesses, May 1, 1765? (16, 17.) Of the Union? (18.) Of the year 1765? Of Britain's officers in New York? (18.) Of King George. (18, 19.) Of the Venal Parliament? (19.) Of the wealthy nobles? (19.) Of America's friends? (20.) Of prominent New York patriots? (20.)

## BOOK SECOND.

WHAT is said of Britannia? (22.) Of Europe? Of Asia? Of Africa? Of the slave trade? Of Christian mistresses? Of the Indians? (22.) Of Japan? Of China? Of Persia? Of Turkey? Of Saracenic chiefs in Hindostan? Of Clive and the

East India Company? (23.) Of Catharine of Russia? Of Frederick of Prussia? (23.) Of Italy? (24.) Of Austria? Of the pontiff? Of the Kings of Spain and France? Of other European States? Of Choisseul at St. Cloud,\* Rousseau, and Voltaire? Of subjects, kings, and literati? (24.) Of the colonies? (25.) What prevented war? What happy results of peace? (25.) What was King George's policy in March, 1766? (26.) Who was made Prime Minister? What is said of Pitt's administration? (26.) How was this prevented? (27.) What did King George trade in? (27.) How did the king's empire compare with Satan's? (27.) Who outwitted Chatham? (29.) What use did the king make of Chatham? What effect had the repeal of the Stamp act? What effect on the king had Chatham's illness? (29.) Who, in Chatham's absence, ruled the Cabinet? (30.) What did he propose to tax? (30.) What is said of the effect of this taxation? Of a gold coin? Of the king's pride? Of the old nobility? (30.) Of England's literati? (31.) Of music in Boston? Of the military tramp? Of peaceful citizens? Of the battle of Blenheim? Of the people? Of banded sticks? (32.) Of soldiers at New York? Of the indignant people? Of Samuel Adams? Of the tools of tyranny? Of Dalrymple? (32.) Of each soldier? (33.) Of bold bravado? Of fruits of folly? Of victims of superstitions? (33.) Of Europe's refusal to persecute religionists? (34.) Of Spanish executions of republicans at New Orleans? (34.) Of stupid weaklings ruling England? Of the wisest ruling the colonies? (34.) Virginia's Burgesses? (34, 35.) Of the king? Of the colonists? Of the troops? Of the people? Of Boston? Of British lead? Of bright moonbeams? (35.) Of flowing blood, March 5, 1770? (36.) Of the guilty? Of the thoughtful people? Of the rabble? Of those who shot? and those who fell? (36.) Of Warren and Otis? (37.) Of the king and queen when their reign began? Of old abuses? (37.) Of the royal children? (38.) Of virtue and decency? Of fine arts? Of music? Of painting? Of poetry? Of discord? Of foreign foes? (38.) Of Indians? (38, 39.) Of Asia's sons? Of distant lands and isles of every sea? Of the present time? Of unlawful taxes? (39.) Of Whitfield? (40.) Of Southern seacoasts? Of the hunters? Of death in a cabin? Of the backwoods funeral? (40.) Of an Irishman in 1760? Of his name? Of two families of Irish in New York? (41.) Of their names? (42.) Of Capt. Webb? (42.) Of Robert Williams? (43.) Of Francis Asbury? (43.)

### BOOK THIRD.

What is said of Virginia's burgesses? (44.) Of a selfish world? Of possible ingratitude? Of her stalwart sons? (44.) Of the farmer's letters? (45.) Of the letters of "Junius" and their

\* French Prime Minister.

authorship? (45, 46.) Of backwoods burgesses? (46.) Of tea? (46.) To what places was it sent? (47.) Of Hutchinson? Of fifty men arrayed as Indians? Of Griffin's wharf? (47.) Of the war whoop? (48.) What caused the privy council to meet January 11, 1874? (48.) What is said of the king's ministers? Of Franklin? Of these highborn dignitaries? Of Wedderburne? (48.) Of the king's command? (49.) Of rudest wrathfulness? Of insanity? Of peace? Of Gen. Gage? (49.) Of Lord Mansfield? (50.) Of Parliament and king? Of Virginia? Of the Boston Port bill? Of Boston's population? (50.) Of hanging? (50.) Of signs of mourning in Philadelphia, June 1, 1774? (51.) Of Virginia? Of the Southern colonies? (51.) Of New England's gratitude to the South? (52.) Of the Congress of October 25, 1774? (52, 53.) Of the British yoke? Why not cast off? (53, 54.) What is said of Boston's families? (54.) Of Gadsden of Carolina? (54.) What ought all time to witness? What ought to be household words in Boston? What is said of Gen. Gage? (54.) Of his pledge to the king? (55.) Of the wall that inclosed him? Of the escape by sea? Of the peaceful counsels? Of more troops? While helpless, what does he see brave Virginians do? To whom had the king given their territory northwest of the Ohio? (55.) What Congressmen are named? (56.) What is said of the dawn of independence? Of Franklin? Of royal governors? Of breezes from the North? (56.) Of Virginia's military plan? (56, 57.) Of Dunmore's threats? Of driving him to his ships? (57.) Of Georgia? (58.) Of South Carolina? Of North Carolina? Of a triumphal march? (58.) Of the braggart governor? (58, 59.) Of Norfolk? (59.) Of last official acts? Of Randolph and Bland? Of Paul Revere? Of Sullivan? Of Pitcairn? (59.) Of his order? (60.) Of Americans killed and wounded? Of boasting Britons? How did they take ammunition? What two patriots were they ordered to arrest? What is said of the Congress of June 15, 1775? (60.) What did Virginia tell King George when Harrison nominated Hancock for President of Congress? (60, 61.) What is said of John Adams? (61.) What is said of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775? Of its effect on England? (61.) Of the fire in Charlestown? (62.) Of wealth and war? Of wealth in ancient nations? Of Warren? Ticonderoga? (62.) Of Crown Point? (63.) Of Ethan Allen? Of Prescott? Of Gridley? Of Putnam? Who reviewed the American army July 10, 1775? (63.) What is said of England? (64.) Of Lord North? Of Wesley? Of London? Of the crazed king? Of independence? Of a French agent? (64.) Of Carolinians? (65.) Of Fort Moultrie? Of Lord Campbell? Of Montgomery? Of Canadian hearts? (65.) Of Washington's army? (66.) Of what he lacked? Of Dorchester Heights? Of Boston set free? Of the army's hope? Of Washington's knowledge? (66.) Of the enemy's numbers? (67.) Of the French jealousy of Britain? Of Virginia and the South? Of New England? Of the Middle

States? (67.) Of the declaration worded to suit Georgia, the Carolinas, and New England on slavery? (68.) Who eloquently advocated independence? When was independence declared? (68.)

#### BOOK FOURTH.

To whom was December 25, 1776, a sad Christmas? Why? (69.) With how many did Washington escape across the Delaware? What is said of Charles Lee? Of Sullivan? Of Congress? (69.) Of the country? (70.) Of Cæsar and Monk? Of an ice bridge? Of Cornwallis? Of Howe? Of allies and helpers of Washington? (70, 71.) Of the noise of battle December 25, 1776? (71.) Of hated Hessians? Of Rahl? Of Trenton's garrison? What did Americans fight before they fought the Hessians? What was the effect of the victory? How many did the enemy lose? What is said of the great chief? Of Cornwallis? (71.) Of Princeton troops? (72.) Of Princeton's classic ground? Of January 4, 1777? Of the British army? (72.) Of thousands surprised in Princeton? Of raw recruits? Of Mercer and valiant veterans? Who fell? What voice rung out upon the air? (72.) What of the morning breeze? (73.) What is said of Saratoga, October 17, 1777? (73.) Of Burgoyne? Of John Stark? Of two recent battles? Who surrendered with Burgoyne? What was taken besides captives? What will be the effect? (73.) Why not peace? (74.) What of Trenton and Princeton? (75.) Of ships up the Chesapeake? Of Brandywine? Of Germantown? Of Howe? Of Valley Forge? What came with spring? What way did Howe seek safety? Who were victims of vice? (75, 76.) To supplant Washington what was done? (76.) Was it accomplished? What sound was heard near Monmouth, N. J., June 21, 1778? (76.) Who came retreating? (77.) Who met them? What did he say to Charles Lee? How did Lee reply? Who followed Washington? With what result? What is said of the falls of the Ohio? (77.) Who came from afar July 30, 1778? (78.) Why had Virginia sent them forth? What had she done when France intruded? What when King George gave her territory to the Canadians? What had those men taken from Great Britain? (78.) Who led these Kentucky Virginians? (79.) What five States occupy that ground? (79.) What is said of the French and English fleets? How many French were at Savannah October 8, 1779? How many Carolinians? What is said of the Butlers? Of the torch? Of the Parliament? Of Piggot? Of Wayne? Of Maj. Lee? Of Pickens? Of Prevost? Of Campbell? (80.) Of Pulaski? (81.) Of Lincoln? Of Jasper? Of D'Estaing? Of the fort? Of mammon and covetousness? (81, 82.) Of Arnold and Andre? Of the captors of Andre? Of Arnold and fire fiends? Of Tarleton? (82, 83.) Of William Washington? (83.) Of Cornwallis? Of Greene? Of Gen. Hayne? Of the fight at Eutaw Springs September 18,

1781. (83.) Who and what were vanquished at Yorktown, Va., October 19, 1781? (84.) What is said of French help? Of Savannah and Newport? Of West Point? Of ragged troops? Of generous Philadelphians? (84, 85.) Of a French Loan? Of New York? Of Cornwallis? (85, 86.) Of Lafayette? (86.) Of Clinton? Of Americans and French? Of French fleets? Of Hamilton and Lafayette? What did Virginia see? (86.) What is said of prisoners? (87.) Of guns, etc.? Of O'Hara? Of Cornwallis? Of the victors? (87.) Of a messenger from Yorktown in Philadelphia October 23, 1781? (88.) What was the effect of his news? What is said of the Congress? (88.) Of our newborn nation, December 26, 1783? (89.) Of its freedom? Of peace? Of heroes of independence? Of Washington? Of what he gave? (89.)

## BOOK FIFTH.

What is said of the Federal Convention August 15, 1787? (90.) Of a perfect union? Of a small tax? Of selfishness? Of small States? Of large? Of the rich South? Of the poor North? Of slaves? Of State sovereignty? (90.) Of Charles Pinckney? (90.) Of Mason and Lee? (91.) Of Ames? (91.) Of Rufus King? Of Hamilton? (91.) Of Franklin? (92.) Of Sherman and Ellsworth? (92.) Of slaves? Of New England, Georgia, and the Carolinas? (92.) Of strong government? Of friends of civil liberty? (92.) Of God? (93.) Do swindling statesmen cost less than honest soldiers? Was the Constitution to be ratified or rejected by the States? (93.) What States had not ratified June 24, 1788? (94.) What is said of Massachusetts? (94, 95.) Of South Carolina? (95, 96.) What did Virginia claim if she acceded? What is said of despots? Of majorities? Of force? Of a mighty tribunate to forbid selfishness and prevent war between States? (96, 97.) Of Henry's oratory? (98.) Of angels bemoaning Virginia's destiny? Of a storm to interfere with Henry's effort? (98.) To what is creation subject? (99.) What is said of the new government? (99, 100.) Of fiendish hatred? (100.) Of Western gales of liberty? Of the French? Of wars between Americans predicted? Of their effect? What is said of the States? (101.) Of the federal sovereignty? (101, 102.) What did the States put into its hands? What would result from clashing interests? Of upstart insolence? Of fanatic faction? (102.) Of Satan's boast? (102, 103.) Of Adam and Eve? Of Cain and Abel? Of antediluvians? Of heirs of Noah? Of ancient cities and nations? (103, 104.) Of this newest of the nations? (104.) Of the inauguration of the new administration? Of the Book of God? Of France? (104.) Of the savages? (105.) Of rum and whisky? Of political strife? Of Hamilton? Of Jefferson? (105.) Of strifes of Europe here? (106.) Of Boston common July 9, 1792? (106.) Who were those horsemen? What did they bring? Why had New En-

gland picked up cast-off heresies of other lands? (107.) What better way to obtain relief from Calvinism did these men of the South bring? (108.) How many converts had Lee gained in two years? What is said of reluctant Boston? What of ten thousand such? (108.) Of young Americans? Of Jefferson and Hamilton? Of the people? Of the sword of Washington? Of France? Of Britain? Of Genet, the French Minister? Of Jay? Of Jay's treaty? (109.) Of Eastern men favored by an Eastern man? Of Southern men robbed of slaves? Of the British lion? (110.) What news had arrived at Washington, D. C., June 1, 1803? (111.) What is said of the States? Of the frontier men? Of trade? Of the Indians? Of whisky fiends? Of France? Of Pinckney? Of the waves? Of the French change of rulers? (111.) Of fears of the people? Of how happily proved unfounded? What is said of Jefferson and Marshall? (113, 114.) Of growth in wealth? In population? Of new States? (114.)

#### BOOK SIXTH.

WHAT would follow the continued rule of sober, upright men? (115.) What is said of Lewis and Clark? Of Fulton? (115.) Of pirates? (116.) Of Indians? Of Burr? Of Hamilton? Of Harrison? Of Britain's lords of trade? Of Frenchmen? Of ships in their own ports? Of the embargo? Of New England? Of John Henry? Of Craig? (116.) Of ships of neutral nations? (117.) Of the English language? Of the six thousand Americans kidnapped? Of the "Leopard" and "Chesapeake?" Of nonintercourse? Of the "Little Belt" and "President?" What else was done to provoke war? Did John Henry prove to Madison that New England's factions had negotiated for annexations to Canada? What of idle throngs in seaports? What of the woodsmen of the West? What of the young statesmen? (117, 118.) In what did the Christian nations agree on December 25, 1812? (118.) What did they make the world? What is said of all soils? Of Protestants? Of angry millions here? Of bold statesmen? What nation did they strike? Had they prepared for war? What is said of Hull? Of the Northwest? (118.) Of Van Rensselaer? (118, 119.) Of New York's militia? Of one Smyth? Of naval heroes? Of Winchester? Of Proctor? (119.) Of Dudley? (120.) Of Chauncey? Of Dearborn? Of Pike? Of Winder and Chandler? Of Lawrence? Of naval warfare on shore? At the battle of the Thames (October 5, 1813) who fled? What is said of the British regulars? Of Kentucky horsemen? Of Tecumseh? Of the Indians? (120.) Of Isaac Shelby? (121.) Of Harrison? Of Croghan? Of Johnson? Of Perry? Of children of the West? (121.) What is said of Chippewa? (122.) Of Lundy's Lane? Of distinguished generals? Of the siege of Fort Erie? Of Prevost and Downie? Of Plattsburg and Lake Champlain? Of McDonough and Macomb? Of Ross at Washington? Of Smith at

North Point, near Baltimore? Of Fort McHenry? Of the star-spangled banner? (122.) What of the times when Adams ruled? What did New England know her sons to be? Why did she lose patience? What was too bad to endure? When Louisiana was bought, what did a faction say? When did the faction demand war? What did those she called imbeciles adopt? When the embargo ruined trade, to whom did they listen? (123.) What was proposed? (124.) Where? What is said of John Adams? Of the law? When war was declared according to their wish, how did they act? Did they hastily secede? Why? What would they do? What would they claim? What would they call what others call robbery. (124.) What is said of the Hartford conventionists? (125.) What of New England? What is said of Andrew Jack-on at Fort Mims? (125.) At Fort Bowyer? In Spanish Florida? At New Orleans? Of Napoleon's conquerors? Of Pakenham, Gibbs, and Keen? Of Lambert? Of the loss of Americans? Of the loss of British? Of the truce? (126.) What was gained by the Americans? (127.) By the British? What is said of a court to prevent war? (127, 128.) Of Judge Hall, who fined Jackson for contempt of court in enforcing martial law? Of Jackson? Of his submission to a civil court? Of Deatur? Of the pirates? Of the exiles? (128.) Of the Greeks? (129.) Of Spain? Of France? Of Liberia? Of Jackson? Of Texas? Of sectional politics? Of Monroe? Of the next President? Of States added to the Union? Of Missouri? Of her right? (129.) Of sectional jealousy? (130.) Of supercilious piety? Of what the States gave the Congress? Of the wish of many? Of the compromise line? Of coequal citizens and States? Of French residents? Of King majority? (130.) Of purblind statesmanship? (131.) Of the slave trade? Of foreign tonnage? Of masters? Of slaves? Of flames of hatred? (131.) Of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1825? (132.) Of Daniel Webster? Of Lafayette? Of gratitude? Of the new republics? (132.) Of the "Monroe Doctrine?" Of the "Brandywine?" (133.)

### BOOK SEVENTH.

WHAT is said of Jackson's inauguration, March 4, 1829? (134.) Of the factory lords? (134.) Of the wives of Jackson's cabinet? (135.) Of Van Buren, the widower of Kinderhook? (135.) Of J. C. Calhoun, the Vice-president? (136.) Of the President? Of sectional parties? (136.) Of Jefferson and Adams? (137.) Of railroad cars? (138.) Of the cabinet? Of Van Buren, March 4, 1833? Of the manufacturers? Of the fiery South? Of the Force bill? Of Hayne? Of Webster and Calhoun? Of Livingston? (138.) Of twenty years? (139.) Of Carolinians? Of Clay? Of Calhoun? Of Jackson? Of Austin? Of the Alamo, where Texans were butchered? Of the cholera? (139.) Of Black Hawk? Of France? Of Portugal? Of New York?

Of politicians? Of death? (140.) Of Monroe? Of the issue of the battle at San Jacinto, Tex., April, 1836? Of Sam Houston? Of Santa Ana? Of Slade of Vermont? Of threescore Congressmen? Of Southern Congressmen? Of British emissaries? Of poets? Of smartlings? (140, 141.) Of hiring lecturers? (141.) Of pulpit politicians? Of contracts of their sires? Of the British? Of the capital? Of fair bargains? (141.) Of one honest way? (141.) Of covenant breaking? Of brazen impudence? Of the great name of Christ? (142.) Of Clay? (143.) Of petitions less frequent. Why? Of self-love and self-conceit? Of change of rulers? Of Van Buren? Of Harrison? Of Tyler? (143.) Of Michigan? Of Arkansas? Of Seminoles? Of Cherokees? Of retribution? (145.) Of the magnetic telegraph, May 29, 1844? (145.) Of all nations neighbors? Of Morse, the benefactor? Of the manufacturer's pocket-nerve? (146.) Of what they plead? (147.) Of protected wealth when war shall hold millions by the throat? Of Taylor's troops at Palo Alto? Of Resaca de la Palma? Of Monterey? Of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847? Of Zachary Taylor? Of Jefferson Davis? (147.) Of Mississippians? (147, 148.) Of officers? Of Jacob Goodson? (148.) Of Clay, McKee, and hundreds of brave men? Of entering their foe's capital? Of Bibles? Of Fremont, Stockton, and Sloat? Of Kearney? (148.) Of Doniphan? (149.) Of Vera Cruz? Of Twiggs? Of Santa Ana? Of West Point officers? Name some of the generals. (149.) What is said of President Polk? (150.) Of Texas? Of war? Peace brought what? Of the British treaty? Of States admitted? Of Smithson? (150.) Of Jackson and Adams? (151.) Of Clay's compromise? Of honored names? Since Clay's compromise what has been threatened? (151.) What is said of sectional hatred? (152.) Of New England's clergy? Of self-government? Of Nebraska? What did the clergy want? What is said of the South? (152.) What is said of the ocean telegraph? (153.) Of Crystal Palace? Of Perry? Of Ingram? Of Field? Of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, 1859? Of Brown's guilt without his bravery? (153.) Of not one man in twenty thirsts for blood? (155.) Of halls of Congress? Of the multitudes? (155.) Of a thousand mad men? (156.) Of the ordinance of 1787 shutting slavery out of the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin? Was it lawful? Of the Missouri compromise? Did the North abide by it? (156.) What did the faction want? (157.) Had the most guilty been caught when Brown was hung? (157.)

#### BOOK EIGHTH.

WHAT is said of a great State leaving the Union? (158.) Of twelve more? Was it wise to dissolve the Union? (158-160.) Who have thought disunion a State right? (160.) What is said of the West? Of the East? Of the North for sixty years? To a ruling faction of the North what did the Constitution seem? What

did their statesmen say? (161.) What said the men who made the Constitution? For what has the Federal government troops? (162.) What would war on a State be? What did Morris and Hamilton say the Federal government would do? What would result from such base action? (163.) Can the States be held together without force? (163, 164.) What is said of the faction that claimed the right to rule? What of the wickedness of the Northern and Southern factions? (164.) If the Northern faction wished to free slaves, what was the honest way? (164.) If to fight to free slaves, how could they do it without violating plighted faith? (165.) What is said of the faction holding power? Of Virginia and Kentucky? Of the faction holding the purse and sword? Of the kindly heart of the new President? (165.) Of his fierce followers? Of the least furious of them? How did they regard Pinckney, Gadsden, or Washington? What was done by sober Southerners? What was necessary to preserve the ruling faction? (166, 167.) What fatal defect characterized the Federal government? (168.) How were citizens made traitors in spite of true fidelity to both State and Federal governments? (168.) What is said of the President? How would war begin? (168.) What had been the boasts of North and South? What would follow on firing on the flag? (169.) Who commanded in the attack on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861? (171.) Who surrendered? What is said of Baltimore? Of Bethel? Of Philippi? Of Romney? Of Garnet? Of Rich Mountain? Of Cheat River? Of West Pointers? Of men in gray? (171.) Of troops from the West? Of the panic-stricken? Of Northern policy? Of Southern policy? (172.) Of folly's most absurd desire? (173.) Of one live yankee? Of the South's lost opportunity? (173.) Of Wilkes? (173.) Of Palmerston? (174.) Of the lion in his lair? Of Missouri? Of Jackson? Of Price? Of Harney? Of Lyon? Of Sigel? Of Boonville? Of Carthage? Of Wilson's Creek? Of Lyon slain? Of McCullough? (174.) Of Mulligan? (174, 175.) Of Fremont? (175.) Of Hunter? Of Halleck? Of Grant? Of Polk? Of Baker? Of cannons made of wood? Of McClellan? Of four hundred thousand men? Of Garfield? Of Marshall? Of Thomas? Of Zollicoffer? Of Crittenden? Of Fort Henry? Of Fort Donelson? Of Grant? Of Foote? (175.) Of Pillow and Floyd? (176.) Of Buckner? Of Kentucky? Of Tennessee? Of Shiloh, April 7, 1862? Of Grant? Of Albert Sidney Johnston? Of Buell? (176.) Of Porter and Farragut at New Orleans, April 26, 1862? (177.) Of Jackson's statue and Ben Butler? Of McCullough, McIntosh, and Pike at Pea Ridge? Of Curtis? Of the dead? Of Burnside and Goldsboro? Of Pope? (177.) Of bombardment of the forts? (178.) Of to capture? Of stealing? (178.) Of Farragut? Of Porter? Of the Shenandoah conflicts? Of Jackson? (178.) Of McClellan's strategy? (179.) Of his battles? Of Southern strategy? (179.) Of earth walls? Of Northern heroes? (180.) When was the ironclad, "Virginia," sent to

Hampton Roads? March 8, 1862. What did she destroy? What did Virginia suffer for the lack of? When and where did the first steamboat move against a current? When and where was natural gas first used? Where did McCormick invent the reaper? What caused the loss or inefficiency of Confederate ironclads? (180.)

## BOOK NINTH.

WHAT is said of Fredericksburg, December 15, 1862? (181.) Of virtues become vices? Of West Point? Of courage? Of wealth? (181.) Of Cedar Mountain? (183.) Of Manassas? Of Centerville? Of Chantilly? Of Pope? Of trembling Washington? Of Frederick, Md.? Of Hagerstown? Of Harper's Ferry? Of Antietam? Of sharp steel pens? Of McClellan's head? Of Burnside? (183.) Of Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 3, 1863? (184.) Of Rosecrans? Of artillery? Of Kentucky? Of Kirby Smith? Of Manson? Of Kentucky towns? Of Perryville? Of Bragg? Of precious stores? Of luka? Of Van Dorn and Price? Of Sherman? (184.) Of Hooker? (184.) Of Lee? Of Jackson? (185.) What is said of July 4, 1776? (186.) Of July 4, 1863, at Gettysburg? (186.) Of Vicksburg? (186, 187.) What was claimed? (187.) What is said of prayers? (188.) Of with the Lord? Of going to Stonewall Jackson? Of going to John Brown? Of politicians? Of Lee, Meade, and other soldiers? (188.) Of desperate valor at Vicksburg? (189.) Of Arkansas Post? Of passing the forts? Of Port Gibson? Of Grand Gulf? Of Jackson, Raymond, Champion Hills, Black River bridge? Of Pemberton? Of Grant's a-sault? Of thirty thousand starving men? (189.) Of the commerce of the West? Of a wall of waters? Of flag of truce? (189.) Of Charleston, S. C.? (190.) Of Dupont? Of Dahlgren and Gilmore? Of swamp angels? Of Holmes at Helena? Of Steele at Little Rock? Of Lawrence, Kan.? Of Quantrell? (190.) Of Longstreet? (191.) Of Thomas? Of Virginia blood? Of Rosecrans? Of Hooker? Of Sherman? Of Grant? Of Southern heroes? Of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863? (191.) Of Bragg giving notice? What is said of the fight above the clouds? (191, 192.) Of the second fight on Mission Ridge? (193.) Of the loss of Tennessee by the South? (193.) Of John Morgan at Covington, Ky., November 20, 1863? (193.) Of his character? Of his bad treatment? Of his enemies disgracing themselves? Of his escape? (194.) Of three armies? Of Banks? Of "Rough and Ready's" son? Of Gen. Richard Taylor? (194.) Of "no generals to hurt?" (195.) Of the two B's? of their native land? Of its poets? Of its pulpits? Of transcendentalists? Of its really great men? (195.) Of the lasting glory of that famous land? (196.) Of Grant's losses? (196.) Of brave men dying to defend cowards? Of Federal force making war on States? What was it? Striking Virginia was what? (196, 197.) What had she given the Union? (197.) How did her sons fight? How treat

their enemies? (197.) Of her sons a living wall? (198.) While she fought a world in arms, whom did her enemies call on to save them? Of grand, brave men in Northern armies? Why in Virginia should they wear laurels soaked in blood? (198.) What is said of Lee? Of Johnston? (198.) Of the battles north of Richmond? (199.) Of the cadets and Sigel? Of Hunter and Early? Of Breckinridge and Lew Wallace? Of the fighting of Sherman and Johnston? (199.) Of Atlanta's importance? (200.) Of Johnston's Fabian policy? Of a desolated valley? (200.) Of the best of Adam's race? Of defense of native land? Of every craven heart? Of one so brave as Sheridan? (201.) Of war or felony? Of not thus that Grant and Sherman learned to fight? (201.) Of earthly retribution? Of Tecumseh S.? (202.) Of Johnston superseded by Hood? (203.) Of his move backward? (203.) Of Thomas distrusted? If removed, how may Hood win victories? What is said of fighting like crazy fiends at Petersburg? Of Early threatening Washington? Of Wright? Of Chambersburg? Of the barbarian torch? (203, 204.) Of Sheridan's ax and torch? (204.) Of Early's victory? Of Sheridan's greater victory? Of great barbarism? Of Union fleets? Of Cushing? Of Farragut? (204.) Of Winslow? (205.)

## BOOK TENTH.

WHAT is said of Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1864? (206.) Of Andrew Jackson? Of the generalship of Thomas? (206, 207.) Of Schofield? Of Hood's bravery? Of defeat? (207.) Of atrocious crimes? (208.) Of lawless villains? Of saintly Bachman? Of the hell hounds? (208.) Of the oft defeated army almost victorious at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865? (209.) Why? What is said of Kirkpatrick's cavalry? Of Terry? Of Sabbath morning in Richmond, April 2, 1865? (209, 210.) Of afternoon? (211, 212.) Of McLean's Orchard, Appomattox C. H., Va.? Of the strife growing fiercer? Of the surrender of Lee? Of Grant's generous magnanimity? (212.) Of Lee in adversity? (212, 213.) Of Ford's Theater? Of Washington, April 14, 1865? (213.) Of a bloody tragedy? Of the President? Of Booth? Of Beall? (214.) Of under the flag 'neath which their fathers stood? Of Sherman, Johnston, Breckinridge? (215.) Of "one more social drink?" (216.) Of the right of a supreme commander over prisoners? Of the kindness of the President? Of his death? Of fanatic fury going to hanging? (216.) Of Johnston? (217.) Of Breckinridge? (217.) Of peace? (218.) Of God's goodness? Of secession and disunion? Of slaves free? Of Johnson's theory? Of Lincoln's theory? Was coercion, if they were not right, a most atrocious crime? (218, 219.) Did he love the Union? Was he the poor man's friend? What is said of a vicarious sufferer? (219, 220.) Did God give a law to make slaves of freemen? (220.) What is said of the guilt of slavery in the South? (220.) Of predictions of Haytian horrors? (221.) What

prevented it? (221.) What is said of Africa Christianized? Of the guilt of Southern men? (221, 222.) Of the domestic slave trade? (222.) Of retribution? (223.) Is the white man's lot like what the slaves have been? What is worse than plantation government? (224.) What is said of the vile treatment of Jefferson Davis? (225.) Of stern retribution following fast? (226.) Of rulers of this continent? Of Davis, Lincoln, Maximilian, Johnson? (226.) Of Alaska? Of a costly party? (227, 228.) Of a miscreated, monstrous government in the South? (228.) Of Johnson acquitted? Of fires in Boston? (228.) Of Chicago and the North-west? (228.) Of reminders of Virginia and other Southern fires? (229.) Do fraudulent States raise fraudulent citizens? Of "Black Friday?" Of Twced? Of the "Credit Mobilier?" (229.) Of the country's growth? (230.) Of the boomerang? (230.) Of fifteen and a half millions of dollars? Of Sumner and Grant? (231.) Who sleep in quiet graves? (232.)

#### ELEVENTH BOOK.

Who took places in the Centennial building at Philadelphia? Who prayed? Whose hymn was sung? (232.) What is said of the Pittsburg fire? (233.) Of Sherman's tactics? Of Hamilton's finance? Whose loss? To whom does less wealth mean less comfort? What had war taught Northern workmen? (233.) What is said of strife between labor and capital? Of a just court? Of men and machinery working on? Of a just bounty? Of a general tax? Of corporations and syndicates? (234.) What else will save the millions from the millionaires? (235.) Why not divide all wealth in equal parts? What could not wealthy rulers buy? (236.) How did an aristocracy of wealth rob? How corrupt? (237.) What is said of that Scotchman? (238.) How was silver demonetized? Why? Was paper currency paid for in gold? (238.) What is said of trade dollars? (239.) Do banks expand currency when it is plenty, contract when it is scarce? What is said of a stable, well-secured currency? (239.) Of President Garfield? (240.) Of the Czar of Russia? Of John Brown as a model saint? (240.) What noted men have died? What is said of Ralph Waldo Emerson? (241.) Of the iron creed? (242.) Of the truth of God? (242.) What had prayerful people come to celebrate? What reply do they make to those who say there is no God? (243-145.) What is said of only God filling immensity? (245, 246.) Of the period when he was the All? Of his now existing in all? Of God the Father? Of his ubiquity? Of his invisibility? Of God the Son manifested? Of his incarnation? Of his crucifixion? (247.) Of his rising? Of his reigning? Of God the Holy Ghost manifested? (247.) Of his making human bodies his temples? Of his giving men access to the Father through the Son? Of a unitarian God? (248.) Of the sovereignty of God? (249.) Of God's unchangeableness? Of his knowledge? (249-251.)

What is said of unfettered finite freedom's loftiest flight? (252.)  
Of God's all-encircling infinite freedom?

## TWELFTH BOOK.

WHAT is said of Washington's example? (253.) Of short-sighted men? Of parties? (256.) Of the telephone? (256.) Of the phonograph? (257.) Of electric lights? Of electric motors? Of natural gas? Of Gen. Grant's obsequies? Of his life? (257, 258.) Of Hancock? Of Johnston and Buckner? (258.) What can a nation need that this has not? (259.) What does Satan claim? (259.) What would he do if he could? (259.) With what does he threaten our country? (260.) What will the decent people of this land do? (260.) What is said of filthy liquors? (261.) Of the hatreds of strong parties? Of an election force bill? (262.) What would the people do in five weeks? (263.) Of Northern capital? (263.) Of noble Northern men? (263, 264.) Of wealthy Northern men? (265.) Of Northern working-men? What would election day see? (265.) What took place in the capital at that hour? (266.) What does one million for the treasury take from the people for the capitalists? (267.) What is said of Cleveland and Harrison? (268.) What will the people do with the robber tariff? (268.) What of rich men's greediness of gain? (269.) What system of finance is proposed? (270.) What is said of lifting the burden from the poor? What should wealth pay? (271.) What will this great nation not permit? What will this nation find? (272.)



VIRGINIA VISITED.



## SELECTED POEMS.

---

### VIRGINIA VISITED.

RICHMOND, VA., MAY, 1886.

---

HERE, loveliest of mothers,  
At home, from sorrows free,  
I leave all else to others;  
And in my childish glee,  
Entranced by charms that grace thee  
I stand beside thy knee;  
Thy loving arms embrace me,  
While thrilling ecstasy  
Bids care and gloom and sadness  
With quick'ning speed depart,  
As in this hour of gladness  
I nestle near thy heart;  
And lay my flushed cheek lightly  
Upon thy tender breast,  
Where in my childhood nightly,  
I dreamed of heav'nly rest.

Through years of weary wand'ring,  
I've languished for thy smile,  
My spirit fondly pond'ring,  
On ev'ry winning wile  
That won my love, and bound me  
With fascinating pow'r,  
And twined my heartstrings round thee,  
In childhood's guileless hour.  
That sacred tie, unbroken,  
Still draws me to thy side,  
With many a wish unspoken,  
That here I might abide.

A dreary road, and lonely,  
 I'll tread when we must part,  
 Though I have brought thee only  
 A loving, homesick heart.

O best beloved of mothers!  
 The "Iliad of thy woes"  
 Wrings from my noble brothers,  
 And even from thy foes,  
 The bitter tears of sorrow  
 And sympathetic grief,  
 That seek from God to borrow,  
 For virtue, sweet relief.  
 'Twas when thy homes were blazing,  
 By vandal fires consumed,  
 Th' indignant world stood gazing,  
 And saw thy face illumed  
 With more than earthly glory;  
 And thy majestic form,  
 Though battle-scarred and gory,  
 Rose grandly through the storm.

Thermopylæa a hundred,  
 And Marathons by scores,  
 Still tell where cannons thundered  
 To guard thy sacred shores.  
 Yet not from puny Persians,  
 Thy bloody fields were won,  
 Nor troops whose brief incursions  
 End with the rising sun;  
 But men thou wouldst have cherished  
 Were fiercest of thy foes,  
 And when they bravely perished,  
 In agonizing throes,  
 Thou laidst their countless numbers  
 Beside thy boldest braves,  
 To peaceful, quiet slumbers,  
 In "hospitable graves."

O mother of the mighty!  
 Thy matchless, gallant sons

Take precedence, and rightly,  
 Of all earth's valiant ones;  
 Not Cæsar, nor Napoleon,  
 Nor he of Macedon,  
 Nor German, Frank, nor Briton  
 Could do what they have done.  
 The fabled hosts that Homer  
 Made high Olympus tread  
 Were dwarfed beside each roamer  
 That "Stonewall" Jackson led;  
 No gods of Grecian story  
 Could bear comparison,  
 On fields of martial glory,  
 With Lee or Washington.

By old Britannia's charter,  
 A continent was thine;  
 Hills, plains, and sparkling water,  
 Each forest and each mine.  
 The sil'ry voice of science  
 Still pleads thy rightful claim,  
 And boldly bids defiance  
 To all who scorn thy name,  
 "Virginiensis," brightly  
 Her jeweled hand engraves  
 On birds that carol lightly,  
 On tenants of the waves;  
 Fair flow'rets breathe it sweetly,  
 It flashes on the tide,  
 The wild deer bears it fleetly  
 Far up the mountain side.

Thy name, beloved, immortal  
 Shall live when others die,  
 And to thy glowing portal  
 Thy children ever hie.  
 When Time his course is ending,  
 When all his works shall cease,  
 All eyes shall see, descending,  
 The glorious Prince of Peace;  
 Then coming down from heaven,  
 Christ's Virgin Bride shall shine,

Fair, sinless, pure, forgiven,  
 Illustrious, divine!  
 And thou and thine shall with them  
 Be blessed and satisfied,  
 As in the New Jerusalem,  
 Virginia's glorified.

---

P'LL THINK OF THE SAND BANKS.\*

LEXINGTON, KY., APRIL, 1839.

I'LL think of the sand banks when morn's early beam  
 Illumines the meadow and brightens the stream,  
 When noon's sultry sunshine invites to repose,  
 When night spreads oblivion o'er pleasures and woes;  
 E'en my dreams shall be peopled with forms that were  
 there,  
 And their voices shall echo in fancy's rapt ear.

I'll think of the sand banks when spring paints her  
 flow'rs  
 And calls her winged minstrels to gladden her bow'rs,  
 When summer's warm smile glows above the parched  
 soil,  
 When autumn's rich stores bless the husbandman's toil,  
 And the chill winds of winter shall bring to my mind  
 The mem'ry of friends whom I there left behind.

I'll think of the sand banks while youth's eager eye  
 Still rests on hope's bow in futurity's sky;  
 When manhood with cares shall encircle my feet,  
 Or leave me, unfriended, life's troubles to meet;  
 And when age bids me gaze in the mirror of truth,  
 I'll think of the sand banks, the home of my youth.

---

TO MY MOTHER.†

I LOVE the land that gave me birth,  
 The fires that warm my native hearth,

---

\* Accomac, Va.

† Written at John Prather's, six miles East of Lexington, Ky.,  
 in the spring of 1842, and published in the *Ladies' Repository*,  
 Cincinnati, O.



I'll think of the sand banks when spring paints her flowers  
And calls her winged minstrels to gladden her bowers.

The fields where childhood's sunny hours  
 Mid rip'ning fruits and op'ning flowers  
 Breathed pleasure in the floating air,  
 Nor thought of pain nor dreamed of care.

I love the home of infancy,  
 Virginia's charming scenery,  
 The sand banks of my native shore,  
 The whistling winds, the ocean's roar,  
 The storm careering fearfully,  
 The snow-capped surges wild and free.

I love the friends of early years,  
 Who kindly wiped my infant tears,  
 The humble church without a spire,  
 Where blazed devotion's hallowed fire,  
 The ministers of sacred truth  
 Who chid the wand'rings of my youth :

I love them all—God bless my home—  
 And shall where'er my steps may roam.  
 But, mother, when compared with thee,  
 To me they're less than vanity ;  
 Next to the God she loves so well,  
 My mother in my heart shall dwell.

To guard my unprotected hours,  
 To strew my ev'ry path with flow'rs,  
 To make my childhood's sky grow bright,  
 To quell my fears was thy delight ;  
 And with a love almost divine  
 Thine eyes grew dim in watching mine.

Dear mother, in my boyish dreams,  
 When fancy ruled her magic realms,  
 I gathered wealth that thy free hand  
 Might scatter blessings through the land,  
 I climbed Parnassian hills for fame,  
 To give thy house a deathless name.

I sought for honor's thorny road,  
 To mingle with the giddy crowd ;  
 And when the rosy wreath was gained,

Though toil and blood its leaves had stained,  
 Delighted, at thy feet I'd bow,  
 And with it deck thy honored brow.

Those dreams have passed, and hopes of heav'n  
 To nobler themes my thoughts have giv'n;  
 Wealth's golden stores may ne'er be mine,  
 Nor fame my humble name enshrine.  
 The pathway of humility  
 Must lead my footsteps to the sky.

But, mother, when my wand'rings end  
 Where tall archangels lowly bend,  
 Joyful, their sovereign Lord to own,  
 And worship him who fills the throne;  
 Should Jesus deign to smile on me,  
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to thee.

And should a heav'nly harp be mine,  
 A crown of righteousness divine,  
 A mansion in the land of love,  
 A home in that bright world above,  
 'Twill sweeten all the joys of heaven  
 To know they're to my mother given.

---

#### A WIFE'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

- JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., APRIL 20, 1873.

SINCE first I saw thee, thou hast ever been  
 My bright ideal of the beautiful,  
 The type and pattern of all loveliness.

Whether in gleeful gambolings, tripping  
 O'er flow'ry paths, where pleasure led the way,  
 In youth's bright morn; or at the noon of life,  
 Attending on love's myriad ministries  
 With steady step; or trudging cheerfully,  
 In later hours, o'er rough and rugged roads,  
 Where stern domestic drudg'ry drives her slaves—  
 Love's partial eye has seen in all thy steps  
 The poetry of motion and of grace.



Or at the noon of life  
Attend on love's myriad ministries.

Through all these happy hours thy gentle voice  
 Has seemed to pour upon my ravished ear  
 The music of that heav'n to which we go.  
 No weight of years has bent thy graceful form;  
 No sorrow dimmed the love light of thine eye;  
 The rose of beauty blooms upon thy cheek,  
 Still fadeless through the frosts of fifty years.  
 The hearts that long have gladdened in thy smile  
 Now gather round to hail thy natal hour.  
 So in the time to come this joyous day,  
 The brightest in the calendar, shall find  
 Thy throne of love, amid thy family,  
 In home's delightful summer land of bliss.

---

A TRUTHFUL IDYL OF REST AND RAPTURE.

ORLANDO, FLA., SEPTEMBER 4, 1888.

---

LET the bright needle rest to-day;  
 Books, pens, and work are laid away;  
 No toilsome thought shall hither stray;  
 The sportive sunbeams idly play  
 On the full ears of perfect corn,  
 That fertile, restful fields adorn.  
 They gayly dance and brightly smile  
 On many a lonely tropic isle;  
 Their languor-laden glory shines  
 Where ocean lazily reclines  
 In his broad bed at perfect ease,  
 And bids his slow-paced wavelets tease  
 The shy and modest slumb'rous shore  
 With their unceasing, sullen roar.  
 This sluggish air is not inclined  
 The paths of busy trade to find;  
 The soft-winged angels of repose  
 Float lightly on each breeze that blows.  
 Those grand old trees that, tow'ring high,  
 Rest their tall heads against the sky  
 Have done their work—borne buds and flow'rs  
 And rich, ripe fruit—in former hours.  
 The birds sit silent on the spray;

Their tender fledgelings, flown away,  
Have left no chirping nursing brood,  
With hungry cries demanding food.  
In patriarchal grace and pride,  
They're quiet, grave, and dignified.

Our tuneful offspring, loved and blest,  
Have long since left the parent nest;  
The children's children blithely play  
Through all this fair September day.

Give me the hand that holds the thread,  
The hand I long have gently led.  
In loving clasp it still must stay;  
Let the bright needle rest to-day.

Hold there! With speed old cares depart;  
The warm pulsations of the heart  
Rejuvenate the blood of age,  
And all the faculties engage  
To quicken life's slow, latent springs,  
And give to fancy youthful wings.  
Th' ecstatic, dear, delightful dream  
Turns time's old turbid tide upstream:  
Threescore and ten goes hobbling off;  
See twenty-five his chapeau doff,  
And gently bow his gallant form,  
In heartfelt homage, high and warm,  
Where graceful sixty-six resumes  
The beauty that at twenty blooms.

Come to the parlor; take the arm  
That still protects and shields from harm.  
Tread lightly on the hopes and fears  
Of four and forty wedded years,  
Whose blissful hours come smiling here,  
To fill our hearts with lofty cheer.  
Sing softly songs of former times:  
There's rapture in their simple rhymes.  
Let the old tunes that charm the soul  
Sublimely swell and sweetly roll.

In this piano-prison bound  
 There's many a captive thrilling sound.  
 In harmony they all agree,  
 And wait your touch to set them free.  
 Though now their vocal chords are mute,  
 You'll find a remedy to suit;  
 The life of music lingers still  
 In fingers that, with magic skill,  
 Can draw from each obedient key  
 Sweet, soul-entrancing melody.

That heav'nly strain repeat, prolong:  
 An angel well might hush his song,  
 To pour upon his ravished ear  
 The rich, mellifluous sounds I hear.

We're young again, my precious bride;  
 And I, enraptured by thy side,  
 Recall the loveliness and grace  
 Of faultless form and matchless face  
 That won the heart that still is thine  
 And still delights to call thee mine.

---

#### THE FASTING, PRAYING CHURCH.

Written in Louisville, May, 1844, on the day set apart for prayer by the General Conference on motion of Dr. John P. Durbin. Published in the *Ladies' Repository*, Cincinnati, O.; copied by Dr. Thomas E. Bond, Sr., in *New York Advocate*.

CHURCH of my early choice, thy sons  
 Are bathed in sorrow and in tears,  
 A company of sighing ones,  
 A band of weeping worshipers;  
 Youth lays its joyousness aside;  
 Age bends beneath its weight of care;  
 Beauty and strength forget their pride—  
 All bow submissively in prayer.  
 And shall the suppliants depart  
 In sadness from a throne of grace?  
 Shall quiv'ring lip and throbbing heart,  
 Despairing, leave the sacred place?  
 O can the bruised, bending reed  
 Be broken by the God of love?

No, Jesus lives to intercede;  
 Thy living Head still reigns above.

Church of the living God, to thee  
 A nation turns with anxious eye;  
 Gloom gathers o'er thy destiny,  
 And darkness spreads along thy sky;  
 Yet shall the storm cloud pass away,  
 The lurid lightning cease to blaze;  
 The sunshine of a brighter day  
 Shall gild thee with its gladd'ning rays.  
 E'en though thy legions should divide,  
 One standard of the cross would wave,  
 One leader in thy front would ride,  
 Mighty to conquer, strong to save.  
 Th' eternal God thy refuge is,  
 The everlasting arms are thrown  
 Around the subjects of his grace,  
 And he will safely keep his own.

Church of the poor, no creed of thine  
 Has taught thy sons exclusiveness;  
 They never claimed a right divine  
 To curse the souls they could not bless;  
 To fetter thought or chain the mind;  
 They ne'er have moved the civil pow'r.  
 Nor with the foes of man combined  
 To lengthen out oppression's hour;  
 No widow's tear, no orphan's sigh,  
 No ashes of the martyred dead,  
 No cries of sainted souls on high  
 Have called for vengeance on thy head.  
 But glad for thee the wilderness  
 Now echoes to thy cheerful voice;  
 Cursed by the world, 'tis thine to bless  
 Earth's erring sons with heav'nly joys.

Church of our fathers, 'tis thy hand  
 Shall guide their offspring to the skies;  
 While through thy courts, from ev'ry land,  
 The hosts of the redeemed shall rise.

While wand'ring o'er his native sands,  
 Or through the world in slav'ry driv'n,  
 The Ethiop, with outstretched hands,  
 Shall seek through thee for rest in heav'n.  
 The Indian shall forget to roam,  
 The war songs of the West shall cease,  
 And tenants of each wigwam home  
 Be subjects of the Prince of Peace.  
 Through thee the Lord of hosts shall claim  
 The distant nations for his own,  
 Till tribes of ev'ry tongue and name  
 Fall worshiping before his throne.

---

THE APOSTLES' CREED IN VERSE

ORLANDO, FLA., 1888.

I BELIEVE in God the Father,  
 The almighty, the divine,  
 Father of my Lord and Saviour,  
 And, O blessed thought! he's mine.  
 I believe in God the Father;  
 Not in chance nor gloomy fate:  
 That 'twas he with wondrous wisdom  
 Did the universe create:  
 That he made the earth and heav'n's  
 For the children of his love,  
 And intends that they shall ever  
 Dwell in bliss with him above.  
 He is my own loving Father,  
 No poor orphan waif am I;  
 I'm an heir of endless glory,  
 I'm a child of the Most High.

I believe in our Lord Jesus,  
 The divine, anointed One;  
 He alone is the Begotten,  
 He is the Eternal Son.  
 Born of blessed Virgin Mary,  
 By the Holy Ghost conceived,  
 He was love divine incarnate,  
 Yet by men was not received.

That he, under Pontius Pilate,  
 Suffered, bled, was crucified,  
 Bearing all our sins upon him,  
 When in agony he died.

I believe his body buried  
 Lay in Joseph's marble tomb  
 Till the third auspicious morning  
 When he left it's dismal gloom:  
 Then o'er death and hell triumphant  
 He ascended into heav'n,  
 At the right hand of the Father,  
 Where to him all pow'r is giv'n.

On his great white throne descending,  
 He will judge the quick and dead,  
 When the awe-struck earth and heavens  
 From before his face have fled.

I adore thee, Lord and Saviour,  
 For thou wast and art divine,  
 On the throne of Triune Godhead,  
 Or in this poor heart of mine.  
 I adore thee in the myst'ry  
 That incarnates deity,  
 In the judgment hall of Pilate,  
 In expiring agony;  
 In thy vict'ry over Satan,  
 Over death, hell, and the grave,  
 Giving perfect demonstration  
 Of omnipotence to save.  
 I adore my Mediator  
 In the heav'nly heights above,  
 On his awful throne of judgment,  
 Which to me's a throne of love.  
 He will vindicate his people,  
 Be thou jubilant, my soul!  
 Thou shalt reign in joyous rapture,  
 While eternal ages roll.

In the Holy Ghost eternal,  
 I with all my heart believe;

In his offices and person,  
 His divinity receive.  
 I rely on him for comfort,  
 And for freedom from all sin:  
 He will cleanse his human temple,  
 And enshrine himself within.  
 'Tis by him that we have access  
 To the Father, through the Son,  
 He will guide and help and strengthen,  
 Till our work on earth is done.

In the Church of God believing,  
 I would seek no hermit's cell;  
 Church on earth, and in the heavens  
 Let me with your members dwell.

I believe in sweet communion  
 With the saints of the Most High,  
 In their fellowship I'm living,  
 And among them I shall die.  
 I believe in the remission  
 And the blotting out of sins;  
 When, with faith in the Redeemer,  
 Everlasting life begins;  
 Not to end when this poor body  
 Heaves it's last expiring breath,  
 But exist in conscious glory,  
 Endless ages after death.

In the body's resurrection  
 I implicitly believe,  
 As the Lord descends from heaven,  
 All his people to receive;  
 They, arising in his likeness,  
 Shall be glorious like their Lord,  
 Incorruptible! immortal!  
 And, according to his word,  
 Shall in joyous exultation  
 And ecstatic rapture sing:  
 "Where, O grave, is now thy vict'ry?  
 Where, O death, thy pointless sting?"

## THE WORLD LOST, THE UNIVERSE GAINED.

FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

WHEN wakened by the voice of truth,  
 From daydreams that entranced my youth,  
 Earth's fleeting vanities no more  
 Put on the glowing charms they wore:  
 In stern reality's own light,  
 The realms of romance passed from sight,  
 Each dear delusion, fancy held,  
 Was instantaneously dispelled.

My herds, that fed on boundless plains,  
 All fatt'ning to increase my gains;  
 My flocks, that sipped from countless rills  
 Or nipped the herbage of the hills;  
 My bounding steeds, that seemed designed  
 To leave the swiftest winds behind—  
 All, with the lands they trod upon,  
 Were in a moment lost and gone:  
 No acre in the wid'ning West  
 By any hoof of mine was pressed.

Unmeasured fields, where growing grain  
 Drank the refreshing summer rain,  
 Shrank into nothingness, and left  
 Their owner saddened and bereft.

Beneath a sky without a frown  
 My ev'ry home-bound ship went down.  
 My fleets that safe at anchor lay,  
 In harbor, river, lake, and bay,  
 Stretched their white wings and soared away,  
 Nor have I seen them since that day.

The cities that my enterprise  
 With magic touch had caused to rise—  
 Each London, Rome, and Babylon—  
 Sunk into dust without a groan.

Insane ambition doffed his crown,  
 Laid his enchanting scepter down,  
 Fled from the ruins of his throne  
 And all he claimed or called his own;

Hushed his demands for high renown,  
 And at the feet of Christ fell down.  
 Then penitential faith was blessed,  
 With pardon, peace, and joyous rest;  
 No selfish thought or wish remained:  
 The world was lost, its Lord was gained,  
 And by the gift of love divine,  
 The whole broad universe was mine.

---

THE WIFE OF THE DRUNKARD.

LEXINGTON, KY., WINTER OF 1838-39.

'Twas midnight; in sadness the drunkard's wife gazed  
 On her hovel's dark hearth where the last fagot blazed,  
 Nor knew whence the fuel it soon would require  
 Could come when the flames which now waned should  
 expire.

She thought of the time when in childhood's glad hours  
 The hand of content strewed her pathway with flowers,  
 When the smile of a father a sunbeam would prove  
 To dispel every cloud from the heaven of love,  
 When a mother life's cup filled with joy ever bright,  
 And a sister's affection enhanced the delight.  
 She thought of a brother, the pride of her heart,  
 And a lover—what thrilling emotions now start!  
 Love's Eden has faded, no pleasures are there,  
 And the buddings of hope yield the fruits of despair.  
 Hark! what is that noise which now falls on her ears?  
 Can it be the harsh tones of the storm king she hears?  
 Does the blast of his trump call his troops from the  
 north,  
 And bid them to deeds of destruction ride forth?  
 Ah no; 'tis a sound which more terrors impart:  
 'Tis her husband's rude voice sends a pang to her heart.  
 A moment has passed; now before her he stands,  
 With his eyes flashing wildly, and death in his hands.  
 She falls on her knees, with her eyes turned above,  
 Then points to her infant, the pledge of his love;  
 But alas! all is vain, for his reason is gone:  
 The man has departed, the fiend takes his throne.

He turns to his victim, as lowly she bends,  
 And deep to its hilt the keen dagger descends.  
 Ah! never again shall affection's fond smile,  
 Or endearing caresses his sorrows beguile;  
 No more shall she hasten his coming to greet,  
 For the wife of his bosom lies low at his feet.  
 Ye guardians of freedom who fearlessly stand,  
 The bulwarks of justice, the pride of our land,  
 How long will your laws give such potent control  
 To the demon of death, the dark fiend of the bowl?  
 Stop now, and no longer grant license to kill,  
 But crush that vile monster, the "worm of the still."

---

### THE TRIUMPHS OF INTEMPERANCE.

PHILADELPHIA, FALL OF 1837.

HE breathed upon the loveliest flowers  
 Of beauty, and they withered. At his touch  
 The patriot's arm raised in his country's cause  
 Was palsied. Where proud genius read the stars,  
 Or called on fancy for a fairer world,  
 He came, darkened his once bright intellect,  
 And placed him on a level with the brute.  
 He entered where pure inspiration's flame  
 Blazed on religion's altars, and snatched down  
 With sacrilegious hand the sacred desk's  
 Most splendid ornaments. The orator  
 Whose voice had charmed the soul, and captive led  
 The passions at his will, is heard no more:  
 He too has owned this mighty tyrant's power.  
 An infant hung upon its mother's breast,  
 And claimed that care which brutes do not withhold;  
 Yet, tasting of intoxication's cup,  
 The mother from her bosom spurned the child,  
 And left it in its helplessness to die.  
 A mother leaned upon her son's strong arm  
 In conscious safety; and she fondly hoped  
 That he in riper years would ever be  
 Her guardian and defender—but vainly:  
 The tempter placed the goblet to his lips,  
 And lured him to an ignominious grave.

A father with emotions of delight  
 Gazed on each smiling face and lovely form  
 That crowded round his fireside, and he felt  
 A sacred joy, which none but parents feel;  
 Nor dreamed that aught might ever mar his bliss.  
 But he became a victim of the bowl,  
 And, fiend-like, drove his wife and children forth  
 To try the mercy of the midnight storm.  
 'Tis thus intemperance treats its devotees,  
 Nor age nor sex nor rank nor beauty spares;  
 Monarch and slave, peasant and lord alike  
 Have felt its evils and endured its sting.

---

**LIBERIA, THE COLORED MAN'S REFUGE.\***

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1838.

On the gales of the South comes the cry of the slave,  
 From the horrors of bondage he asks us to save.  
 But alas! 'tis in vain, for the law's stern decree  
 Assures us: "The negro can never be free!"  
 On the skies of the North, like the light'ning's red glare,  
 Shoot the flames from his house mid the shrieks of de-  
 spair,  
 While the mob stands exulting, the scene to survey.  
 No law can protect him, the negro's their prey.  
 From the land of his forefathers, far o'er the sea,  
 Comes a voice which invites him from bondage to flee  
 And dwell in contentment on Africa's shore,  
 Where oppression and insult shall reach him no more.

---

**BEST OF THY KIND.**

PHILADELPHIA, FALL OF 1837.

BEST of thy kind, I fain would keep thee longer,  
 At least till specie circulates again;

---

\* Offered to the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*, June, 1838, but declined on account of the subject being too inflammatory. The editor said he discovered great merit in the writer, and asked for an interview. The writer was too bashful to grant that interview, but continued to slip articles into the contribution box.

But then, alas! necessities grow stronger,  
 And thou must go, my credit to sustain.  
 Go on, and, like a minister of mercy,  
 Still clothe the naked, and the hungry feed;  
 Though men abuse and slander while they use thee,  
 Mind not their rudeness, nor their insults heed.  
 I send thee forth as Noah sent the raven,  
 Return not if hard money may be found;  
 But thou shalt ever have a welcome given  
 While the "shin plaster" deluge rages round.

---

"IT IS NOT THE DAYDREAM."

1837.

It is not the daydream of fancy so bright  
 Can give to the heart a true sense of delight:  
 Nor is it the wealth of the Indies can say  
 To sorrow, Depart; or to care, Flee away.  
 The soft voice of music which floats on the air  
 Is often disturbed by the shrieks of despair;  
 And the glitt'ring tear, called by memory, will start,  
 Where pleasure and glee strive to gladden the heart.  
 While fame twines her wreaths for the conqueror's brow,  
 And the slaves of his caprice in suppliance bow,  
 How often does conscience remind him again  
 Of the cries of the dying and shrieks of the slain!  
 The high road to honor, so charming and fair,  
 Is often impressed with the footsteps of care;  
 And royalty's diadem has not the power  
 To banish distress, e'en for one short-lived hour.  
 Then where shall we seek for this dearest, best prize?  
 Is it found 'neath the sunshine of Italy's skies?  
 Does it dwell 'mid the Russian's drear regions of snow?  
 Or sport where the clear purling rivulets flow?  
 Or gaze on the ruins of classical lands?  
 Or rest in the shade where the pyramid stands?  
 Or does it select as its fav'rite abode  
 The valleys and plains where the prophets once trod?  
 Or gladden that hill where with wondering eyes  
 The apostles beheld their Redeemer arise?

Confined to no station, no country can claim;  
 A plant of Elysium, from heaven it came.  
 Below in earth's gardens it blooms for awhile,  
 If warmed by the sun of contentment's bright smile;  
 And, enjoying its sweets, to the virtuous is giv'n  
 A foretaste of that which awaits them in heav'n.

---

 DAUGHTER OF AFFLUENCE.

SPRING OF 1842.

DAUGHTER of affluence, fav'rite of heav'n,  
 Much is required where much has been giv'n.  
 Wealth brings her treasures to lay at thy feet;  
 Pleasure attends thee in each loved retreat;  
 Nature has lent to thy form ev'ry grace;  
 Rose tints of loveliness bloom on thy face;  
 Genius has kindled her fires in thine eye;  
 Hope's brightest bow gilds futurity's sky;  
 Jesus has warmed thy young heart with his love;  
 Piety points thee to blessings above;  
 Honored and envied, loved, flattered, caressed,  
 God smiles upon thee, and men call thee blessed.  
 Daughter of affluence, blessed as thou art,  
 Think of the poor and the broken in heart;  
 Mercy's fair minister, onward still go,  
 Haste to the wretched, the children of woe;  
 Comfort the mourner, relieve the distressed;  
 Point them to mansions of heavenly rest;  
 Think of thy sisters in heathenish night;  
 Scatter their darkness with heavens own light;  
 Send them the gospel, to tell of a home  
 Where tears are all wiped, where sorrows ne'er come.  
 Trust in the Lord, and the light of his smile  
 Thy cares shall all banish, thy sorrows beguile.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

---

PARTIAL friends have demanded a history of THE AMERICAN EPIC and of the author's earlier poetry. The epic was inspired by an ardent love of native land and an intense desire for human happiness. Its seed thought was found in 1861, while reading "Elliott's Debates and Proceedings of the Federal Convention." The storm that disturbed Patrick Henry's speech in the Virginia Ratifying Convention seemed to be supernatural. Since 1861 the hope has been indulged that one of our distinguished poets would make that storm the central thought of a great American epic poem. It was deeply regretted that Mr. Bryant did not, instead of writing a new translation of "Homer's Iliad," give us a grand epic superior to anything written by Homer, Virgil, Dante, or even Milton. A letter to a distinguished poet, editor, and publisher was closed with the question: "Why do you not write the American epic?" The reply, written on the first of February, 1889, was as follows: "Your private note was most interesting. I thank you very much for it. If you are ever in New York, I hope you will find it convenient to call at my office. It gives me the deepest pleasure to meet any one who knew my father." But this gifted correspondent wrote not one word about an American epic. On his way from the post office the author stopped at the office of Mr. Palmer, now Mayor of Orlando, Fla. There, as he turned over a few pages of Bancroft's "United States," the entire scheme of the American epic flashed through his mind. The afternoon of February 5, 1889, produced several pages. The next day certain sermons were verified, to make nine pages now printed between pages 243 and 252. The third day completed what is now the first scene of the second book, from page 21 to page 25. Then followed Patrick Henry and the Storm, from page 96 to page 99. Before leaving Florida, early in April, 1889, he had written to the 68th page, besides the reference to Henry and the Storm, and the nine pages of theology beginning on page 243. In Nashville, Tenn., between April, 1889, and September, 1890, the book was continued as far as page 240, except pages 215-217. The Death of President Garfield, the Burial of Emerson, and the last book were written at Bucyrus, O., between September 15 and October 15, 1890.

The earlier poems, some of which are printed here with their dates, will probably give all the information desired about an obscure man except his parentage and education. His parents were Drummond and Mary Henderson Welburn. He bears his father's name, and was born ten weeks after his father's death,

in Horntown, Accomac County, Va., near the Atlantic shore, on the 22d of October, 1818. His mother's mother was a Marshall, his father's mother a Corbin, his grandmother being a Drummond. The first American Welburn was from Wales. He landed on the 10th of May, 1610, with Sir Thomas Gates and other officers of the colony of Virginia, after having been shipwrecked on Bermuda nine months before. The second of America's gospel ministers, Rev. Mr. Bucke, arrived on the same ship, the "Sea Venture." The Welburns have been hereditary merchants and planters. Our author was from his eighth year, when not at school, a merchant's clerk. The village post office was kept at the store. This gave the boy access to the Richmond, Washington, and Philadelphia papers. Ritchie, Pleasants, Gales and Seaton, Duff Green, Atkinson, Poulson, and Walsh introduced him to Irving, Bryant, Drake, Halleck, Lofland, and other rising American writers, as well as to more distinguished British authors. He also became familiar with the names of our most noted statesmen, and had a rich enjoyment of their oratory as reported. When eleven and a half years old, he ceased to attend the very commonest of common schools from one to three months out of every twelve. His post office and newspaper instruction was no longer enjoyed, but the Holy Scriptures and the hymns of the Methodists still cultivated his literary taste. The skill of his schoolmasters had been exhausted in teaching him reading and arithmetic, and in unsuccessful efforts to teach him penmanship. From his pious mother he learned religious truth, morals, and manners.

In April, 1830, Philadelphia became his home. There sixteen hours out of every twenty-four had to be devoted to the dry goods business. During the greatest activity of the spring and fall trade merchants and clerks were often up nearly all night. The store-house at the north-west corner of Second and Pine Streets was to him "the house of bondage," and to him threatened to become the grave of learning. He, however, continued to read much, between 10 and 12 o'clock at night and on Sundays. During his last two years in the great city he was released from business every other night, and attended the meetings of a literary lyceum\* once a week. He also joined the Pennsylvania Literary Institute,† which had more than three hundred members, an extensive library, and a large hall on Chestnut Street. He was elected to deliver one of its anniversary addresses to a large congregation in August, 1838. With an almost insane desire for literary distinction, he frequently scribbled the crude thoughts of one who had not been taught a rule of grammar, nor a line of geography or history. In the fall of 1837 he wrote on the back

---

\* Among the forty or fifty members of the lyceum were Graham and Peterson, afterward noted publishers of literary and fashion magazines.

† W. L. Lane, one of the founders of the now famous *Public Ledger*, was also elected to speak at the Institute's anniversary.

of a note of the Southern Loan Company the lines beginning, "Best of thy kind." They were printed in the *Saturday Courier*, and complimented as "an exquisite *morceau*." The same paper printed "It Is Not the Daydream" and "The Triumphs of Intemperance." "Liberia, the Colored Man's Refuge," was declined in June, 1838. The editor wrote: "We shall be happy to welcome more poetical favors from this pen to our columns. We discover great merit in this writer, and regret that his last production is of a kind we cannot give. Will the writer favor us with a personal call?" The writer was too bashful to call on the editor of a great literary paper. The burning of the Abolition Hall had created intense excitement, and led to the exclusion of a reference to slavery.

In October, 1838, Lexington, Ky., became our author's home. There he continued to write, but as his friend, George R. Graham, had become editor of the *Casket* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, his contributions appeared in the *Post*, or in the Lexington papers. The Union Philosophical Society of Transylvania University\* accepted him as a member, and in 1839 elected him to deliver one of its anniversary addresses. On the 10th of May, of that year, he was

"Wakened by the voice of truth  
From daydreams that entranced his youth."

"Those dreams had passed, and hopes of heaven  
To nobler themes his thoughts had given."

The salvation of his own soul and the souls of others seemed to him to require the renunciation of earthly ambition. He turned from oratory and poetry and everything that could take attention or time from the work of the Christian ministry. As a favor to himself, his associates of the Society kindly relieved him from the task of honor they had imposed. After this he wrote little poetry and published less. From 1844 to 1880 he had nothing printed. He has been a Kentucky Methodist preacher fifty-two years; is now a superannuate, connected with the Kentucky Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He lived in Virginia until April, 1830; in Philadelphia until October, 1838; in Kentucky until September, 1857; in Jeffersonville, Ind., until April, 1887; in Orlando, Fla., until April, 1889. Since April, 1889, he has resided in Nashville, Tenn. In all his wanderings, having never ceased to be a Virginian, he has continued to

"Drag at each remove a lengthening chain."

---

\*B. Gratz Brown and Edward Marshall were members of the Society.

# THE AMERICAN EPIC: A CONCISE SCENIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND OTHER SELECTED POEMS.

BY A CITIZEN OF NASHVILLE.

Revised and Enlarged Edition, for Schools, the Family Circle, and the  
Leisure Moments of the Busy Millions.

This revised edition of the "Epic" has thirteen pages of questions, adapting it for use in the schools of the country, in which it is rapidly becoming a favorite.

Of the manuscript, the *Nashville American* said: "We hope to see it in print soon, and bespeak for it a permanent place in the literature of our language."

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia, writes: "I found much entertainment in reading it. I carried it up to my old home, in the country, and left it for my people to read, who will enjoy it as I did."

Of the "American Epic" the Hon. W. R. Garrett, Tennessee's Superintendent of Public Instruction, writes: "I have read it with much interest, and am gratified to see a work of such literary merit produced by a citizen of our State."

An intelligent Scotch gentleman was reading to his family from the pages of Tennyson, the most distinguished of living poets, when his literary wife said: "The effort to understand it wearies me." He then read the unpretending lines of the "American Epic," to the delight of his entire family circle.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* said of the manuscript: "Who shall say that the war of intellects that has been going on for the last hundred years is not as full of poetic inspiration as Homer's interminable siege? The statesmanship of Pitt, and sociological questions of absorbing interest are discussed."

Rev. W. G. E. Cunyningham, D.D., in the *Sunday School Magazine*, writes: "We regard it, under the circumstances, as an extraordinary book. His imagination clothes the sober events of history with the drapery of poetic imagery. The shadowy outlines of the past glow again with light and life."

Mr. J. L. Kirby, of the *Sunday School Visitor and Magazine* says: "We enjoyed the unusual pleasure of a private reading of the manuscript of the poem. . . . and since its publication we have reread it with even greater zest. . . . That portion of the 'Epic' reciting the causes which led up to our civil war, the incidents of the gigantic struggle, the strange doings of the reconstruction days following, and the mutations of the political world since will be found especially interesting. It is not only true to the facts of history, but it abounds in passages of decided literary value. . . . Another edition of this work has already been called for, and its lasting popularity seems to be assured."

The *Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati, O., says of the "American Epic": "The fact that such a poem as this appears without the name of its author is indicative of additional merit. It is a performance far above the mediocre. In fact, it has high merit. Its conception is splendid. The plot is well maintained, the periods are well chosen, and the true poetic genius is poured forth in such moderation or in such force as the occasion and the eloquence of the moment seem to require. The time from March 10, 1764, to October 1, 1890, is the platform of the story. Celestial characters and demons are used for the speakers, and the theology of the 'Epic' is all against hatred, and in favor of truth, justice, love, and Federal unity. We predict the 'American Epic' will take high rank, and that the author a hundred years hence will be on the high road to immortality—of fame. It is a book that will endure, and not vanish with the hour."

The *Forum*, Bucyrus, O., says: "We confidently predict for it a most favorable reception by the American people."

The distinguished traveler and writer, Mr. J. B. Gorman, says: "The 'American Epic' is a wonderful book, and fills me with delight."

The *Richmond* (Ky.) *Climax* says: "As a history it is valuable; as a poem it has merit. Accuracy is a prominent feature of the book."

The *Leader*, Lexington, Ky., says of the "Epic:" "A new book rapidly becoming a famous one. It is pronounced by critics a creditable poem as well as faithful history."

Dr. J. H. Carlisle, in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, says: "This is a bold design, in which not to succeed may be to fail utterly. Let us rather say that not to fail entirely is to achieve a good degree of success. The author has not failed entirely."

Dr. Hoss, of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, writes: "This is a poem to attract the attention on sight. . . . The contents are accurately described in the title. . . . Considered as history the book is a marvel of accuracy. The author is evidently a man of wide reading, of accurate memory, of discriminating judgment, and of very positive convictions."

Rev. R. H. Rivers, D.D., in the *Central Methodist*, writes: "He is the author of the 'American Epic,' a book of stirring facts, of extensive research, and of rare poetic beauty. It is evidence of lofty patriotism, of vivid imagination, of deep piety, and of a genius akin, and close akin, to that of the great Greek bard, the blind Homer. The 'American Epic' will place the old superannuate alongside of Milton, and will hand down his name to posterity as one of the greatest of Southern poets. I write these lines after spending days in reading this grand production of sanctified genius."

In the same paper another intelligent literary gentleman writes: "It is, as its name implies, an historic poem in heroic verse. It begins with Cæsar's invasion of Britain, and comes down to President Harrison's administration. There is no break in the line of historic events. The author shows himself possessed of a very full vocabulary of elegant and elevated language, well suited to the literary form of his story. The young reader may learn much from these pages; older readers will be entertained by the ingenious form of the story, and will have their memories refreshed by its facts; and all will have their attention called anew to the overruling hand of God in our history."

The great *Methodist Review*, New York City, says: "Here is an unique and in some respects splendid history of the United States in poetic form. The author has carefully studied American history from the period of the Stamp act to the present hour, and has traced the nation's development through its vicissitudes of partisanship, slavery, rebellion, reconstruction, and general political changes, both in the North and the South, weighing the same in the scales of a judgment quite as much biased as if he had been a Northern investigator of our country's history. Laying aside the drapery, and forgetting the spirit in which it is written, we are attracted by the unity and coherence of its order of thought, and are led to believe that it is necessary to study the war-period of the nation from both viewpoints to accurately determine its meaning and the relative value of its results. This author is frank, sincere, political, and Southern; but knowing his characteristics, we may all the better appreciate his work. He carries the nation beyond the present period of political disturbance into the far future, when righteousness shall reign in every heart, and this view of progress and of the indestructibility of the nation atone for those political peculiarities which one under Southern influence is quite likely to feel and assert."

---

320 Pages, 12mo. Paper Cover, 60 cents; Plain Cloth, \$1;  
Gilt Cloth, \$1.50; Morocco Gilt, \$3. A very liberal dis-  
count to teachers and agents.

ADDRESS

---

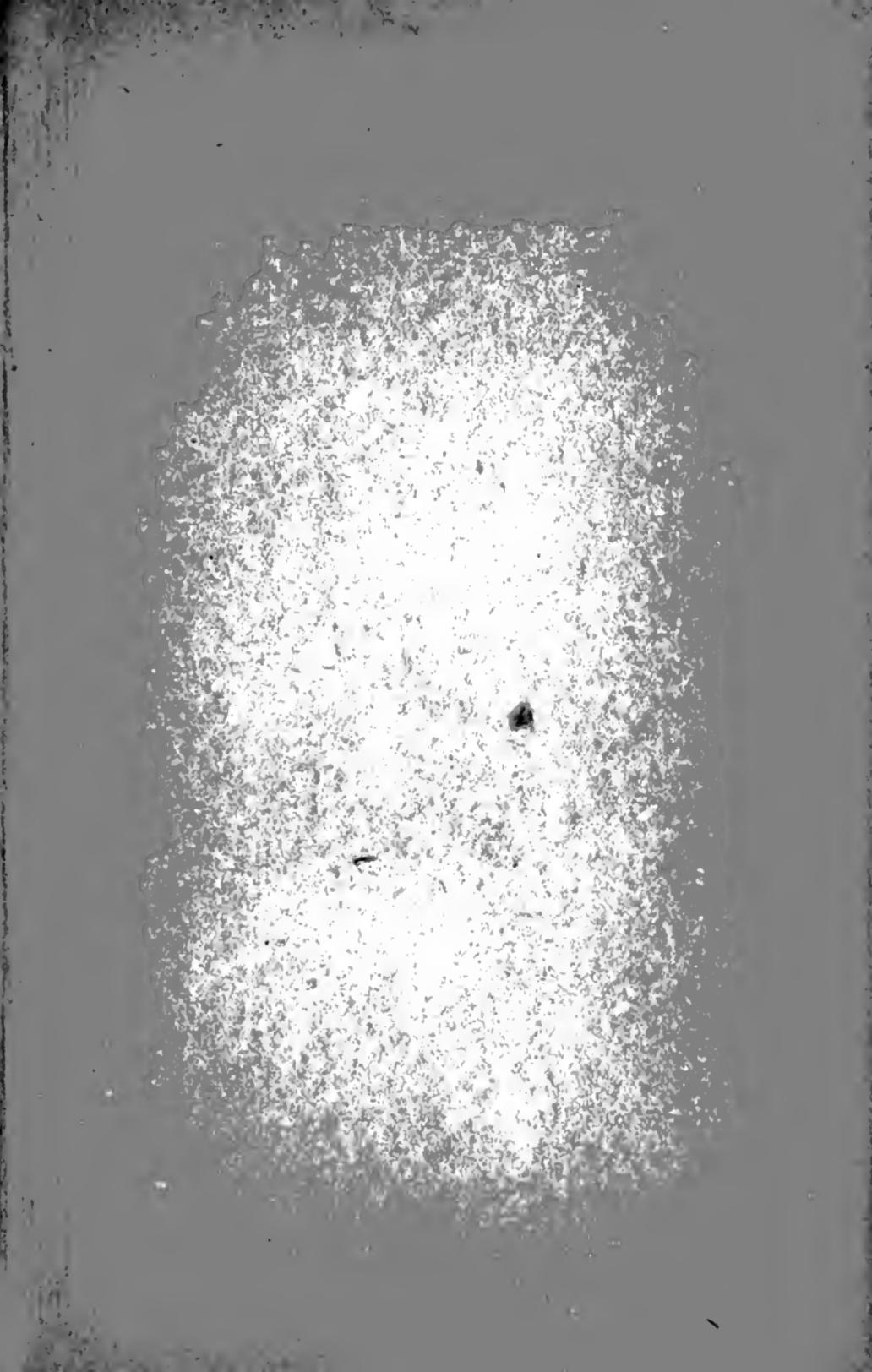
AUTHOR OF THE "AMERICAN EPIC,"  
Care of Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South,  
*BARBEE & SMITH, Agents, Nashville, Tenn.*











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 603 027 8