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over
Prosper M. Wetmore Esq
LAYS
with the
Author's Compts

The Palmetto:

A TRIBUTE TO

THE SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT,

IN THE

WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

JOHN LUSSELL, 236 KING STREET.

1348.

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**No. 48 BROAD STREET.**  
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PS 2845

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1848a

MAIN

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE songs are almost improvvisations, the outpourings of a full heart, exulting in the valor and the worth, and lamenting the misfortunes and losses, of the gallant regiment whose career they seek to honor. Many of them were written at the moment when the event which they record, first reached the ears of the writer. They may be rude, but they are earnest; the lyre of the poet may be wanting, but the feeling, which it sought to declare, can suffer from no such reproach.

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LAYS OF THE PALMETTO.

THE WELCOME OF CAROLINA TO THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.

I.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, men of the Palmetto !
Your country rings out welcome from the steeples,
Our cannon speaks your welcome, with our voices,
And our full hearts.

II.

We look with pride upon your little squadron,
With pride that weeps while voicing your full triumphs,
Our tears flow freely for your perish'd numbers,
The brave who fell !

III.

Green be their honors in our proudest annals,
Green be your trophies in all changing seasons,
Freshen'd by Love, that still records your valor,
Among our first.

IV.

We watch your first fell passage with the foeman—
When your light legions, through the Méxic lances,
First bore the gay green banner of our people,
At Vera Cruz.

V.

We follow with sad eyes your weary marching
O'er plains of sand, to conquer Alvarado,
While the dread Sun, still shooting fellest arrows,
Troubled your host.

VI.

Your painful term of weariness and waiting,
Madden'd to hear the strife at Cerro Gordo,
While ye were sunk with sickness, slow recruiting
Eager, but weak.

VII.

Then do we see ye marching on Puebla—
It yields—it gives no trophy to your valor,
Taxing your patience only, your forbearance,
And not your strength.

VIII.

But soon the signal called ye to Contreras—
Then do we see ye smiting, darting onward,
Wherever foeman waited, or trump summon'd,
Your souls to strife.

IX.

How swept ye to the fight at Churubusco,
 How mow'd ye down the legions of Valencia,
 How drove, and crush'd, and captured, the foul traitors,
 That joined our foe.

X.

There saw ye sink our Butler—there, another,
 The gallant Dickinson, too quickly followed,
 Both, at the head of your advancing columns,
 Slain 'neath your eyes.—

XI.

Ye wept, but quailed not ; saddened, ye were strength-
 ened,
 Fiercely to take sweet vengeance on the legions,
 From whose dread ranks the fatal missiles issued,
 That struck your brave !

XII.

Oh ! not unworthy of the bright example,
 Was the fierce lead of Gladden, when ye darted,
 Among the first, o'er walls of that strong castle,
 Chapultepec !

XIII.

Then followed the last strife at La Garita,
 The gates of the proud city of the Aztec,
 When, pressing through the aqueducts' great arches,
 Ye won the prize.

XIV.

First, o'er the city walls your banner waving,
 First, o'er the trampled foe your warriors rushing,
 First, with your shout of triumph in the battle,
 First in our hearts.

XV.

Welcome, thrice welcome, men of the Palmetto,
 Well have ye borne our banner with the bravest,
 And long, and proudly, shall our Country honor,
 Your deeds of fame.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

This song was written when the Palmetto Regiment was in course of organization.

CAROLINIANS, who inherit
 Rights your sires have bought with blood,
 Seek ye now an equal merit,
 By an equal hardihood,
 With a name renown'd in story,
 'Tis for you, where all are brave,
 Still to seek the heights of glory,
 Though they only yield a grave.

Hark ye, as ye hear the clarion,—

In the furrow leave the plough :
Sons of Sumter, and of Marion,

Speed ye to the battle now ;

Ye have fields of fame before ye,

Such as joy'd your sires of old ;

Ye can write as proud a story,

With a stroke as sharp and bold.

Hear the cry of Louisiana—

'Lo ! *our* sons at Monterey !'

Tennessee, too, waves her banner,

Joyous in her deeds that day ;—

Shall they shame us, Carolinians,

While a past so proud as ours,

Waves us on, with eagle pinions,

To a proof of eagle powers !

Never !—Be the spirit written,

In each eager soul and glance ;

We who braved the steel of Britain,

Will not heed the Mexic lance :

To the field where glory beckons,

Soaring high o'er Aztec towers :—

He, who of the danger reckons,

In the fight, is none of ours !

THE GATHERING.

The spirit of the land,
 The mighty cry hath heard ;
 The trumpet of command,
 The forest deeps hath stirr'd ;
 A voice is on the hills,
 And a voice is in the vale,
 With a sound that nothing stills—
 “ Do not fail ! ”

But it needs no voice to wake
 The fierce spirit of the land ;
 It has wild revenge to take,
 And it stirs with bolt and brand ;
 Not in sudden wrath it comes,
 Like the rising of the gale
 That in summer noontide hums,
 Soon to fail !

But with souls that long have striven,
 With a rising, rousing strength ;
 To whom mighty thoughts are given,
 Being mighty deeds at length ;—
 Ye behold them on their path,
 And ye may not doubt the tale,
 That a people right in wrath,
 Never fail !

WAR SONG OF THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.

This song was written and published while the Palmetto Regiment was at its place of rendezvous, near Charleston, just before its departure for Mexico. I need not remind the reader how gloriously the Palmettos fulfilled the promise contained in the first four lines of the last verse.

Now, wave the green Palmetto,
 And cheer the glorious sign,
 That tells of many a victory,
 Your fathers won and mine ;
 They strove and struck together
 And we will strive as they,
 While an arm can wield a weapon,
 And a foeman fills the way !
 So wave the green Palmetto,
 Our Carolinian tree ;
 Our fathers bore it through the fight,
 And so, my boys, shall we !

Good limbs of Anglo-Norman,
 If they'll but wait the strife,
 We'll show these mongrel Mexicans,
 Though battling to the knife ;
 Good blood that, coursing freely,
 For twice two hundred years,
 Has given two mighty nations
 To sway both hemispheres !
 A keen wing to the rifle,
 A fleet spur to the steed,
 A shout to make the welkin ring,
 And we have done the deed !

Now wave the green Palmetto,
 And when the fight is worst,
 We'll bear it on, through strife and storm.
 'Mong charging lines, the first;—
 We'll think of ancient valor,
 When fields at home were won,
 When Marion made the foeman skulk,
 And Sumter made him run!—
 We'll think of friends and brothers,
 Whose hearts with triumph burn,—
 And gentle maids; that look with tears,
 To welcome our return.

FAREWELL OF THE PALMETTO VOL- TEER.

The average age of the members of the Palmetto Regiment, twenty three years. Youth seeking glory, and tearing itself away from

I.

Now, flows the banner to the breeze,
 Now, sounds the trump that bids us go;
 The barque is ready on the seas,
 And we must speed to seek the foe;
 And never hearts more proudly yet,
 Went forth at Freedom's trumpet cry:
 But ties we cannot well forget,
 Bring tears to many a manly eye.

II.

We do not weep with human fears,
 With sense of danger, dark and dread ;
 The foe shall never see the tears,
 That fall upon a sister's head ;
 Behind the cottage door where Love,
 Stands waiting for the parting kiss,—
 'Tis there the deepest pang we prove,
 Where first we found the sweetest bliss.

III.

Ah! thither,—when in fields of strife,
 Our hearts in fancy still shall fly ;
 There still, when struggling wild for life,
 Shall cling each fondest memory ;
 Perchance, even then, some earnest prayer
 Shall crown with peace our parting breath,
 And still the sigh of heart most dear,
 Shall bless the spirit freed by death.

THE MARCH TO ALVARADO.

In this march, which was rendered unnecessary by a gallant achievement of the Navy, the sufferings of the Palmetto Regiment were very great. To this has been traced the terrible mortality which followed it, and which lamentably thinned their ranks before going into battle.

I.

WEARY the march o'er hot and stifling plains,
 Droops the green banner in the silent air ;
 No cooling spring, to soothe our burning pains,
 No sudden breeze, the languid heart to cheer ;
 The fever swells and courses in our veins,
 Our comrade faints, who never yet knew fear ;
 Still we press onward, while no lip complains,—
 Oh ! for the strife, the strife ! to calm this deep despair.

II.

Better the battle with uncounted foes
 Than this oppressive sickness, this dread weight ;
 Oh ! grief, to perish thus, without repose,
 Sinking along the way side, 'neath a fate
 That makes an obscure death the worst of woes,
 And the poor dying heart thrice desolate ;
 Denied on fields of strife the eye to close,
 Where pride and hope may still the pangs of death
 abate.

“OH! SHARPER THE STING IN THE
GRIEFS.”

Oh! sharper the sting in the griefs that deplore him,
That he fell not in battle where fame might be won,
With the shouts of his comrades exultingly o'er him,
And the voice of his country proclaiming her son;
That with spirit as eager as any for glory,
No bugle sang wild in his ears as he died,—
No drum beat the conquest, o'er fields black and gory,
Cheering life, as it fleets, with a promise of pride!

But silent and sad, with each image of sorrow,
In the glooms of the camp, with disease at his heart;
Still vainly he sighs for the glorious to-morrow,
Which shall see his brave comrades to battle depart;
They will rush to the van when the storm cloud is rising,
They will thrust the red steel to the heart of the foe,
Clamber up his high places, his cannon despising,
And pluck the bright honors of fame with each blow.

While he, on his lone couch, still destin'd to languish,
'Neath a struggle that pleases not pride to endure,
Still moans o'er the thought, full of bitterest anguish,
That tells him even death can no triumph secure;
No impulse of fight the death agony smothers,
No friends may exult while they weep o'er his name,
And the country that shouts o'er the deeds of his brothers,
Still forgets the poor victim that died without fame.

"OUR PLACE WITHIN THE PICTURE."

These were the words of Col. Butler, in a letter to General Worth, imploring active service for the Palmetto Regiment. It had been their misfortune to lose the opportunity at Cerro Gordo,—that battle having been fought while they were on their march to Alvarado, or recruiting at Vera Cruz.

I.

"Our place within the picture,"—such place as oft, of yore,

The sires, whose names we cherish still, in forward manhood bore:

A thousand hearts of hope we bear, that leap to win a fame,

As bright as that they left to us, which hallows still their name:—

Give us our share of canvas, too, that when our children see,

They'll say, as we have felt and said,—“behold such sires have we !”

Our valor their inheritance—our deeds a guide for their's,

Framed in our nation's pictured life, and brightening still with years !

Our place within the picture that shows our nation's
powers ;—
Our numbers few, a little space, is all we ask for ours ;
But doubt not we shall fill it well, nor faintly show
through shade,
Creuch'd in the background basely still in doubtful
light display'd ;
Our flag among the first to rise when fierce the battle
goes,—
Our shout of battle first to shake the hearts of gather-
ing foes :
True to the name our father's gave, shall be our pride
as sons,
With a bright place in the picture, "near the flashing of
the guns."

B*

"WE'VE A RIGHT FROM ANCIENT VALOR."

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It was the urgent entreaty of Lt. Col. Dickinson, embodied in the letter of Col. Butler, to Gen. Worth, to "be near the flashing of the guns." South Carolina might well claim "the right from ancient valor."

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"WE'VE a right from ancient valor,"

To the chief, our Hero said,—
To be first in ranks of danger,
When the fiery bolt is sped ;
Our soldiers pant for battle,
As the war steed when he hears
The shrill summons of the trumpet,
And the cannon, at his ears !

The youth of my green banner,
Are no serviles bought with gold ;
They'd not lose the precious season
For the India's spoil untold ;
Still they murmur, gathering round me,—
"Who is he that danger shuns ?
Let us seek the foe's strong places,
Near the flashing of his guns !"

"They have rights from ancient valor,"
And will make those rights their own ;
They are children of the noblest,
To our forest country known ;
And the humblest of our people,
Still remembering whence he came,
Will fight on, as if his valor,
Were for Carolina's fame !

THE BATTLE OF CONTRERAS.

I.

Did they falter or fall at the summons,
 The sons whom to battle we sent,—
 When the bugle rang out for the rally,
 And the bright steel for charging was bent ;—
 When wild rose the shriek of the dying,
 And wilder the shout of the foe,—
 And our own gallant soldiers replying,
 Sprang eagerly forth to the blow ?

II.

Contreras shall speak for that meeting,
 When the blood of our sons flow'd as free,
 As the streams that leap down from our mountains,
 To a joyful embrace with the sea ;—
 Not the shout, nor the shot, could appal them,—
 Nor the shock of a conflict so new ;
 Thus taught, that, whate'er might befall them,
 They must still to their fathers be true !

III.

Oh ! gallant and faithful as ever,—
 We joy in a race that has still,
 From the first of our fortunes and conquests
 Proved the worth of its virtues and will ;
 Still true to the flag floating o'er them,
 To the courage that came from the past ;—
 They died !—but how can we deplore them,
 Thus conquering and true to the last !

"THREE CHEERS FOR SOUTH CAROLINA."

As the Palmetto Regiment was filing past General Scott, on its way to the battle field of Churubusco, the veteran General raised his hat and cried to his Staff—"Gentlemen, three cheers for South Carolina!"

I.

"THREE cheers for Carolina!"—

The gallant band that hears—
Well knows the mighty chief that speaks, —
Will never shame those cheers ;
They know the iron storm that waits
Their eager march across the plain,
But they will brave the worst of fates,
To hear that hero's voice again,
In cheers for Carolina !

II.

"Three cheers for Carolina!"—

What tale it tells, that cry,
Of valor proved in other fields
And names of chiefs that cannot die !—
Of blood too often tried of yore,
To leave a doubt that these will seek
Worse fields than valor knew before,
That Fame shall still as proudly speak,
In cheers for Carolina !

CHURUBUSCO.

I.

Through the gloomy night we watch'd while the rain
was falling fast,

And we crouch'd without a shelter in our dreary
bivouack ;

Neither song nor supper cheer'd us, and our blankets,
from the blast,

Were a cover quite as idle as against the foe's attack ;
But our hearts were full of fire and we panted for the
dawn,

When the struggle of Contreras should determine of
the day;

And our eyes at midnight straining, though the light
was wholly gone,

Still show'd the crowded heights where Valencia's
squadrons lay.

II.

The daylight found us wakeful with our toilets ready
made,

And, though we knew it not, with the beds for many
spread ;

With the cartridge driven home, we unsheathed the
eager blade,

And were soon abroad where shrilly flew the bullets
round our head.

We too had shot to send, and well lessoned in the play,
By the practice of our boyhood, in the old Palmetto
State.

Each bullet had its mission, and it speeded on its way,
Seldom needing second messenger to do the work of
fate.

III.

Our game was quickly ended ; for we mow'd the Pains
down,

As the skilful reaper mows the o'er burden'd field
grain;

Don Salas did we capture, and we chased Don T
rejon,

And a host of other Dons did we put in mor
tain ;—

They were whipt before we knew it, and as up the
heights we sprang,

We gave them such a shout as disturb'd their solid
But suddenly we heard where our distant bugles ran
And we knew that the battle was not wholly ov
yet.

IV.

There were plains of Churubusco, where, with twenty
thousand men,

The greatest Don of all, with his leg that "had been
French'd,"

Lay in waiting for our army, like a tiger in his den,

But a den most wisely chosen, to the very eyes ex
trench'd,

Through fields of standing corn, and through ditches
where the rain

Had been standing rather longer than was grateful
to the sight,—

And o'er tracts of *pedregal*, which still put our feet in
pain,

With a hobble now, and now a rush, we hurried to
the fight.

There were works that we must master, where the
 starry flag we bore
 Had a fate to be uplifted, and by hands that should
 be ours ;
 We had names of home and fathers, dearly historied
 before,
 And the single thought sufficed to awaken all our
 powers.
 Did they stand us ? could they stand ? when with blaz-
 ing bolt and brand,
 O'er the muzzles of their cannon did our active le-
 gions pour ?—
 Soon we cross'd their wild embrasures, and the com-
 bat, hand to hand,
 Never Don or Savage yet with the Saxon could en-
 dure !

We were into 'em, and over 'em, and through 'em, with
 a cry,
 That sent terror to their souls as their standard
 down we tore ;
 Their serpent in the beak of our eagle soaring high,
 Never felt in bed of cactus half so comfortless before.
 It had done you good to see what a scampering they
 made,
 Helter skelter, o'er the plain, while each Polka as he
 flew,
 As if better taught in this, than in any other trade,
 Made the figure, with his coat tail, that we call the
"saure qui peut."

THE DEATH OF BUTLER.

No death could have been more glorious than that of Butler : worn with sickness, but rising from his bed at the signal of battle; thrice wounded, falling at the head of his Regiment, already on its way to a glory.

I.

WHEN Butler heard the signal
 That show'd the battle nigh,
 Though feeble on his couch he lay,
 His spirit mounted high;
 He buckled on his armor,
 He mounted his good steed;
 "Ho !" said he, "Carolinians,
 I'm here with you at need."

II.

The signal rang for battle,—
 The voice of Shields arose,—
 'Look men of the Palmetto,
 Our foemen round us close;
 The common laws of danger,
 Would teach us now to fly,
 But we've a better lesson,
 To break through them or die !'

III.

"We're ready now!" cried Butler,
Our men are few but true;
Upon them, Carolinians,
We've but to dare and do!
Then rang the fearful volley,
Then came the fearful rush,
Then rose the shout of triumph,
And then the awful hush!

IV.

He falls,—the steed of Butler—
His master rose again;—
He falls,—the gallant chief himself,
But not among the slain.
Once more he waves his banner,
And leads his column on;
Then died, upon the glorious ground,
His people's valor won!

c

THE PALMETTO FLAG IN BATTLE.

I.

Five times that flag went down amid the fight,
 As often fell the form the staff who bore ;
 Stricken with a mortal hurt, but still with sight,
 Fix'd ever where its folds had flown before !—
 Five times that flag rose waving to the sky,
 Borne up by bravest hearts that could not fear,
 Unil, above the foe, triumphantly,
 Its folds went free to the delighted air,
 And the deep echoes of the field replied,
 To the faint cheer of those, who, seeing, died !

II.

Oh ! banner, thus baptized in victory,—
 Rent with the storm of battle ;—sacred blood,
 Hath made thee dear to our posterity,
 With others, waved on mountain and on flood ;—
 Flag of the Eutaw ;—flag by Moultrie worn,
 By ocean's side ;—by Marion, in his deep
 Umbrageous realm of swamp ;—by Sumter borne
 O'erplain and mount, wherever wing might sweep,
 Or the sword gather harvest—thou shalt fly,
 With these, proud trophy, long,—as honored and as high.

✓ THE WIDOW OF THE WARRIOR.

I had particularly in mind, while writing this and the song which follows the young bride of Lt. Col. Dickinson. I knew Dickinson well and served with him in the Legislature. He was a proud, high spirited gentleman, of noble aspect and erect form; and it was only a short time before he left for Mexico, that he became the husband of the fair, sweet woman who deploras his loss. I saw them together, while he was on his way to join his regiment at Hamburg. How little did she, how little did any of us, anticipate his fate. How could she, beholding his youth, his strength, his manly beauty—regarding him through the medium of love and hope—dream of a termination so abrupt to his career.

I.

They parted in tears, but the sorrow,
 That spoke in that tender farewell,
 Was tinged with a hope that still brighten'd
 The hues of each drop as it fell;
 For how could love dream of such meeting,
 Or that one who so lately was blest,
 Should lie coldly nor speak to her anguish,
 With her cheek pressing, pale, on his breast!

II.

She knew not one image of sorrow,
 When, at the first summons to strife,
 She saw him go forth in his beauty,
 The model of manhood and life;—
 Ah! little the confident passion,
 That worshipped his beauty and grace,
 Ever dreamed of that manhood in marble,
 That coldly receives her embrace.

III.

She clings to the bier, nor will listen—
 While gazing on features so dear—
 To the counsel that chides her entreaty,
 To the sense that can never more hear ;
 Though her kindred around her are weeping,
 Her love, still unwilling to part
 With the dear one again in her keeping,
 Still fancies a pulse in his heart.

“AND WHAT, WHEN HIS COUNTRY.”

I.

And what, when his country is loud in his glory,
 And the song of the minstrel is pour'd in his praise
 When the chronicle gives up its page to his story,
 And eloquence glows with his deeds into blaze ;—
 What voice of the heart shall enliven her sorrows,
 Who sits by the lonely hearth brooding the past,
 When hope had its tale of a thousand to-morrows,
 Each happier than true love had render'd the last.

II.

Yes, pride shall be hers, that the heart whose devotion
 Brought love's sweetest solace to share with her own,
 Had a courage as firm in the battle's commotion,
 And a life which she shared with his country alone ;
 She will glow with the voice that is loud in his honor,
 She will feel that its praises are dear to his fame ;
 And the country whose need flung these sad weeds upon
 her,
 Shall atone by the tribute it brings to his name !

III.

But vainly the song of the minstrel, deploring,
 Shall teach that forgetfulness needed o'er all ;
 And vainly the cry of our eagle upsoaring
 Shall soothe the deep sorrows that keep her in thrall ;
 E'en the voice that repeats, of his deeds the proud story,
 Must enliven the griefs it can never remove ;
 And the very same plaudit that rings with his glory,
 Shall teach but too truly his loss to her love !

c*

YOUNG WHITFIELD BROCKS.

Young Brooks of the Edgelfield Company, when dying of his wounds, appealed to General Shields for his testimony in favor of his conduct. It might be conveyed to his father and his country. It was with that Shields answered the entreaty, grieving bitterly that a youth so noble should be cut off in the very hour of his victory.

I.

“Tell me,” cried the youth when dying,
 Tell me that I do not shame,
 That dear land that gave me being
 And my father’s honor’d name ;—
 Say, my General, that, in falling,
 I was seeking still the strife,
 Through the tempest unappalling,
 For their honor staking life.”

II.

Then the gallant chieftain weeping,
 O’er the dying youth, replied :
 “By these eyes that speak my sorrow,
 I shall speak your deeds with pride ;
 With the bravest, you have ever,
 Been where raged the battle most ;
 In your fate, your country never
 Braver heart or champion lost.”

III.

"Ah! the sting from death is taken ;"
 Then the dying youth replied—
 "Heart of youth might well be shaken,
 Dying thus in strength and pride ;—
 But, in death, I do not perish,
 With this sweet assurance won,
 That my sire and country cherish,
 Proudest memories of their son ! "

OH! STERN WAS THE VOICE OF THAT ANGUISH.

In writing this little poem, I had in my mind's eye, the particular cases of
 my old and excellent friends Whittfield Brooks, and General Cantey, both
 losers of young and promising sons in the battle fields of Mexico. They will
 not, I am sure, refuse this feeble tribute at my hand.

I.

Oh! stern was the voice of that anguish that bade him,
 The greyheaded sire, look forth for his son ;
 And welcome the form, on his shield where they laid
 him,
 For whom his old heart had its welcome alone;
 Yet no voice answered fond to the cry of that feeling,
 The pride of the past, and its dream both revealing,
 That still to the ear of the dead one appealing,
 Declared, in the triumph, the hope that was gone !

II.

How proud was that hope in the hour of their parting,
 When the young hero drew the sword flashing for
 fame !

No doubt in his soul, that the tears sudden starting,
 Could mingle the thought of that moment with blame !
 Such pride, in the strength of his manhood, displaying,
 As with sword and with sash his fine person arraying,
 His young soul in arms, not a moment delaying,
 To rush to the battle field seeking a name !

III.

To fears of the foe and the combat a stranger,
 His race had been thus from their earliest hours,—
 Fearful only of shame and exulting in danger,
 As the mother of deeds and the nurse of their powers:
 Alas ! but too fondly the conquest pursuing,
 He rush'd up the heights where the storm cloud was
 brewing ;
 But though stricken down by the red bolt of ruin,
 His hand waved his flag o'er the enemy's towers.

IV.

In his triumph he fell, in a strife that was glorious,
 The first on the ramparts where conquest was won;
 He knew, ere he died, that his flag was victorious,
 And his dying shout cheer'd his brave followers on;—
 And his old sire glows with the glowing narration,
 And his kindling eye gleams with the praise of the na-
 tion,
 But, with night, he forgets all the glorious ovation,
 And in dreams he is calling, "my Son ? O ! my Son!"

THE HEAD OF THE FORLORN HOPE.

Something more is due to the leader of a Forlorn Hope, than he generally receives from posterity. Ordinarily, he perishes. It is in the full conviction that he is dedicated to fate, that he stands forth and offers himself a sacrifice. Yet, how seldom is he remembered—his name, perhaps, not even given, and all the glory for which he has deliberately yielded himself to death, for the safety of the rest, merged in the single great name that commands the army. The verses which follow are rather meant to declare what he deserves, than to bestow the meed, for which his unsolicited sacrifice is made.

I.

Do not forget, when loud the cannon pealing,
 Exults in dangers past and victories won,
 How forth he sprang, when death around was dealing
 His fearful shafts, your own unhonored son!—
 The humble name, the undistinguished station,
 Unsashed, unplumed, declare no hope of fame;
 Death might secure a moment's approbation,
 But where the laurels for that lowly name?

II.

Yet, with the single motive of a spirit,
 To whom the sight of danger hath its charms,—
 With active impulse, thoughtless of the merit,
 He hears with joy the combat's fierce alarms;
 Hears but to answer, when, as sacrifices,
 To seek and brave the danger, came the call
 For the adventurous few, to make the crisis,
 And, with forlornest hope, to die for all!

Honor'd for aye, the heart so well devoted,
 Though lowly be the simple name he bears;
 Still be his memory in our annals noted,
 Though cypress be the mournful wreath he wears :—
 Death found him first the angry torrent heading,
 Careering o'er the summits of the foe,—
 Hopeless himself, the way for others leading,
 For whom the column soars, the laurels blow.

THE RETURN OF THE PALMETTOS.

I.

WHERE move the gay Palmetto's,
 That late went forth in pride,
 Glorious in strength and stature,
 Brave soul'd and eagle eyed?
 Lo! _wan and few returning,
 The relics of that band,
 That bore our gay green banner,
 In gladness through the land!

II.

How are their mighty fallen,
 On loftiest places slain,
 As bearing up that ensign bright
 They never bear again !
 They won their crowns of laurel
 Thrice dyed in bloody strife,
 A wreath of bloom unfading—
 But paid for it with life !

III.

Their country's joy is shadow'd,
 As they who won the field,
 Hear nought of our rejoicing,
 Each silent on his shield ;
 Above the noise of shouting,
 Lo ! woman's wail is heard,
 Each, in her home of mourning,
 Above the form prefer'd.

IV.

The wife of Kenilhaw sorrows,
 The widow o'er her slain ;
 And maids of Edgefield languish,
 For youth beloved in vain ;
 While Barnwell's matron bending
 Above the cottage loom
 Still stains the woof with weeping,
 Her first born's early doom !

THE DIRGE OF THE PALMETTO.

I.

Oh ! mournfully—O ! very mournfully,
 Sound the returning bugles ;—we have won ;—
 But in the shout that tells our victory.
 Rings the sharp death-shriek of each gallant son :
 It rises o'er the tumult of the field,—
 It stays the shout of triumph ;—we deplore,
 That, to the God of Battles, we must yield,
 'The brave, who to the fight shall go no more !
 Mournfully still, O ! very mournfully,
 'The clarion's sudden plaint, the bugles faint reply !

II.

'They were among our noblest—with the fire
 Of generous youth still bounding in each heart ;
 We saw them hurry forth with keen desire,
 Burning for glory, eager to depart ;
 'They bore aloft the ensign of our name,
 The flag made famous by our sires of yore,
 And, as they vow'd, they freshen'd it with fame,
 'Though to the battle they shall go no more !
 Mournfully still,—O ! very mournfully,
 'The music that declares their death in victory !

WELCOME TO THE VOLUNTEER.

This song was originally written, at the request of the Washington Light Infantry, as a welcome to Capt. Blanding of the Charleston Company. I have made a slight variation in a single verse, so as to render its application general to the returning officers and soldiers of the Palmetto Regiment.

I.

A welcome to our brother,
 Home-returning from the strife,
 He hath nobly won his laurels,
 In the fields that peril'd life ;
 He hath sought the front of battle,
 He hath borne him as became
 A true son of Carolina,
 And our people's ancient fame.

CHORUS.

Thrice welcome to our brother,
 With a shout of three times three—
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

II.

We have welcomes for our brother,
 From the depth of hearts that feel,
 That his own, in peace or conflict,
 Hath been ever true as steel !
 By his truth and love he won us,
 'Till we gave him spear and shield,
 And he brings them undishonor'd,
 With new trophies, from the field.

III.

O'er the plains of Churubusco,
 We behold him as he goes,
 With our gallant gay Palmettos,
 O'er the heads of humbled foes ;
 At Chapultepec's grim castle,
 At Contreras, and as well
 Through the throes at *La Garita*,
 When the Aztec city fell !

IV.

Thrice welcome to our brother,
 Thus in peace and battle tried ;
 He hath crowned our name with honor,
 And we speak his name with pride ;
 Though in fields of foreign danger,
 Through long seasons he may roam,
 In our hearts, no more a stranger,
 He shall still find " welcome home ! "

WELCOME TO THE CHIEF.

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This song was written at the time when General Shields was about to become the guest of the city of Charleston.

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I.

Open your gates, gay city, with a clang
 Of martial gong and trumpet, and a fire,
 Such as on plains of Churubusco rang
 When your own forward sons went forth in ire ;—
 Give voices to your hearts, that, when he hears,
 His heart shall whisper—'these are brethren all,
 Of those who followed me with bended spears,
 When Mexico was stooping to her fall ;—
 When, at Chapultepec, we crush'd her powers,
 And storm'd, through all her gates, our way to Aztec
 towers.

II.

Oh ! these are glorious memories which are best
 Treasur'd, when thus ye welcome home the brave ;
 Thus keep ye shrined, within each martial breast,
 The glory of the gallant sons ye gave ;—
 So honor ye the children of your care,
 Who thus go forth in confidence and pride,
 Secure that love shall ever deck the bier,
 Of those who welcome battle as a bride ;—
 Nor, in the mournful tribute o'er their graves,
 Forget the homage due that welcomes living braves.

PALO ALTO AND RESACA DE LA PALMA.

This lyric was prepared for the fourth of July celebration immediately succeeding the two battles above mentioned.

I.

Now while our cups are flowing
 With memories born to bloom,
 And filial hands are throwing
 Their wreaths o'er valor's tomb ;—
 While lips exulting shout the praise
 Of heroes of the past that stood,
 Triumphant, 'mid old Moultrie's blaze,
 And proud in Eutaw's field of blood ;—
 Be not forgot the gallant train,
 That lifts our name in Mexic war,—
 One cup for Palo-Alto drain,
 One cheer for Palma Resaca !

II.

For Taylor—"Rough and Ready,"
 True son of truest sires ;—
 For May, who, swift and steady,
 Trod down La Vega's fires ;
 For all who in that day of strife,
 Maintain'd in pride the stripes and stars,
 The dead, who won immortal life,
 And they who live for other wars ;
 For those, who, with their victory,
 New wreaths to grace our laurel bring,—
 A health that drains the goblet dry,
 A cheer that makes the welkin ring !

III.

Nor, though even now we falter,
 With thoughts of those who died,
 And, at our festive altar,
 Grow silent in our pride,
 Yet in the heart's most holy deep,
 Fond memory shrines the happy brave,
 Who in the arms of battle sleep
 By Palo's wood and Bravo's wave ;
 Nor in our future deeds forgot,
 Shall silent thought forbear to bring,
 Her tribute to that sacred spot,
 Where Ringgold's gallant soul took wing.

IV.

Fill to our country's glory,
 Where'er her flag is borne ;
 Nor, in her failing story,
 Let future ages mourn ;
 Nor let the envious foreign foe,
 Rejoice that faction checks her speed,
 Arrests her in the indignant blow,
 And saddens o'er the avenging deed !
 Fill high, though from the chrystal wave,
 Your cup, and from the grape be mine :
 The marriage rites, that link the brave
 To fame, will turn each draught to wine.

✓ THE CAPTIVE TEXIAN.

This trifle is little more than a Parody upon "The Captive Knight" by Mrs. Hemans. The music of the one will suit the other piece, and the local interest which attaches to *our* song, will probably commend it to the reader's preference.

I.

'Tis the trumpet's glorious strain !
 They wind in pride 'neath the Mexic tow'r,
 That northern host, in its pomp and pow'r,
 With an army's banner'd train ;
 Sound again, clarion ! clarion wild and shrill,—
 Sound ! let the captive hear thy music still !

II.

I live in thy lofty note !
 I had deem'd my brethren's lances gone,
 The pomp of war, and the martial tone,
 And plumes to the winds that float ;—
 Sound again, clarion ! clarion wild and shrill,
 Sound ! let the captive hear thy music still !

III.

And here, in my heavy chain,
 I had wept as I saw them sweeping by ;
 I deem'd they had left me here to die,
 Afar from the battle plain ;—
 Sound again, clarion ! clarion wild and shrill,
 Sound ! let the captive hear thy music still !

IV.

They rise on my sight once more—
 Like the rush of winds when the billows dash,
 The brave steeds hurry, the bright swords clash,
 And they seek my prison door!
 Sound again, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
 Sound! let the captive hear thy music still.

V.

They have crush'd the Mexic train—
 They've broken the captive's bonds at length,
 His limbs are free, and he feels his strength,
 And leaps to his steed again!
 Sound again, clarion! proudly pour thy blast;
 Sound! for the Texian Chief is free at last!

THE GALLANT BARQUE.

I.

Our country is a gallant barque,
 And gallant seamen man her;
 The Eagle's spirit makes her flight,
 The Eagle's wing her banner;
 Where Heaven unfolds its boundless blue,
 Where winds and waves can bear her,
 Her voice in thunder speaks to realms,
 That hating, still must fear her!

II.

From thirty Empires link'd in one,
 She takes her strength and glory,
 And makes a progress 'neath the sun,
 Most like a sunlike story ;
 In peace she grasps the strength of war,
 In war, her passion ever,
 Is still to save from foes who fain,
 Would peace and freedom sever.

III.

'Thus, with the giant's might endow'd,
 No giant will degrade her ;
 Of strength and wisdom justly proud,
 No injured realm upbraids her ;
 She heeds no mock of foes who hate,
 But steers with progress steady ;
 For those who hail with cheers—elate,—
 For those with curses—ready.

IV.

Oh ! gallant barque, if ever thus,
 Thy path in right pursuing,
 No hostile hate can rear the rock,
 Or wave, to work thy ruin ;
 The seas shall own thy progress wide,
 The realms of earth thy glory,
 And, with his daily march of pride,
 The sun shall write thy story.

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