

Captain John Kendrick in the Washington
In the Pacific a great name had won,
Had scrutinized the coast to "Stekin's" mouth,
Then stood away for "Sandwich Islands" in the
South,

Entering "Honolulu Harbor," and swung—
At anchor—firing a saluting gun,
An English man-o'-war in compliment
Saluted Kendrick (it was well meant)
But one gun, shotted, a calamity befell;
Captain Kendrick and two seamen fell,
Ordered by fate, though at what a cost,
'These sailors' souls took the "Ratlins for aloft"
From whose azure depths, perhaps dreamily
They trace out former paths upon earth's swelling
sea

In wild lands their wandering feet had trod
Are great cities' spires pointing up to God
All accessories great populations give
That help mankind to think, to act, to live,
Where children with enthusiastic pride
Salute the flag for which brave men died,
Remembering it is to them,
When grown to womanhood and men,
To love and protect with not a spot
Of treachery on its folds a blot
Over all, everlastingly to be
Liberty's emblem—pure and infallibly.

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