



XXI.

In vain their arts to kindle hate again
And break the bond of sacred trust—in vain !
With faith undimmed, though England seem to fall
And France triumphant on her children call,
The North stands true—while, from the mother torn,
A new-made nation in the South is born ;
Who vex, within their bounds, in fierce despite,
All loyal hearts that shared the losing fight,—
The narrow soul that marked their grandsires shown
In secret charge by evil whisper blown,
And wanton malice when the fight is done !

