

XXXIX.

Their friend had given quite enough direction,
 If followed well, to occupy the day.
 The little trick they played is no reflection
 Upon their morals, only a new way
 To beat a Yankee, and bring in subjection
 A foe, whom twere not fair or wise to slay.
 But right or wrong their course we'll not defend
 For want of time, so let this Canto end.

CANTO II.

I.

A petty tyrant, newly raised to power,
 Is ever giddy with the elevation.
 Frenzied for glory, in some fatal hour
 His guilty follies o'erwhelm the nation.
 Ambition's minion once, he seeks to pour
 Forth from his country's heart a curst libation. n.
 Within the pale of this dark crime we know
 Columbia's Chieftain, would it were not so.

II.

We vainly hoped the freighted bark of old,
 Which brought our banner, brought not with it too,
 An evil genius fluttering in its fold,
 A sister-twin ; the greater of the two,
 Ah stareyed Freedom ! how strangely cold
 Must be the tyrants hate, that pierced thee through,
 The false forsake thee, thou art not alone,
 The South's great heart, fair Goddess, is thine own.

III.

Yield not because the trunk of thy great tree
 Is scared and torn, as by the lightning's stroke.
 Its roots have burrowed deep in hearts still free,
 That will not bow unto the Federal Yoke.
 T'will bloom and blossom yet t'is Fate's dectee,
 Which let the Despot if he can, revoke,
 The *habeas corpus* and the constitution,
 Like Banquo's ghost, will yet ask retribution.