

XIX.

Alas ! Kentucky, once thy sacred soil
 Was unpolluted ; Freedom's banner waved
 In grandeur o'er thee. Now thou art the spoil
 Of the invader, a bartered thing—enslaved !
 Thy mighty energies no longer toil,
 Which could thine honor, glory once have saved.
 The North's the foeman ; thou has learned too late,
 Who wooed and won thee but to desolate.

XX.

The guilty " thing " who undertakes to wield
 A bastard scepter with unlineal hand,
 O'er thee and thine, hath magically sealed
 Thy destiny as with the enchanter's wand.
 Is it for gold thy liberties ye yield,
 Nor dare a single vestige to demand ?
 Awake great victim, though thy heart is cleft,
 The worst discard, be pure with what is left.

XXI.

Sold ye your honor to protect your slaves ?
 How does the sale twist you and Lincoln stand ?
 He treats the contract like he thought ye knaves,
 You tamely yield, nor dare your pay demand.
 He *goes not* for your slaves, but simply craves,
 Invites them *to him* with an open hand.
 Should the Mountain to Mahomet fail to go,
 Then he unto the mountain will you know.

XXII.

Poor, once heroic, now unnatural State,
 Thy " neutral doctrine " strangely furnished forth
 The vile pretext, which would, soon or late,
 Yield thee a willing victim to the North.
 The "galled gade begins to wince " and hate
 The goad ; now that she finds the actual worth
 Of her allegiance with an infernal cause,
 Which mar at will her freedom and her laws.

XXIII.

Our heroes entered this their native State,
 Now filled with the invaders, white and black,
 At Hopkinsville, their native town, a great
 " Booby " noted for a " plentiful lack "
 Of brains "like Brunswick's fated chieftain sate "
 Lord Keeper of the pillory and rack,
 On which he sometimes broke his betters,
 And sometimes deigned to order fetters.