

Awhile, life's currents mixed, and sped us on;
Then swerved the tide abrupt—lo, he was gone!—

We parted friends. I only knew him true;
He could not that conceal—no more I knew!

GETTYSBURG.

Year after year, Rebellion made
 'Twixt North and South a mighty flood,
Until the crimson tide was stayed,
 At Gettysburg, the field of blood.

At Gettysburg: but what a price
 To reap atonement then was paid,—
A holocaust in sacrifice
 On Freedom's holy altar laid.

For brother fought with brother there,
 Four-thousand score on either side:
The nation's fate hung in mid-air;
 Maintain the Union—or divide?—

As when fierce waves confront the rock
 They backward fall in broken spray,
So in that awful battle-shock
 Charged and dissolved the blue and grey.

Three days of carnage, rout on rout,
 Withstood the brave, devoted host;
And never such a bloody bout,
 So nearly won—so nearly lost.

Aloft was Glory, in whose name
 Confederate and Federal
Were crowned with never-dying fame,
 Or wrapped about with fade-less pall.