

XXV.

I hear a singing bird which carols forth
 That "recognition" first, and then alliance
 Offensive and defensive, South and North
 Against the world, in mutual defiance,
 Is now the only plan for peace that's worth
 A fig, or on which we can place reliance.
 If this prophetic songster is delusive,
 The bird is honest, so don't be abusive.

XXVI.

'Tis not those "mortal engines whose rude throats
 Do counterfeit the clamors of great Jove,"
 'Tis not the roar and din of battle which promotes
 The glorious ends of Justice, Peace, and Love,
 The "golden rule" were better, which devotes
 Its quiet power those great ends to move,
 The "still small voice" of an Almighty will,
 The raging tempest calmed with "Peace, be still!"

XXVII.

Alas! my country, I must love thee still,
 And mourn the Fate that severed us in twain;
 And now while fair and freshening breezes fill
 The flowing canvass, bending o'er the main,
 My heart and harp shall seize with their poor skill
 At once a gentler and a loftier strain,
 And thus to thee pour forth a "lowly lay,"
 The heart's sad tribute in thine evil day.

I.

When Rome was once the Mistress of the world,
 And Freedom's star shone bright, and bright'ning there,
 Man deemed not that proud Fabric could be hurl'd
 From its strong base, as weaker structures are,
 Greece, Carthage, and the immortal city where
 Christ's prophetic tears proclaimed its fate,
 Deemed once eternal, have been forced to share
 The just allotment, which the weak and great
 Reap for ungodliness and crime, or soon or late.

II.

And thou America! once hoped in vain
 Thine Eaglets plumage so divinely fair
 And stainless, that relenting Fate would fain
 Preserve its purity with sacred care.
 Alas! how fleeting thy fond visions were!
 Ambition glanced his eagles in the sky,
 And flaunted his foul banner in the air,
 Then party Tyrants waved the sword on high,
 And drunk with passion now in crime and bloodshed vie.