Many a true heart—true to the Cause,
Though the blaze of his wrath lies cold.

May his grave be green—still green
While happy years shall run;
May none come night to disinter
The—Buried Gun.

"Formerly a Slave"

an idealized portrait, by E. Vedder, in the spring exhibition of the
National Academy, 1865

The sufferance of her race is shown,
And retrospect of life,
Which now too late deliverance dawns upon;
Yet is she not at strife.

Her children's children they shall know
The good withheld from her;
And so her reverie takes prophetic cheer—
In spirit she sees the stir

Far down the depth of thousand years,
And marks the revel shine;
Her dusky face is lit with sober light,
Sibylline, yet benign.

The Apparition
(a retrospect)

Conversions came; and, where the field
Long slept in pastoral green,
A goblin-mountain was upheaved
(Sure the scared sense was all deceived),
Marl-glen and slag-ravine.

The unreserve of Ill was there,
The clinkers in her last retreat;