

Hearney at Seven Pines.

So that story of Bayard is still on its journey, —

Of Hearney, on Bayard, who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

Where the red volley poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the sin from the thicket was sweet and mightiest, —
No charge like Phil Hearney's, along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the revere were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines where we still hold our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column

And his heart at our war-cry leapt up into a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder, —
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

So that old story Legend is still on its journey, —
That story of Hearney, who knew not to yield!

How he strode his brown steed! how we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left - and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays brighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the melody informal,
Asking where to go in - through the clearing or pine?
"O, anywhere! Forward!" 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

O, woe the black shroud of night at Chantilly
That hid him from sight of his brave men and trees!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still, - in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,
That he rides, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

Edmund C. Stettin.