

White Cloud

Kansas Chief.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

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WHOLE NO. 608.

Choice Poetry.

(From the Atlantic Monthly, for March.)
HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

BY JOHN A. WHITTIER.

Right in the track where Sherman
Plunged his iron horse,
One of the narrow walls,
By from the soldier's bow,
Whom the little black people,
With freedom newly dawned,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened, and heard the children
Of the poor and long-suffering
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
"Hush!" the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing,
The deaf ears hearing,
The dumb lips speaking.

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portals,
Almost seemed the mortal
Foot on the immortal.
No more with stone and dust,
But onward with glory and honor,
In the image of God.

There was the human chattel
In his manhood taking;
There, in each dark, haggard stare,
A soul was waking;
The man of many sorrows,
With tears his eyelids pouring,
Stretching over those dark features
His own-earned blessing.

And he said: "Who here can never
Fear for death you?
What shall I tell the children
Of death about you?
Then you need a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer giving;
And a little boy stood up: "Mama,
Tell me 'tis rising!"

O, black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken:
The slave's chain and the master's
Ally are broken.
The one came of the race
Held both in fetters:
They are rising—all are rising,
The black and white together!

O, brave men and fair women!
Of course of hope and warning:
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to mourning?
Make them your own avenger,
A thousand, a thousand;
Meet Fate halfway, and make it
A joy and blessing!

Select Tale.

SIX LOVE LETTERS.

"Are there any more of these letters?"

When her father asked this question in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No," and dared not say "Yes," but as an intermediate course, burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair, and patted him on the shoulder.

"Please don't be hard with my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a nice young man, and it is his fault, after all, as much as here, and you won't break her young heart, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"—no—that is, I only—gasped the little woman; and, hearing Lucilla coming, she rushed into a closet, and, with a look of horror, returned with a letter in her hand.

"And then Mrs. Richmond went down upon her knees. "Oh, dear papa!" she cried, "dearest papa, please don't say I never loved him again. I couldn't love it. Indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he's a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond; "he has been ardent enough to make you think him perfect, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Mrs. Richmond."

With such remarks, Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

Miscellaneous.

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Mix with the patriot's full acclaim.
Without restraint:
While grand strains the bosom beat
On every wing, and everywhere
Rise the sentiment and prayer,
"Let us have Peace!"

Enough that War's full rage is spent,
And Freedom still survives; enough
Her statue looms and abides,
Her stern face, her stern eyes;
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There, from the West's wide plains;
From where the waving corns wave;
The golden eye with mimic waves;
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