

FARRAGUT.

BY COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE.

I.

Shipmates, together met,
Now the first watch is set,
Drain we a can to-night:
God keep good sailors all!
Rest to the brave who fall!
God bless our Admiral,
Leading the van to-night.
Soon, from yon Rebel spars,
Wearing the traitor's Bars,
We shall fling out the Stars,
Blazoned with Stripes again!
High over battle scars,
Liberty's types again!
Now, may the song I bring
Loud, like a bugle, ring:
Farragut's name I sing,—
Fill up your pipes again!

II.

Down drops the setting sun;
Swift rolls the darkness on;
Shipmates! the night cometh!
Silent are trump and drum;
Silent are shot and bomb;
All the dark fleet is dumb—
Dumb, till the fight cometh!
Messmates, we'll fill the can;
Life's but a little span;
Yonder's our battle-van—
Yonder is Farragut:
Drink to the Iron Man—
Drink to bold Farragut!
Shells be the cups we plight—
Cannons our beakers bright;
Blood be our wine to-night;
Fill up to Farragut!

III.

Tell us, ye planets true!
Tell us, ye waters blue!
Whither do eagles fly!
Out of what ocean's foam,
Out of what breaker's comb,
Born from what coral home,
Soar up the sea-gulls high?
Then shall our answer rise
Higher than eagle flies,
Higher than sea-gull vies,
Upward, with Farragut:
Upward, through Glory's skies,
Sailing with Farragut!
He from the sea arose,
Grand with their deep repose;
White with their silver snows:
God bless old Farragut!

IV.

Out of War's baptism,
Sprinkled with fire-chrisim,
Glory reveals her own;
Thus, like his namesake bold,
David, renowned of old,
Boyhood the Man foretold:
Glory but sealed her own!
Scarce had twelve Summer suns
Passed him, like halcyons,
When with immortal ones
Mingled young Farragut,
Breasting the British guns,
Battled young Farragut!
Read ye our Hero-Scroll,
Shrined in the Capitol:
Fifty years back, its roll
Bears the name—Farragut!

V.

Shipmates! ye saw the man,
Leading our battle-van,
Calm and unflinching:
Under Fort Jackson's hail;
Storming St. Philip's mail;
Fronting the Rebel gale,
Stern and unaltering.
Groping through shadows gray,
Fought we our daring way;
Up through that gauntlet fray,
Led by bold Farragut:
Castles and ships, at bay,
Pounding on Farragut!
Oh! what a deed was done,
When the next morning's sun
Told us Orleans was won—
Won by our Farragut!

IV.

Shipmates! ye've seen the waves
Building, from tropic caves,
Columns gigantic;
Heard the great waters roar,
Where, on the angry shore,
Storm-ridden Labrador
Braves the Atlantic;
But the seas never woke,
Never the thunder spoke,
Wild as the storm that broke
Over bold Farragut—
Fierce as the battle-stroke
Hurled against Farragut;
When, from those Rebel moats,
Up from those Rebel floats,
Six score of cannon-throats
Roared against Farragut!

VII.

O! how our hearts were chilled,
When the low word—"He's killed,"
Some one had muttered;
Every pale mouth was shut,
Yet, with one meaning mute,
Asking for Farragut,
Every lip fluttered.
Quickly, to calm the doubt,
"Farragut's here!" we shout:
Then what a cheer rang out—
"Farragut!—Farragut!"
High o'er the rebel rout,
"Three cheers for Farragut!"
Clear as our battle-cry,
Pealing up wild and high,
Rending the murky sky—
"Thank God for Farragut!"

VIII.

Mates! ye have heard full oft,
How, when he climbs aloft,
Under the risen stars—
Soon, through the misty top,
Making our pulses stop,
Strange voices seem to drop
Down from the mizzen-spars:
There, with bold Porter, rides
Hull, of the "Ironsides;"
There, brave Decatur glides
Close to our Farragut!
High o'er all battle-tides
Talking with Farragut!
Through the wild typhon pipes,
Though the fierce norther gripes,
Under the Stars and Stripes,
There sits old Farragut!

IX.

So, when, from blazing ports,
Hurling at Rebel forts,
Cannon-blows thunderous,
Down on Mobile he led
War-ships, like dragons red,
While all the deep sea fled,
Quaking, from under us:
Where the blue rockets flashed,
Where the hot shell was dashed,
Where the shot madly crashed,
There we saw Farragut!
High at the mast-head lashed,
There was old Farragut,
Castles once more we passed;
Ships on the shore we cast;
Lashed to our banner mast
Still was bold Farragut!

X.

Messmates! at morn we fight:
This may be our last night;
Fill up the can again!
If we must bravely fall,
God keep our dear ones all!
God shield the Admiral,
Leading our van again!
When, o'er yon channel bars,
Stream out the rocket stars,
Then, to the signal spars,
Up will climb Farragut:
Listening to cannon-jars,
There will be Farragut!
Wrapped in his battle-cloak,
Woven from fire and smoke,
God bless his heart of oak,
There we'll see Farragut!

TOM HOOD says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat or a new pair of boots. To have time set easy, your garments must set the example.

The Hero-Martyrs.

When we think of the victims of the war, the lambs without number taken out of our vast flock and fold for a vicarious sacrifice, we lament. But when we think of the temper in which they have gone to it, and the contagion of virtue to scatter our corruption they spread, what is grand and immortal in us exults over the bier, though holding our own. See the young man in the flower of his days, surrounded by all that can stir or fill earthly desire! He has kindred dear to his own soul, and is the blossom on a generous stock. A fine position he holds for reputation, influence, and gain. He is conscious of abilities to ascend in any calling of peaceful life to the topmost rank of his fellow-men. He loves, and is loved; the sweetest mixture ever commended to mortal taste touches his lips.—His abounding strength lifts the horoscope of score on score of years of enjoyment, equal to what our humanity can ever have in its lot. But he surrenders it all; he lays it on his country's shrine; he carries it into the path of the bullet, and puts it at the hazard of any ruffian's aim. Wherefore is it? Because, though he has all heart could desire for himself and the house he was born in, it is not enough, if the house of the nation is broken into; because he owns his parentage in the common Father, and the mother-land that bore him, and because they through whom he came, see the childhood of God and duty beyond that to themselves in their son; because, if wedded, he knows he was honor's husband before, and because the wife girds and gives him to that supreme prior choice, and by her delicate but resolute fingers the badges of his fatal vocation are wrought; because he feels he belongs to this awful fortune, as part of the price of redemption for justice and native land; and that part of the price he is he will not, like the perjured promisers in Scripture, keep back. He confesses that he is not his own; there was a hold of pre-emption on him before he could dispose of himself in any way; a heavy mortgage, covering all he is worth, includes body and soul. He waits not, therefore, for the conscription, or assertion of its right by the law. He volunteers—and 'tis this volunteering has saved us—not pretending he is making any gift, or has independent property in his own endowment or nature to bestow. Truly, we say, he is possessed with a Divine impulse for a providential end.—Nor does he believe that life or death hangs for him on the dice of chance, but the bidding of God. He understands well there is no want of economy in adventuring what he has or hopes into utter jeopardy. Be it what it may, intellect, manhood, love, or holy purpose, he is sure it shall all be counted for the attaining of his purpose by his Maker and mankind. In that certainty he is satisfied; and, calm as you under your roof, he walks in all the fury of the strife.

Such is the blood we may call precious, because it is the price with which things invaluable and indispensable are procured.—*Extract from Sermon of Dr. Bartol, Boston.*

"GEORGE, do you know that M. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door-step, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, papa; he will be Mr. Jones's step-son, won't he?"

A YOUNG LADY has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty years and upward, are more or less bald; they scratch the hair off in dismay at their wives' long milliners' bills!

SORROW shows us the truth, as the darkness of night brings out the stars.