



IN TIME OF WAR.

*There are white faces in each sunny street,
And signs of trouble meet us every where;
The nation's pulse hath an unsteady beat,
For scents of battle foul the summer air.*

*A thrill goes through the city's busy life,
And then—as when a strong man stints his breath—
A stillness comes; and each one in his place
Waits for the news of triumph, loss, and death.*

*The "Extras" fall like rain upon a drought,
And startled people crowd around the board
Whereon the nation's sum of loss or gain
In rude and hurried characters is scored.*

*Perhaps it is a glorious triumph gleam—
An earnest of our Future's recompense;
Perhaps it is a story of defeat,
Which smiteth like a fatal pestilence.*

*But whether Failure darkens all the land,
Or whether Victory sets its blood ablaze,
An awful cry, a mighty throb of pain,
Shall scare the sweetness from these summer days.*

*God! how this land grows rich in loyal blood!
Poured out upon it to its utmost length,
The incense of a people's sacrifice—
The wrested offering of a people's strength!*

*It is the costliest land beneath the sun!
'Tis priceless; purchaseless! And not a rood
But hath its title written clear and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.*

*And not a flower that gems its mellowing soil
But thriveth well beneath the holy dew
Of tears, that ease a nation's straining heart,
When the Lord of battles smites it through and through.*

MORGAN'S RAID—ENTRY OF MORGAN'S FREEBOOTERS INTO WASHINGTON, OHIO.