ATTENTION!!!

Fall of 67

Brethern of the Klan, and friends of the South! When the banner under which our heroes fought and bled was lowered from her proud position by overpowering numbers, we took the hands of our enemies once more in friendship, and listened to their promises, seemingly fair and honest. We resolved to let "the past be buried in the eternal past;" yea, shut out from sight our barren fields and desolate homes, and to forget whose guns contained the bullets that sent our brave and fair to their last resting places. Look around you now! See how their promises have been fulfilled! See upon what quicksand our hopes were built! Time has rolled around and finds us under the worst tyranny in the world. To Southern and working men, there is no fear. To "Carpet Baggers" enemies to our blood and country, we say, beware! You are clogs on the wheels of our prosperity. To you we may have smiling faces and extended hands, but our hearts are envenomed and we will act accordingly.

The 15th Legion of Lone ☆ are commaded to meet again. New members to be iniated. Personal business of great importance to be transacted. By order of

GRAND CYCLOPS.

THE MAIDEN HID IN THE HEART OF A STONE.

AN ALLEGORY.

A sculptor once stood by a huge block of stone,
And long gazed on its surface so pure,
And said, "From this marble I'll carve out my fame,
Which through time and through change shall endure."

As he gazed, the Dream-God o'er him wove a spell,
And with sleep did his eyelids fast seal;
Then, in a sweet vision of 'trancing delight,
A great thought to his mind did reveal.

The stone, as by magic, translucent became,
And as bright as a gem to the eye,
While deep in its heart he beheld a fair form,
Which description by pen would defy.

'Twas a maiden, whose head in sorrow was bow'd
O'er her breast, which she essayed in vain
To conceal from his view, while from her frail wrist
Hung the badge of her woe—*a huge chain!*

Long gazed the rapt sculptor upon the fair form,
And a smile seemed to 'lume her sad face,
As she then from within, in silver tones said,
"Pray release me, O, man! from this place!"

"I will," said the sculptor; "my chisel and maul
Shall soon rend thy hard prison of stone;
Through a mountain of flint I'd willingly delve
To release thee, and claim thee mine own."

As he uttered these words he starting awoke
From his vision of bliss and from sleep;
Before him the marble stood, solid and dark,
And in anguish he knelt down to weep.

But still in his mind that fair form was impressed,
And he saw her still pleading for aid;
He glanced at the marble, then at his rude tools,
Which around in disorder were laid.

With manly resolve he then sprang to his feet,
And firm seizing his chisel and maul,
The while his bright eyes gleamed artistic delight,
The stone-chips did about him fast fall.

He hammered, and chiselled, and measured, and shaped,
And the marble proved veinless and white;
His tools became worthless, but soon were renewed,
For the vision ne'er left his mind's sight.

For years he thus laboured, by night and by day,
Till his patience success to him gave,
And where there a huge block of marble once stood,
There, in beauty, now stands the "Greek Slave."

* * * * *

Thus, a dreaming sculptor each man is by turn,
And his work may e'en now the world fill;
While his destiny is—a huge block of stone,
Waiting but to be shaped by his will!

TWO YARDS OF EARTH.

Two yards of earth, and a marble bust
Reared aloft from the common dust,
And a hero's sabre covered with rust;
And the sunset's splendor streaming around,
And a thousand glories under the ground.

Two yards of earth and the potter's field,
With the merciful angels alone to shield
A murderer's grave, a convict fled
Into the future to meet the dead;
And the rank wild grasses scattered around,
And crimes and curses under the ground.

Two yards of earth, and heaven's air
Fanning the lilies white and fair;
And modest violets gathered around,
And spotless virtue under the ground.

Two yards of earth and a woman's name,
Whose life was woe and whose death was shame
And the cold rain beating a naked mound,
And a thousand miseries under the ground.

Two yards of earth! O who shall say
Whether of these is the better clay!
God give us grace in our hapless round
That leads to this kingdom under the ground!

Edgar L. Paxton

The Aureole of Childhood.

Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

CUI BONO?

Pale star, if star thou be, that art
So fain to shine, though far apart
From all thy stately peers;
Thou whom the eye can scarce discern—
Oh! who hath set thee there to burn
Among the spheres?

Thou com'st too late: the firmament
Is full, and thou wast never meant
For yonder gorgeous steep;
The night hath counted all her pearls,
And, pillow'd on her casket, furls
Her wings in sleep.

The night needs not thy tardy ray;
Thou canst not usher in the day,
Nor make the twilight fair;
What sailor turns to thee at sea?
What mourner doth look up to thee
In his despair?

Mournful or glad, no eye shall chance
To light on thee; no curious glance
Thy motions shall discern:
No lonely pilgrim pause to catch
Thy parting ray, nor lover watch
For thy return.

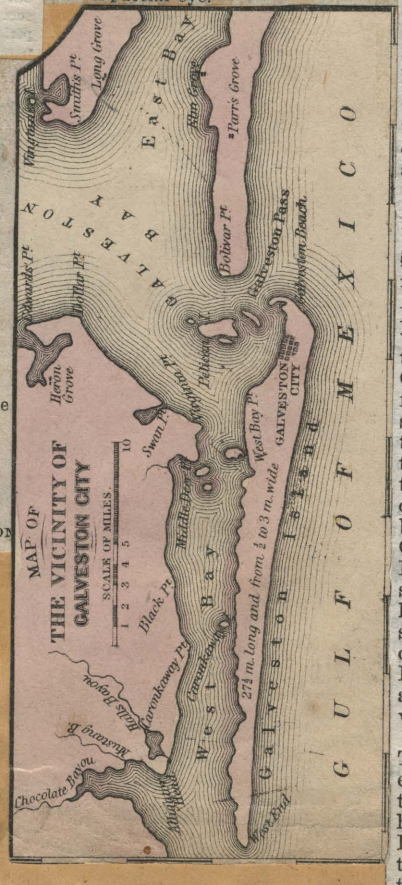
Oh! leave the world that loves thee not—
For who shall mark the vacant spot?
Oh! drop into the cloud
That waits to take thee out of sight,
Beyond the glare of yonder bright
And chilly crowd!

"I may not, if I would, return
Into the dark, or cease to burn
My spark of light divine:
For He that in my lamp distils
The sacred oil, He surely wills
That I should shine.

"I fret not at the blaze of spheres,
The distant splendor that endears
The night to men; but strive—
Finding strange bliss in perfect calm—
To keep with these few drops of balm
My flame alive.

"It may be that some vagrant world,
Or aimless atom, toss'd and whirl'd
Through windy tracks of space,
Perceives by me the hand that tends
It ever, and the goal that ends
Its tedious race.

"I know not: me this only care
Concerns, that I forever bear
My silver lamp on high,
Nor lift to God a laggard flame,
Because on earth I can not claim
A partial eye."



HUSBAND AND WIFE IN ONE GRAVE.

By A. W. Livingstone.

The New York Evangelist of Thursday, Dec. 25th, 1873, contains an account of the death of Rev. J. M. Drake and wife, at Lima, Ind. Husband and wife were buried in one grave. The reading of the article suggested the following lines.

Soldiers of Jesus, your warfare is ended,
The conflict is over, the foe has retired;—
Life's battle is fought—the faith is defended,
The term of your service on earth has expired.

"The words of this life" ye have faithfully spoken,
Encouraging words! we can never forget;
Sermons and prayers, each word and each token,
Are carefully treasured by memory yet.

Sadly and slowly we press to the altar,
Where often our voices have mingled in prayer;
Our hearts would repeat, but our lips only falter,
Thy will, Righteous Father, be done, even here.

One grave, only one, is the place of your slumber

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The Late Capt. McCormick.

Brenham, Nov. 11, 1874.

Eds. News—Thousands of people throughout Texas were pained to hear of the untimely death of Capt. McCormick, reported in your columns a few days ago. It is not proper at present to review his eventful life. Suffice it to say that he served as one of the patriots of the Texas Revolution and in the late struggle for the Confederacy. I have always believed him to be the real hero of the battle of Galveston on the 1st day of January, 1863. Those who were engaged there knew very well that the land forces were routed, and there are many who know that General Magruder had given the order to retreat about sunrise; and that it was alone the bravery of the navy which snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat. The Confederate gunboats attacking the United States gunboats with such energy, and the flagship Bayou City locking her bow into the wheelhouse of the Harriet Lane, thus giving the Confederates a chance to board her, turned the whole tide of battle. When the gunboats were near Redfish Bar, crowding on all steam to reach Galveston to support the land forces then actively engaged, Capt. Leon Smith told Capt. McCormick that he had every confidence in his judgment, and to steer his ship as he thought best. The Neptune had been sunk soon after the action commenced, and defeat seemed certain. Capt. McCormick was at the wheel of the Bayou City, and shot and bullets were flying about him. Says Capt. Henry Lubbock, Commander of the Bayou City, "Where are you going to strike her, Captain?" "In the wheelhouse, sir," was his reply, and he did so. This changed the battle, and after our men had cleared the decks of the Harriet Lane, the Owasso, Sachem, and every ship in the harbor soon raised white flags.

While a member of the press gang of Texas during the war, my pen always endeavored to do this brave sailor justice, but others higher in rank claimed honors to which they were not entitled. Let a monument be raised at once over the remains of the true hero of the battle of Galveston.

Sioux,
Formerly War Correspondent of the Houston Telegraph.