

SHERIDAN'S RIDE!

(INSCRIBED TO PRIVATE NILES O'KILLY.)

You remember the shouts of the whip-aristocracy,
When their cavalry raiders rode round little Mac—
How they swore by the tutelary saint of slaveocracy
That there wasn't such pluck in the whole Yankee
pack—
But Phil Sheridan, lately, cried "boya, boat and
saddle,
I have just got permission to humble their pride,
And we'll make those proud cavaliers fight or skedaddle,
If they're caught in the circle of Sheridan's Ride!"

With a wild cheer they're off, through the "Wilderness" fighting
And whipping Jeb Stuart's invincible braves;
Right and left on his cavalry squadrons alighting
In headlong, fearless, impetuous waves!
Bloody the sabres? Todd's Tavern" furnished
To write "Spottsylvania" on victory's side!
Again, and again, to be crimsoned and furnished
Through Thermopylae passes in Sheridan's Ride!

"Chickabominy swamp" is impassable over,
Save a corduroy causeway, both narrow and long,
Every square foot of which rebel Parrott guns cover
From their Todleben forts, frowning, watchful and
strong—
Double quick, down this road, went the whole First
Division
By the flank, and on foot, scarcely double files wide,
All in vain burst the shells, with unerring precision,
"Meadow Bridge" crowns the glory of Sheridan's
Ride!

Away in the rear Callant Gregg is repelling
A veteran brigade of the dare-devil crew;
Right and left on our flanks, rush the gray-jackets
yelling,
But our boys break the charge, for they're veterans,
too!
Ha! there on the "Brook road" are Stuart's fleet
horsemen,
Whom we scattered, of late, through the "Wilderness"
wide;
Here the Michigans charge with the wild shout of
Norsemans,
And our Custer adds laurels to Sheridan's Ride!

Down the road towards Richmond, in face of blue blazes,
Ride the "Sixth Iowa Harris," with fury of Larks!
They dismount, disappear over bastion and glacis,
And their battle flag haunts from the first line of
works!
With a cheer for Excelsior! panting and bloody
The victors their heroic comrades abide;
In the distance, the rebels, skedaddling and muddy,
Spread the terrible things of Sheridan's Ride!

Locomotives, cars, rails, half a million of rations,
Mills, bridges, and everything found in our track,
Round the Beaver Dam, Ashland and Hungary Stations,
Were destroyed in that raiding, reciprocal, crack—
Over hills, swamps and breastworks, the great circle
making,
Through by-paths and jungles, where bushwhackers
hide;
The outlaws in terrible jeopardy quaking,
As they crouch in the shadow of Sheridan's Ride!

They may talk of Atilla the Hun and his legions
Sweeping down, unopposed, to devour and destroy;
Had he fighting to do in Virginia's dark regions
He'd be whipped every day like a blundering boy,
The charge of the Light Brigade,—born in a blunder,—
By Remond painted with many a wound,
Was the stillness in camp after "taps," to the thunder
Of those ten thousand chargers in Sheridan's Ride!

EBLANA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.