

**A GLIMPSE OF WAR: AN ENT
THE CAPTAIN'S COLOR-
CAPTURE BEFORE PETERSBURG,
VA., U.S.A., ON JULY 19, 1864**

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A Glimpse of War: Aneant the Captain's Color-capture Before Petersburg, Va., U.S.A., on July 19, 1864 by Albert Matson

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ALBERT MATSON

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—A—

GLIMPSE OF WAR,

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ANENT

THE CAPTAIN'S COLOR-CAPTURE

BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., U. S. A.,
ON JULY 19, 1864;

[WITH APPENDIX.]

BY

ALBERT MATSON. *cc*

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THE AUTHOR.

{ *Rose De Tour,*
San Diego, Cal., 1898.

Alcove 21A p'24.

A Glimpse of War.

PRELUDE.

The race is one, one brotherhood;
And God is one, one fatherhood:
'Tis war time still; millen'ial light
Must yet dispel the shades of night.
God oft his plans in myst'ry shrouds;
His face oft hides behind dark clouds;
In part his plans are understood:
—One fatherhood, one brotherhood.

Spots on the sun may be explained;
And, so, why truth is strongly chained
With error, still. Those chains shall fall.
Soul liberty 's proclaimed for all;

(Through faith in an Almighty One,
The "Prince of Peace," the Christ, the Son).
Resultant reformations will
Abound, and th' ages traverse, still.

The dom'nant seventh of some new key
E'er means transition; such *must* be;
As might a comet, that could take
A world of worlds, new systems make;
The Morning Star *change* contemplates;
Midst death-damp darkness, *light* creates;
It means triumphant conquest; aye,
It means completeness by and by.

Religion is a life in line
Of effort,—lives "Thy will, not mine":
(And such a life-like fitness has
To th' mustard seed, or th' blade of grass,

Its mission to perform).—Here's strife;
—Men e'er intol'rant are of th' life
From which they've been reformed. Light lives.
Thus darkness yields. * * *

God lives. The times momentous are;
The *final* conflict, near or far,
The *world* anticipates to-day:
Columbia may lead the way,
And gloriously. God grant she may!—
The way to bright millen'ial day!
Columbia!—what e'er th' affray,—
The voice of God hear, and obey!

Columbia for freedom stood;—
For human rights and brotherhood;
But, ah! (What could the reason be?)
A part were bound, though most were free!

And th' Christian nations laughed to scorn
The land where Washington was born;
And prophesied that, with that blot,
Would rest th' avengeful curse of God.

For many years that blot spread o'er;
Each day spread darker than before;
For many years the lines were drawn;
At last the struggle, fierce, came on:
And th' nations, looking on from far,
Beheld the carnage, civil war:
And *Lincoln* stood for liberty;—
And bond-men were no more, but free.

'Round Petersburg Grant's lines are drawn;
The day decisive hastens on;
A cordon strong, those lines they keep,
While th' war-gods wait, and th' war-dogs
sleep:

The Nation longs, with boding fear,
For th' news of th' battle drawing near;
The Gray must break that cordon now,
Submissive, else, to fate to bow.

The Blue, with great expectancy,
Prepare to test the potency
Of war's dread argument; prepare
To do what man can do; to dare
What man can dare; prepare to die,
If die they must, without a sigh;—
To suffer worse than death, might be;
—For Country calls. * * *