

A Deed of the Pen.

(The Transfer of the Louisiana Territory.)

Grave on the minds of nations, sing to the souls of men,
Not of the charging legions fierce, but over and again
This newer, nobler legend: Here was a deed of the pen.

Of old have the books been laden with records of bloody
hordes,
Of serfs whose name was legion, dead for the feudal lords;
Their voice of God was the bugle, their idols the unsheathed
swords.

Let the new books be opened, let the new tale be told,
The better picture be painted, fit for the frame of gold,
The dawn of the greater glory, the death of the idols old.

Sing of liberty's region where the gates are ever wide,
Loved Louisiana Territory, where plenty and peace abide,
Our land of the smiling harvests, for which no man has died.

Grave on the minds of the children, imprint on the hearts
of men,
Voice it, oh priest and poet, this noble tale again,
This legend of rare, new beauty: Here was a deed of the pen.

—Louis Dodge