

ROLLERS OF POEMS OF DAYS AGONE SEND IN THEIR GEMS

I AM enclosing you 'Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotland,' writes Peter McKellar, of Seaside, Or. 'How I used to join heartily in this old-timer when homeward-bound in a windhammer from the Antipodes on a two-year trip.'

ROLLING HOME TO BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Up aloft amid the rigging, Sings the sweetest gale, Strong as springtime in the blossom, Filling out each flowing sail; And the wild winds cleft behind us, Seem to murmur as they flow, There are kindly hearts that wait you In the land to which you go.

Chorus. Rolling home, rolling home, Rolling home, dear land, to thee; Rolling home to Bonnie Scotland, Rolling home across the sea. Twice a thousand miles behind us, And a thousand miles before, Ancient oceans heave to bear us, To that well-remembered shore, New-born breezes sweet to waft us, To our childhood's balmy skies, To the glow of friendly faces, To the light of loving eyes.

Chorus. Eastward, ever eastward, Till the rising of the sun; Homeward, ever homeward, To the land where you were born, And we'll join in joyous chorus In the watches of the night, For we'll see the stars of Scotland By the dawning of the light.

Chorus. 'An Interested Reader' deprecates the fact that Will Carleton's poems have not been contributed to the 'old favorites' page. 'I am going to give you 'The New Church Organ,' which was very popular 40 years ago,' the letter concludes.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

They've got a bran-new organ, Sue, For all their work and search; They've done just what they said they'd do, And fetched it into church. They're bound the organ shall be seen, And on the preachers' right They've hoisted up their new machine In everybody's sight.

They've got their choir and choir, Again my voice and vote; For it was never my desire To praise the Lord by note. I've been a sister good and true For five-an-thirty year; I've done what seemed my part to do, And prayed my duty clear.

Just as the preacher read, And twice when Deacon Tubbs was sick, I took the fork and led. And now their new-fangled ways Is comin' all about; And I, right in my latter days, Am fairly crowded out.

Today the preacher, good old dear, With tears all in his eyes, Read 'I can read my little clear To mansions in the skies; I always liked that blessed hymn— I s'pose I always will; It somehow gratifies my whim In good old Orionville; But when that choir got up to sing, I couldn't catch a word; They sang that most dog-gonedest thing A body ever heard.

Some worldly chaps was standin' near; And when I bid farewell to every fear, And bidded waded in, I thought I'd have my tune along An' tried with all my might; But though my voice is good and strong, I couldn't steer it right; When they sang his dog-gonedest thing, An' also contrawise, An' I too fast, or they too slow To 'Mansions in the Skies.'

An' after every verse you know, They'd play a little tune; I didn't understand a word, I started in too soon. I pitched it pretty middlin' high I fetched a lusty tone; But oh alad! I found that I Was singin' there alone. They laughed a little I am told; But I had done my best, And not a wave of trouble rolled Across my peaceful breast.

An' sister Brown—I could but look— She sits right front of me; She never was no singin' book, An' never meant to be; But then she always tried to do The best she could, she said; She understood the time right through, An' kep' her head a bobbin' so, I had to laugh or cough.

I had no friends behind me—no influence to aid; I worked and fought for every little inch of ground I made, And when she fought beside me! Never woman lived on less; In two long years she never spent a single cent for dress.

And how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was won, When our clothes passed partly by and we stood in the sun; The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half a year— First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

I well remember when my coat (the only one I had), Was seedy, worn and threadbare, and in fact most 'shocking bad,' The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order made, 'Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do our trade.'

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day; She wrought on hickory shirts at night, for that is her best pay; I got a coat and wore it, but alas, poor Hannah Jane, Ne'er was her church or lecture till warm weather came again.

lar in the East a generation ago. Mr. Locke was editor of the Toledo Blade for a long period, was a warm personal friend of Lincoln, Seward and Stanton, and was said to have had a wider acquaintance with public men in their home lives than almost any other American.

HANNAH JANE.

She isn't half so handsome as when twenty years ago, At her old home in Pickton, Parson Avery made us one; The great house crowded full of guests Her form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

Her fingers then were taper and her skin as white as milk, Her brown hair, what a mass, it was, and soft and fine as silk, No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace, Her form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meager schooling, her little notes to me, Were those of the pot-hooks and the worst orthography; Her 'dear' she spelled with double 'e' and kiss with but one 's'; But when one in crased with passion what's a letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when she spoke, And every rule of syntax, that old Murray made, she broke; But she was beautiful and fresh, and I—well I was young; Her form and face o'er balanced all the blunders of her tongue.

I was but little better; true, I'd longer been at school, My tongue and feet were run, perhaps, a little more by rule; But that was all, the neighbors round who, both of us well knew, Said, which it believed—she was the better of the two.

All's changed, the light of seventeen's no longer in her eyes, Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the wife's art supplies; Her form is thin and angular, she slightly forward bends, Her fingers once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends.

She knows but very little, and in little are we one; The things that more than hid that defect, is gone, My parvenu relations now deride my homely wife, And pity me that I am tied to such a clog for life.

I know there is a difference; at reception and love, The brightest, wittiest and most famed of women smile on me; And everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men; And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's 'Judge, 'Alas it might have been.'

When they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant belles, And yield to me the homage that all great success compels, Discussing art and statercraft, and literature as well; From Homer down to Thackeray, and Swedenborg on 'hell.'

I can't forget that from these streams my wife has never quaffed, Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff laughed; Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly knows the names; She slept while I was speaking on the Alabama claims.

I can't forget—just at this point another form appears— The wife I wedded as she was before my prosperous years; I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by side, and wonder what my share would be if Justice should divide.

She had four hundred dollars left her from the old estate; On that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced our fate, I wrangled with my books, her task was harder far than mine, 'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the work of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore, An office with a stove and desk of books perhaps a score; She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely skill; And love for me and faith in me, and back of that a will.

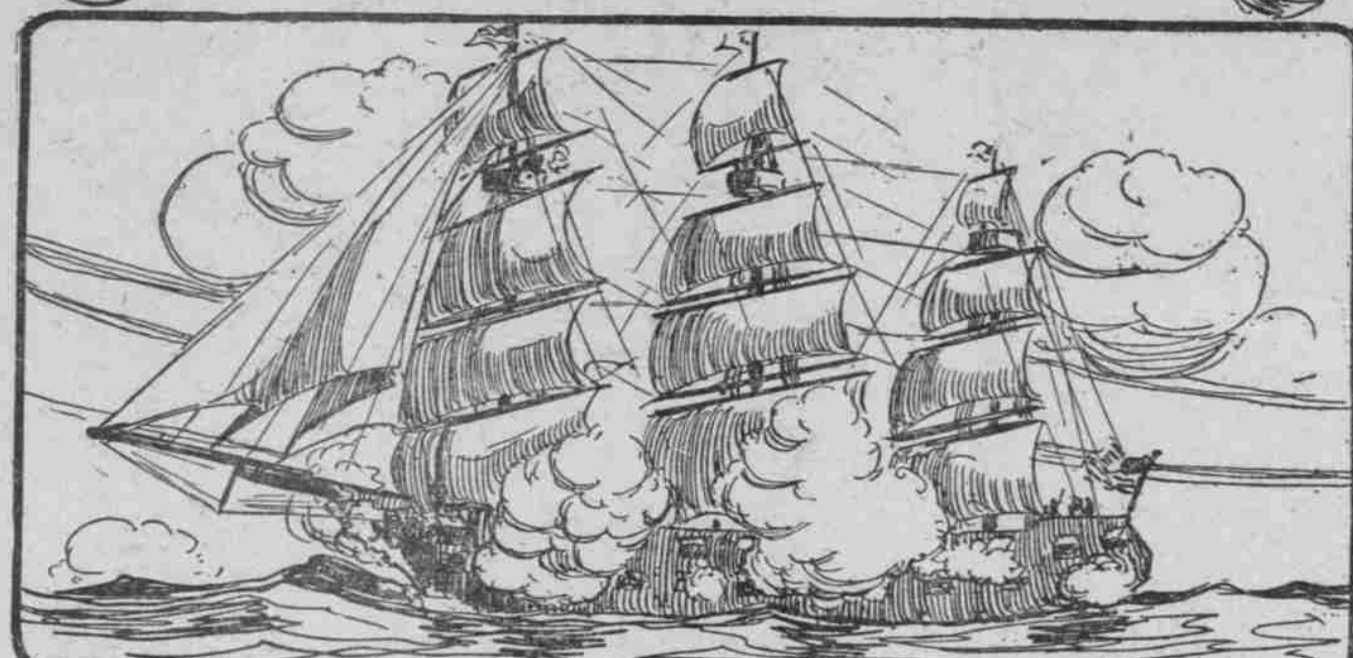
I had no friends behind me—no influence to aid; I worked and fought for every little inch of ground I made, And when she fought beside me! Never woman lived on less; In two long years she never spent a single cent for dress.

At twenty-eight the State House on the bench at thirty-three, At forty every state in life was opened wide to me; I nursed my powers and grew, and made my point in life, but she—bearing such back horse weary loads, what could a woman be?

What could she be? O shame! I blush to think what she has been—the most unselfish of all wives to the selfishness of men. Yes, plain and homely now she is, she is ignorant 'tis true; For me she rubbed herself quite out of I represent the two.

The Warsip of 1812

(This spirited tribute to the American Navy of 1812 appeared in the Philadelphia Record soon after Admiral George Dewey's victorious engagement with the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. It was evidently written by some obscure bard of the Record office, and its authorship is unknown. The poem was offered by G. L. Robinson, of this city.)



She was no armored cruiser of twice six thousand tons, With the thirty foot of metal that make your modern guns; She didn't have a freeboard of thirty foot in clear, And she didn't need a million repairing fund each year.

She had no rakin' engines to ramp an' stamp and strain, To work her steel-clad turrets and break her hull in twain; She did not have electric lights—the battle-lantern's glare Was all the light the 'tween decks had—an' God's own, good, fresh air.

She had no gaping air-flumes to throw us down our breath, An' we didn't batten hatches to smother men to death; She didn't have five hundred smiths—two hundred men would do— In the old-time Yankee frigate for an old-time Yankee crew.

An' a fightin' Yankee captain, with his old-time Yankee clothes A cursin' Yankee sailors with his old-time Yankee oaths, She was built of Yankee timber and manned by Yankee men, An' fought by Yankee sailors—Lord send their like again!

With the wind abaft the quarter and the sea-foam flyin' free, An' every tack and sheet housed taut an' braces eased to lee, You could hear the deep sea thunder from the knight heads where it broke, As she trailed her lee guns under a blindin' whirl o' smoke.

She didn't run at twenty knots—she wasn't built to run— An' we didn't need a half a watch to handle every gun— Our captain didn't fight his ship from a little pen o' steel; He fought her from the quarter deck, with two hands at the wheel.

An' we fought in Yankee fashion, half-naked—stripped to board— An' when they hauled their red rag down we praised the Yankee Lord; We fought like Yankee sailors, an' we'll do it, too, again, You've changed the ships an' methods but you can't change Yankee men!

The wild applause of listening crowds was music to my ear, What stimulus had she to cheer her lonely solitude? For me she lived, and gladly, in unnatural widowhood.

She couldn't read my speech, but when the papers all agreed, 'Twas the best one of the session, those comments she could read, And with every rush of pride thereat, which I had never felt, She sent them to me in a note with half the words misspelt.

I to the Legislature went and said that she should go To see the world was doing know, No heart so hard but love at last may win it. Love is the grand primeval cause of all hate is foreign to the first great plan.

Love much, Your heart will be led to an altar built of envy and deceit, Love on, five on! 'tis bread upon the water; Unleavened manna, most divinely sweet.

Love much, Your faith will be de-throned and shaken; Your trust betrayed by many a fair, false lure, Remount your faith, and let new trusts awaken.

Love much, There is no waste in freely giving; More blessed is it, even, than to receive. He who loves much, alone finds life worth living; Love on, through doubt and darkness; and believe There is no thing which Love may not achieve.

But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good; I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fate to rise, For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

'I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame'; It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name; And then I met a woman—how comes the funny part— With eyes that petrified my brain and sank into my heart.

'Why don't you laugh?' 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me; But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile was drovly given; And when her loving lips touched mine it carried me to heaven.

'Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give, With form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to die? With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor and a wealth of chestnut hair? If so 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

'I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine who lived across the way, And the dreamer dreamed it, and, much to my surprise, Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

'It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown My friend had stole my darling and I was left alone, And ere a year of misery had passed above my head The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

'That's why I took to drink, boys! Why—I never saw you smile; I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while. Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear drop but in my eye; Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

'Say, boys, if you'll give me another whisky, I'll be glad, And I'll draw right here the picture of that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score, And you shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor.'

Another drink, and, with the chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face well might buy the soul of any man. Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

This venerable song celebrates the Kentucky riflemen, of whom it was said that each felt shame if he missed the eye of a squirrel in the tallest hickory:

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY. By Samuel Woodworth. Ye gentlemen and ladies fair, Just listen, if you've time to spare, While I rehearse a ditty; And for the opportunity, Unless you deem it quite lucky, For 'tis not often that we see A hunter from Kentucky.

(Repeat last two lines of each stanza for refrain.) We are a hardy, freeborn race, Each man to fear a stranger's face, Whatever the game, we join in chase, Despising toil and danger. An' if a daring one annoys, Whatever his strength and forces, We'll show him that Kentucky boys Are alligator-horses.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints How Packenham attempted To win Old Hickory Jackson's wince, But soon his scheme repented, For we, with rifles ready cock'd, Thought such occasion lucky, And soon around the General flock'd The hunters of Kentucky.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans Is famed for wealth and beauty; There's girls of every hue, it seems, From Snowy white to dusky brown, So Packenham, he made his brags, If he in fight was lucky, He'd have their girls and cotton bags, In spite of old Kentucky.

But Jackson, he was wide-awake, And wasn't scared at trifles, For we the know what men we take With our Kentucky rifles. So he led us down to Cypress swamp— 'The ground was low and mucky; There stood John Bull in martial pomp, And here was old Kentucky.

A bank was raised to hide our breast, Not that we thought of dying, But then we always like to rest, Unless the game is dying. Behind it stood our little force, None wish'd it to be greater, For every man was half a horse And half an alligator.

They did not let our patience tire Before they show'd their faces; We did not choose to waste our fire, So snugly kept our places. But when they all the beauty, We thought it time to stop 'em, And 'twould have done you good, I think, To see Kentuckians drop 'em.

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight, Where lead was all their booty, And so they wisely took to flight, But left the all the beauty. And now if danger e'er annoys, Remember what our trade is, Just send for us Kentucky boys And we'll protect 'em, ladies.

The following tender verses to the memory of a mother have been in the collection of Mrs. E. Frost, 325 East Ninth street, for more than 30 years. Many of her friends requested that she forward the poem for publication:

THE ROUGHENED HANDS THAT NEVER SHIRKED. The plain brown hands that planned Are folded now in peace and rest Upon the wayworn, weary breast. O'er ivory keys they never strayed; Embroidered lace, they never made— Poor tired hands! On one of them Flashed never brilliant shining gem. They cooked and washed, they scrubbed and mended, And they soothed the head that ached and beat. And gently bathed the fevered feet, They gladly toiled from morn till night That they might other hands keep white.

And tried so hard to roses spread Adown the path for loved ones' tread. They were so tender, quiet, we Ne'er noticed how unselfishly They clasped each across with trust And burdens bore more than their share. Aye, ugly, coarse, unlovely sight, But, to their mission dutiful, In God's eyes they are beautiful. —New Orleans Picayune.

of Albany, Or., with a complete version of the ensuing poem—a favorite of old years ago:

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

I saw a young bride in her beauty and in her pride, Bedecked in her snowy array, And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheeks; And the future looked blooming and gay.

And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart, On the shrine of idolatrous love; And she anchored her hopes to this pedestal of love; By the chain which her tenderness But I saw, when these heart-strings were bleeding and torn, And the chain had been severed in two, And the white robes were changed for the robes of grief; And her joy for the paleness of woe; But the Healer was there pouring balm in her heart.

And with the tears from her eyes, He had strengthened the chain he had broken in twain. And fasten'd it firm to the skies, There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God, 'I love thee! I love thee! Pass under the rod.'

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend O'er the form of her slumbering boy, And she kissed the soft lips as he murmured her name As the dreamer in joy, Oh, sweet as a rosebud encircled with dew, As its fragrance it flung on the air, So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed As he lay in his innocence there.

But I saw when the star in that same lovely form Pale as marble and silent and cold, And paler and colder her beautiful boy And the tale of her sorrow was told. But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart And taken her trust away, To allure her to heaven he had placed it on high And the mourner will sweetly obey. There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God, 'I love thee! I love thee! Pass under the rod.'

I saw, too, a father and mother who leaned On the arms of a dear gifted son, And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze As they saw the proud place he had won. And the last coming evening of life promised fair And its pathway grew smooth to their feet. And the starlight of love glimmered bright in the end And the whisperings of fancy were sweet. But I saw them again bending low o'er the grave Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid. And the star had gone down in the darkness of night, And the joy from their bosoms had fled. But the Healer was there and his arms were around them, And he led them with tenderest care And he showed them a star in that bright upper world 'Twas their star shining brilliantly fair.

Then they each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God 'I love thee! I love thee! Pass under the rod.'

A request from E. F. Sias, of Hillsboro, for the words of the song, 'He Doeth All Things Well,' has been answered in the following contribution sent in by Mrs. J. B. Eietoos, of Aberdeen, Washington. The song was composed by 'F. M. E.' and the music was composed by B. W. Woodbury:

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL. I remember how I lov'd her, when a little guileless child, I saw her in the cradle and she look'd on me and smil'd; My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell; And I bless'd the glorious Giver, 'Who doeth all things well.'

Months pass'd that bud of promise was unfolding every hour, I thought that earth had never smil'd upon a fairer flower. So beautiful she will might grace the bow'rs where angels dwell, And wait its fragrance to His throne, 'Who doeth all things well.'

Years fled, as little sister then was dear, as life to me, And woke, in my unconscious heart, a wild idolatry. I worshipped at an earthly shrine, I lured by some magic spell, Forged of the praise of Him, 'Who doeth all things well.'

She was the lovely star whose light around my pathway shone, Amid this darkness vale of tears, through which my journey on, Its radiance had obscured the light, which round his throne doth dwell, And I wavered far away from Him, 'Who doeth all things well.'

That star went down in beauty, yet it shined sweetly now, In the bright and dazzling coronet, that decks the Savior's brow. She bowed to the Destroyer, whose shafts none may repel, But we know, for God hath told us, 'He doeth all things well.'

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed, And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when she told me she was dead; And oh! that cup of bitterness, let not my heart rebel, God gave, to look, He will restore, 'He doeth all things well.'

'I have copied this song from memory, not having seen it in print since 1842,' reads the letter that J. L. Jackson, veteran of the siege of Vicksburg, sent with the verses that stirred the North in its days before the war. The missive concludes, 'Excuse trembling hand and pencil.' Gladly granted:

THE POOR LITTLE BLIND SLAVE BOY. Come back to me, mother; why linger away From thy poor little blind boy the long weary day? I mark every footstep, I list to each tone, And wonder why mother should leave me alone.

There are voices of sorrow and voices of gladness, But no one to joy or to sorrow with me; For each bath of trouble and sorrow And none for the little blind boy will care. My mother, come back; and close to thy breast Let the heart of thy poor little blind boy be pressed, Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek, And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak. Poor blind boy—no mother thy walls— One mother thy sorrow and sufferings cheer; For the slave owner drives her o'er mountain and wild, And for one paltry dollar, hath sold thee, poor child!