

MANY SUPPLY COPIES OF FAMOUS OLD CIVIL WAR POEM

"Just Before the Battle, Mother," Sent in by Scores of Contributors—No More Requests for Poems Wanted for Time Being.

THE request for "Just Before the Battle, Mother," the famous old poem of Civil War times, has brought a large number of responses from contributors. "The Vacant Chair," also requested, has proved nearly as popular, and copies of it have been received from Mrs. E. E. Ginsberg, of Milton; Ivy D. Morgan, of Portland; Mrs. E. L. Turner, of Portland; Mrs. Lida Dawson, of Portland; Mrs. W. J. Robinson, of Aberdeen; Mrs. W. J. Alexander, of Beaverton; Willina Fouts, of Dayton, Wash.; Mrs. F. A. Crone, of Sisson, Cal.; Mrs. Theresa E. Bressa, of Wainburg, Wash.; Mrs. A. P. Nelson, of Reith; Mrs. A. V. Pendleton, of Portland, and others who did not give their names.

Copies of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," have been received from Ivy D. Morgan, Mrs. W. J. Alexander, of Beaverton; Mrs. H. Robinson, of Aberdeen; Mrs. E. E. Ginsberg, of Milton; Mrs. E. L. Turner, of Portland; Mrs. Lida Dawson, of Portland; Mrs. W. J. Robinson, of Aberdeen; Mrs. W. J. Alexander, of Beaverton; Willina Fouts, of Dayton, Wash.; Mrs. F. A. Crone, of Sisson, Cal.; Mrs. Theresa E. Bressa, of Wainburg, Wash.; Mrs. A. P. Nelson, of Reith; Mrs. A. V. Pendleton, of Portland, and others who did not give their names.

Poems requested recently for which we have received copies and which will be reprinted as soon as possible are: "Bay Billy," "Up, Up in the Sky," "A Legend of Brezeng," and "Is There Room Among the Angels?"

There is a companion piece to "Just Before the Battle, Mother," the title of which is "Just After the Battle, Mother," which we would be pleased to reprint if some of our contributors can supply us with a copy.

As we announced in the pages of the past two weeks, we have on hand such a mass of requests that we have not handled yet, that we will be unable to handle new requests for some time.

We beg the indulgence of our readers in this point and ask our contributors to help us secure the poems to meet the accumulated requests we will be publishing for the coming few weeks. Announcement will be made on this page as soon as we have "caught up" sufficiently to receive further requests for poems from our readers.

Among the accumulated requests we have are the following:

A poem dedicated to James Whitcomb Riley, in which the lines occur: "Let me by thy foot, kneeling, lay my head upon thy knee."

Feeling that earth's best emotion is the joy of loving thee."

O. K. Hargrave, of Baker, asks for "The Old Man Dreams," which contains the following lines:

"I'm dreaming a dream this evening, Of days once counted olden, When life displays a picture time and youth and smiles were golden."

"When the Sap Begins to Rise," is also wanted.

"Answers Nature mild, but stern, I teach by killing! Let others learn!"

The poem from which the two lines above are taken was published in an osteopathic magazine in Kirkville, Mo., about 20 years ago, and is also requested by Mr. Hargrave.

"The Daughter of Daniel O'Connor" is requested by J. H. Underwood.

Mrs. Sadie C. Turpin, of Olympia, Wash., asks for the poem in which the following lines appear:

"And when the snow king's days are over, I'll seek again my native shore, And sing the songs so dear to me And build my nest in the old pear tree."

H. M. Westervelt, of Seattle, asks for the poem beginning:

"I stood alone with my conscience In a place where time had ceased."

Mrs. E. L. Gilliam, of Linnton, asks for several songs which are comparatively recent and we will not be able to handle them on this page, but she also wants the poem based on the adventures of Dick Turpin: "Bonny Black Bess," and the poem, "Little Lame Carl," and also the one beginning thus:

"Time speeds apace, away, away, Another hour, another day, Another week, another year, Drops from us like a leaf that's here."

Mrs. E. B. Allison, of Astoria, wants an old ballad of the lumber woods, called "The Jamb at Jerry's Rock," beginning:

"Come all ye gallant Shanty boys, come listen to my song, I'll tell you a story and I'll not detain you long."

But hung his dogged head, "We've no one left to lead us now," The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line, The Colonel's horse was spied— Bay Billy, with his trappings on, As though still on his gallant back The master sat astride.

Right rovally he took the place That was of old his wont, And with a neigh, that seemed to say Above the battle's brunt, "How can the Twenty-second charge if I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there, And gazed a little space; Above that floating mane we missed The dear familiar face; But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire, And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all As that brave sight had done; Down all the battered line we felt A lightning impulse run; Up, up the hill we followed Bill, And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height Died out the battle's hum, Vainly, mid living and the dead, We sought our leader dumb; It seemed as if a spectre stood To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark Sang in the merry skies As if to cheer the sleepers there. It said, "Awake, arise!" Though naught but that last tramp of all Could open their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay, Stretched out the long brigade; Truly upon the furrowed field The troops stood on parade, And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men Were in their place that morn, And Corporal Dick, who yesternoon Stood 'tween the furrowed field, Now touched my elbow in the ranks, For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour When, as with misty eyes, To call the old familiar roll, The solemn sergeant tries— One feels that thumping of the heart As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tones and slow The last few names were said, Across the field some missing horse Told us with weary tread; It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood, All safe from battle's harms, And ere an order could be heard, Or the bugle's quick alarms, Down all the front, from end to end, The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth Could still our mighty cheer, And ever, from that famous day, When an order could be heard, Bay Billy's name was read, and then The whole line answered, "Here!"

—By Frank H. Gassaway.

"IT'S SWEET TO THINK."

'Tis sweet to think that wherever we rove We are sure to find something blissful— And that when far away from lips that we love We shall be able to make love to the lips that are near.

The heart like a tendril accustomed to cling Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone, But will lean to the nearest and love— It can twine with itself and make closely its own.

Then, O, what pleasure, wherever you rove, To be sure to find something still that is dear, And to know when far from the lips we love We're but to make love to lips we are near.

'Twere a shame when flowers round the rose rise To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there; And the world's so rich in resplendent bloom 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

Love's wing and a peacock's are nearly alike, They are both of them bright but they are changeable, too, And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike It will flit where love's plume with a different hue.

Then, O, what pleasure, wherever you rove, To be sure to find something, still, that is dear, And to know when far from the lips we love We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

—THOMAS MOORE.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I have met with great many people In joggling 'round the world; I've encountered the cleverest, the simplest, The crabbest, the grave and the gay; I have traveled with beauty, with virtue, And with the ugliest, the bad, I have laughed with the ones who were merry And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned in my journey, Ne'er to judge one by what he appears; The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter, Ne'er to judge one by what he appears.

Off battle to keep back the tears, And long, sanctimonious faces, Often often the souls that are vile, While the heart that is merry and cheerful Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection In one of our frail human-kind, For in hearts the most gentle and loving Some heartache or fault we can find; But yet I've never found the creature So low, so depraved, or so mean, But had some good impulse—some virtue— That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.

And, too, I have learned that most friendships We make are as brittle as glass. Just let a reverse come, and 'tis all over— Our "friends" on the "other side" pass; But, ah! I have found some few loyal— Some hearts ever loving and true, And the joy and the peace they have brought me Have cheered me my whole journey through.

—Contributor Mrs. H. H. Smith.

The "Spencer" or de Rebrend Quako Strong," requested some weeks ago, was sent us by A. B. Wood, of Cottage Grove, Mary H. Robinson, of

Just Before the Battle Mother

By George F. Root



Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you, While upon the field we're watching, With the enemy in view. Comrades brave are round me lying, Filled with thoughts of home and God; For well they know that on the morrow Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus: Farewell, Mother, you may never Press me to your heart again— But oh, you'll not forget me, Mother, If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, Mother, And the loving ones at home; But I'll never leave our banner Till in honor I can come. Tell the traitors, all around you, That their cruel words, we know, In every battle kill our soldiers, By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding— 'Tis the signal for the fight. Now may God protect us, Mother, As he ever does the right. Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom," How it swells upon the air! Yes, we'll rally round the standard, And, if need be, perish there.

Chorus: Farewell, Mother, you may never Press me to your heart again— But oh, you'll not forget me, Mother, If I'm numbered with the slain.

Aberdeen, Ruth Luce, of Portland, Mrs. A. L. Applewhite, of Willamina, and others whose names are not given.

"DE REBREND QUAKO STRONG."

Swing dat gait wide, Pester Peter, Ring de bell, beat de gong. Saints an' martyrs den will see dair Brudder Reb'rend Quako Strong. Sound dat bugle, Angel Gabriel, Tell de elders, loud an' long.

"Clear out dem high seats of Heaben, Here comes Reb'rend Quako Strong." Turn de guard out, Ginrel Michael, Arms present de line along. Let de band play "Conkerin Hero," For de Reb'rend Quako Strong.

Den let Moses bring de crown, an' Psalm an' wedding gown along, With percession to de landin', Here's de Reb'rend Quako Strong.

Tune yer harp-strings tight, King David, Sing yer good "Old Hundred" song. Let de seraphs dance with cymbals, 'Round de Reb'rend Quako Strong.

Joseph, march down wild de breddern, Trices an' banners musterin' strong. Speech ob welcome from ole Abram, Answer, Reb'rend Quako Strong!

Angels, hear me yell "Hosanna!" Hear my dulcet spiritool song. Halleluiah, I'm a comin', I'm Reb'rend Quako Strong.

Make dat white robe rudder spacious, An' de waist belt 'stronomy long. Cause twill make much room in glory, For de Reb'rend Quako Strong.

What! no one to de landin'? Pears like suffin nudder's wrong; Guess I'll gib dat sleepy Peter, From ole Reb'rend Quako Strong.

How am dis? De gates all fastened! Out ob all de shinin' frong. Not a M'lass cherub even, Greete de Reb'rend Quako Strong!

What a narrer little gateway! My dat gate an' hard to move! As the vision of loveliness burst on his sight, "O, that," said the cautious and politic squire, Who did not the youth's ardent glances admire.

"It's only a thing called a goose," my dear, "I'll see many more, e'er our visit is done."

And the joy of the youth hardly knew any bounds, At the rope-dancers, tumblers and merry-go-rounds.

At length, when the tour of the town was completed, The father resolved that the boy should be treated.

So, pausing an instant, he said, "My dear son, I want today in your life have begun; Now, of all this gay scene and the delights, Choose whatever you like—it is yours from this minute."

"Choose whatever I like," said the youthful recluse; "O, father, dear father, then give me a goose!"

ALL BARRED OUT.

There runs a quaint legend of ancient-day lore, Of a queen 'twixt heaven and hell, O'er their boundary line; the clamor grew high, But how it ran no one could tell.

St. Peter he swore he had once mapped it out With the tools of a stray engineer; But the devil he said, with a quizzical smile, That it "couldn't be right, it was clear."

The angels grew tired of sitting on clouds, And watching the endless dispute, So they packed up the harp and folded their wings, And floated away with the lute.

There came no decision: St. Peter grew mad, And said the long look on his face, When the devil suggested an admirable plan, That a jury should settle the case.

FRIRIAR PHILLIP.

(Stuart Morrow, of Missoula, Mont., reading the ballad of "Friar Phillip," contributed by Ruth Luce, sends another metrical version of the story which he learned in Dublin as a school-boy years ago. The story of "Friar Phillip" has been done into verse many times, and there are numerous versions, but we are reprinting his contribution as a companion to the one run previously.)

She died, while presenting a fine little boy, Strange fancies men have! This father designed To watch o'er the growth of his son's That, only approached by the masculine gender, No room should be left him for feelings more tender.

The boy was intelligent, active and bright, And took in his studies uncommon delight, No juvenile follies distracted his mind, No visions of bright eyes or damselfunking, And those fair demi-sisterly beings so gay.

Ye! pretty cousins, ne'er popped in his way, Till, at length, this remarkably singular son, Could number a years that had passed—twenty-one.

Now the father had settled his promising son, Should his studies conclude when he reached twenty-one, And he went with a heart beating high with emotion, To launch his young son on life's turbulent ocean.

As they entered the town, a young damsel tripped by, With a cheek like a rose and a light, laughing eye.

"O, father, what's that?" cried the youth with delight, As the vision of loveliness burst on his sight, "O, that," said the cautious and politic squire, Who did not the youth's ardent glances admire.

"It's only a thing called a goose," my dear, "I'll see many more, e'er our visit is done."

And the joy of the youth hardly knew any bounds, At the rope-dancers, tumblers and merry-go-rounds.

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There came no decision: St. Peter grew mad, And said the long look on his face, When the devil suggested an admirable plan, That a jury should settle the case.

And each a lawyer should bring the next day To decide who had been in the right. So the saint stroked his chin, and up and down he fidgeted, While the devil took downward his flight.

Bright and early next morning the devil appeared, And knocked at the heavenly door, While far out behind were stretched out in line Five hundred of lawyers and more.

All alone stepped the saint from the portals of gold, As he heard the big clock strike eleven, And sadly he sighed to his smiling old foe, "There's not even one lawyer in heaven."

—Contributed by W. T. Stoll, of Marshfield.

Mrs. Francis, of South Bend, Wash., and Fannie M. Fisher, of Haines, Or.

UP, UP IN THE SKY.

Up, up in the sky, The little birds fly; Den, down in the nest The little birds rest. With a wing on the left, And a wing on the right, We'll let the dear birdies Rest all the long night.

When the big sun comes up And the dew falls away, "Good morning, sweet sunshine," The little birds say. "How gay are the flowers; Our Heavenly Father, How kind and how good!"

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit, Thinking, mother dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far away.

And the tears they fill my eyes, Sift of all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus: Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And beneath the Stars and Stripes, We shall breathe the air again, Of the freedom in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood, When their fiercest charge was made, And they swept us off, a hundred men or more.

But here we reached their lines, They were driven back, dismayed, And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

(Chorus.) So, within the prison cell, We are waiting for the day, That shall give us to open wide the iron door.

And the hollow eyes grow bright, And the poor heart almost gay, As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

(Chorus.) —Mrs. E. L. Turner, contributor.

WARTIME AT HOME.

I am only a woman, comrades, No great thing can I achieve, No epulets wear on my shoulder, No golden bands on my sleeves; But may I tell you a story Concerning the war at home, Concerning the hardware and heart-war.

The womenfolks fought alone, When our "boys" went off to the Army, Stood watching while we could see, Then turned to the work of the day. Our farms were nearly deserted, And left for the women to till; They planted the seed in the furrow, They carried the grain to the mill.

They gathered the grass in the meadow, They stowed it away in the mow, They hauled, too, the rails for the fencing, And some of them followed the plow; But these things were easy of doing, Tho' our hands became sunburned and sore.

For there were no menfolk to hinder No critics to interfere, T. then, too, there was work for the soldiers— Lint, bandages, socks and the like; Sheets, blankets and shirts for the sick ones, And kind, hopeful letters to write, The aged, the young and the middle, And were, hand part they could do To help on the "Christian Commission" And the "sanitary" too.

And once when some "boys" from our township Wrote home that their flag was no more— Had succumbed to the wiles of the weather, And the beating of bullets that tore, How quickly our forces were gathered, How all worked with might and with main Till "colors" of silken texture Waved over those heroes again.

But the heart-war! oh, the heart-war! Was when we went for the mail, And were handed the black bordered letters, That told us the sorrowful tale Of how our loved ones were fallen, In hospital, battle or pen; How fierce was the battle within us, And bitter the conflict was then.

As yesterday do I remember The day when they brought us the word That our brother had fallen in battle— Shot down as a boy shoots a bird, And the long dreary nights that came after, When comfort seemed mockery's frown, And our mother was sick with her sorrow,

And hopes every sand had run down And when the next morning at warship Our father broke down in his prayer, And his trembling lips could not utter The words that were struggling there.

The floodgates seemed suddenly opened, We all were so ready to cry, And so our pettiness were ended, With tears streaming down from each eye.

The long, lonely lane to the pasture, Grown lonelier since he was gone, Seemed to echo his name from the fences, And the clouds plodded slowly along; And the birds as they sprang from the branches Seemed calling his name o'er and o'er, And nature above and beneath me, Seemed sadder than ever before.

Then vengeance rose mighty within me, And now that my brother was dead I wanted to take up his musket, And stand in the ranks in his stead. But the neighbors would say it was shameful, And fashion her proud lip would curl For I was only a woman— Nay, then, I was only a girl.

And the Government wanted the fathers, The husbands, the sons, brave and tall, As targets for enemies' bullets, And girls wouldn't answer at all, If they had only wanted the daughters, Then two from our homes could have gone, And couldn't two girls stop a bullet As well as our brother had done?

Did you think we would fear and be fickle, And scamper before we were hit? Well, maybe—but women are tested In places which show they have grit. And to think that our beautiful brother He may not have seemed so to you, But to us, to us who so loved him, He was beautiful, good and true.

And then, too, to think of the thousands Of fallen, all fallen for me! O God! I never can be worth it, Such sacrifice ought not to be, I might have protected one soldier By stopping one bullet myself, I might have saved somebody's darling, Laid one victim less on the shelf.

And thus the heart-war raged within us, With the thoughts and more of their kind; So we pushed the hand-war with more vigor To drive the heart-war from the mind. I have told you my simple story, But sisters all over the land, Can you tell your own story, If asked for the same from their hand.

—E. A. Glover, contributor.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back, Aaron, to the land of thy birth, Come with the shamrocks and Springtime, Mavourneen, And it's Killarney shall ring with our cheering.

Sure, when you left us, our beautiful darling, Little we thought of the lone Winter, Little we thought of the hush of the starshine, Over the mountain, the bluffs and the brays!

Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen! Longed for the white sail that bore thee away; Riding the white waves that fair Summer mornin', Just like a May flower afloat on the bay.

Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us, Like gray curtains the rain falling down; Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean, Far, far away where my colleen had flown.

Oh, may the angels, while wakin' or sleepin', Watch o'er my bird in the land far away, And it's my pray'r will consign to their keepin' Care of my jewel by night and by day.

When by the fireside I watch the bright embers, Then all my heart flies away o'er the sea, Craving to know if my darlin' remembers Or if her tho'ts may be crossin' to me.

Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back, Aaron, to the land of thy birth, Come with the shamrocks in Springtime, Mavourneen, And it's Killarney shall ring with our cheering.

—Alice B. Russell, contributor.

OH, THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE AS LIGHT.

Oh, think not my spirits are always as light, As free from a pang as they seem, Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of tonight Will return with tomorrow to brighten my brow.

No! life is a waste of wearisome hours, Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns, And the heart that is soonest awake To the flowers Is always the first to be touched by the thorn.

But send round the bowl and be happy awhile— May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile, And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Short and dim, but we shall miss him; There will be one vacant chair, While we breathe our evening prayer, When a year ago we gathered Joy was in his mild blue eyes; But a golden cord is severed, And our hopes in ruin lie.

At our fireside, sad and lonely, Often will the heart swell, and long, At remembrance of the story How our noble Willie fell, How he strove to bear our banner Through the thickest of the fight, And uphold our country's honor In the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory Evermore will deck his brow; But this soothes the anguish only, Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now, Sleep today, O early fallen, In thy green and narrow bed, Dinges of the pine and cypress Mingling with the tears we shed.

—BY H. S. W.

SELLING THE BABY.

Beneath a shady elm tree, Two little brown-haired boys Were complaining, each of them, That they couldn't make a noise.

"And it's all that horrid baby," Cried Johnny, looking grim; "She makes an awful bother; I most wish she hadn't come."

If a boy run through the kitchen, Still as any mouse can creep, Nora says, "Now do be easy, For the baby's gone to sleep."

And when, just now, I asked mama To fix my new straw cap, She said she really couldn't, 'Till the baby took a nap."

"I've been thinking we might sell her," Fred thrust back his curly hair, "Mama calls her 'Little Trouble,' So I don't believe she'd care."

"We will take her down to Johnson's, He keeps candy at his store, And I wouldn't wonder, truly, If she'd bring a pound or more."

"For he asked me if I'd sell her, When she first came but you see, Then I didn't know what to do, So I told him, 'No, siree.'"

"He may have her now, and welcome! I don't want her any more; Get the carriage 'round here, Johnny, And we'll fetch her to the store."

To the cool, green-curtained bedroom, Teddy stole, with noiseless feet, Where mama had laid her baby, Fast asleep, serene and sweet.

Soft he bore her to the carriage, All unknowing, little bird, While of those two young kidnappers, Not a sound had mama heard.