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MUSIC OF THE WAR

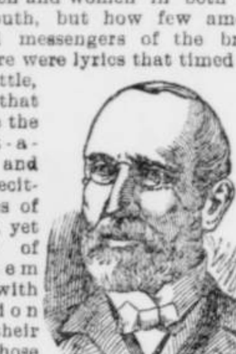
Soul Stirring Songs That Inspired the Soldiers.

PRODUCT OF FERVID PATRIOTISM.

Sentimental, Humorous and Purely Patriotic—Authors of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "My Maryland" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

The songs of a nation are among the most enduring of its memories, and in time of war are the most potent of its moral influences. Frenchmen are moved by "The Marseillaise," Germans are aroused to fighting enthusiasm by "The Watch on the Rhine," Englishmen have marched to battle singing "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen," and we have all read how "Annie Laurie," begun by a sentinel on his post, swept in grand chorus through the British camp in front of Sevastopol. The favorite of the Italian is known as "The Garibaldian Hymn," while we Americans recognize the loftiest and purest patriotism in the stirring measures of our own "Star Spangled Banner."

Nevertheless it is noteworthy that no great war song ever has been written by a great poet. Its melody and verse have been rather the inspired product of fervid patriotism than of the studied effort of genius. During the first three years of the late war thousands of verses were composed by earnest men and women in both the north and south, but how few among these winged messengers of the brain survive! There were lyrics that timed the march to battle, war slogans that rang out like the inspiring rat-a-tat of a drum and elegies that recited the virtues of the hero dead, yet the memory of most of them passed away with the generation that saw their birth. Of those that have lingered longest and bid fair to become a permanent heritage of the struggle brief mention may be here made.



GEORGE F. ROOT.

Opinions will vary as to the degree of their popularity or order of merit, but several will always retain their old ring and make the pulse beat faster wherever veterans of the war are assembled. No one, for instance, will deny a place of honor to "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

It was one of several songs written by George F. Root, a composer and publisher of many other beautiful songs and ballads prior to 1861, and was first sung by the celebrated Hutchinson family at a mass meeting in the city of New York. Mr. Root was born in Sheffield, Mass., Aug. 30, 1820, and as an evidence of his virility the incident may be related that as recently as January of the present year, at a military entertainment in Chicago, the venerable maker of the verse and music, gray haired, yet alert, was called to the stage and in a strong voice sang his own patriotic rallying song. At the end of each verse he was cheered to the echo, and not content with that the audience took the words out of the mouths of the army of singers and joined enthusiastically in the chorus.

The story has been printed that during the desperate fight in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, a Federal command was driven back in disorder with heavy loss. Reforming, it prepared once more to confront the enemy. At this moment some of the men of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania began to sing:

We'll rally round the flag, boys, rally once
again.

The refrain was taken up by other regiments in line of battle, and, with recovered spirits, the previously disheartened boys dashed back into the thick of the fight. The original words are as follows:

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
We will rally from the hillside,
We will rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the stars,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are marching to the field, boys,
Going to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll bear the glorious stars
Of the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

If we fall amid the fray, boys,
We will face them to the last,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us
As we are rushing past,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Another of the numerous war songs written by Mr. Root and which acquired a popularity that has not yet passed away is known wherever the English language is spoken as

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING.

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,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though 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 starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or
more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back, dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once
more.

In a different strain, but with a pathos that endeared the song to thousands of households as well as to the boys in camp, the same composer wrote:

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

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 around 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.
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 bugle 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!
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard
Or perish nobly there.

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

After the execution of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, in December, 1859, a song was adopted that speedily became a part of the marching music of the armies of the north. Its catchy phrases were not only familiar around the firesides of the country, but in all public gatherings where music was wont to inspire the multitude. It relieved the tedium of camp life, and as it resounded through columns of men tramping patiently along the dusty highways it lightened the weariness of their footsteps.

It is said that the words, with the exception of the first stanza, were written by Mr. Charles S. Hall of Massachusetts, but long before the war the air, wedded to other words, was familiar on every plantation in the south. It was the favorite camp meeting melody of the negroes, and few spectacles were more inspiring than when, with grotesque gestures, they joined in singing (the women first):

Say, my brudders, will we meet yo'?
Say, my brudders, will we meet yo'?
Say, my brudders, will we meet yo'?
On Ca-ni-yun's happy sho'?

Then the men responding:

Ya-a-s, my sistern, we will meet yo',
Ya-a-s, my sistern, we will meet yo',
Ya-a-s, my sistern, we will meet yo',
Where partin is no mo'.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujer! Glory, glory, hallelujer!
Glory, glory, hallelujer! On Ca-ni-yun's happy sho'.

The war song is as follows:

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, halle-halleluiah! Glory, halle-halleluiah!
Glory, halle-halleluiah!
His soul is marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord (thrice),
His soul is marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back (thrice),
His soul is marching on.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way (thrice),
As they go marching on.

We will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree (thrice),
As they go marching on.

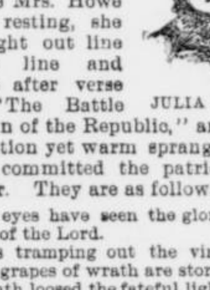
Now, three cheers for the Union (thrice),
As we are marching on.

Glory, halle-halleluiah! Glory, halle-halleluiah!
Glory, halle-halleluiah!
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

"THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

For loftiness of sentiment "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" will easily take rank with the grandest of our martial songs. Having been sung many times during the war, and under a variety of circumstances, a description of the manner in which it was composed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will be of interest.

Being in Washington near the end of the year 1861, she witnessed a review of the Union troops on the Virginia side of the Potomac and was deeply impressed by her experience. In the return journey to the city a number of war songs were sung, among others "John Brown's Body," whereupon one of the party suggested that so grand a melody deserved more worthy words, and that she should write them.



JULIA WARD HOWE.

That night, while Mrs. Howe was resting, she thought out line after line and verse after verse of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and with the inspiration yet warm sprang from her bed and committed the patriotic stanzas to paper. They are as follows:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with ye my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,"
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet,
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
While God is marching on.

"WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM."

A stirring war song that was famous in its day and generation, and which served its purpose at the time, was known by the above title. It was in answer to the proclamation of President Lincoln in 1862, calling for 300,000 volunteers to swell the army, and it doubtless contributed to that result.

At first the stanzas appeared anonymously in the New York Evening Post of July 16, 1862, and the authorship was attributed to William Cullen Bryant and then to Julia Ward Howe. Subsequently it became known that the author was Mr. James Sloane Gibbons, a native of Wilmington, Del., but a resident of New York city. He was an ardent abolitionist, and for a time was one of the editors of The Antislavery Standard. The words are as follows:

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
And from New England's shore.
We leave our plows and workshops,
Our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance,
With but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming,
Our Union to restore;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hilltops
That meet the northern sky,
Long, moving lines of rising dust
Your vision may descry,
And now the wind an instant
Tears the cloudy veil aside
And floats our spangled flag
In glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam
And bands brave music pour.
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

With the advent of war, poetry and song began in one shape or another to find their themes throughout the south—the woman at her hearthstone and the soldier in the field; to represent all aspects of popular feeling—the enthusiasm of victory, the despondency of defeat, the pride that exulted in the hero and the grief that mourned his loss.

Three distinctive songs, however, quickly became sectional and were adopted as expressive of the popular feeling—"Dixie," "My Maryland" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The history of each is interesting, especially that of the first, which appears to have taken a place with "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." Its author is Dan Emmett, who still lives at the ripe old age of 79. Recently, being asked to relate the circumstances of its composition, he said: "In the spring of 1859 I was in the employ of the Bryant minstrels in New York, at 472 Broadway, and my particular business was to invent 'walk arounds.' One Saturday night Jerry Bryant came to me and asked if I couldn't write a 'hurrah'—something to make a noise with and get the people stirred up. I told him I thought I could. Sunday being a rainy day, I remained at home and composed what I then named 'I Wish I Was In Dixie's Land.' Nobody ever knew how it came to be called 'Dixie.' Well, Jerry was so delighted with it that he made us rehearse all day Monday for the evening's performance. The song was a 'go' right from the start. Bands played it. Musical people in Cincinnati, Louisville and New Orleans 'cribbed' it, and lawsuits followed until Firth & Pond published it under my own name and so settled the dispute as to authorship." It was first sung in New Orleans in 1860, the original words, from which all other versions sprang, being as follows:

I wish I was in the land ob cotton;
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray!
In Dixie land I'll took my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old missus marry "Will de weaber,"
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away, etc.
But when he put his arms around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder;
Look away, etc.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greatly greab 'er;
Look away, etc.
Old missus acted the foolish part,
And died for the man who broke her heart;
Look away, etc.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Now, here's health to the next old missus,
And all the gals that want to kiss us;
Look away, etc.
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear dis nig tomorrow;
Look away, etc.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away, etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble;
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble;
Look away, etc.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

When the war broke out, other lines were written to fit the measure, and the stirring melody at once became the chief war song of the south. It is said that President Lincoln requested a band to play "Dixie" in 1865, a short time after the surrender of Appomattox, remarking that "as we had captured the rebel army we had captured also the rebel tune."

Of "My Maryland," which James Russell Lowell pronounced the finest poem inspired by the civil war, the following story is told: It was in April, 1861, that James R. Randall, a native Marylander, then in Louisiana, published "An Exiled Son's Appeal" to his mother state to cast her fortunes with the seceding commonwealths of the south. Political feeling in Maryland at the time was intense. The residence of Colonel William Miles Cary was one of the many centers of Confederate feeling among the patrician element of the population, the greater portion of which was ardently in sympathy with the secession movement. It was here, one evening in June, 1861, during the meeting of a musical club, that Miss Hettie Cary, one of the daughters, suggested that the words of "My Maryland" should be adapted to some music. In order to make the suggestion more impressive she recited the poem. In a moment Miss Jenny Cary, her sister, exclaimed as if inspired, "Lauriger Horatius!" the well known college song that has resounded from the musical throat of almost every college boy. Thus the words found voice in the great hymn that has since been heard around the world.

A few months later a memorable scene occurred at Manassas. While visiting friends in the army the two sisters were serenaded by the now celebrated Washington artillery of New Orleans. When the band ceased playing, one of the officers exclaimed, "Let's hear a woman's voice." Miss Jenny Cary standing in the tent door, thereupon sang "My Maryland." The refrain was speedily taken up by hundreds of the southern soldiers, and from that moment the verses lived and grew into a power. It was the birth of the song in the army. As the words may not now be generally remembered, they are repeated here:

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother state! To thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But, lo, there surges forth a shriek!
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The old line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead nor deaf nor dumb—
Huzza, she spurns the northern scum!
She breathes, she burns! She'll come, she'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

Next to "Dixie" in its power of arousing enthusiasm and as a marching song is "The Bonnie Blue Flag." It is a singular coincidence that, like "Dixie," it was written and first produced on the stage, and both were presented to the southern people in New Orleans. The composer was an Irish comedian, the late Harry Macarthy. A single verse will convey an idea both of its spirit and swinging movement:

We are a band of brothers and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty with treasure, blood and toil,
And when our rights were threatened the cry rose near and far—
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, for southern rights hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

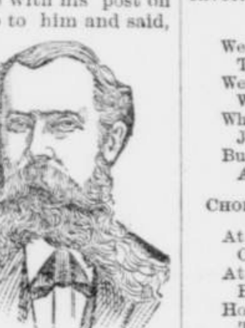
Many minor songs were written in various parts of the south during the war, but all were adapted to familiar melodies, the old time negro airs being most popular, but they are only memorable as indicating the spirit and temper of those stormy times.

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Although written late in the war, probably no song commemorating the struggle or intended to inspire the troops has a stronger foothold in the hearts of the people than "Marching Through Georgia." In the very melody is an expression of enthusiasm that even after 30 years makes the song dear to the hearts of the old soldiers and sets their feet to keeping time with the music. That the sentiment of the Grand Army of the Republic is in its favor was well illustrated by an old backwoodsman in an Ohio post. He was dressed, so the story goes, in a faded suit of homespun, and his shaggy head was surmounted by a greasy, broad brimmed hat. In his right hand he was carrying a small sized cord wood stick as a cane. But after he had traveled a couple of miles it was plain that the strain was beginning to tell on the old fellow.

He was traveling at a go-as-you-please rate, when his commander, anxious to make a good appearance with his post on dress parade, stepped up to him and said, "Say, Tom, keep step; you are throwing out the whole line."

"Cap, how kin a feller keep step to that music?" he replied, pointing to the band leading the line with one of the popular airs of the day. "Why don't they play something like this?" and he hummed, in a voice husky and scratchy and out of tune, a strain from "Marching Through Georgia."



HENRY C. WORK.

The captain laughed and turned away, held a moment's conversation with the leader of the band, and the introductory notes of the next piece caused the old fellow to straighten up. His cudgel waved about like the baton of a drum major, and a little later a thousand feet were coming down as one, the fatigue of the march was forgotten, and a thousand voices were joined in the rousing chorus. The words of the famous song were written by Henry C. Work. He was born in Middletown, Conn., in 1832 and died in Hartford June 8, 1884:

Bring the good old bugle, boys,
We'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit
That will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong—
While we're marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we sing the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes us free!
So we sang the chorus, from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted
When they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled
Which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even
Started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia!

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys
Will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said,
And 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas,
To reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare
For freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude,
Three hundred to the main.
Treason fled before us,
For resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

A favorite among the boys in the army as well as in the social circles at home is known far and near by the above title. The song was written by the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, famous as the leader of the band which bears his name. It has also been ascribed to Mr. Louis Lambert. Whatever may be the merit of the words, however, the song owes its popularity to the rollicking tune which has long been known as "Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl:"

When Johnnie comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnnie comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies gay,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnnie comes marching home.

SONGS OF AFFECTION.

Brief reference has been made to "Annie Laurie" as a sentimental song that became popular in the English army during the Crimean war. So, during our own struggle, pathetic words were allied to touching music and sung around the campfires and domestic firesides. One of these, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," is still remembered by the old soldiers both of the north and south, and may yet be heard in many a home circle. It was composed by Walter Kittredge, who was born in Merrimac, N. H., Oct. 8, 1832, and known as a public singer and writer of songs and ballads. Having been drafted in 1862, he was preparing to go to the front when the words and music occurred to him, and in a few minutes he transcribed them to paper. At first the song was refused by music publishers, but it is said that when published its sale reached hundreds of thousands of copies:

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground.
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts—a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease.
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand
And the tear that said "goodby."

We are tired of war on the old camp ground.
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who left their homes;
Others have been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground.
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying;
Many are in tears.

Among the authors of the time was the late Charles C. Sawyer of Brooklyn, to whom we are indebted for the following, which quickly found its way across the lines and became popular in the south. It was written in the autumn of 1861, and more than 1,000,000 copies have been sold:

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain!
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath.
All round to me seems darkness.
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah, how well I know your answer!
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear—
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me—how
Can I leave her in anguish?
Who will care for mother now?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky.
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow.
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for mother now?

Other touching songs of affection that belong to this group are "Mother, I've Come Home to Die," "Brother's Fainting at the Door" and "The Vacant Chair." The latter, by Henry S. Washburn, is still a favorite throughout the country:

THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When, a year ago, we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden chord is severed,
And our hopes in ruins lie.

CHORUS.—We shall meet, etc.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble soldier fell—
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight
And upheld 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!
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

Among the songs commemorative of the death of Colonel Ephraim E. Ellsworth was the following:

DEATH OF ELLSWORTH.

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble chieftain,
Who at his country's call
Hastened to the field of battle
And was the first to fall.

CHORUS.

Strike, freemen, for the Union;
Sheathe your swords no more
While remains in arms a traitor
On Columbia's shore.

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate;
Hasten we as thy avengers
From thy native state.
Speed we on from town to city,
Not for wealth or fame,
But because we love the Union
And our Ellsworth's name.

HUMOR IN SONG.

Humor had its place among the war songs as well as sentiment and martial spirit. Henry C. Work, the author of "Marching Through Georgia," wrote:

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

Our Jimmy has gone to live in a tent;
They have grafted him into the army.
He finally puckered up courage and went
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young. Alas,
At the captain's forequarters they said he would pass—
They'd train him up well in the infantry class—
So they grafted him into the army.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jimmy, farewell! Your brothers fell
Way down in Alabarmy;
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap!
They have grafted him into the army.
It seems but a day since he sot on my lap,
But they have grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear—
Them very same buttons—the patch and the tear—
But Uncle Sam gave him a brand new pair
When they grafted him into the army.

Rhymesters in the army were not only numerous, but never without a theme. Sometimes it concerned a company, at others a regiment or brigade. For instance, a certain Chicago company, having distinguished itself at Shiloh, adopted a song the refrain of which, sung to the rollicking air, "The Leg of a Duck," announced to their comrades that

Company K has shown the way,
Bully for you! Bully for you!
Your turn's coming some other day,
Bully for you! Bully for you!

Every popular tune in vogue was appropriated that suited the passing whim of the merry soldiers. "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" "Vive l'Amour," "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," "Such a Climbing Up Stairs," "Philadelphia Gals, Won't You Come Out Tonight?" "Shoo Fly," "Old Uncle Ned" and a score of others are members of this family. Here is one of the favorites sung to the tune of "The Low Back Car," by Miles O'Reilly:

SAMBO AS A SOLDIER.

Some tell us it is a burning shame
To make the naygurs fight,
And that the trade of being kilt
Belongs to but the white.
But as for me, upon my sowl,
So liberal are we here
I'll let Sambo be murthered in place of myself
On every day in the year.

CHORUS.

On every day in the year, boys,
And every hour in the day,
The right to be kilt I'll divide with him,
And divil a word I'll say.

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight,
And it's better to have a naygur's hue
Than a liver that's wake and white.
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
His fingers a thrigger can pull,
And his eye runs straight on the barrel sights
From under his thatch of wool.

CHORUS.

So hear me all, boys, darlings,
Don't think I'm tipping you chaff,
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half.

"The Year of Jubilee" was an especial favorite and many a time has beguiled the boys on their march:

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

Say, darkies, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstash in his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin
Like he's gwine to leave de place?
He seen de smoke way up de ribber,
Where de Lincum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, an he lef' berry sudden,
An I specs he's runned away.

CHORUS.

De massa run, ha, ha!
De darky stay, ho, ho!
It must be now de kingdom comin
An de y'ar ob jubilo.

He's six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An he weighs t'ree hundred poun;
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An it won't reach half way roun.
He drills so much dey calls him cap'n,
An he gits so mighty tanned,
I specs he'll try to fool dem Yankees
For to t'ink he's contraband.

De darkies got so lonesome libbin
In de log hut on de lawn
Dey moved dere t'ings in de massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an cider in de kitchen,
An de darkies dey hab some.
I specs it will all be 'fiscated
When de Lincum sojers come.

De oberseer, he make us trouble,
An he dribes us roun a spell,
We lock him up in the smokehouse cellar,
Wid de key flung in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broke,
But de massa hab his pay.
He's big an ole enough for to know better
Dan to went an run away.

OLD SHADY.

Oh, yah, yah, darkies, laugh wid me,
Fur de white folks say Ole Shady's free,
So don't you see dat de jubilee
Is a-coming, coming—Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.

Den away, away, fur I can't wait any longer,
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home!

Oh, mass' got scared and so did his lady,
Dis chile breaks fur Ole Uncle Aby;
"Open de gates, out here's Ole Shady
A-coming, coming"—Hail mighty day!

Goodby, Mass' Jeff, goodby Mis'r Stephens,
'Scuse dis niggah fur takin his leavins,
'Spect purty soon you'll hear Uncle Abram's
Coming, coming—Hail mighty day!

Goodby, hard work, wid never any pay,
I'ze a-gwine up north where de good folks say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
Are coming, coming—Hail mighty day!

Oh, I've got a wife and I've got a baby,
Livin up yonder in Lower Canady,
Won't dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady
A-coming, coming—Hail mighty day!

Story of Francis Gludde.

For half a minute I sat quite still, taken aback and wondering, while the bacon cooled on the plate before me, what I was to do. I did not doubt the monk was telling the truth. Why should he lie to me? And I cursed my folly in trusting to a coward's honor or a serving man's good faith. But lamentations were useless. What was I to do? I had no horse and no means of getting one. I was in a strange country, and to try to escape on foot from pursuers who knew the roads and had the law on their side, would be a hopeless undertaking. Yet to be hauled back to Coton End a prisoner—I could not face that. Mechanically I raised a morsel of bacon to my lips, and as I did so a thought occurred to me—an idea suggested by some talk I had heard the evening before at Towcester.

Fanciful as the plan was, I snatched at it, and knowing each instant to be precious took my courage in my hand—and my tankard. "Here," I cried, speaking suddenly and loudly, "here is bad luck to purveyors, Master Host!"

There were a couple of stablemen within hearing, lounging in the doorway, besides the landlord and his wife and the farmers.

I caught a glimpse of him, wild eyed and frantic with fear.

A villager or two also had dropped in, and there were two peddlers lying half asleep in the corner. All these pricked up their ears more or less at my words. But, like most country folk, they were slow to take in anything new or unexpected, and I had to drink afresh and say again, "Here is bad luck to purveyors!" before any one took it up.

Then the landlord showed he understood.

"Aye, so say I!" he cried, with an oath. "Purveyors, indeed! It is such as they give the queen a bad name."

"God bless her!" quoth the monk loyally.

"And drown the purveyors!" a farmer exclaimed.

"They were here a year ago and left us as bare as a shorn sheep," struck in a strapping villager, speaking at a white heat, but telling me no news, for this was what I had heard at Towcester the night before. "The queen should lie warm if she uses all the wool they took! And the pack horses they purveyed to carry off the plunder—why, the packmen avoid Stratford ever since as though we had the black death! Oh, down with the purveyors, say I! The first that comes this way I will show the bottom of the Ouse. Aye, that I will, though I hang for it!"

"Easy, easy, Tom Miller!" the host interposed, affecting an air of assurance, even while he cast an eye of trouble at his flitches. "It will be another ten years before they harry us again. There is Potter's Pury! They never took a tester's worth from Potter's Pury! No, nor from Preston Gobion! But they will go to them next, depend upon it!"

"I hope they will," I said, with a world of gloomy insinuation in my words. "But I doubt it!"

And this time my hint was not wasted. The landlord changed color. "What are you driving at, master?" he asked mildly, while the others looked at me in silence and waited for more.

"What if there be one across the road now?" I said, giving way to the temptation and speaking falsely—for which I paid dearly afterward. "A purveyor, I mean, unless I am mistaken in him, or he tells lies. He has come straight from the chancellor, white wand, warrant and all. He is taking his dinner now, but he has sent for the hundredman, so I guess he means business."

"For the hundredman?" repeated the landlord, his brows meeting.

"Yes, unless I am mistaken."

There was silence for a moment. Then the man they called Tom Miller dashed his cap on the floor, and folding his arms defiantly looked round on his neighbors. "He has come, has he!" he roared, his face swollen, his eyes bloodshot. "Then I will be as good as my word! Who will help? Shall we sit down and be shorn like sheep, as we were before, so that our children lay on the bare stones, and we pulled the plow ourselves? Or shall we show that we are free Englishmen and not slaves of Frenchmen? Shall we teach Master Purveyor not to trouble us again? Now, what say you, neighbors?"

So fierce a growl of impatience and anger rose round me as at once answered the question. A dozen red faces glared at me and at one another, and from the very motion and passion of the men as they snarled and threatened the room seemed twice as full as it was. Their oaths and cries of encouragement, not loud, but the more dangerous for that, the fresh burst of fury which rose as the village smith and another came in and learned the news, the menacing gestures of a score of brandished fists—these sights, though they told of the very effect at which I had aimed, scared as well as pleased me. I turned red and white and hesitated, fearing that I had gone too far.

The thing was done, however, and, what was more, I had soon to take care of myself. At the very moment when the hubbub was at its loudest I felt a chill run down my back as I met the monk's eye, and, reading in it whimsical admiration, read in it something besides, and that was an unmistakable menace. "Clever lad!" the eye said. "I will expose you," it threatened.

I had forgotten him—or, at any rate, that my acting would be transparent enough to him holding the clew in his hand—and his look was like the shock of cold water to me. But it is wonderful how keen the wits grow on the grindstone of necessity. With scarcely a second's hesitation I drew out my only piece of gold, and unnoticed by the other men, who were busy swearing at and encouraging one another, I disclosed a morsel of it. The monk's crafty eyes glistened. I laid my finger on my lips.

He held up two fingers.

I shook my head and showed an empty palm. I had no more. He nodded, and the relief that nod gave me was great. Before I had time, however, to consider the narrowness of my escape a movement of the crowd—for the news had spread with strange swiftness, and there was now a crowd assembled which more than filled the room—proclaimed that the purveyor had come out and was in the street.

The room was nearly emptied at a rush. Though I prudently remained behind, I could, through the open window, hear as well as see what passed. The leading spirits had naturally struggled out first and were gathered, sullen and full of dangerous possibilities, about the porch.

I suppose the bishop's messenger saw in them nothing but a crowd of country clowns, for he came hectoring toward the door, smiting his boot with his whip and puffing out his red cheeks mightily. He felt brave enough, now that he had dined and had at his back three stout constables sworn to keep the queen's peace.

To be Continued.

Dr. H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Rogers Bros.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as sheriff of Yamhill county, state of Oregon, by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Yamhill, bearing date of May 7th, A. D. 1895, upon and to enforce that certain judgment rendered by said court on the 15th day of April, A. D. 1895, in that suit therein pending wherein George Thomson was plaintiff and S. C. Force and Barbara E. Force his wife, Kelly Maus and Company and P. K. Smith were defendants, and wherein it was ordered, adjudged and decreed by said court that the plaintiff, George Thomson, have and recover of and from the defendants, S. C. Force and Barbara E. Force, the sum of $181.66, with interest thereon from the 15th day of April, 1895, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, $25.00 attorney's fees and the costs and disbursements taxed at $13.50, and that the defendant, Kelly Maus and Company, recover of and from the defendants, S. C. Force and Barbara E. Force, the sum of $357.15, with interest thereon from the 15th day of April, A. D. 1895, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and $35.00 attorney's fees, and ordering the sale of the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at the northwest corner of lot one (1) of block number three (3) of the original town plat of McMinnville, in Yamhill county, Oregon, and running thence south 100 feet to the southwest corner of said lot one (1); thence east 35 feet; thence north 100 feet; thence west 35 feet to the place of beginning.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said judgement, writ of execution and order of sale, I will on Saturday, the 8th day of June, A. D. 1895, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court house door in McMinnville, in Yamhill county, Oregon, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the above described real property, and out of the proceeds arising from such sale I will first satisfy the above amount found due the plaintiff, George Thomson, and the overplus, if any there be, I will apply to the payment of the sums of money found due the defendant, Kelly Maus and Company.

Dated this the 7th day of May, A. D. 1895.
W. G. HENDERSON,
Sheriff of Yamhill county, Oregon.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as sheriff of Yamhill county, state of Oregon, by virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Yamhill, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1895, and bearing said date, upon and to enforce that certain judgement rendered by said court on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1893, in that certain action wherein E. C. Walker and E. W. Wallace, partners in business as Wallace & Walker, was plaintiff, and Delia Kellett and W. S. Kellett were defendants, in which it was adjudged that the said plaintiffs, Wallace & Walker, recover from the defendant, Delia Kellett, the sum of seventy-five and thirty-three one hundredths dollars ($75.33) with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from the 25th day of September, 1893, and the costs and disbursements taxed at $18.00, and for accruing costs.

And whereas, by virtue of said writ of execution, I did on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1895, duly levy upon the following described real property of said defendant, Delia Kellett, to-wit:

All of the right, title and interest of said Delia Kellett in and to lot number one (1) in block nineteen (19) in Rowland's addition to the city of McMinnville, in Yamhill county, State of Oregon.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said judgement and execution, I will on Saturday, the 15th day of June, A. D. 1895, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court house door in McMinnville, Yamhill county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the above described real property to satisfy said execution, costs and accruing costs.

Dated this the 8th day of May, A. D. 1895.
W. G. HENDERSON,
Sheriff of Yamhill county, Oregon.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on every Friday at 3 p. m. in reading room, Union block
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