

DAILY REPORTER.

VOL. II. NO. 22

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1887.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

The Daily Reporter.

Entered in the Postoffice at McMinnville for Transmission Through the Mails as Second Class Matter.

D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.
D. C. IRELAND & Co.,
PUBLISHERS.

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I have just added to my parlor the largest and finest stock of cigars ever in this city. Try them.

The Soldier's Bride.*

On the banks of Rappahannock
Stand the tents and soldiers' barrack;
Hundreds, thousands, in rows and lines,

On the meadows, in the pines,
Down afar the tranquil stream,
The warriors' tented cities gleam.
As the sun's declining grandeur
Painted the awakened tender
Budding earth in purple hue,
Evening zephyrs whispered sighing,
Home sweet home, home sweet home.

And the tranquil Rappahannock,
Gliding slowly by the barrack;
Not a ripple not a spray
On his crystal bosom play.
Floating by the tented field,
Where the soldiers lie concealed,
Where from clustering tree tops tall,
Huge fantastic shadows fall;
And upon his waters blue
The skies reflect a purple hue—
Rappahannock murmurs lowly;
Home sweet home, home sweet home.

Heaven kissing nature's face,
Blushing in the sweet embrace,
Nestling on her bosom close,
Lingering sighs for Hesperus.—
Hark! what notes, so shrill and fierce
Through this solemn silence pierce!
Hark, the drum and trumpets call,
Stirring, ringing martial call,
Hear the weary watchword sound
As the picket goes his round!

"Am I waking, am I dreaming,
Is this real, or only seeming!
Has my waking darker grown
Since the vision bright has flown?"
Spoke in fear a maiden fair
In her sorrow and despair;
Rousing from a restless slumber
In her arbor leafless, somber,
Where she sought communion lonely
In the memory of him only
Who was dearest in her heart
Dearest to her home, sweet home.

"Hark, what sound! "the maiden
listened,
And her dark eyes flashed and
glistened.

Through the evening's stillness clear,
Sound the notes so clear, so dear:
Of the flag, the "Bonnie Blue,"
By the boys the gray, the true,
Playing 'neath the the pine and hem-
lock

By their own loved Rappahannock.

"Wonder if my soldier true
Thinks of me this moment too,
Of his love here waiting lonely,
Waiting for his coming only."

And the maiden silent stands,
On her breast she clasped her hands,
Till the floating sweet refrain
Melted with the dying strain.
'Round her, stillness weird and lonely
Reigns, but lasts a moment only.—
"Star Spangled Banner," majestic,
grand,

By a rousing federal band
Echoes o'er the Rappahannock,
Where the soldier 'round the barrack
In the twilight hour listening,

Dream of home, sweet home.

How the chords so full and round
Through the glen and woodland sound,
Till the echo ceased replying
To the notes the faint and dying.
Hark, another melody,
'Wake the maid from her reverie!
'Tis a trumpet loud and clear
Falling on her listening ear,
Playing "Dixie." How it rings
Merrily, and how brings
Memories of happier days
And of home, sweet home.

"O, what may this hour portend,
God, I pray a peaceful end.
Hark, these notes my ear allure!
So sadly sweet and sweetly pure."
Scarce had "Dixie" died away
When again the "blue" held sway
From across the sylvan shore,
Dreamily the zephyrs bore
To the maiden's listening ear
"My country 'Tis of Thee"—hear!
'Tis of thee replies the echo,
And of home, sweet home.

And the maiden silent stands,
On her breast she clasped her hands.
While the golden sunbeams shed
A halo 'round her beauteous head.
Like one dreaming, thus she listened
To the notes so sweet and distant,
"Am I waking, am I dreaming,
Is this war or only seeming?
War with all its unrelenting
Passions calmed, at last repenting,
Making friends of foes and brothers,
Brothers of one home, sweet home."

Darker have the shadows grown
'Round the maiden sad and lone.
Hark, what music, sweet and tender
Fills the air with solemn grandeur;
Hark, what voices, soul inspiring
Seeming up to heaven aspiring,
In a chorus so sublime!
Even the immortal bands
From the sunny spirit lands,
Left their home and brighter sphere
Joining in with mortals here.
And the maiden young and fair
Kneels entranced in silent prayer,
Heavenward her eyes ascend,
Tear drops in their lustre blends:
From the soldiers brave and true,
From the boys in gray and blue,
From the tents and from the barrack,
On the banks of Rappahannock,
Rings the echo deep and long,
Of the dearest sweetest song
Ever sang by man on earth:
"Home sweet home, home sweet
home."

Five times in the golden west
Had the sun sunk down to rest,
When with the approaching night
Ceased the battles raging fight.
The soldier's bride with heaving breast,
And with hopes and fears oppressed,
Peers with trembling and affright
Into the dark and aminous night.
But instead her lover's greeting
A strange voice she heard repeating:
"I had come to you before—
I have come to you once more.—
By the pale moonlight you'll see

A dying hero wait for thee—
Where the crimson rivers flow,
There his form and face you'll know.
For your love I've come once more—
Maiden haste—I come no more."

Then a cry of wild despair
Rang out in the chilly air,
And black night with silent dread
Reigns on the field of dying and dead,
Save a faint cadescent light
Flitting ghost like into sight.
As the crescent moon appears
From behind a sable cloud.
On the crimson plain is kneeling,
Her pale face to heaven appealing
Mute with grief, the soldier's bride,
By her dying lover's side,
From his slowly heaving breast
Life's red flood is ebbing fast.
Hush, hush—hush—
On death's alter levé is weeping;
And her prayer is not in vain,
For he opened his eyes again—
"Come"—he whispers faint and low—
"Darling—weep—not—for—I go—
To—my home—home—sweet—home."
—Charles Grissen.

McMinnville, Or.

*It was during the late civil war, when some Union and Confederate forces were encamped upon opposite banks of the Rappahannock, (in the spring of 1863 as near as can be ascertained,) that the playing by the bands and singing by the soldiers took place.
1. Band of the "Louisiana Tigers."
2. N. J. Brigade Band, 6th A. C.
3. As the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," the soldiers on both sides joined in one grand chorus singing that sweetest of songs with unbounded enthusiasm.

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Sunday Jan. 9	Tuesday Jan. 4
Friday Jan. 23	Sunday Jan. 16
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For information apply to

CHAS. C. HOGUE,
Acting Gen. F. and Pass. Agent,
Corvallis, Oregon

Observations.

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