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*We Rode With
Little Phil
and
Other Poems*



*By
C. B. Lower.*



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Little Phil
and
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*Pictures by
Will H. Chandlee*



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Gift
H. E. Lower
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DEDICATION.

To the many friends who have so generously assisted me by their subscriptions, thus making its publication possible, this little book is dedicated, with the hope that they will find as much pleasure in reading it as I did in making the canvass, stating the purpose I had in view, receiving the subscription, and hearty good wishes for success in my undertaking. It is indeed gratifying to me that I have been able to secure unsolicited, in the sense of asking any one directly to subscribe, a list of over five hundred names, all of whom I can truly say I know personally, and they are all my friends.

THE AUTHOR.

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We Rode With Little Phil



Oh, days of great and glorious deeds,
Of valiant men and gallant steeds,
As back to you my memory leads,
My blood throws off its chill;
And I'm again a sturdy blade,
In loyal blue once more arrayed,
As when by danger undismayed,
I rode with "Little Phil."

We numbered twice five thousand men,
Such as will ne'er be seen again;
The pride of bravest manhood then,
Did all our columns fill;
And they were made of sternest stuff,
With iron frames and sinews tough,
Reckless of danger and usage rough,
Who rode with "Little Phil."

Like lightning flashed our saber stroke,
With tongues of fire our carbines spoke,
Our cannon thundering echoes woke,
 Our shells screamed fierce and shrill;
Like torrents from the mountain side,
Sweeping the valleys far and wide,
Leaving behind the foes that died,
 We rode with "Little Phil."

Through Shenandoah's fertile vale,
We left a charred and bloody trail;
The theme of many an after tale,
 That volumes well might fill;
Fair Richmond's hills we circled 'round;
At Five Forks glorious work we found;
While Appomattox fitly crowned
 The fame of "Little Phil."

Where'er our columns onward swept,
Our foes in constant dread we kept;
Along our front war never slept;
 No voice said: "Peace, be still!"
Through dust, and mud, and cold, and heat,
Through storms of rain, and snow and sleet,
Ready, and eager, the foe to meet,
 We rode with "Little Phil."

On many a bold and daring raid,
We 'round our foes wild havoc played;
While on their best supplies we preyed,
 Our haversacks to fill.
We struck their flanks that shrunk before us,
Then swiftly on, our good steeds bore us;
While oft we cheered in lusty chorus:
 "Hurrah for 'Little Phil!'"



Forward we gallop, unheeding, unseeing,
Aught but the foe that before us is fleeing,
Horse, man, and saber blended in one being,
We rode with "Little Phil."

In battles great, we bore our part,
And felt that all the subtle art
Of war our leader knew by heart;
 And we'd have followed still,
Though storms of canister and shell
Swept through our ranks; the gates of hell
We would have charged on with a yell,
 If led by "Little Phil."

Like tiger crouching for his prey,
Our squadrons in concealment lay,
Until the crisis of the day;
 Then quick, with matchless skill,
Straight as an arrow from the bow,
To strike one great, decisive blow,
Galloping forward, bending low,
 We rode with "Little Phil."

Into the ranks of the enemy crashing,
Right and left, rapidly bright sabers flashing,
Onto the guns of the batteries dashing,
 Governed by the one mighty will.
Forward we gallop, unheeding, unseeing,
Aught but the foe that before us is fleeing,
Horse, man, and saber blended in one being,
 We rode with "Little Phil."

I'd rather sleep among the dead,
Along the track of glory red,
O'er which our charging squadrons sped,
 Than not have felt the thrill
Of soldier joy and fierce delight
At being in that glorious fight,
As onward with resistless might,
 We rode with "Little Phil."

Oh, days of great and glorious deeds,
Of valiant men and gallant steeds,
As back to you my memory leads,
 My blood throws off its chill;
And I'm again a sturdy blade,
In loyal blue once more arrayed,
As when by danger undismayed,
 We rode with "Little Phil."



THE GIRL THAT I NEED NOT TO NAME.

'Twas in years that are now long ago,
That acquainted right well I became
With a sweet little maid you may know,
As the girl that I need not to name.

I loved her right then, well and true,
Her happiness was my sole aim;
There was nothing that I would not do
For the girl that I need not to name.

Now I love her each day more and more,
She says she loves me just the same;
I've told it a thousand times o'er
To the girl that I need not to name.

She's my true love, my sweetheart, my life;
And existence to me would be tame,
Should my loving be turned into strife,
With the girl that I need not to name.

I get hugs and sweet kisses galore,
That set my heart all in a flame;
Yet I'm constantly asking for more,
From the girl that I need not to name.

Oh! as nothing are riches to me,
And as nothing, earth's honors or fame,
If through all of my life I can be
With the girl that I need not to name.

You ask, why we never have wed?
And you think it is truly a shame,
That I've not to the minister led
This girl that I need not to name.

Now you need not let this make you sad,
Or think me deserving of blame;
For I am the fond, loving dad
Of this girl that I need not to name.

WASHINGTON.

When Freedom's form was well nigh crushed
 Beneath a mighty tyrant's heel,
Then an insulted people rushed
 To arms!—a nation's last appeal.
The struggle fiercely then begun,
'Twas nobly led by Washington.

First where carnage wildly rages;
First where each fierce foe engages;
First where balls and shells are flying;
Where mingled friends and foes are dying;
First in pursuit where foemen run;
"First in war" is Washington.

The struggle past, the victory gained,
 Fair Freedom stands where once she lay;
Our independence well maintained,
 Through many a dark and bloody day.
'Twas bravely fought and nobly won
By freemen, led by Washington.

First to rule what he defended;
 First in council as in daring;
A soldier and a statesman blended
 For fame and power little caring.
No other man beneath the sun
Could fill the place of Washington.

At home, behold the warrior there,
His home for him has many a charm;
His country's good, his greatest care,
His next, to manage well his farm.
When freedom's gained and war is done,
Then, "first in peace" is Washington.

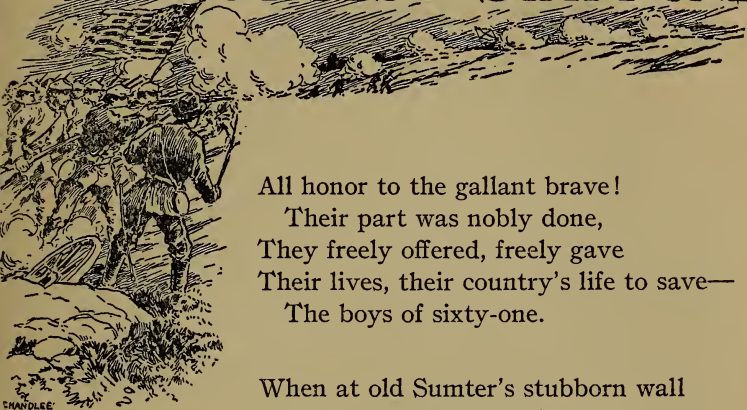
Though in its dark and silent home,
His form is mouldering away,
His memory still survives the tomb;
He lives in every heart to-day.
There has not been since time begun
A name so great as—Washington.

First in honor and in glory;
Praised alike in song and glory;
No nation's history can show
So great a man without a foe.
America has not a son
But loves the name of Washington.

And as once more returns this day,
One thing alone should be our aim;
To drive all care and toil away,
And keep it sacred to his name.
Thus then we'll show to every one
First in our hearts is Washington.

February 22d, 1867.

The BOYS OF SIXTY-ONE



All honor to the gallant brave!
Their part was nobly done,
They freely offered, freely gave
Their lives, their country's life to save—
The boys of sixty-one.

When at old Sumter's stubborn wall
Boomed many a rebel gun,
The Union trembled at its fall;
Then answered to their country's call
The boys of sixty-one.

From every valley, plain and hill,
They marched for Washington;
From farm, and school, and shop, and mill,
They come, the loyal ranks to fill,
The boys of sixty-one.

They grasp their guns with eager hands;
The blue they proudly don—
A mighty host, an army grand,
Quick to obey war's dread command,
The boys of sixty-one.

Through many a long and weary day,
They marched 'neath burning sun.
For winter's cold they did not stay,
Through mud and rain still tramped away,
The boys of sixty-one.

Around their camp-fires burning bright,
Was heard their boisterous fun,
Their songs and jokes, and laughter light,
And stories told of many a fight—
The boys of sixty-one.

To picket posts they softly crept,
With true and trusty gun,
And while their weary comrades slept,
Sharp watch along the lines now kept,
The boys of sixty-one.

They followed fast when in retreat,
The foe now wildly run.
Unconquered still they bear defeat,
Ready again the foe to meet—
The boys of sixty-one.

They stood where leaden hail-storms fell,
Nor danger tried to shun;
They trembled not at rebel yell,
Nor booming gun, nor screaming shell—
The boys of sixty-one.

Like iron walls they faced the foe,
And till the fight was done,
Though many a comrade was laid low,
They sternly answered blow for blow,
The boys of sixty-one.

They fell, the boys so true and brave,
In battles lost and won;
They gave their all; they only crave
A little space, an unknown grave,
The dead of sixty-one.

Some were torn by shot and shell;
Their fighting days are gone;
Their empty sleeves their stories tell,
And wooden legs don't walk so well
As those of sixty-one.

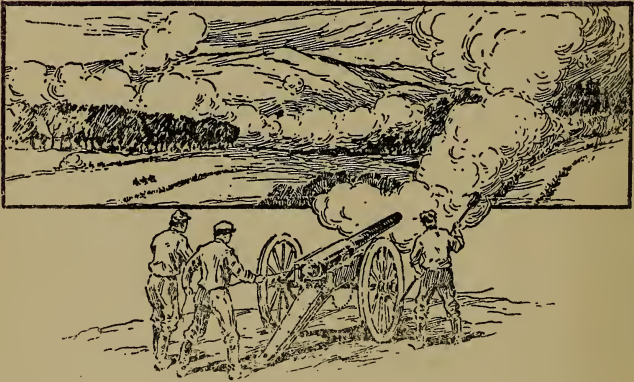
But treason's power was crushed at last,
At last the war was done;
In grand review the armies passed,
Then gladly homeward hastened fast,
The boys of sixty-one.

The years so quickly pass away—
More than two score have gone;
The boys of then are old and gray,
Yet still of them we proudly say,
"The boys of sixty-one."

Let song proclaim their valor well
While Time his course shall run;
Let history the story tell,
How bravely fought, how nobly fell,
The boys of sixty-one.

Their memory shall not pass away,
While still remaineth one
To strew their graves with flowers in May,
Thus honoring, on Memorial Day,
The boys of sixty-one.

Then honored be the gallant brave;
Their part was nobly done.
They freely offered, freely gave
Their lives their country's life to save,
The boys of sixty-one.



OUR GOOD OLD FRIEND, SAM CROSS.

Three score and ten years old to-day,
Hale and hearty as at twenty-one;
Good for a hundred, may he live it, we pray,
With a life work nobly done.
Grand among men in his bearing and mien,
No common or turbulent boss,
He rules by the love he compels all to give,
Our good old friend, Sam Cross.

He was made of metal as pure and true
As ever was wrought by artisan's skill
Into the blade of the finest sword,
Even "The Sword of Bunker Hill,"
He was cast in the mould made for princes and kings,
He came forth without blemish or dross,
And clear as a bell the true manhood rings,
Of our good old friend, Sam Cross.

He is true to his friends, be they lowly or high;
He cares not for station or state;
The hard hand of toil he passes not by,
To grasp that of the wealthy, or great;
About him there's no ostentation or pride,
No sham of veneering or gloss;
Truth is the sole standard and honor the guide,
Of our good old friend, Sam Cross.

Seventy years is a long, long time
For a boy to look forward to;
But looking back o'er the traveled way,
It seems short when we've journeyed through.
But I would not live it over again,
If that would compel the loss
Of the fellowship of that prince of men,
Our good old friend, Sam Cross.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Written on the death of a school-girl friend.)

She has gone in her purity,
Whom we loved best;
In peaceful security,
Her soul is at rest.
We cannot awaken her,
Life has forsaken her,
Jesus has taken her
Home with the blest.

While we're bewailing her,
Low in the tomb,
Angels are hailing her
Joyfully home.
From this world of sorrow,
Ascending on high,
Her life's bright to-morrow
Has dawned in the sky.

Fair and so beautiful!
Patient and dutiful;
Youthfully dying;
Virtue had charms for her,
Sin had no harms for her,
Death no alarms for her,
On God relying.

She went away cheerfully;
Not timid or fearfully;
 Though all alone.
We followed her tearfully,
Sadly and prayerfully,
To where they carefully
 Lowered her down.
Now we are mourning her;
While we are mourning her,
God is adorning her
 Brow with a crown.

We'll ever regret her
 With many a tear;
We cannot forget her,
 She was so dear.
The world is her debtor,
For it was made better,
 While she was here;
And we were made better,
 Because she was here.

She has gone in her purity,
 Whom we loved best,
In peaceful security,
 Her soul is at rest.
We cannot waken her,
Life has forsaken her,
Jesus has taken her,
 Home with the blest.

MARCH AND BATTLE.

The tented field like magic disappears,
The last night's blazing camp-fires smoulder low,
The bugle call the busy soldier hears,
That bids him on his weary way to go.

Knapsacks are packed with rapid soldier skill,
Accoutrements are buckled on with care,
Their canteens from a running brook they fill,
To quench their thirst or with a comrade share.

They form their ranks obedient to command,
Then could be seen o'er the extended plain
The rhythmic movement so sublimely grand,
Of marching men to martial music's strain.

Above them glory's banners proudly wave,
Their stars and stripes gleam brightly in the sun,
Beneath their folds are marching men as brave
As ever fought where glorious deeds are done.

Each regiment into the highway files,
As link on link to form a lengthening chain,
That onward moves, extending many miles,
Through field and forest, over hill and plain.

The goal is distant, but long is the day,
And step by step it slowly draws more near,
As hour by hour they tramp along the way,
While mile by mile falls back into the rear.

The sun at length has climbed the zenith high,
And on the earth pours down his burning heat,
While clouds of stifling dust obscure the sky,
Thrown up by myriad onward tramping feet.

The dust and sweat begrime each sun-tanned face,
By dust blue uniforms are turned to gray,
On brows and hair it finds a resting place,
Through throat and lungs it makes its subtle way.

Tramp, tramp, the cruel march goes ever on,
Their muscles tense, to stand the fearful strain,
While rapidly their gasping breath is drawn
To furnish strength the unknown goal to gain.

Boom, boom, is heard the distant cannon's roar,
That tells, the foe has once again been found,
Then hurrying on, each moving army corps,
Converging, hastens towards the battle sound.

March on, brave men, sore is your country's need;
By foes assailed, her life is in the scale;
Here moments count; now on your utmost speed
Depends success; God grant you do not fail.

Of human power now comes the crucial test,
Showing the value of incessant drill,
That marchworn men in sorest need of rest,
Still onward press, war's ruthless need to fill.

Their firm set jaws determination show;
Drawn facial lines their sufferings reveal;
Their eyes, with battle's fighting fire aglow,
Proclaim their fervent, patriotic zeal.

Faces are pale, but not from craven fear,
Or coward wish the battle's risk to shun,
But from the thought that death is hovering near;
For men must die, that battles may be won.

And comrades close beside each other walk,
Who have been chums through many a hard campaign,
While earnestly they to each other talk,
Of home and friends they ne'er may see again.

They talk of death, yet call it not by name;
But say, "If anything should happen me,"
Then from the heart in earnest words there came,
What might perchance love's final message be.

Near, and more near, is heard the battle sound;
Wild flying shells go screaming overhead,
Then bursting, scatter fragments all around,
With puffs of smoke, that slowly outward spread.

And batteries now madly gallop by,
With bounding guns and clinging cannoneers,
To take position on some station high,
To sweep the field where'er the foe appears.

Impedimenta all is cast aside;
Arms, ammunition, only now remain,
As on they rush, with mad, impetuous stride,
And purpose grim the victory to gain.

And gentle men to fighting demons turn,
With giant strength, and savage lust to kill;
Their frenzied hearts with joy of battle burn,
Reckless that they a soldier's grave may fill.

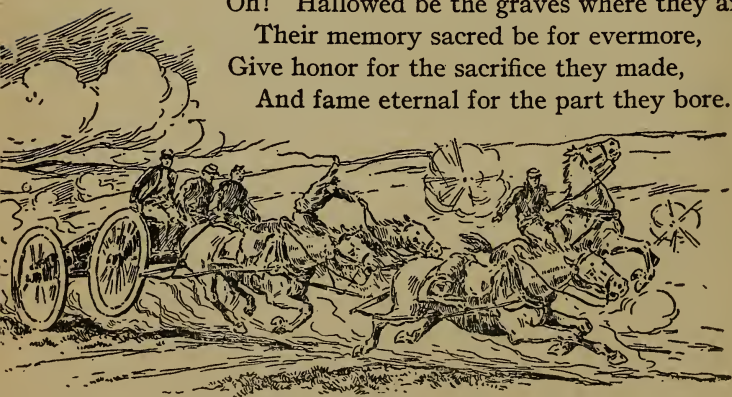
They reach the goal, the march is ended there,
The battle storms now wildly o'er them sweep,
And leaden hail, that whistling through the air,
Makes corpses cold, and many a woman weep.

The thundering guñs and roaring musketry
Benumb the ear, and slowly round them creeps
The battle smoke, and stalking death
Goes through the ranks and there his harvest reaps.

The living fight, the dead among them lie,
Their upturned faces turning pale and cold;
Their eyes now gaze unseeing at the sky;
Their blood-stained blouses their still forms enfold.

Many are there who ne'er will march again;
The closing ranks, strange elbow touch will feel;
Messmates their blankets with others share,
And camp-fire tales their valor will reveal.

Oh! Hallowed be the graves where they are laid
Their memory sacred be for evermore,
Give honor for the sacrifice they made,
And fame eternal for the part they bore.



And batteries now madly gallop by,
With bounding guns and clinging cannoneers.

SWEET NAN OF THE MAHONING.

On the banks of the Mahoning,
In a valley rich and green,
I lived, and loved a maiden
As fair as e'er was seen;
And my love for her was constant
As the river's gentle flow,
In the days we spent together,
Long ago, long ago,
In the days we spent together,
Long ago.

Sweet Nan of the Mahoning,
I love you well and true.
Sweet Nan of the Mahoning,
My thoughts are all of you.
It is years since we have met,
But I never can forget,
The days we spent together,
Long ago, long ago,
The days we spent together,
Long ago.

Her cheeks were like twin roses;
Her hair was soft and brown,
That grew in wavy masses,
Fair maidenhood's crown;
Her smile so enchanting
Set my heart with love aglow,
In the days we spent together,
Long ago, long ago,
In the days we spent together,
Long ago.

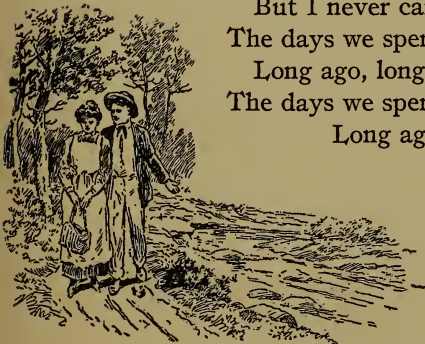
Oft we wandered by the river,
 Beneath the maple's shade;
We sat upon its mossy banks,
 That were for lovers made;
Life to us was full of gladness,
 No sorrow did we know,
In the days we spent together,
 Long ago, long ago,
In the days we spent together,
 Long ago.

We parted by the river;
 It was fate's unkind decree;
We dreamed not we would never
 Again each other see:
Forty years have passed away,
 But my love does stronger grow,
Each year since we parted,
 Long ago, long ago,
Each year since we parted,
 Long ago.

Often in my dreams I'm with her
 In the dear old valley home,
Where beneath the spreading maples
 We again together roam.
I hear her joyous laughter,
 Her voice so sweet and low,
Just as in the happy days,
 Long ago, long ago,
Just as in the happy days,
 Long ago.

I know she's old and feeble,
Her soft, brown hair is gray,
Her rosy cheeks have faded
Since that far-distant day;
But memory, unchanging,
To me does ever show
My sweetheart, as I saw her,
Long ago, long ago,
My sweetheart, as I saw her,
Long ago.

Sweet Nan of the Mahoning,
I love you well and true.
Sweet Nan of the Mahoning,
My thoughts are all of you.
It is years since we have met,
But I never can forget,
The days we spent together,
Long ago, long ago,
The days we spent together,
Long ago.



Oft we wandered by the river,
Beneath the maple's shade.

...MY PAPA HICK IT...



A baby girl with tear-stained face,
A broken doll naught could replace,
A stifled sob, then sorrow fled,
And to herself she smiling said,
“My papa hick it.”

With bits of thread, and drops of glue,
I made that doll as good as new,
And as she with it went to play,
It gave me joy to hear her say,
“Papa did hick it.”

Now ever since, my whole life through,
To mend or make, or plan or do,
However difficult the way,
It only needed she should say,
“My papa hick it.”

That baby is a woman grown,
And greater tasks have come, I own,
That tax the strength, the brain, the skill,
And yet that baby murmurs still,
“My papa hick it.”

God grant that nothing may deter
My fixing anything for her,
Whose baby faith her footsteps led
To me, when first she smiling said,
“My papa hick it.”

MARIAN, MY MARIAN.

'Twas years ago that first we met,
Marian, my Marian;
Those days I never will forget,
Marian, my Marian;
We loved each other well and true;
You gave me hugs and kisses too;
And many happy hours we knew;
Marian, my Marian.

You often sat upon my knee,
Marian, my Marian;
And we were happy as could be,
Marian, my Marian;
You were my little sweetheart then,
And I to you the best of men;
Would that those days could come again,
Marian, my Marian.

The years have gone since those bright days,
Marian, my Marian;
You have outgrown your childhood ways,
Marian, my Marian;
You're now a maiden, tall and fair,
With stately mien and queenly air;
To offer kisses—could I dare?
Marian, my Marian.

When once again we chance to meet,
Marian, my Marian;
How shall we then each other greet?
Marian, my Marian;
I know you'd act as maiden should,
But be it clearly understood,
I'd hug and kiss you if I could,
Marian, my Marian.

SUGGESTED BY "YOUR MISSION."

(With apologies to Emily Huntington Miller.)

If you cannot in a palace
Dwell in grand and courtly style,
Is a brown stone front too costly
For your modest little pile?
You can move into a cottage;
A log cabin you can get;
You can find some city building
With unfurnished rooms to let.

If you cannot in your carriage
Dash along the busy street,
With your fast, high stepping horses,
Gazed on by the crowds you meet,
There is many a pleasant byway,
Where good walking you may find;
You can saunter at your leisure,
And anywhere you are inclined.

If you cannot for your luncheon
Have beefsteak and oysters fine,
Drinking with it punch, or cocktail,
Brandy, gin, or costly wine,
You can go and buy a sandwich,
You can eat a five cent pie,
You can drink Potomac water,
When you find you're getting dry.

If you cannot for your smoking
Have havanas every day,
If you find that too expensive
Is "Key West" or "Henry Clay,"
You can have some "Wheeling" stogies;
You can smoke them when you will;
You can find a lot of comfort,
When your good old pipe you fill.

Do not then be found repining;
Do not mourn your humble lot;
Do not grasp at things beyond you;
Be content with what you've got.
All life's pleasures are not costly;
Riches are not all in gold;
Cheerful minds and hearts of gladness
Never can be bought or sold.

THE HALT FOR COFFEE.

The long, long march from daylight's earliest dawn,
O'er hill and plain, tramp, tramp, still march we on.
Hour after hour the weary time has gone,
And not a sign of halting yet for coffee.

The sun had risen to the time of day,
When on our heads with fiercely scorching ray
His heat was poured, and oft some one would say:
"That it was surely time to halt for coffee!"

For we had marched full fifteen miles or more,
And all with dust were thickly covered o'er.
And wet with sweat, and feet with marching sore;
Oh, how we wished that we might halt for coffee!

But on, still onward we are forced to go,
Now rapidly, now tediously slow.
The bugle sounds—that sound full well we know!
It is the signal call to halt for coffee.

Into the woods we filed along the road,
And on the ground each soldier threw his load,
As down the line our Colonel rode,
Saying, "Boys, we've twenty minutes to cook coffee!"

Each messmate's duty now well understood,
One water brings, one skirmishes for wood,
One builds a fire, each did what he could,
And on the fire soon boils a pot of coffee.

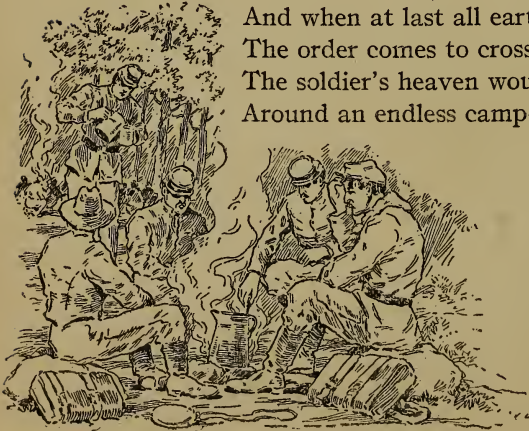
Then round that pot all seated on the ground,
A merrier group could not on earth be found;
They freely pass the coffee pot around,
And eating "hardtack," drink their fill of coffee.

The meal is done; they break the pleasant ring,
Now lightly laugh and talk and smoke and sing;
War surely would not be so bad a thing,
If it were wholly made of halts for coffee.

'Mid all the hardships of the soldier life,
The lonely night watch, march, and bloody strife,
Still memory with some pleasant scenes is rife,
And this is one—the noon-day halt for coffee.

Till the long march of life draws to its close,
When backward far the soldier's memory goes
O'er pleasant scenes, he'll fondly think of those
He spent along the wayside, cooking coffee.

And when at last all earthly ties to sever,
The order comes to cross the silent river,
The soldier's heaven would be to rest forever,
Around an endless camp-fire cooking coffee.



ADELE.

You're a pearl, a queen, a belle;
Adele;
Admiration you compel;
Adele;
With your stately, regal air,
With your crown of raven hair,
No one can with you compare;
Adele, Adele, Adele.

All who know you love you well,
Adele;
Of your virtues love to tell,
Adele;
Of your fine, exquisite grace,
Of your Cleopatra face;
In all hearts you hold first place;
Adele, Adele, Adele.

In a maze of mirth you dwell;
Adele;
Melancholy you dispel,
Adele,
By your merry, happy style,
By your many a winning wile,
By the sunshine of your smile;
Adele, Adele, Adele.

QUAY AT FREDERICKSBURGH.

Have you ever heard told the story
Of how Matthew Stanley Quay
Won a lot of fame and glory,
One dark and bloody day?

No? Then to you I'll tell it;
Though oft it has been told
By admiring comrades. Well, it
Is a story never old.

Quay was colonel of the regiment,
One hundred and thirty-four,
That loyal Pennsylvania sent,
To water with its gore,

The soil of old Virginia; and
Of all her gallant sons,
None braver fought in Southern land,
Or were handier with their guns.

'Twas in the fall of sixty-two,
When Union stock was low,
And victories extremely few,
And army movements slow,

That Quay had raised his regiment,
And hastened to the front,
With loyal heart, and firm intent
To share the battle's brunt.

Along the heights of Falmouth then,
Our army was encamped;
And on the Rappahannock's banks
Our watchful sentries tramped;

While Fredericksburgh, that quaint old town,
Across the river lay,
And on the heights out there beyond,
The Rebs had come—to stay.

There Quay was sick; nigh unto death,
By fever he was brought;
Its promised ending, lessened much
His chance of being shot;

But long and hard he fought for life;
Death tried to "run him in;"
But Quay came victor from this strife;
He always fought to win.

But weak and worn was Colonel Quay,
When convalescence came.
His step was slow, and thin, they say,
His former stalwart frame.

Then, though to service in the field
His heart was still inclined,
By shattered health compelled to yield,
Quite wisely he resigned.

Then through the system of red tape,
And courses roundabout,
An order came, in proper shape,
That Quay be mustered out.

Said Tyler, his superior then,
"Colonel, it gives me sorrow,
To see you mustered out to-day;
We're going to fight to-morrow."

Then up spoke Matthew Stanley Quay,
While his eyes' quick flashing light
Told that, though weak his body was,
His soul was full of fight.

"Take back this cursed order. Here
I with my boys will stay,
And in to-morrow's battle share
The fortune of the day."

Said General Tyler, "It is too late;
O'Brian commands your men;
And you are now, and from this date,
A private citizen."

Then wroth was Matthew Stanley Quay;
"Give me a musket then;
I'll go a private into the ranks,
And fight among my men."

In vain his comrades urged him then;
"You're a fool," they bluntly said,
"To think of fighting battles when
You ought to be in bed."

Firm as a rock, or army mule,
This answer Quay did give:
"I'd rather be killed, and called a fool,
Than called a coward, and live."

Said Tyler, "A private well I know
You are too weak to be;
If into this battle you will go,
Be aide-de-camp to me."

So Colonel Matthew Stanley stayed,
And went into the fray,
Serving as General Tyler's aid,
All through that dreadful day,

Of Fredericksburgh; and everywhere
He on the field appeared,
The boys paused in their fighting there,
And for him wildly cheered.

And wherever bullets fiercest storm,
And wherever the hottest fray,
Through the battle smoke was seen the form
Of Matthew Stanley Quay,

As he led the way in that hopeless fight,
Where heroes died in vain,
On the bloody slope of that death-crowned height,
That valor could not gain.

This is the story of Colonel Quay,
Who, to save his honor from doubt,
Went into the battle, and fought all day,
When sick, and mustered out.

Now fill your glasses; I know you're dry,
And drink this toast I give:
Here's to him, who "rather a fool would die,
Than as a coward live."

SOLILOQUY OF A STAY-AT-HOME PATRIOT.

(Written in camp, 1863.)

I ought to enlist in the army,
But when I on its hardships reflect,
The thoughts of it so much alarm me,
My nature inclines to object.

The marching I feel very certain
Would be far from a source of delight,
And my legs would sure have me desertin',
Should I ever get into a fight.

To sleep on the ground when its snowing,
To march in the mud half knee-deep,
Standing picket with winter winds blowing,
Are conditions to make a man weep.

The bounty's of course a temptation,
And I feel that I ought to enlist;
But when I contemplate the ration,
My stomach begins to resist.

Fat pork is an abomination,
Bean soup a delusion and snare;
Hard tack is, I'm sure, no relation
To what I'd call sumptuous fare.

I would like to be hailed as a hero,
For glorious deeds I had done;
But the chill of my blood goes to zero
When I think of the risk I would run.

Dead heroes great honor we heap on,
With the usual quantum of clay.
I would much prefer living to keep on
Till I die in the good old age way.

For one's country 'tis bliss to be dying.
These are words the great Homer has said.
But the question to answer I'm trying,
What is bliss to a man when he's dead?

So to stay at home I will continue,
And stick mighty close to the farm.
For you see when a bullet goes in you,
It is certain to do you some harm.

Oration Delivered July 4th, 1866.

WAR AND PEACE.

WAR.

1863.

Dark is the hour of our country's night,
Assailed by treason is the cause of right;
Black is the war cloud that our land o'erspreads,
And wildly bursts its fury on our heads.
Long o'er our land has hung this dismal cloud,
And long the cannon's awful thunders loud
Have rolled and echoed over hill and plain;
And in the cause of freedom have been slain
Her noblest sons. Their lives they freely gave,
Their country's freedom, and her life to save.
Since treason's hand tore down our banner fair,
From Sumter's flag-staff, victory everywhere
Has crowned its efforts, 'gainst the cause of right,
And darker, darker grows our country's night.
Still fight we on, although to fight seems vain;
Defeat, disaster, follows each campaign.
The wounded thousands fill the land with groans,
The starving prisoner low in anguish moans,
The widowed mother mourns the absent dead,
And deepest gloom o'er all the land is spread;
Our State invaded by a rebel host,
With victory flushed, they loud and taunting boast
Of southern blood, and southern chivalry,
And southern independence soon to be.

Useless it seems, our lives to longer dare;
And some would now abandon in despair
Our glorious cause; though much they wish to see
The Union triumph, and our country free.
July the fourth, eighteen and sixty-three;
Once more returns the day when liberty
On fair Columbia's shores did first appear
To humble tyrants; the oppressed to cheer,
No music now; hushed is the noisy mirth
That ever greets the day of freedom's birth.
In dread suspense the people now await
The shock of battle and the hand of fate.
No female form in dance now lightly moves,
Each only thinks of him she dearly loves.
At Gettysburg the warring hosts have met,
And all the field with crimson gore is wet.
Well may you weep, your loss is truly great;
Ten thousand homes have been made desolate.
The day is past; at eve along the wires
The news is borne, which every heart inspires
With thrilling joy; our foes have met defeat,
And back been forced, inglorious to retreat.
And while the wires tell the glorious news,
Our gallant Meade the flying foe pursues.
And in the West, where Grant his force employs,
Vicksburg surrenders to our Western boys.
Oh, glorious news! Give long and loud applause;
'Tis God who fights in freedom's glorious cause.
The clouds are breaking from our country's sky;
Once more resolved to conquer or to die,
In freedom's cause, all toil we'll freely bear,
Our country's peril and its glory share;
Forward we look to see the dawning light,
From this, the mid hour of our country's night.

PEACE.

1866.

Rejoice, ye people; all your powers employ,
This happy day, to prove a nation's joy.
With thrilling music and united voice,
O'er freedom's birth and triumph now rejoice.
The blackest clouds are sure to pass away,
The darkest night must dawn to brightest day;
The war cloud from our country's sky has gone,
The morn has come, 'tis freedom's second dawn;
Our Union saved, four million slaves made free,
Well may we boast a land of liberty;
Rebellion conquered, peace its blessing brings,
To-day the land with loud rejoicing rings.
No more for absent ones the tear is shed;
No more the soldier hears the whistling lead;
No more he mingles fiercely in the fray,
But with his friends he is at home to-day.
And now, no more he fears death's lightning shaft,
No more the timid fear the dreaded draft;
No roaring cannon, and no fierce attack;
No armies march with desolating track;
No wild pursuit, no flight in eager haste,
No burning cities, and no country waste.
In hospitals, no bleeding wounded lie;
In filthy cells, no starving prisoners die;
In peace the farmer in his cottage dwells,
And plows the fields so lately plowed by shells.
To see our Government, the people's choice,
Firmly established, who does not rejoice?
And now anew may we the bands create,
That bind in union every sister State.

And may our country ever firmly stand,
And peace and plenty reign through all the land.
By friendship, love, and truth, may we be bound,
And equal freedom, equal rights be found
By every color, and by every race,
From every country and in every place.
While we to-day o'er the return of peace,
Rejoice in gladness, let not memory cease
To cherish those who fell; the noble brave,
Who fill to-day the unmarked soldier's grave;
Peaceful they sleep, their memories we adore;
We mourn them deeply, and for evermore.
And while we give the well deserved applause
To those who gave their lives in freedom's cause,
Their wives and orphans still should be our care;
'Tis but their right our bounty now to share.
And we who have returned, to-day regret
We are not better, but our faults forget.
We bore the toil; returning, now we claim
The soldier's honor, and the soldier's fame.

PLEADING OF A STAY-AT-HOME HUSBAND.

I'm lonely, sad and dreary,
With waiting I am weary,
I want to see my dearie;
Come home, oh! come home.

Without you life is gloomy,
Our home is bright and roomy,
I want you to come to me;
Come home, oh! come home.

Your presence now would cheer me,
Stop talking then and hear me,
I want you to be near me;
Come home, oh! come home.

To you my thoughts are turning;
For you my heart is yearning,
My love for you is burning;
Come home, oh! come home.

I feel like one forsaken;
Joy from me has been taken;
From this nightmare let me awaken;
Come home, oh! come home.

Oh listen to my pleading,
And to me now give heeding,
Your presence I am needing;
Come home, oh! come home.

My thoughts to you are flying ;
To rest I'm vainly trying ;
My love to you is crying,
Come home, oh! come home.

Then haste my life to brighten
My load of grief will lighten,
When round you my arms tighten,
Come home, oh! come home.

THE MAN WITH THE HOLE IN THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS.

In Washington City a young man did dwell;
He was a great dude and society swell;
He stood in his stockings just six feet two high,
And bright was the glance of his hazel brown eye.

His mien was so gentle, so pleasant his ways,
That all who spoke of him were loud in his praise,
But if at his rear they had happened to glance,
They'd have seen a big hole in the seat of his pants.

His cheeks were like roses that bloom in the spring;
His mustache a lovely, blond, delicate thing;
His many perfections your heart would entrance,
Were it not for the hole in the seat of his pants.

He cut such a figure when walking the street,
He was noticed by every one he chanced to meet;
The girls first looked pleased, then eyed him askance,
When they saw the big hole in the seat of his pants.

The boys they all hooted and loudly did shout,
"Dick, Dickey, Oh! Dickey, your shirt-tail is out;"
Then fiendish with glee all around him they dance,
Deriding the hole in the seat of his pants.

His true love came to him and unto him said,
"Dear Willie, I love you, but we cannot wed;
You see my head's level; I'm taking no chance,
With a man with a hole in the seat of his pants."

His life was a burden, as you may believe;
His coat-tail was short and could no one deceive;
It grieved him so much he went into a trance,
Because of the hole in the seat of his pants.

With worry and grieving he soon lost his mind,
And to suicide he was straightway inclined;
He took "rough on rats," and this ends the romance
Of the man with the hole in the seat of his pants.

And now he is gone to the Land of the Blest,
Where world-weary mortals are ever at rest;
With a harp in his hands, he sweet melody chants,
And there now are no holes in the seat of his pants.

THE SAD STORY OF MR. McCARTY.

There once was a man named McCarty,
He was sixty years old but still hearty;
 The rule he lived by,
 Called for drinking when dry,
And to vote with the Democrat party.

He went into town in a wagon,
And of whiskey he purchased a flagon;
 He took drinks three or four,
 Then kept on taking more,
Till he had a most beautiful jag on.

His head got light as a bubble,
What he looked at appeared to him double;
 Though the pavement was wide,
 He walked on each side,
And he seemed to be looking for trouble.

He kept on, stepping higher and higher,
Till he met with a man named McGuire,
 Who away from him shrunk,
 Saying "Mack, you are drunk;"
Then responded McCart, "You're a liar."

Then there was some beautiful fightin'
With knockin' and gougin' and bitin';
 They struggled and swore,
 And the blood flowed galore.
To the bystanders it was excitin'.

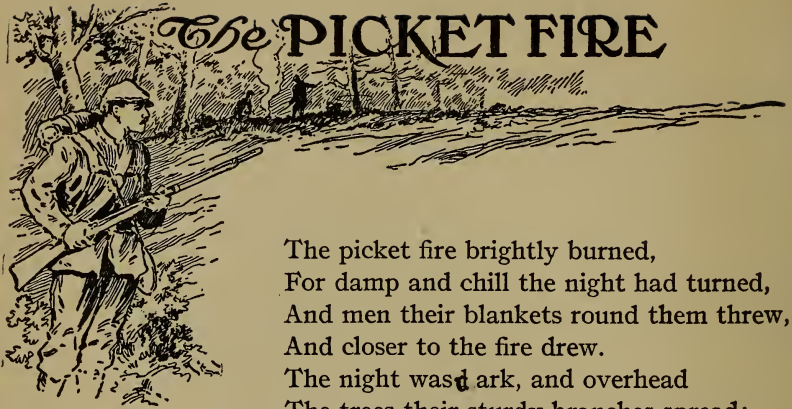
Then a copper came into the action,
And regardless of party or faction,
 He arrested them both,
 And he stated on oath,
Of the peace he had seen an infraction.

He took them straightway to the mayor,
Who of justice was not a delayer;
 Ten dollars and costs
 Were the sums that they lost,
Of which each was the unhappy payer.

MORAL.

This story will teach, I am wishin'
When you drink, do it when you go fishin';
 When you pine for a fight,
 Do it late in the night,
In some lone, isolated position.

The PICKET FIRE



The picket fire brightly burned,
For damp and chill the night had turned,
And men their blankets round them threw,
And closer to the fire drew.
The night was dark, and overhead
The trees their sturdy branches spread;

And in the firelight's ruddy glare,
They cast their shadows here and there,
And stood like giants clad in mail,
Of whom we read in olden tale.
Throughout the forest all is still
Save doleful cry of "Whip poor will,"
Or "hoot to who" of flitting owl,
Or pat, pat, pat, of feet that prowl
Through darkest night in search of prey,
Shunning the brightness of the day;
Or musket shot far down the line,
Or, distant far, from time to time,
A cannon's roar, loud toned and deep,
That tells that war is not asleep;
Save these is heard no other sound,
And silence deep reigns all around.

The men of danger felt no fear,
Yet kept their rifles ever near,
For action prompt the foe to meet,

Or quickly fire, and then retreat,
As battles never could begin
Till picket lines are driven in.
They all a soldier's duty knew,
For the whole war they had been through;
First to defend the cause of right.
Their thinned ranks told of many a fight,
And for their fallen comrades brave
They'd often dug the soldier's grave.
From Dranesville down to Hatchers Run,
In every battle they had won
From friend and foeman the applause
That brave men win in any cause.
The game of war they well had learned;
Their Bucktail fame was dearly earned.

With watchful eye and listening ear,
Eager to see and quick to hear,
Close the vidette in hiding lies,
Far out in front to guard surprise.
Firmly he grasps his trusty arm,
To quickly sound war's dread alarm,
To let the sleeping army know
Of the approach of midnight foe.
Keen judgment he must have to know
A browsing cow from prowling foe;
To fire on which would cause a laugh,
Unenvied fame, and endless chaff
From comrades, for the grave offense
Of showing lack of soldier sense.
His duty, just to keep awake,
And promptly act without mistake
Until relieved, and then retire,
To join the group around the fire,

Where many a thrilling tale is told
Of strategy, and action bold;
Of victories won, or of defeat,
With fast but masterly retreat;
Of slaughtered pigs, or daring raid
On chicken roost, or sutler made;
Of marches long, through mud and rain;
Of hospitals where racked with pain
The army's debris, shot and torn,
From many battlefields was borne;
Through which grim death in silence crept,
And to the grave his victims swept.
Then as the night wore slowly on,
And nearer came the hour of dawn,
None caring further tale to tell,
A silence deep among them fell.
Some smoked to while the time away,
For long it seemed till dawn of day;
Some in a half unconscious doze
Obtained a moment's brief repose,
But soon awoke with nervous start.
And sleep would for a time depart;
Trying to keep awake in vain,
They slept, then, nodding, woke again.
Some on the fire pensive gaze,
Thinking, perhaps, of happier days,
When war and battles were unknown;
Unheard the soldier's dying groan,
The cannon's roar, the flying shell,
The bugle call, the charging yell.
Thinking, perhaps, of friends most dear,
Of father's care, or mother's tear,
Or brother's young and boyish face,
Or sister's gentle, winsome grace;

Perhaps of one—a maiden coy—
Of whom to think, to him, was joy;
Of that glad hour of sacred bliss,
When she permitted love's first kiss;
For thoughts of love are not unknown
To soldiers, though familiar grown
With scenes of war and savage strife,
And reckless ways of army life.

I AM TEN DOLLARS OUT.

My name is Johnnie Schneider,
I am a hard-up man,
Through trying to make money,
By a quick and easy plan;
Of which I want to tell you,
And how it came about;
In spite of my best judgment,
I am ten dollars out.

One day, sad to remember,
I to the races went;
With the firm determination,
My fortune to augment;
That I could pick the winning horse
I knew beyond a doubt;
And that is how it happens
I am ten dollars out.

I bet my money promptly
Upon a horse to win;
I thought that I was certain
To rake a hundred in;
Then wild was the excitement,
The men did yell and shout;
Some other horse was winner,
And I am ten dollars out.

Now, in the great fool army,
I take a front rank place;
I wish some one would kick me
All over Market Space,
I find, in sporting matters,
I'm just a common lout;
I know but this about them—
I am ten dollars out.

JOHN SCHNEIDER'S TRIP TO ATLANTIC CITY.

There was a young man named Schneider;
A tired young man was he,
 Who from over much work,
 Which he never would shirk,
Became a most sad sight to see,
And a total wreck physicall-e-e.

Now the friends of this young man named Schneider
Talked together and all did agree,
 He should drop business care,
 And go breathe the air
That blows from the deep rolling sea,
And that tastes of the ocean salt-e-e.

Then one day this young man named Schneider
To his wife and his mother said he,
 “Let us all take a trip,
 And enjoy a fine dip,
In the waves that roll in from the sea,
At the famous Atlantic Cit-e-e.”

To the plans of this young man named Schneider,
Wife, mother and daughter agree;
 That his health to restore,
 They'd all go to the shore
Of the billowy, health-giving sea,
They voted unanimousl-e-e.

Then one morning this young man named Schneider
From the hot, dusty city did flee,
 In a big Pullman car
 He rode fast and far,
Till he came to the shore of the sea,
Then he stopped with his whole famil-e-e.

And now this young man named Schneider
Gathers health from the breath of the sea,
 And his eyes grow more bright,
 And a huge appetite
Gathers in all the lunch that is free,
While he takes his drinks regularl-e-e.

“This is life,” cries in rapture young Schneider,
As he splashes the water in glee,
 And opposes his breast
 To the high rolling crest
Of the breakers that come from the sea,
While his laughter rings out joyousl-e-e.

A new man is made of young Schneider,
Full of vigor and vim now is he;
 His life's been increased,
 Fifteen minutes at least,
By his trip to the shore of the sea,
To the famous Atlantic Cit-e-e.

JOHN SCHNEIDER'S TRIP TO NORFOLK TOWN.

(Air "Oh! Susannah.")

I heard a tale the other day,
A tale that must be true.
'Twas all about John Schneider and
Some things that he did do.

Chorus:

Oh, John Schneider,
Don't you lie to me.
You took a trip to Norfolk town,
And had a jolly spree.

He took a trip to Norfolk town
Upon a summer day,
And just to make things pleasant, he
Some drinks took on the way. *Chorus.*

The boat steamed on, the moon shone bright,
Merry the glasses clink.
Oh, John, take care, you're getting tight,
Champagne's a treacherous drink. *Chorus.*

The boat steamed on, the moon shone bright,
And drinking still was he.
Oh, John, take care, or Norfolk town
This trip you will not see. *Chorus.*

The boat steamed on, the moon shone bright;
Faster the liquor flows.
But in his bunk, now out of sight,
Lies John in deep repose. *Chorus.*

The boat now safe in harbor lies;
Bright is the morning's dawn,
The people land at Norfolk town,
But where, oh, where is John? *Chorus.*

He slept all night, he slept all day,
And then he slept all night.
The boat came back to Washington,
And Johnnie still was tight. *Chorus.*

He thought he was in Norfolk town,
And opening wide his eyes,
He saw some things while looking round,
That caused him great surprise. *Chorus.*

He saw the great white Monument,
And on the Avenue,
Each well-known, old familiar scene
Met his bewildered view. *Chorus.*

Said he: "I've traveled many lands,
In many cities been,
But Norfolk's more like Washington
Than any place I've seen." *Chorus.*

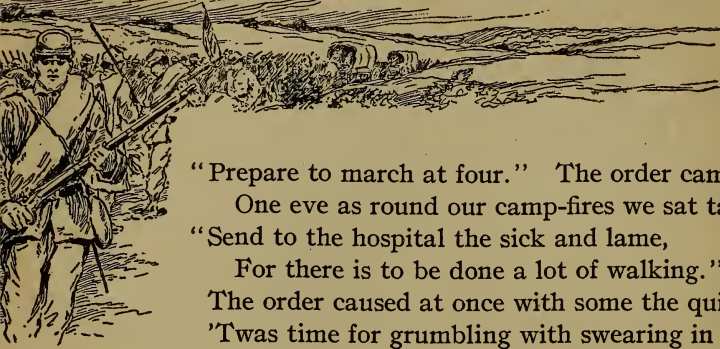
LITTLE JOHNNY SCHNEIDER IN HIS BRAN NEW SUIT

There is beauty in the sunshine,
That gilds the mountain height
With a crown of passing glory,
Ere the rising gloom of night.
There is beauty in the dew drop
That sparkles in the grass,
And is brushed away as nothing,
By your footsteps as you pass.
But a greater thing of beauty,
And of this there's no dispute;
Is little Johnny Schneider,
In his
 Bran
 New
 Suit.

There is beauty in the stately ship,
That sails the rolling seas.
In the green leaves of the forest,
Waving in the springtime breeze;
In the moonlight of the midnight,
On the waters of a lake,
There's the subtle charm of beauty;
But of this there's no mistake,
That a greater thing of beauty,
Art, and Nature's perfect fruit,
Is little Johnny Schneider
In his
 Bran
 New
 Suit.

There is beauty in the rainbow,
That spans the sparkling sky;
There is beauty in the little brook,
That silently flows by;
And through all the realms of nature
One may ever roam and see
Ten thousand thousand beauties;
But there's nothing "gets to me,"
With the soul-enthraling splendor
That makes admiration mute,
Like the sight of Johnny Schneider
In his
 Bran
 New
 Suit.

PREPARING to MARCH



“Prepare to march at four.” The order came
One eve as round our camp-fires we sat talking,
“Send to the hospital the sick and lame,
For there is to be done a lot of walking.”
The order caused at once with some the quick conclusion,
’Twas time for grumbling with swearing in profusion.

For soldiers always grumble and sometimes swear;
That is a privilege to an art extended.
At last you’d think so, should you chance to hear
The words they use when they become offended;
Such words in prayer you hear good people saying,
But the soldiers are not given much to praying.

For several says there had been indications
Of a move of some kind; I’ll tell you how we knew it;
Vinegar and molasses had been added to our rations,
And ’tis only just before a move they do it.
’Tis done in order to relieve the commissary
Of things that in campaigning are quite unnecessary.

Before the hour of marching much was to be done;
Arms to be cleaned and put in good condition;
Four days’ rations from the commissary drawn,
And a general overhauling ammunition.
There were letters to be written to sisters, wives and mothers,
And—well, I’ll be candid; there were others.

For soldiers are young men, and just the same
As all of human masculine creation;
With that strong craving for which nature is to blame,
For the state of being known as the connubial relation,
So while death stalks beside them, in their camping and their
fighting,
Cupid still leads them on, to conquests more inviting.

Man being of an inquiring turn of mind,
And striving to learn of things the why and wherefore,
To fathom the mysterious ever much inclined,
A hundred rumors quickly therefore
Spread through the camp, with rapid circulation,
As to the why we make this move, its course and termination.

Some said it was a move on Hatcher's Run,
Some, that we were going to the Shenandoah Valley,
Some said that the rebs were in front of Washington,
And on that point we were making a grand rally.
'Twas suggested we were going to the State to be recruited,
Each conjectured and reported whate'er his fancy suited.

These and scores of other rumors were heard,
Each said his reports came from good authority,
Some seemed quite probable, others most absurd,
Of course, no one knew, but the majority
Felt in their breasts a fearsome, dread misgiving,
That, for many days, we all would not be living.

We knew that our general never retreated;

We knew that on our front our foes intrenched were lying,
That if we moved that way, they must be defeated,

And whoever heard of victory, without somebody dying?
This was the way we reasoned; it was death we had to face;
To shirk was worse than death, dishonor, shame, disgrace.



MY FATHER WAS A SOLDIER.

My father was a soldier,
He was a fighter, too;
He put down the rebellion,
As all the generals knew.
Of course there was an army
That made a fine display;
But father did the fighting,
So I have heard him say.

He fought two hundred battles,
And fifty times got hit,
And every wound was mortal;
But he had so much grit
He only fought the harder;
He couldn't sleep at night,
Unless in some big battle
He'd had a chance to fight.

In one battle where he fought,
The foe was on a hill,
And the blood ran down the valley,
Deep enough to turn a mill;
And when the rebels had been licked,
The dead were piled so high
Along in front of father's gun,
You couldn't see the sky.

One day he cocked a cannon,
As I have heard him tell;
It was loaded to the muzzle
With canister and shell;
And when he pulled the trigger,
He made so good a shot,
He killed enough of rebs, to fill
A forty-acre lot.

Another day he all alone,
To do some scouting went,
When very suddenly he met
A rebel regiment.
Do you think father lost his nerve,
And let himself get shot?
Oh no, he just surrounded them,
And captured the whole lot.

My father is a truthful man,
And scorns to utter lies;
He says he, more than anything,
A liar does despise.
So, when he tells his tales of war,
And battles he's been through,
I, knowing that he would not lie,
Believe them all; don't you?

CAMPAIGN SONG.

Written in 1868.

(Published in *New York Tribune*, and sung by Ira D. Sankey, at many political conventions in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio.)

(Air "Bonnie Blue Flag.")

Come every patriot in the land,
Come all ye sons of Mars,
And rally round the flag again,
That bears the stripes and stars;
Then joined in freedom's glorious cause,
The battle we'll begin;
With Grant to lead us on again,
Our cause is sure to win.

Chorus.

Hurrah! for Grant,
For Colfax boys, Hurrah,
For Congress and for equal rights,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The time to choose a president
Is coming 'round once more;
We as our candidate present
The hero of the war.
He led our glorious army through
Four years of fearful strife,
With skill to plan and will to do,
He saved a nation's life.

Chorus: Hurrah, etc.

Once more our foes are in the field,
They've tried a change of base,
From bullets to the ballot box,
But that don't help their case;
For Grant will move upon their works,
As he has done before,
And on the same old Union line,
Will fight it out once more.

Chorus: Hurrah, etc.

Unfurl our standard to the breeze,
Let democrats behold
An honest party's motto there,
"We pay our debts in gold."
Greenback repudiation schemes
Are not the kind to win;
We are not so dishonest yet,
Nor sunk so low in sin.

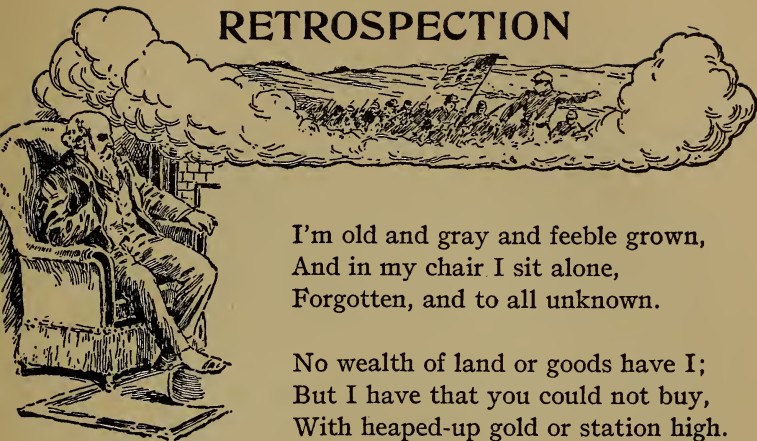
Chorus: Hurrah, etc.

In freedom's cause once more prepare
The battle to renew;
Then wheel your columns into line,
Ye gallant Boys in Blue,
Your forces to reorganize,
Begin without delay;
Let every man be at his post,
And we will win the day.

Chorus.

Hurrah! for Grant,
For Colfax boys, Hurrah,
For Congress and for equal rights,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

RETROSPECTION



I'm old and gray and feeble grown,
And in my chair I sit alone,
Forgotten, and to all unknown.

No wealth of land or goods have I;
But I have that you could not buy,
With heaped-up gold or station high.

The past is mine; the days long gone,
With battles fought, and victories won,
And deeds of valor nobly done,

Are more to me than wealth untold,
Or realms to govern uncontrolled,
Or dearest thing that life can hold.

Immortal days! Through memory,
Each glorious scene comes back, for me
Again to hear, and feel, and see.

I hear again our country call
Her patriot sons, to stay her fall,
And rescue her from treason's thrall.

I feel that patriotic thrill,
That caused our loyal ranks to fill,
When Sumter's guns grew cold and still.

I see vast armies gathering fast,
When for grim war the die is cast,
And hope of peace forever past.

I see the long, dark, bloody way,
From Bull Run's dire, disastrous fray
To glorious Appomattox day.

I hear the cannon's thunder peal;
I see the flash of glistening steel,
And all the battle frenzy feel.

I see our starry banner wave
Through battle smoke, o'er men as brave
As ever marched to soldier's grave.

I see the batteries gallop by,
To vantage point on station high,
And fast to booming guns reply.

The roll of musketry I hear;
The bugle call, distinct and clear;
The rebel yell, and answering cheer.

Where gallant foes are forced to flee,
Our charging lines again I see,
And hear glad shouts of victory.

I feel the chagrin of defeat,
The sullen wrath of fast retreat,
And long again the foe to meet.

I see old comrades of the dead,
Who bravely marched where duty led;
With elbow touch and martial tread.

That final scene again I see,
Beneath the famous tree.
Who that was there, will not agree,

That not for wealth, or honors bright,
Would he exchange, if now he might,
The memory of that glorious sight.

THE MAHONING OIL BOOM.

In the Mahoning Valley, lo!
There was a boom in oil,
There hundreds went, and thousands spent,
With nothing for their toil.

A hundred derricks pierced the sky;
A hundred drills sunk deep;
Two hundred thousand dollars shy,
Made wild cat drillers weep.

From West and East, their zeal increased,
By stories of "good shows,"
They came, the land they bought or leased,
Then each "prospecting" goes.

Their minds beguiled by visions wild,
Of fortunes quickly won,
A derrick square is in the air,
An engine starts to run.

With boring tools, these oil mad fools,
To drilling quickly go,
And soon is heard the cheering word,
That they have got a "show."

But when more clear the facts we hear,
We find 'tis all a sell,
For though there's gas, we find, alas,
Of oil there's not a smell.

'Tis strange to me that men should be
 In this so very rash,
As not to think, ere wells they sink,
 They also sink their cash.

Discouraged now, they swear and vow
 They will no longer stay;
With tools fast in, and money out,
 And boarding bills to pay.

They calculate expenses great,
 With prospects none of gains;
Sad is their lot, what oil they got
 Was what was on their brains.

Their minds more free, they now can see
 What they could not before,
That boring for Mahoning oil
 To them has been a bore.

Away they haste, no time to waste,
 With vows no more to roam;
The greatest strike they ever made
 Was when they struck for home.

And now no more the bull wheel whirls,
 The walking beam is still;
Nor upward roll smoke clouds from coal,
 The atmosphere to fill.

The farmer bland, who sold the land,
 Now buys it back again;
He smiles sedate, while profit great
 Fills now his horny hand.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN.

“Oh, maiden fair, with golden hair,
Will you my heart and fortune share?”

“Kind sir,” said she, “first let me see
What fortune you will share with me.”

“My heart is large, my fortune small,
But I with you will share it all.”

“Kind sir,” said she, “I’ll not agree;
Small fortunes don’t appeal to me.”

“The fortune I to you can give
In smallness is comparative;

By that of Gould or Carnegie,
It looks like abject poverty,

And does not with great wealth compare.
I’m just a common millionaire.”

“Kind sir,” said she, “I now agree,
And we will quickly wedded be.”

“Oh, maiden fair, with golden hair,
To wed you now I do not care;

Now maiden fair, with golden hair,
When you again a suitor snare,

Don’t answer till you take a look
Through Bradstreet’s business rating book!’

WATTIE HAS COME HOME.

Wattie has come home;
Gone are all our thoughts of sadness,
Full are now our hearts of gladness,
Joy runs almost into madness;
Wattie has come home.

Wattie has come home;
Now are we in friendship blended,
Gloomy days at last were ended,
When his footsteps homeward wended;
Wattie has come home.

Wattie has come home;
We missed his pleasant, genial ways,
All through the long, hot, August days;
Now on him fondly we can gaze;
Wattie has come home.

Wattie has come home;
We looked for his home returning,
With a longing and a yearning,
Naught could satisfy but learning,
Wattie had come home.

Wattie has come home;
The song of birds, the flowers of spring,
The vows of love or gold's clear ring
Could not than this more pleasure bring;
Wattie has come home.

Wattie has come home;
No more sadness, without sorrow,
We will greet each bright to-morrow;
We can now ten dollars borrow;
Wattie has come home.

THE PASSING ARMY.

Through all the breadth of this our glorious land
Of field and forest, city, hamlet, town,
Is scattered wide that valiant army grand;
Whose valor made our nation's vast renown.
They are passing, passing from earth away,
They are passing, a hundred every day.

Two million men, a nation's strength and pride,
With mind and heart to save a nation's life,
Through battle storms, fought, bled, and nobly died,
To grapple victory from the fearful strife.
They are passing, passing from earth away,
They are passing, a hundred every day.

They made a nation, and they made a name,
That will endure while time his course shall run,
Emblazoned on the brightest scroll of fame,
Are now the deeds of valor they have done.
They are passing, passing from earth away,
They are passing, a hundred every day.

The victory won, they quickly disappear,
To join all ranks of civil life again,
From President to labor's humble sphere,
They proved themselves their country's noblemen.
They are passing, passing from earth away,
They are passing, a hundred every day.



*Their pontoon bridge is on the river laid,
And they are marching to the unknown shore.*

They go their ways on nerveless legs of wood,
Their empty sleeves their tragic stories tell,
Their battle scars proclaim that they have stood
Mid storms of leaden hail and bursting shell.
They are passing, passing from earth away,
They are passing, a hundred every day.

Their work is done, their record has been made,
In charging battle lines they'll fight no more.
Their pontoon bridge is on the river laid,
And they are marching to the unknown shore.
They are passing, passing from earth away,
They are passing, a hundred every day.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK.

In early manhood, yes, even in my country school-boy days, I occasionally wrote verses, and from that time through all my life I have done this; not regularly, but as I was moved by the spirit, or inspiration, or when what writers on psychic phenomena call the subjective mind got possession of my mental faculties, and I could not get back into my normal condition of hardheaded business activity until the thing of which I was possessed had been written. The number of these pieces grew from year to year. I read them to my friends and they were well received; I read them in public and they were applauded; some were published and not criticized. Then my friends began to say, "Why don't you publish a book?" and they kept on asking this question until I began to ask it of myself. People whose judgment of things I knew was better than mine advised it; I first refused, then hesitated, and you know what happens to one who does that. The result is before you. To get a publisher to take a lot of poems, written by an unknown author, and put them on the market in book form was impossible. The only way was by an advance subscription list, that would secure the means to pay the cost. I at first thought that if I could secure two or three hundred subscribers, I could publish a plain book containing the poems and nothing else. The undertaking was a success from the start. The first day I received about a hundred subscriptions. Then the list grew and grew until I had more than double the number of subscribers I at first dreamed it possible to obtain,

and there are more to come; how many no one can tell, but this is certain: they will all be my friends, and no one will be solicited to subscribe.

This is absolutely a subscriber's book, and subscribers naturally think they have rights that authors are bound to respect; consequently some demands have been made as to what other things the book should contain. First, there must be a frontispiece, consisting of my photograph. No common wood-cut or half-tone affair, but a genuine photograph. Naturally the demand for a written autograph followed. Then I was confronted by the idea of illustrations, broached by a suggestive subscriber, and behold, the impossible has been accomplished.

To Will H. Chandlee, artist and illustrator, I am deeply indebted for the interest he has taken in this matter, and for the beautiful work he has done.

To Mrs. P. H. Sheridan I am truly grateful for the permission, so cheerfully granted, to have photographed the beautiful bronze statuette representing "Sheridan's Ride," by James E. Kelley, sculptor, New York, and fittingly reproduced in the cover design of this book, to which the opening poem, "We Rode With Little Phil," gives the title.

I thank most heartily Mr. Edward Block, the photographer, for the patience, care, and skill he displayed in securing the beautiful photograph from which the cover design was made.

Regarding my part in the production on this book, I can only say that it is the best that was in me to do. Most of the poems are descriptive of events and scenes that through memory come back for me "again to hear and feel and see." The martial and patriotic were written from the standpoint of the private soldier as

seen through the smoke of battle and over the sights of a gun. Many of the others are what I call just foolishness and were written for a boy's reason—"Just for Fun." They describe certain events and incidents that have helped to make life, to me, the opposite of a vale of tears; and it is my sincere hope that every reader of this book will always be able to do things for the same reason, for I have always held that when a man has outlived his boyhood, it is time for him to die.

THE AUTHOR.

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