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When Bryan Came
to Butte

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BY CHARLES H. EGGLESTON



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BUTTE, MONTANA
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This poem appeared in the Anaconda Standard, of Anaconda, Montana, Aug. 13, 1897, the day after Mr. Bryan's address. It has been widely appreciated, and twice reprinted in editions distributed at the expense of the paper. The demand for a wider circulation has induced the present publisher to bring out this edition.

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I HAVE read of Roman triumphs in the days when Rome
played ball,
When she met all other nations, taking out of each a fall;
When victorious Roman generals marched their legions home
in state,
With the plunder of the conquered—and the conquered paid
the freight.
Gorgeous were those vast processions rolling through the streets
of Rome;
Mad with joy went all the Romans welcoming the veterans
home.
Gold there was for fifty Klondikes, silver trinkets big as logs,
Marble statues by the cartload, gems enough to stone the dogs.
Following chariot ears were captives, dainty damsels by the
score,
Ballet dancers from far harems, savage men and beasts galore.
Millions cheered and yelled and thundered; shook the earth
as by a storm;
All Rome howled—and yet Rome's howling after all was not
so warm,
For these monster Roman triumphs, at which not a stone was
mute,
Couldn't hold a Roman candle—
When Bryan came to Butte.



I have read of the convulsions of the fiery men of France
When Napoleon came from Elba, eager for another chance.

Marble hearts and frozen shoulders turned the generals to their
chief,
But the people hailed their master with a rapture past belief.
What though France lay stunned and bleeding, she arose and
got too gay;
What though he had cost her fortunes, still the devil was to pay.
Though he'd slain a million soldiers and returned to slay some
more,
The survivors stood there ready to pour forth their inmost gore:
And they wept and sang and shouted, whooped and roared in
sheer delight.
On their knees they begged, implored him to pull off another
fight—
Sure the champion was in training, and in training couldn't
lose;
Thus they laughed and cried and acted as if jagged with
wildest booze.
But the passion that they cherished for this brilliant French
galoot
Was as zero to that witnessed

When Bryan came to Butte.



I have read of Queen Victoria and her diamond jubilee.
London rose and did the handsome—it was something up in G.
Long and glittering the procession—beat old Barnum's best
to death;
When the queen is on exhibit, even cyclones hold their breath

Troops of white and black and yellow—regiments from East
and West—

All the glory of Great Britain—pomp until you couldn't rest.

Russia also cut a figure when she crowned the reigning czar.

In the line of fancy blowouts Russian stock is up to par.

There were balls and fetes and fireworks, bands played on and
cannon roared;

Monarchy was at the bat, and all their royal nibses scored.

Add the Moscow show to London's, take the paralyzing pair,

Put the queen and czar together, yoke the lion and the bear—

Swell these pageantries of Europe till you get a dream to suit—

And it's pretty small potatoes—

When Bryan came to Butte.



Bryan has had many triumphs, some ovations off and on
Just a little bit the biggest that the sun e'er shone upon.

You remember the convention in Chicago, do you not,

When the party went to Bryan and the goldbugs went to pot?

You remember the excitement when he rose and caught the
crowd,

When for fully twenty minutes everybody screamed aloud.

Oh, the mighty roar of thousands as he smote the cross of gold.

As he gripped the British lion in a giant's strangle hold!

Oh, the fury of the frenzy as he crushed the crown of thorns,

As he grabbed the situation, as he held it by the horns!

Some there were who leaped the benches, some who maniac
dances lead,

Some who tried to kick the ceiling, more who tried to wake
the dead.

'Twas a record-breaking rouser, down to fame it shoots the
ehute,

But it wasn't quite a fly-speek—

When Bryan came to Butte.



Ah, when Bryan came to Butte! greatest mining camp on earth;
Where the people dig and delve, and demand their money's
worth.

Though the Wall street kings and princees spurn and kiek them
as a clod,

Bryan is their friend and savior and they love him as a god.

Did they meet him when he came there? Did they make a
little noise?

Were they really glad to see him? Do you think it pleased
the boys?

'Twas the screaming of the eagle as he never screamed before,
'Twas the crashing of the thunder, mingling with Niagara's
roar.

All the whistles were a-screeeching, with the bands they set
the pace—

But the yelling of the people never let them get a place.

Dancing up and down and sideways, splitting lungs and throats
and ears,
All were yelling, and at yelling seemed wound up a thousand
years.

* * * * *

Of the earth's great celebrations 'twas the champion heavy-
weight,
'Tis the champion forever and a day, I calculate,
For it knocked out all its rivals, and, undaunted, resolute,
Punched creation's solar plexus—
When Bryan came to Butte.



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