

WAR SONGS OF OTHER DAYS

Ringed Ballads that Stirred the Blood of the Fathers.

HOT FAVORITES IN 1776 AND 1812

Interesting Facts About Lyrics that Will Live as Long as the Republic—Principal Songs of the Civil War.

While we are waiting for the great war song of 1898 to appear, a look backwards at the war songs our fathers sang is interesting and inspiring.

The very first known, "Hail Columbia," bravely served as a national anthem until it was displaced by the "Star Spangled Banner." It is not so generally known, however, that 1858 is the centenary of the words to the music of the earlier anthem which were inspired by the threatened war with France in 1798.

And never shall the sons of Columbia be slaves

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith wrote the words of "America," or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," in 1822. It was sung for the first time by Sunday school children in the Park Street Church in Boston on the Fourth of July that year to the music of "God Save the Queen."

But earlier than all of these as a typical American song and air came "Yankee Doodle." The words were written by an English army surgeon in a division of the New England militia who had joined the English troops in camp below Albany, when there was a movement on foot for the reduction of the French power in the Canadian provinces. That was in 1755. The tune was an old English one. The ragged militia adopted the song to the intense amusement of the regular troops, but years later when an English army heard the strains of "Yankee Doodle" at Lexington the laugh was on the other side. Then and there, in the words of a British officer, the army of George III was "made to dance to the music," and they did not relish the performance.

John Dickinson of Delaware, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, wrote one of the earliest patriotic songs of the colonies. The title of it was "The Liberty Song," and the date 1768. The opening stanza reads: Come join in hand, brave Americans all, And raise your bold hearts to heaven's call. No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim. Or stain with dishonor America's name.

In freedom we're born, and in freedom will live: Our purses are ready— Steady, friends, steady— Not as slaves, but as freemen, our money we'll give.

A Bunker Hill Ballad. The Stamp Act was then kindling the fires of revolution. A stanza from a popular song just before Bunker Hill heralded the coming conflagration in these words: Then freedom's word, both at home and abroad, And every scabbard that hides a good sword. Our forefathers gave us this freedom in hand, And we'll die in defense of the rights of the land, Derry down, down, hey derry down.

If the meter was rough, the sentiment was right. Not many battles had been fought when the victorious colonists began to sing in exultant song: Great Heavens! Is this the nation, whose thundering arms were hurled Through Europe, Africa, India? whose many ruled the world? The lustre of whose former deeds, whose ages of renown, Lost in a moment, are transferred to us and Washington.

"The American Soldiers' Hymn" was the title of one of the religious songs of the revolution. The Puritan spirit breathes out in every line of it: 'Tis God that girds our armor on, And all our just designs fulfill; Though Him our foes can swiftly run, And nimble climb the steepest hills, 'Tis He that still supports our right, 'Tis He that still supports our right, 'Tis He that still supports our right, 'Tis He that still supports our right.

At about the close of all the old continental songs sang among others this rollicking verse: Cornwallis led a country dance, The like was never seen, sir, Much retrograde and much advance, And all with General Green, sir. Famous Lyrics of 1812.

The war of 1812 brought forth an immense crop of martial songs. One of the earliest songs of that period has this spirited verse: The days of seventy-six, my boys, We ever must revere; Our fathers took their muskets then To fight for freedom dear. Upon the plains of Lexington They made the foe look queer. O, 'tis the great delight to march and fight As a Yankee volunteer.

"Columbia's Bold Yeomanry" was one of the stirring songs during the second war with England. The closing verse reads: Though the powers of Europe in arms should assail The land of our fathers, their millions would fall; Whist memory dwells on the deeds of their fame, The war cry of victory, Washington's name. To fight every foe from our shore would invoke Columbia's bold yeomanry, firm as her oak.

"Union and Liberty" was sung all over the country: Let England exult in her castles of wood, And shake every port in the east with her thunder; Let her queen her ambition with oceans of blood, Her huge lion may roar, With his mane bathed in gore, Still America's eagle triumphant shall soar.

The Star Spangled Banner. But of all the war songs our fathers sang, "The Star Spangled Banner" has probably taken the deepest and strongest hold on the national affection. The older the nation grows the more popular this song becomes, so that today it is undoubtedly more favored than either "Yankee Doodle" or "America." Many competent experts on national hymns and music have declared that "The Star Spangled Banner" is, par excellence, the American national song. It is all American. There is not a line in it which is borrowed from any other nation. It is as purely American as the "Marseillaise" is French, or as "Rule Britannia" is English. Like the "Marseillaise" it was born in the inspiration of a battle hour. It was pitched to the keynote of a screaming shell, written in the very heart of a fight. It may almost be said to have written itself out of the circumstances that surrounded the writer. It was a literal photograph in verse of the scene on which his eyes were looking as he penned its immortal lines.

The story of its production is as romantic as anything in the history of war literature. Francis Scott Key, the son of John Ross Key, a revolutionary officer, had gone on board the British admiral's flag ship, "The Surprise," in Chesapeake bay, under a flag of truce, in order to try to save a friend, Dr. Beanes, on September 13, 1814. The British fleet, under Admiral Cockburn, began the bombardment of the British fort on that day, and he declined to allow Key to depart. The bombardment went on far into the night, and when the morning came, young Key strained his eyes to see whether Fort Mifflin had been surrendered. Suddenly a rift appeared in the smoke and mist enveloping the fort, and through it Key saw that the flag was still waving over it. Instantly the great song was born. He sat right down on the deck of the British admiral's flagship and began writing: "Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,"

The song became immediately popular, and within a week was being sung in all the American camps and at the theaters as well. Key wrote many other poems, and they were published in a volume in 1856, thirteen years after his death. He was 34 years of age when he wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," and though all his other verses are forgotten, this one will keep his memory green as long as our republic lasts. He was buried in the little cemetery at Frederick, Md., and a star spangled banner is appropriately kept waving over his grave all the year round; as fast as one flag fades, it is replaced by a new one.

A Song of the Sea. "Truxton's Song" was sung all through the navy from commodore down to cabin boy. It commemorated the splendid victory of that old sea warrior over the French in 1799, but was not written until 1813. It began: When Freedom, fair Freedom, her banner displayed, Defying each foe whom her rights would invade, Columbia's brave sons swore those rights to maintain, And o'er ocean and earth to establish her reign.

While they stand, firm and steady, To fight and to conquer, to conquer or die. Another of the ringing war songs of that period, recalling the victory of the Constitution, was immensely popular. It opened with the invitation to: Come, all ye Yankee sailors, with swords and pikes advance.



Commodore Decatur's victory in the frigate 'United States' over the Macedonian was the subject of another fervent poetic eulogy of the Yankee boys, part of which ran as follows: My boys, the proud St. George's cross, the stripes above it wave, And busy are our generous tars the conquerors to save.

Perry was not forgotten by the popular poets. One of them sang of him and his Lake Erie achievement in this strain: We gave them a broadside, our cannon to try, 'Well done,' says brave Perry, 'for shoot well home, my brave boys, they shortly shall see That brave as they are, still braver are we.'

The victory of Hull over Davis produced another epic of the war, which ran: It oft-timed has been told That the British scorners bold Could for the tars of France so neat and handy, oh! But they never found their match, 'Tis the Yankee did them catch, Oh, the great boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!

An immensely popular song of this era contained this verse: The deeds of our chieftains shall history tell, And each son of Liberty hear, with a hush, 'Warren expired and Montgomery fell, How Warren and Wooster for Freedom fought, Their courage oft tried, 'Tis the honors that bleed them, And Liberty's offspring shall bless them with pride!

Old Kentucky has been told That the British scorners bold Could for the tars of France so neat and handy, oh! But they never found their match, 'Tis the Yankee did them catch, Oh, the great boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!

A Song in Jackson's Honor. General Jackson's victory at New Orleans was, of course, celebrated in scores of songs. A racy old American ballad commemorating that achievement and the part Kentucky bore in it is entitled "The Hunters of Kentucky." Subjoined are some of its stirring verses: You've read, I reckon, in the prints How Pakenham attempted To make the eastern wince, But soon his scheme repented; For we with rifles ready cocked, And loaded such a cannon lucky, And soon around our general flocked The Hunters of Kentucky.

The British felt so very sure Point Lobos had been told That the British scorners bold Could for the tars of France so neat and handy, oh! But they never found their match, 'Tis the Yankee did them catch, Oh, the great boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!

But Jackson he was wide awake For well he knew what aim to take And Pakenham he was dying, He led us to the cypress swamp; The ground was low and mucky; There stood John Bull in martial pomp And here was Old Kentucky.

A bank was raised to hide our breast— Not that we thought of dying— But we liked firing from a rest To bless the eastern wince. Behind it stood our little force; None wished that it was greater, For every man was half a horse And half an alligator. They did not let our patience tire Before they showed their faces; We did not choose to waste our fire, So snugly kept our places. But when no more we saw them blink We thought it time to stop—

It would have done you good, I think, To see Kentuckians drop 'em. Lyrics of the Mexican War. The Mexican war produced some fine lyrics written for the most part after the close of the conflict. The "Hero of Buena Vista" recalls the famous "Burial of Sir John Moore." It begins: Nobly he stood in the midst of the fight, With the flag of the west waving o'er him; And its starry folds were the pride of his sight. With the foes of his country before him, Albert Pike's "Battle of Buena Vista" is a noble ballad. It closes as follows: And thus on Buena Vista's heights a long day's work was done, And thus our brave old general another battle won. Still, still our glorious banner waves, untroubled by the foe, and thus our brave old general another battle won.

The principal songs of the civil war seem destined to a long life, while the sectionalism in which they had their origin is all but vanished. The sentimental portion of them, such as "Somebody's Darling," "Just Before the Battle," "Kiss Me, Mother, and Let Me Go," appeal as tenderly to the generation of today as they did to that of thirty years ago, while the "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," and "John Brown's Body," are the martial airs which cheer on the soldiers and sailors of the nation to assured victory.

Curious Experiences in the Bay and City of San Francisco. Familiarity with the local phenomena of fog, says the San Francisco Chronicle, has destroyed interest in them in the mind of the average San Franciscan. He looks on with indifference almost daily through the summer season on the marshalling of line fleecy aerial hosts along the ocean shore line of the city; of the forcing by them of the Golden Gate; their assault of the mission heights; their sweeping charge over the city; their obscuration of the Contra Costa range, and their capture of the bay. The warning loots of tugs and steamers and ferryboats; the ringing of alarm bells at the various ferry landings, and the doleful cries of the Goat island and Point Bonita sirens have to him no special significance. And yet these familiar fog phenomena furnished Bret Harte with a theme for a piece of the finest descriptive writing that ever flowed from his pen.

Whence comes the great gray bank of fog that is carried by the strong western trade winds to the coastline and to the gates of the city with the setting of the summer sun is a matter of as much speculation as are the causes of the trade winds before which the fog bank is driven inland. It has been inferred that the trade winds are created by the heating of the great interior valleys and the rush of the colder air of the sea to supply the vacuum which the heating process produces. Thus the warm air, which has been laden with moisture by solar evaporation far out at sea, is drawn inshore over the cold northern current that sweeps down the coast, condensing the vapor into a dense and chilling fog.

While this phenomenon is present on the greater part of the coast line, it is more conspicuous in the vicinity of San Francisco than any other part of it, which gives weight to the foregoing theory of its origin, as the Golden Gate and the low-lying hills of the San Francisco peninsula furnish an unobstructed avenue for the aerial currents from the sea to enter the heated central basin of the state, reducing the temperature of both day and night to that pleasant mean which makes the California climate matchless among the climates of the earth. And the dense redwood forests which extend along the coast from Monterey bay to the Oregon line draw their sustenance from the summer fog drift, for, as it settles through their tall tops, it is held and condensed in the embrace of their branches into a drizzle that drenches the soil in which their roots are grounded.

In the winter the meteorological student finds in the fog drift in San Francisco bay an important and almost unvarying weather sign. Three consecutive foggy days and nights are almost invariably forerunners of a rain storm. They are usually followed by a strong southeaster, which drives the fog out of the bay and brings with it the rain-laden clouds that have been formed in the Gulf of California to drench the earth over which they pass.

To the San Francisco fisherman the fog drift is an open book. He knows through its signs the condition of the weather in the outer roadstead without consulting either the weather bureau or the lookout at the Point Lobos signal station. If the bay is full of fog and a strong breeze is ruffling its waters, he knows that it is in nine chances out of ten comparatively calm outside and probably clear. If the fog bank extends like a wall from the Golden Gate to the Berkeley shore, while the rest of the bay is clear, he knows that the outer roadstead is clear, but banked with fog, which, later in the day, will be driven inshore by the trade wind. His movements and operations are governed largely by the fog signs with which he is so familiar and in much of his immunity from disaster is due to this fog craft.

When the fog settles on the bay not only are all the landmarks shut out of the fisherman's vision, but the mysterious influence of fog on the transmission of sound is so deceptive that the location of the siren signals and the steam whistles of moving craft is uncertain and often misleading. It is actually on record that the sound of the fog bell at one of the ferry landings was

not heard on one of the ferryboats on two recent occasions, when the nose of the boat was within 100 feet of the ship, and a complaint was lodged against the man whose duty it was to ring the bell on the presumption that he was not performing it. And yet there was positive proof furnished on other occasions that the bell was going, but the sound failed to penetrate the fog, and drifted inshore to the peril of the ship. It has been shown in evidence that a steamboat's whistle was heard on one side when the vessel actually occupied the opposite position.

Among the curious phenomena relating to fog is the fact that small fogs are not alike, either in density or influence. Ocean fogs offer very little trouble to bay navigation for the reason that they drift irregularly and contain frequent breaks through which the lookout can see 400 or 500 yards ahead. A land or marsh fog is what the navigators of inland waters dread. It often limits the vision to less than one-half the length of the craft.

THE PALACE OF GATSKINIA. Sanctuary of Safety for the Czar of All the Russias. The palace of Gatschina can not be compared with such castles as Versailles, Sanssouci or Schonbrunn, says the London News. It has nothing of the artistic embellishment of the one, the historical memories of the other or the landscape beauty and comfort of the third. Situated in the middle of a wide and desert plain, it has no pretty surroundings, and built without luxury, its exterior does not make an imposing impression. Gatschina lies between Tsarskoje-Selo and Krasnoje-Selo, and the roads from each of these places to the imperial palace, which have private court railway stations, and may not be used except by the court. A high wall incloses the park, in the center of which the palace, and this wall is protected by patrol, which never leave the outer circle nor the park itself for one moment out of sight.

Entrance is only permitted by special order. Though the superintendence is so strict, it is said that the inhabitants of the palace are not and must not be, aware of it. Their pleasures and comforts are not impaired by it, and all the amusements that could be agreeable to the emperor and his family—drives, hunts, riding and rowing, evening parties, theatrical representations, etc.—can be partaken of. Adjoining the well-wooded park is an extensive wood-like park, surrounded by a wall and guarded. In the park itself are two lake-like basins of water; the palace contains splendid saloons, and two colonnades which afford agreeable promenades in bad weather; all this aids in preventing the inhabitants from feeling anything of the anxious and never-fading superintention of the palace and the want of more charming surroundings.

Sometimes the royal family inhabit Peterhof, but always return to Gatschina. Peterhof is more magnificent, Oranienbaum prettier, but Gatschina is considered safer and quieter. For many years before the accession of Alexander II the palace had been unused; he caused it to be restored and comfortably furnished. It has been seldom spoken of and scarcely more was known of it than that the imperial hounds were kept there. The Gatschina race was celebrated, and a dog from the imperial pack was very valuable, but people cared little for the castle and park.

Still Gatschina has its history. Peter the Great made a gift of it to his favorite sister, Natalie; Catherine II gave it to her favorite Orloff, who furnished it at great expense, and built additional edifices, by which, after the plans of the Italian architect, Rinaldi, received quite a different form. After Orloff's death the empress bought it from his family and gave it to the Archduke Paul, who inhabited it for some length of time. The palace forms a long square, at each corner of which is a stately tower. The dwelling rooms are in three stories. The colonnades run along the sides, and the pillars are of Finland marble. The rooms are not architecturally beautiful, but are adorned with valuable pictures and sculpture from the imperial hermitage in St. Petersburg, from the Antichkov palace and from the winter palace. The views are limited by the park and wood, which, however, have been beautifully laid out by the celebrated St. Petersburg landscape gardener.

MEN EXTRAVAGANT TOO. Lords of Creation Spend Money More Recklessly Than We Do. "It is not without a certain amount of impatience," said a society matron, "that I occasionally hear men speak of female extravagance as if they themselves were models of economy. It is unfortunately true that too many members of my sex spend money thoughtlessly and carelessly, and extravagance and ignoring of (not ignorance of) the value of small sums of money men easily take the palm. And you may be sure that I never allow a masculine sneer on this subject to pass without something in the way of reply. Talk about the extravagance of women! Why, not long ago the plan of an organization composed chiefly of women being mooted, the question of dues arose, and a man suggested quite casually that they be placed at \$50 a year. Fifty dollars a year! Why, to most women \$50 a year is an immense sum, only to be expended after judicious and careful calculation of how it may be used to the best advantage. The matter-of-fact way in which it was suggested was an apt illustration of the masculine attitude of mind as regards both large and small sums of money. Men may be capable of economy—doubtless some men are—but to most men the very idea of the small economies which attend the nature of women in general is unknown.

"Men have their club dues, usually pretty heavy, but who ever heard of a man who wanted to join a club or casino at a country place for a few weeks who was deterred by any consideration of an expense of \$50 or so? They do not stop to consider the comparative expense of a dinner or luncheon at a swell place; they jump into cabs in a reckless way which makes women shudder, and so on all along the line.

"Whereas, a woman will walk to save car fare; she calculates her personal expenses closely and carefully to a cent; and the thought of a \$10 subscription (except to a society like the 'Daughters' or 'Dames,' when another even more powerful foible comes into play) would make her shake in her shoes."

A Cool-Blooded Parent. Indiana Journal: The sternness which characterized the countenance of the father who had been reading war news over his breakfast coffee, suggests the Washington Star. As soon as she took her place at the table, however, he laid aside his paper and remarked: "Does that young man who comes here so often do any work?" "I—I can't say. Believe—that is, I have been given to understand—that he has a private income."

"A private income?" That's just about as I estimated it. Thirteen dollars a month, without the credit of being a soldier."

Fatal Frivolity. Chicago Tribune: Jack and his two pretty cousins happened to be walking along in front of a drug store.

"I wonder," said Ethel, "if astronomically speaking, Uncle Henry's son is in the right sign for ice cream soda?" "I'm afraid not," replied Gwendolen, with her eye on the youth. "I don't see any signs of the soda act."

Jack groaned and marched them sternly past the drug store by way of punishment. The human machine starts up once and stops but once. For all keep it going longer and most regularly by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation and all stomach and liver troubles.

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