

### Rosin the Bow.

We find the following history of this famous old song and tune going the rounds of the Press:

ATLANTA, GA., August 21 1874.

Mr. W. H. Moore:

MY DEAR SIR—I am obliged to you for a little paragraph from the Columbus paper ascribing to me the authorship of this song, once so popular throughout the country.

It is very true I wrote the lines I send you, and they are the first that were sung to the air, which became famous.

I will give you a brief history of the writing and of the man who inspired them. When I first went to the West in 1826, I was some time in selecting a domicile. Why—it is not necessary for me to state, as the reason and causes for the delay will form a theme for a chapter in the second volume of the "Memories of Fifty Years."

Finally I located in Mississippi and commenced the practice of law. It was in the midst of the noblest race of people I had ever known. Amongst these were two equally remarkable but very unlike. One was a school-master who was quite old, and who had been teaching in that neighborhood over forty years. His name was James Rossum. He was peculiar in his habits. On Monday morning, neatly dressed and cleanly shaven, he went to his duties in the old school-house where two thirds of his life had been spent, and assiduously devoted himself to the duties of his vocation until Friday evening. On the morning of Saturday he arrayed himself in his best and devoted the day in visiting the ladies of the neighborhood. He was a welcome guest at every house. This habit had continued so long that he had acquired the sobriquet of "Rossum, the Beau." The other's name was Cox, who was a rollicking good fellow, and the best vocalist I ever knew. He was in song what Prentiss was in oratory, and they were boon companions—both died young.

Cox was frequently at my office, and upon one occasion when he was there Rossum walked by the door, and his age was apparent in his walk. Cox looked at him, and, after a pause, turned to me and remarked in quite a feeling tone, which he could assume at pleasure, and its eloquence was indescribable: "Poor old Rossum! some of these sunny mornings he will be found dead, when he shall have a noble funeral, and all the ladies will honor it by being present, I know."

Soon after he left the office, and being in the humor, I seized the ideas and wrote the following doggerel lines. Soon after Cox returned, and I handed them to him. He got up, walked, and hummed different airs, until he fell upon the old Methodist hymn tune, in which they have ever since been sung.

I have always considered Cox more entitled to the authorship of the song than myself.

Hundreds of lines have been written to the air by as many persons, and almost as many have claimed the authorship of the lines; but this is of no moment. I claim no merit for my lines, but everything for Cox's singing them. I have seen him draw tears from the eyes of old and young with the feeling he threw into the song:

Now, soon on some soft, sunny morning  
The first thing my neighbors shall know,  
Their ears shall be met with the warning  
Come bury old Rossum, the beau.

My friends then so neatly shall dress me  
In linen as white as the snow—  
And in my new coffin shall press me,  
And whisper: Poor Rossum, the beau,

And when I'm to be buried, I reckon  
The ladies will all like to go;  
Let them form at the foot of my coffin,  
And follow old Rossum, the beau.

Then take you a dozen good fellows,  
And let them all staggering go;  
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,  
And in it toss Rossum the beau,

Then shape out a couple of dornicks,  
Place one at the head and the toe;  
And do not fail to scratch on it—  
Here lies old Rossum the beau:

Then take you these dozen good fellows,  
And stand them all round in a row;  
And drink out a big-bellied bottle  
Farewell to old Rossum, the beau.

W. H. SPARKS.

### "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Bright flag of my country, it floats o'er the brave,  
'Tis the proudest flag yet on the land or the wave;  
Our fathers unfurled it, and dastard is he  
Who would blot out one star from the flag of the free.

May its stripes never fade, may its stars be more bright,  
May it never go down in foul anarchy's night;  
May God stamp its fate forever to wave,  
"O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Up! up! with it freemen, let it fly in the gale,  
'Till secession and treason before it do quail;  
Up! up! with your flag, may its stripes ever wave  
"O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Stand fast by your flag, boys—a close watch keep,  
'Till secession is hushed on the land and the deep;  
'Till the red, white and blue now and ever shall wave,  
"O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

But the noblest of national anthems must  
not be overlooked. We print it, familiar as  
it is, that every reader of the Democrat  
may peruse the thrilling words, and join in  
the grand chorus to-day:

### STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous  
fight  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly  
streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh! say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream,  
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,  
"Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country, they'd leave us no more?"  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,  
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued  
land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation!  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"  
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

The following verse, by a lady of this State, Miss Fanny Hall, was sung at Washington recently with great eclat. We hope that it will be sung to-day at the conclusion of the standard words of the song:

And now when disunion and discord abound,  
And the North and the South glow with fierce  
irritation;  
With love more intense we would gather around,  
And look to our flag as the sign of salvation.  
Accursed be the morn when dishonored and torn,  
Its glory departed, its beauty all shorn;  
When the Star Spangled Banner no longer shall wave,  
"O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave."

We append the programme of the

## Poetry.

### KENTUCKY'S DEAD.

BY COL. THEODORE O'HARA.

[The following lines are unsurpassed by anything of their kind in the English language. They are touching, beautiful, eloquent and grand. One of the stanzas now adorns a monument in a Boston cemetery—yes, even in cultivated, conceited Boston, where they boast of their Longfellow, and Holmes, and look with contempt upon all American literature that does not have its birth in Massachusetts. The author, a gallant soldier poet of the C. S. A., is now dead. He was on Gen. Breckinridge's staff.]

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
The brave and daring few;  
On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer to the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms—  
No braying horn nor screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumed heads are bowed,  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud;  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And their proud forms in battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,  
The trumpet's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past,  
Not war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall fill with fierce delight,  
These breasts that never more shall feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane  
That sweeps his broad plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe;  
Our heroes felt the shock and leapt  
To meet them on the plain;  
And long the pitying sky hath wept  
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of the consecrated ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the needless air;  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave;  
She claims from war his richest spoil,  
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent's turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field;  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,  
On many a bloody shield,  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred hearts and eyes match by  
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the bloody brave;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone  
In deathless song shall tell,  
When many a vanquished age hath flown,  
The story how you fell;  
Nor wreck nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb.