

IOWA—"BEAUTIFUL LAND."

TACITUS HUSSEY.

A song for our dear Hawkeye State!
 Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"
 As a bird sings of love to his mate,
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"
 The land of wide prairies and trees;
 Sweet clover and humming of bees,
 While kine breath adds perfume to these,
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

The corn fields of billowy gold,
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"
 Are smiling with treasure untold,
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"
 The food hope of nations is she,
 With love overflowing and free
 As her rivers, which run to the sea,
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

Her tale of the past has been told,
 Of Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"
 The future is not yet unrolled,
 Of Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"
 The past! How high on fame's scroll
 She has written her dead heroes' roll!
 The Future! Fear not for thy goal,
 O Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

Then sing to the praise of our God
 Of Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"
 And our fathers, whose feet early trod
 This Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"
 A land kissed by sunshine and show'rs;
 Of corn lands, wild roses and flow'rs—
 Oh! thrice blessed land, this of ours!
 Our Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

Chorus.

Crown her! Crown her! Crown her!
 Crown her with corn, this Queen of the West,
 Who wears the wild rose on her breast;
 The fairest, the richest and best!
 Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"
 Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof, through 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 that shore dimly seen through the mists 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, now conceals, now 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 that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed 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 doth 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 loved home and the war's desolation:
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved it a nation!
 Thus conquer we must, when 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.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Numerous letters were received in response to invitations to be present at the laying of the Corner-stone, from which the following have been selected for publication in these pages:

HON. HIRAM PRICE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, ETC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1899.

DEAR SIR: Your kind note inviting me to be present at the "Laying of the Corner-stone of the Historical Building" at Des Moines on the 17th inst. received, for which I am much obliged.

The gentleman who is to preside and the gentleman who is to deliver the address, I am glad to count among my old-time friends, and to meet them would "bring the light of other days around me." But the distance between this city and the city of Des Moines seems much longer since I have left the 85th milestone on life's highway behind me. And in this case, I realize the fact, that distance does not lend enchantment to the view. The small village of Des Moines when I first visited it nearly fifty years ago, and Des Moines the capitol city of the State of Iowa today, are very different appearing places. Then Des Moines had no railroad, and many intelligent people living there then were honestly of the opinion that a railroad through Iowa was not a possibility, much less a probability.

I have a very distinct recollection of trying to convince the people, at a meeting held in the old court house in 1853, that there was a feasible project on foot, led by some eastern men, to build a railroad from Davenport to Council Bluffs by way of Des Moines. Some people at that meeting said I was a dreamer, and one man of some standing paid me the left-handed compliment of saying that I was intentionally talking around the truth, and keeping at a good distance from it. Possibly some person or persons may now be living in Des Moines who were present at that meeting and can remember how utopian and chimerical seemed the idea of a railroad through Iowa at that time. But now what changes, time, talent, energy and enterprise have wrought!

The old time flat-boat or scow, of fifty years ago, that was used to carry people across the "raging Des Moines river," has been relegated to the rear in the onward march of modern progress, and iron highways across that historic stream now furnish the means of transit, for the thousands who yearly travel on this route between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The old uncomfortable stage coach (sometimes called a "jerky") has given place to splendid upholstered and comfortable coaches, and the iron horse that eats fire and breathes smoke has taken the place of the tired equines that formerly dragged our Uncle Samuel's mail-bags across the prairies of Iowa, those unshorn fields that William Cullen Bryant so fitly and poetically called "the gardens of the desert"—those unshorn fields "that stretch in airy undulations far away as if the ocean in its gentlest swell stood still with all its rounded billows fixed and motionless." But the

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