

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT" IS POPULAR STILL

Many Send Response to Request for Poem Favorite in Days of Long Ago.

THE request of one of the readers of the page of favorite poems in The Oregonian last week for "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" brought an instant response, and we are publishing the poem today.

For copies of it we are indebted to Miss Amy Lee, of Independence; Mrs. P. O. Harvey, of Glendale; Mrs. Sollars, of Portland; Arthur Roseman, of Corvallis; C. W. Castle, of Baker, and several anonymous contributors.

Copies of "Fair Charlotte; or the Proven Girl," which was reprinted last Sunday, have been received through courtesy of Mrs. W. D. Barnes, of Silver Lake; R. C. Brown, of Roseburg; Mrs. Sollars, of Portland; Mrs. E. L. Turney, of Portland.

W. A. Darling, of Condon, has favored us with a copy of "Ostler Joe," but this poem was reprinted two weeks ago.

Among the many requests that have come in during the past weeks are the following:

"The Demon Ship." (A copy of this poem was sent in, but was illegible when received.)

"The Old Man by the Wayside," which begins: "By a wayside on a mossy stone, sat a hoary Pilgrim sadly musing. Off I marked him sitting there alone, all the landscape like a page perusing."

A request from Mrs. R. W. Powell for the poem beginning:

"How big was Alexander, pa, That people call him great?"

His great a hundred weight!"

"Asleep at the Switch," requested by C. L. Kaler, of La Grange.

C. R. Christie, of The Dalles, asks for "The Dying Nun." The only line he is able to remember is, "Sister Martha, you were kind."

He also requests the song which contains the words:

"Go birds, tell Winnie I'm waiting, In the little old path in the lane."

Mrs. W. D. Palmer has requested "A Thousand Year, My Own Columbia."

This song was reprinted on the page of old favorites in the issue of Sunday, May 21.

Requests have been received from time to time for poems of Robert Service, Rudyard Kipling, and other writers whose work can be said to be hardly in the classification of old favorites and whose poems are easily obtainable at any library. We are reprinting herewith "The Spell of the Yukon," which was requested by a number of readers, and which appears in Robert Service's poems. Hereafter we shall be obliged to omit reprinting poems which are so modern and well-known as to be easily available elsewhere and confine this page to verses that come more truly under the classification of "old favorites." We are indebted to Florence Purinton, of Tigard, and "M. C. B." of Eugene, for copies.

THE SPELL OF THE YUKON.

I wanted the gold and I sought it, I scurried and muddled like a slave, Was it famine or scurvy, I fought it, I hurried my youth into a grave.

Came out with a fortune last fall, But somehow life's not what I thought it.

And somehow the gold isn't all.

Not there's the land (have you seen it?) It's the cascaded land that I know, From the big dizzy mountains that screen it.

To the deep, deathlike valleys below, Some say God was tired when he made it.

Some say it's a fine kind to shun; Maybe, but there's them as would trade it.

For no land on earth—and I'm one.

You came to get rich (damned good reason), You feel like an exile at first; You hate it like hell for a season, And then you are worse than the worst.

It grips you like some kinds of shinning, It twists you from foe to a friend; It seems it's been since the beginning, It seems it will be to the end.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed holes, That's plumb-full of hush to the brim, And watched the big, dusky sun wallow in crimson and gold and grow dim, Till the moon set the pearls peeks gleaming.

And the stars tumbled out neck and crop, And it seemed that I surely was dreaming, With the peace o' the world piled on top.

The Summer—no sweeter was ever; The sunny woods all a thrill; The grayling-leap in the river, The highborn sleep on the hill.

The strong life that's never known harm; The wilds where the caribou call; The freshness, the freedom, the farness— Oh, God! how I'm stuck on it all.

The Winter! the brightness that blinds you, The white lands locked tight as a drum, The cold fear that follows and finds you, And the stars tumbled out neck and crop.

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was wanted. These were a part of the memory work given the girls attending St. Helen's Hall in the early days of that institution in this city. I give them from memory and do not know the author. MRS. ADA F. MORDEN.

How to be handsome when you're old I can tell you, maiden fair; Not by lotions, dyes and pigments; Not by washes for your hair. While you're young, be pure and gentle. Keep your passions well controlled. Work and pray and do your duty. You'll be handsome when you're old.

"The Battle of Fredericksburg," a ballad of the Civil War times, is contributed by Mrs. W. C. Kirchem, of Oregon City.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG 'Twas just before the last grand charge, Two soldiers drew their rein For a parting word and a touch of hands.

They might never meet again. One had blue eyes and clustering curls, Nineteen but a month ago; The other of health was on his cheek— He was only a boy, you know.

The other was tall and dark and stern, His faith in the world was dim; He only trusted the more in those Who were all the world to him.

They had fought together through thick and thin, Off I marked him sitting there alone, all the landscape like a page perusing.

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CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT.

BY MRS. ROSA HARDWICK THORPE.

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hills far away, Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one day. And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair.

He with footsteps slow and weary—she with sunny, floating hair; He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful—she with lips all cold and white.

Struggling to keep back the murmur: "Curfew must not ring tonight."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old, With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls, dark, damp, and cold.

"T've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh; Cromwell will not wait till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white.

As she breathed the husky whisper: "Curfew must not ring tonight."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart, Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart— "Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower."

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour; I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right— Now I'm old I still must do it— Curfew it must ring tonight."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow, And with her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow. She had listened while the judge read, without a tear or sigh:

"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die," And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright.

In an undertone she murmured: "Curfew must not ring tonight."

She with quick steps bounded forward sprung within the old church door, Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before.

Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with eye and cheek aglow, Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro.

As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light, Up and up—her white lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring tonight."

She has reached the topmost ladder—o'er her hangs the awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to Hell. Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now.

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow. Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light.

And she springs and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

Out she swung—far out—the city seemed a speck of light below— 'Twixt Heaven and Earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro; And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell.

But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell. Still the maiden clung more firmly, and, with trembling lips and white, Said, to herself her heart's wild beating: "Curfew shall not ring tonight."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white.

Long should tell the little children Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow, Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now. At his feet she tells her story, showing her hands all bruised and worn.

And her face, so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn, Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with "Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

lowing two poems, one by John Hay and one by Margaret Davies, of Portland, for publication in this season of the roses:

THE WHITE FLAG. BY JOHN HAY. I sent my love two roses, one As white as driven snow And one a blushing, royal red, A flaming Jacqueminot.

I thought to touch and test my fate— That night I would divine, The moment that I saw my love If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said, She'll wear my blushing rose; If not, she'll wear my cold Lamerque. As white as Winter's snows, My heart sank when I met her—sure, I had been overbold.

There on her breast my pale rose lay, In virgin whiteness cold; Yet with low words she greeted me And smile divinely tender— As white as Winter's snows, The white rose meant surrender.

"The Evergreen Mountain of Life" was printed in a paper in Hartford, Conn., 25 years ago and the copy reprinted here is contributed by Mrs. Hellman, of this city.

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAIN OF LIFE. BY JAMES G. CLARK. There's a land far away, mid the stars, Where they know not of the sorrow of time.

Where the pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold, And life is a treasure sublime; 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul.