

REPRINTED POEMS OF LONG AGO BRING MEMORIES WITH THEM

Requests for Publication of Long-Forgotten Verses Continue to Come in and Many Are There Who Send in Copies of Old Favorites.

CONTRIBUTORS in the past week have sent in two copies of "Katie Lee and Willie Gray," which, through inadvertence, we mentioned as having appeared on this page before. Such was not the case and the poem will be printed as soon as possible. In addition to other contributors already acknowledged, we are indebted to Ruth Luce and Mrs. Albert Sutton for copies of the verses.

Copies of "Lord Ulbin's Daughter," which was printed last week, have been received from Irene Welcomes and Mrs. D. J. McLoughlin, of Portland. Irene Welcomes has also kindly furnished a copy of "The Cremation of Sam McGee," but we are unable to reprint this owing to the author's copyrights.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of copies of the answer to "The Gipsy's Warning" from Mrs. R. E. Stanley, of Warrenton, and "Believe Me if All These Endearing Young Charms" from C. W. Castle, of Baker, and E. F. Smith, of Laurelhurst. Inadvertently we neglected to credit Mr. Smith with furnishing us the copy of "The Train of Life," which was reprinted on this page a few weeks ago.

Irene Welcomes asks for the poem beginning: "I was then thirteen and she eleven, I never loved a tree or flower, but 'twas the first to fade away." Rhoda M. Murphy, of St. Paul, from whom we received the copy of "The Lost Chord," which we are reprinting, asks for the old poem: "Bobby Shado, Has Gone to Sea."

"The New Church Organ" is requested by Elbert Bede, of Cottage Grove.

Edith White asks for "Rhoderick Lee," which begins: "This is a wild zone valley, and the road that leads it through is the loneliest road I know of, and I've traveled not a few." She also requests "The Sisters."

A request is made for one of the old "Spoopependyke" readings, but it will be impossible to reprint prose readings on this page. "The Old Ray" is requested by Katherine Kavanagh, and also the poem that contains the lines: "I am the man who serves the king who serves the man who serves the king."

Ethel R. Bateman sends the words to the song of the Chicago fire, which runs:

"The firebells are ringing this wild wintry night, They ask aid for district thirty-four, And somebody's riches are now taking flight, On wild winds away, away they go."

Marian Stafford requested recently the poem beginning: "On a rich man's table, filled to the brim, there sat two glasses, rim to rim; one was crystal, the other was tin." Mrs. H. E. Wheeler requests two poems running as follows:

"Thou art gone to the grave, But we will not deplore thee."

And: "Where are the friends that to me were so dear."

Long, long ago, long long ago? "Whisperin' Bill" is requested by Mrs. Edward Hughey, also "Faithless Nellie Gray" by Thomas Hood; "Kate Ketchum" by Alice Cary, and "Give the Boy a Chance" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

A request received some time ago for "Darius Green" and "His Flying Machine," by J. T. Trowbridge, has been met by a contribution from Mrs. Luce, and the poem is reprinted herewith. A tremendous favorite in its time, it is still a delightful reading, even in the days since the poet, Darius Green, has been more than realized. DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE. If ever there lived a Yankee lad, Wise or otherwise, good or bad, Who seeing the birds fly in the sky, With flapping arms from stump to stump, Or spreading the tail Of his coat for a sail, Take a soaring leap from post to rail, And wonder why He couldn't fly, And flap and flutter, and wish and try; If ever you knew a country dunce Who didn't try that as often as once, All I can say is this: Darius Green, He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green; The son of a farmer, age fourteen, His body was long and lank and lean, Just right for flying, as will be seen, He had two eyes, a bright pair of ears, And a frog in his mouth, and a beam, A little away—for I must mention That he had riveted his attention Upon his wonderful invention, Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings.

And working his face as he worked the strings, And with every turn of gimlet and screw Turning and screwing his mouth round too, Till his nose seemed bent To catch the scent, Around some corner, of now baked pies, And his wrinkled cheeks and squinting eyes Grew puckered into a queer grimace That gave him a look very droll in the face, And also very wise.

And also his wits have been to do more than ever a genius did before Excepting Daedalus of yore And his son Icarus, who wore Upon their backs a pair of wings, Those wings of wax He had read of in the old Almanacs.

Darius was clearly of the opinion That the air is also man's dominion And that, with paddle or pin or pinion, We soon or late shall have a sign, The azure as now we do the sea, The thing looked simple enough to me, And if you doubt it, Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"The birds can fly, an' why can't I? Must we give 'em wings with a grin, 'That the bluebird an' phoebe, Are smarter'n we be? Jest fold our hands and see the swaller An' cut bird and black bird beat us holleer? Does the little chatterin', sassy wren No bigger'n my thumb know more than men? Just show me that Or prove 't the bat Hez got more brains than's in my hat, An' I'll back down, an' not lift them!" He argued further: "Nur I can't see What's the use of wings to a bumble bee? Fur to git a livin' with, more'n to me— An't my business Important his'n is? That locusts Made a pretty mess— Him an' his dadday Daedalus! It might a knowed wings made of wax Wouldn't stand sun heat and hard winks? I'll make mine of luther Ur suthin' or other."

And he said to himself as he tinkered and planned: "But I aint going to show my hand To nummies that never can understand The first idee that's big and grand." So he kept his secret from all the rest, Safely buttoned within his vest, And in a loft above the shed Himself he locks with thimble and thread.

And wax and hammer and buckles and screws, And all such things as genuses use: Two bats for patterns, curious fellow A Charcoal pot and a pair of bellows; Some wire and several old umbrellas, A carriage cover for tall and wings, A piece of harness; and straps and And a big strong box, In which he locks These a hundred other things, His strimlin' brothers, Reuben and Burke And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon

Around the corner to see him work Sitting cross-legged like a Turk Drawing the waxed end through with a jerk And boring the holes with a comical quirk Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk, But vainly they mounted each other's backs, And poked through knotholes and pried through cracks; With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks, He plugged the knotholes and caulked the cracks; And a dipper of water, which one would think He had brough' up into the loft to drink, When he chanced to be dry, Stood always nigh.

For Darius was sly, And whenever at work he happened to spy At a think or crevice a blinking eye, He let the dipper of water fly. The greatest inventor under the sun! Guess ye'll catch a weasel asleep!" And he sings as he locks His big strong box— "The weasel's head is small an' trim, An' he's little an' long an' an' slim, An' quick of motion an' strong of limb, An' of ye'll be Advised by me, Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day He stitched and tinkered and hammered away, 'Till at last 'twas done— The greatest invention under the sun! "An' now, Darius, hooray for some fun!"

"'Twas the Fourth of July: The weather was dry, And not a cloud was on all the sky, Save a slight fleecy, which here and there, Half mist, half air, Like foam on the ocean went floating by, Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen For a nice little trip in a flying machine. Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go Along 'ith the fellows to see the show, I'll say I've got such a terrible cough! An' then when the folks 'ave all gone off, I'll hev full swing fur to try the thing, An' practice a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?" Says a mate, "No, botheration, I've got such a cold—a toothache—I'm gractical! feels though I should I should I should!" Said Jotham, "Sho! Guess ye better go." But Darius said: "No! Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me though, Long 'bout noon of I get red O' this jumpin' thumpin' pain in my head."

For all the while to himself he said: "I'll tell ye what I'll fly a few times around the lot To see how 't seems; then soon's I get The hang o' the thing, ez likely ez not I'll astonish the nation An' all creation By flyin' over the celebration."

"Over their heads I'll walk like an eagle; I'll balance myself on my wings like a hawk; I'll dance on the chimneys; I'll stand on the steeple, I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people; I'll light on the liberty pole an' crow; An' I'll say to the gawkin' fools below: 'That's the way, that's the way, That I've come near!'"

Fur I'll make 'em believe I'm a chap From the moon; An' I'll try a race 'th their ol' balloon!" He crept from his bed, And, seeing the others were gone, he And, seeing the others were gone, he

"I'm gittin' over the cold in my head, And away he sped To open the wonderful box in the shed, His brothers had walked but a little way, When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say, "What is the fell'er up to, hey?" "Don't—th's suthin' ur other to pay 'Ur he wouldn't a stayed to hum to to!" Says Burke, "His toothache's all in his eye!"

He never'd miss a Foth-o'-July, If he hadn't got some machine to try." Then Sol, the little one spoke: "By darn! Let's hurry back an' hide in the barn, An' pay our back fur tellin' us that yarn!" "Agreed." Through the orchard they creep back Along a fence behind the stack And one by one through a hole in the wall, In under the dusty barn they crawl, Dressed in their Sunday garments all And a very astonishing sight was that When each in their cobwebbed coat, And hat, Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.

And there they hid And Reuben said, "The fastenings back and the door unfasten." "Keep dark," said he, "While I scout an' see what the 'is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail— From head to foot an' iron suit, Iron breeches, and on the head No hat, but an iron pot instead (I believe they called the thing a helm), Then sallied forth to overwhelm The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm— So this modern knight Prepared for flight, Put on his wings and strapped them tight, Jointed and jaunty, strong and light, Brought them fast to shoulder and hip; Ten feet they measured from tip to tip, And a helm had he, but that he wore, Not on his head like those of yore, But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush," Reuben said, "He's up in the shed! I see his head! He stretches it out, an' pokes it about, Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear, An' nobody near. Guess he don't know who's hid in here! He's right in a springboard over the sillin'." Stop! Soloman! Burke, keep still! He's climbin' out now—of all the things! What's he got on? I swan, it's wings, An' that tother thing? I vum, it's a tail! An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!"

"Steppin' careful, he travels the length Of his springboard, an' hooters to try its strength,

THE LOST CHORD by Adelaide A. Proctor

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys. I do not know what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of music Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight Like the close of an angel's psalm, And it lay on my fevered spirit With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow, Like love overcoming strife, It seemed the harmonious echo From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings Into one perfect peace, And trembled away into silence As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which came from the soul of the organ And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again; It may be that only in heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.

Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat, Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that, Fur to see if they anyone passing by, But he's only a cat an' a goslin' right; They turn up at him a wonderin' eye, To see the dragon! He's going to fly! Away, away, Jimminy! What a jump! Flop, flop, an' plump To the ground with a thump! Flutterin' an' flounderin', all in a lump.

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear, Heals over head, to his proper sphere, Heels over head, and head over heels, Shooting stars and various things, So fell Darius, Upon his crown In the midst of the barnyard he came down.

In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings, Broken braces and broken springs, Broken tail and broken wings, Shooting stars and various things, Barnyard litter of straw and chaff, And much that wasn't so sweet by half, Away with a hellow! he the calf, And what was that? Did the goslin' laugh? 'Tis a merry roar from the old barn door, And he hears the voice of Jotham crying: "Say Darius! How do you like flyin'?" Slowly, ruddily, where he lay, Darius just turned and looked that way.

As he unclashed his sorrowful nose with his cuff, "Wall, I like flyin' well enough," He said, "but the ain't such a thund'rin' o' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the moral here, And this is the moral: Stick to your sphere, Or if you insist, as you have the right, Of spreading your wings for a loftier flight, The moral is: Take care how you light.

Mrs. M. Martineaux, of Prairie City, supplies the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," by Lady Dufferin, for which we have had many requests.

"THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT," I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, Where we sat side by side On a bright May morning long ago, When first you were my bride; The corn was springing fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high; And the red was on your lip, Mary, And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, The day is bright as then; But the lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green again; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And the breath, warm on my cheek; And I still keep listen' for the words You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, And the little church stands near— The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here, Along the graveyard lies between, Mary, An' my steps might break your rest For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, For the poor make no new friends; But they love the better still— The few our father sends, And you were all I had, Mary, My blessing and my pride; But I still keep listen' for now, Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary, But still kept hoping on, When the arms in God had left my soul, And my arms' young strength was gone; And there was comfort ever on your lip, And the kind look on your brow— I bless you, Mary, for that same, Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for that patient smile, When your heart was fit to break— When the hunger pain was gnawin' there, And you hid it for my sake; I bless you for the pleasant word, When your heart was sad and sore— Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, My Mary—kind and true, But I'll not forget you, darling, In the land I'm going to; They say there's bread and work for all, And the sun shines always there— But I'll not forget old Ireland, Where it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods I'll sit and shut mine eyes, And my heart will travel back again To the place where Mary lay, And I'll think I see the little stile Where we sat side by side, And the springing corn and the bright May morn.

When first you were my bride, The first responses to the request for "Katie Lee and Willie Gray" were received in the same mail from Mrs.



W. J. Pennington, of Pe Ell, Washington; C. W. Castle, of Baker, and from Mrs. W. H. Warren, of Portland. In sending in her contributions Mrs. Warren asks for the old poem that appeared in this paper some time ago, beginning: "Oh, good painter, tell me true Has your hand the cunning to draw Shapes of things that you never saw?" The text of "Katie Lee and Willie Gray" is herewith reprinted:

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY. BY J. H. PEXLEY. Two brown heads with tossing curls, Red lips shutting over pearls, Bare feet, white, and wet with dew, Two eyes black, and two eyes blue, Little girl and boy were they, Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook, Flashing its silver, and thick ranks Of willow fringed its mossy banks— Half in thought, and half in play, Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red; He was taller—"most a head; She, with arms like wreaths of snow, And he loitered, half in play, Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said— And there came a dash of red Through the brownness of his cheek—"Boys are strong and girls are weak, And I'll carry, if I will, Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh, "You shall carry only half!" And then tossing back her curls, "Boys are weak as well as girls," He said, "I'll carry it all."

Men are only boys grown tall; Hearts don't change much after all, And when, long years from that day, Katie Lee and Willie Grey, Good again beside the brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook— Is it strange that Willie said— "You shall carry only half!"

"Will you trust me, Katie dear— Walk beside me without fear? I have pictures of friends dear to me; I have trinkets so rare that came many years ago From a far distant land across the sea.

CHORUS. Treasured in my memory like a happy dream, Are the loving words she gave, And my heart fondly cleaves To those dry and withered leaves 'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

But there's one sweet little treasure That I'll ever dearly prize, Better far than all the wealth beneath the wave 'Tis a small faded floweret that I plucked in childhood days, 'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

In a quiet, country churchyard We laid her down to sleep, Close beside the dear old home she is at rest, The low sacred mound is enshrined within my heart By the sweet ties for ever more is blest— Contributed to the old favorite page by Mrs. J. J. Palmer, of Hillsboro.

Mrs. Robert Graham, of Aberdeen, Washington, sends the following whimsical old poem about St. Peter and a henpecked husband:

SAINT PETER AT THE GATE. St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate, With a solemn mien and air sedate, When up to the top of the golden stair A man and a woman ascended there— Applied for admission. They came and stood Before St. Peter so great and good, In hopes the city of Peace to win, And asked St. Peter, to let them in.

The woman was tall and lank and thin, With a scraggy headlet on her chin; The man was short and thick and stout His stomach was built so it rounded out, His face was pleasant, and the while He wore a kindly and genial smile. The choir in the distance the echoes woke And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O thou that guardest the gate," said she, "We two come hither beseeching thee To let us enter the heavenly land, And play our harps with the angel band. Or me, St. Peter, there is no doubt, There's nothing in heaven to bar me out. I've been to the meeting three times a week, And almost always I'd rise and speak."

"I've told the sinners about the day When they'd repent their evil way; I've told my neighbors, I've told them all 'Bot Adam and Eve, and the primal fall; I've showed them what they'd have to do If they'd pass in with the chosen few, I'd make their path of duty clear, Told them the plan of their whole career."

"I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long, For my lungs are good and my voice is strong, So go and atone! Can't you let me in? The gate of heaven is open to me, But my old man, I regret to say, Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way. He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got, And don't know whether he'll pass or not."

"He never would pray with an earnest mind, Or go to revival or join in hymn; So I had to leave him to sorrow there, While I with the chosen united in the choir. He ate what the pantry chanced to afford, While in my purity sang to the Lord; And if cucumbers were all he got, It's a chance if he merited them or not."

"But oh, St. Peter, I love him so! To the measures of heaven please let him go. I've done enough—a saint I've been; Won't that atone? Can't you let me in? By my grim gospel I know 'tis so That the unrepentant must cry below, 'There's some way you can see That he may enter who's dear to me?'"

"'Tis a narrow gospel by which I pray, But the chosen expect to find some way Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you, So that their relations can amble through. And say, St. Peter, it seems to me This gate isn't kept as it ought to be; You ought to stand by that opening bell, And never sit down in the easy chair."

"And say, St. Peter, my eyes are dimmed, But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed, They're cut too wide and outward teaz; They look better narrow and straight across. Well, we must be going our crowns to win, So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

St. Peter sat and stroked his staff, He looked at his office he had to laugh, Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye, "Whose tending this gateway, you And then he arose in his stature tall, And pressed a button upon the wall, And said to the imp who answered the bell, "Escort this lady around to hell!"

Gabriel, give him a seat alone— One with a cushion—up near the throne, Call up some angels to play their best, Let him enjoy the music and rest.

"See that on finest ambrosia he feeds; He's had about all of the hell he needs, I am sure, if this to do To roast him on earth and in future too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings, A glittering robe and a pair of wings, And he said, as he entered the realm of bliss, "Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"

And so the scriptures shall come to pass; "The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

"The Closing Scene" by T. Buchanan Reed, is sent us by Ruth Luce.

THE CLOSING SCENE. Within his sober realm of leafless trees, The russet year inhaled the dreamy Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their heavy hills, O'er the wide waters widening in the vales, Sent down the air a greeting to the mills, On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued, The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low, As in a dream the distant woodman hewed, This winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, crewlike, armed in gold, Their banners bright with every shape of things that you never saw? Now stood like some sad beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight, The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint, And like a star slow drowning in the light, The glacial church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside, Crew like and all was stiller than before, Silent until some replying wanderer, His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest, Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young, And long the oriole hung her awaying nest, By every light wind like a censor swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves, The busy swallows circling ever, Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird, which charmed the vernal feast, Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn, To warn the reaper of the rosy east— All joyless mien, and empty and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the crow, And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom; Alone the pheasant drumming in the field, Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers, The spiders their thin shrouds spun ere the night, The thistle-down the only ghost of flowers, Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air, Amid the woodbine sheds upon the porch, Its crimson leaves as if the year stood there, Firing the floor with his inverted torch.

Arid all this, the center of the scene, The white-haired matron with mottonous tread, Piled her swift wheel and with her joyless mien, Sat like a fate and watched the flying thread.

"And say, St. Peter, my eyes are dimmed, But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed, They're cut too wide and outward teaz; They look better narrow and straight across. Well, we must be going our crowns to win, So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

St. Peter sat and stroked his staff, He looked at his office he had to laugh, Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye, "Whose tending this gateway, you And then he arose in his stature tall, And pressed a button upon the wall, And said to the imp who answered the bell, "Escort this lady around to hell!"

The man stood still as a piece of stone; Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone, A lifelong, settled idea he had, That his wife was good and he was bad, He thought if the woman went down below, He would certainly have to go— That if she went to the regions dim, There wasn't a ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent, To follow wherever the woman was sent, St. Peter, standing on duty there, Observed that the top of his head was bare. He called the gentleman back and said: "Friend, how long have you been wed? 'Thirty years,' (with a heavy sigh), And then he thoughtfully added, 'Why?'"

St. Peter was silent, with head bent down, He raised his hand and scratched his crown, Then, seeming a different thought to take, He dropped the distaff through his hands serene, And loving neighbors smoothed her cap and shroud.

White death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

C. W. Castle, of Baker, sends a copy of the drooping "OLD," which was requested some time ago.

OLD. By the wayside on a mossy stone, Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing; Oft I marked him sitting there alone, All the landscape, like a page, perusing. Poor unknown! By the wayside, on a mossy stone, Buckled knee and broad-brimmed hat; Coat as ancient as the form 'twas upholding; Silver buttons, queer and crimped, strayed;

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old; Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow; Now, 'twas I sit here, bath been told, In his eye another pearl of sorrow, 'Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

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Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding, There he sat! Buckled knee, and broad-brimmed hat, Seemed it pitiful he should sit there, No one sympathizing, no one heeding, None to love him for his thin gray hair, And the furrows all so mutely pleading, Age and care: Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was Summer, and we went to school, Dapper country lads and little maidens; Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"— Its grave import still my fancy ladsens.

Here's a fool! It was Summer, and we went to school, When the stranger seemed to mark our play, Some of us were joyous, some sad— I remember well, too well, that day! Oft-times the tears unbidden started, Would not stay! When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell, O, to me her name was always Heaven! She besought him, all his grief to tell, (It was then thirteen and she eleven,) 'Isabel! One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old; Earth no longer hath a morrow; Yet, why I sit here shall be told." Then his eyes betrayed a pearl of sorrow, Down it rolled, "Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

I have tottered here to look once more On the pleasant scenes where I de-lighted, In the careless, happy days of yore, Ere the garden of my heart was blighted; To the core! I have tottered here to look once more, 'Een the picture now to me, how dear! All this gray old rock where I am seated, Is a jewel, worth my journey here; Ah, that such a scene must be completed, With a tear! All the picture now to me, how dear!

"Old stone schoolhouse, it is the same; There's the very step I so oft mounted; There's the window creaking in its frame; And the notches that I cut and counted For the game, Old stone schoolhouse, it is still the same.

"In the cottage yonder I was born; Long my happy home, that humble dwelling; There the fields of clover, wheat and corn; There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling; Oh forlorn! In the cottage yonder, I was born.

These two gateway sycamores you see, These were planted just so far asunder That long will-pole from the path to free; And the wagon to pass safely under; Ninety-three! Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb, When my mates and I were boys to gather, Thinking nothing of the flight of time, Fearing naught but work and rainy weather; Past its prime! There's the orchard where we used to climb.

"There's the rude three-cornered chestnut, that raised its life's change-furling, Where the pasture where the flocks were grazing; Where, so softly, I used to watch for quail; In the crop of buckwheat we were raising; There's the three-cornered chestnut rail.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain; Pond and river still serenely flowing; Cot there nestling in the shaded lane, Where the lily of my heart was blowing— Mary Jane! There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There's the gate on which I used to stand, Brook and bridge, and barn and old red stable; But alas! No more the morn shall bring That dear group around my father's table; Taken wing! There's the gate on which I used to stand.

"I am fleeing—all I loved have fled, You grassy meadows was our place for playing; That old tree can tell of sweet things, When around it Jane and I were straying; She is dead! I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

"You white spire, a pencil on the sky, 'Tracing faintly life's change-furling, So familiar to my dim old eye, Points to seven that are now in glory, There on high, You white spire, a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod, Guided hither by an angel mother; Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod; Sire and sisters, and my little brother, He went to God, Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways; Bless the holy lesson—but all never Shall I hear again those songs of praise, Those sweet voices silent now forever! Peaceful days! There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blessed me with her head, When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing, Ere she hurried to the spirit land, Yonder 'st her gentle bosom pressing— Broken band! There my Mary blessed me with her head.