

# MORE FAVORITE OLD POEMS ARE ASKED FOR BY READERS

Frequent Contributor Now Makes Request for Lost Verses.

**A**MONG the requests for old favorite poems that come in increasing volume along with the contributions of poems that have been asked for, the following are but a few that have been received:

B. F. Case, of Yacolt, wants the poem in which these lines appear:

They grew in beauty side by side,  
They filled our home with glad life;  
Their graves are sundered far and wide  
By mountain, stream and lea.

Mrs. J. Mallon, of 944 Gladstone street, wants "If there wasn't so many of us," and "The Master is Coming." Ruth Luce, who has been one of the best of all the contributors to this page, requests the reprinting of John Greenleaf Whittier's "Marguerite," Oliver Wendell Holmes' "My Sunday Breeches," which goes under the title of the "September Gale." She also wants "Little Brown Baby With Sparkling Eyes," and "October's Bright Blue Weather," by Helen Hunt Jackson.

She also calls attention to an error in the reprint of "The Bachelor Sale," which was published on this page August 28. The reading of the ninth stanza should have been as follows:

He'd sparkled it with full twenty gals,  
He'd squirmed 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one and then that, by spells—  
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

Among the contributions received recently from her, one of the most interesting is the famous old rhyme of "The Bachelor Sale," which we reprint herewith.

**THE BACHELOR SALE.**  
I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,  
And as fast as I dreamed it was coined  
Into numbers.  
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,  
I'm sure I never saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made,  
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;  
And in order to make them all willing to marry,  
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,  
'Twas cruel injustice and horrid abuse,  
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,  
Of such a vile tax they would never pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,  
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue,  
A crier was sent through the town to blow,  
And to bawl out to all he might meet on his way:

"Ho! 40 old bachelors sold here today,"  
And presently all the old maids of the town—  
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown—  
From 30 to 60, fair, plain, red and pale,  
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.

The auctioneer, then, in his labor began,  
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,  
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"  
In a twink, every maiden responded: "I, I!"

In short, at a hugely extravagant price,  
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,  
And 40 old maidens—some younger, some older—  
Each hugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

The following is contributed by Clara McKee, of Junction City:

**DON'T MARRY A MAN TO REFORM HIM.**  
Don't marry a man to reform him;  
To God and your own self be true,  
Don't link to his vices your virtue,  
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,  
Be not by his promise led;  
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,  
He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform him—  
To repent it, alas, when too late;  
The mission of wives least successful  
Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,  
And proved it a failure at last;  
Better tread your life's pathway alone,  
Than wed with a lover that's fast.

Mankind's much the same the world over;  
The exceptions you'll find are but few;  
When the rule is defeat and disaster,  
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,  
The beautiful crown of your youth,  
To the keeping of him who holds lightly  
His fair name and honor and truth.

To honor and love you must promise;  
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfill;  
If he'll have no respect for himself,  
Don't surely you then never will.

'Tis told us the frown of a woman  
Is stronger as the blow of a man,  
And the world will be better when women  
Frown on error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favor;  
Place wrongdoing under a ban;  
And let him who would win you and wed you  
Prove himself in full measure a man.

In a collection of clippings sent by Clara McKee, of Junction City, is the following favorite:

**LAST NIGHT.**  
Last night the nightingale waked me,  
Last night when all was still;  
I sang in the golden moonlight  
From out on the woodland hill.  
I opened the window gently,  
And all was dreamy and sweet,  
And oh! the bird, my darling,  
Was singing, singing of you.

I think of you in the daytime;  
I dream of you by night—  
I wake—would you were near me,  
And not tears blind my sight.

I hear a sigh in the thorny dew,  
The wind is floating through,  
And oh! the night, my darling,  
Is longing, longing for you.

Nor think I can forget you;  
I could not though I would!  
I see you in all around me—  
The stream, the golden wood;  
The flowers that sleep so gently,  
The stars above the blue,  
Oh, heaven itself, my darling,  
Is praying, praying for you!

This ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of

David Mallet, Esq. The copy is sent by Ivy D. Morgan.

**MARGARET'S GHOST.**  
"Twas at the silent, solemn hour  
When night and morning meet;  
In gilded Margaret's grimy ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear  
When youth and years are flown;  
Such is the robe that kings must wear  
When death has reft their throne.

Her bloom was like the springing flower  
That tips the silver dew;  
The rose was budding in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,  
Consumed her early prime;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity heal the maid,  
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,  
When injured ghosts complain;  
Now yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain."

"Behold thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?"

"How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?"

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
And why did I young, witless maid,  
Believe the flattering tale?  
These lips no longer red;

"That face, alas! no more is fair;  
These lips no longer red;  
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,  
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding-sheet I wear;  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has waken'd me hence!  
A long and last adieu!  
Come see, false man, how low she lies  
Who dy'd for love of you!"

The lark sung loud; the morning sun  
With beams of rosy red;  
Pale William shook in every limb,  
And, raving, left his bed.

He eyed him to the fatal place  
Where Margaret's body lay,  
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,  
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore;  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spoke never more.

"Wanted—A Minister's Wife" is a long-remembered old poem, for a copy of which we are indebted to Clara McKee, of Junction City.

**WANTED—A MINISTER'S WIFE.**  
At length we have settled a pastor—  
I am sure I cannot tell why  
The people should grow so restless  
Or candidates grow so shy.

For the "smartest" man in the land,  
In it of desperation,  
We took the nearest at hand.

And really he answers nicely  
To "fill up the gap," you know,  
To "run the machine" and "bring up arrears."

And make things generally go.  
He has a few little failings,  
His sermons are commonplace quite,  
But his manner is very charming,  
And his teeth are pearly white.

And so, of all the "dear people,"  
Not one in a hundred complains,  
For beauty and grace of manner  
Are so much better than brains;  
But the parish have all concluded  
He needs a partner for life.

To shing a few, in the parson;  
"Wanted—a minister's wife!"  
Wanted—a perfect lady,  
Delightful, gentle, refined,  
With every virtue of person  
And every endowment of mind;  
Fitted by early culture  
To move in fashionable life—  
Please notice our advertisement:  
"Wanted—a minister's wife."

Wanted—a thoroughbred worker,  
Who well to her household looks,  
(Shall we see our money wasted  
By extravagant Irish cooks?)  
Who cuts the daily expenses  
With economy sharp as a knife,  
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen—  
"Wanted—a minister's wife."

A "very domestic person,"  
To callers she must not be "out";  
It has such a bad appearance  
To be so much better than about—  
Only to visit the parish  
Every year of her life,  
And attend the funerals and wed-  
dings—  
"Wanted—a minister's wife."

To conduct the "ladies' meetings,"  
The "sewing circle" attend,  
And when we have work for the soldiers,  
Her ready assistance to lend;  
To clothe the destitute children,  
Where sorrow and want are rife;  
To hunt up Sunday school scholars—  
"Wanted—a minister's wife!"

Careful to entertain strangers,  
Traveling agents and "such,"  
Or to be kind to "angels' visits";  
The deacons have had so much  
As to prove a perfect nuisance;  
And hope these "plagues of their life"  
Can soon be sent to the parson's—  
"Wanted—a minister's wife!"

A perfect pattern of prudence  
To all others, spending less,  
But never disgracing the parish  
By looking shabby in dress.  
Playing the organ on Sunday  
Would aid our laudable strife  
To save the society's money—  
"Wanted—a minister's wife!"

And when we have found the person  
We hope, by working the two,  
To lift our debt and build a new  
church—  
Then we shall know what to do;  
For they will be worn and weary,  
Needing a change of life,  
And so we'll advertise, "Wanted,  
A minister and his wife!"

"Mysterious Rappings," by B. P. Shillaber, is one of the classical parodies

on Poe's "Raven," which we have received from Ruth Luce.

**MYSTEROUS RAPPINGS.**  
Late one evening I was sitting, gloomy  
Shadows round me flitting—  
Mrs. Partington—a knitting, occupied  
The grate before.

Suddenly I heard a pattering, a very trifling matter,  
As if it were a thieving rat or mouse  
Within my closet door—  
Only this and nothing more.

Then all my dreamlike fancies rose;  
Rising up I straightway shook me,  
A light off of the table took and swift  
The rat's destruction swore.

Mrs. P. smiled approbation on my prompt determination,  
And without more hesitation opened I  
Wide the closet door—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

## I cannot sing the old songs

I cannot sing the old songs  
I sang long years ago,  
For heart and voice would fail me,  
And foolish tears would flow;  
For bygone hours come o'er my heart  
With each familiar strain,  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
Their charm is sad and deep;  
Their melodies would waken  
Old sorrows from their sleep;  
And though all forgotten still,  
And sadly sweet they be,  
I cannot sing the old songs—  
They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
For visions come again  
Of golden dreams departed  
And years of weary pain.  
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall  
Have set my spirit free,  
My voice may know the old songs  
For all eternity.

requested, and for a copy of which we are indebted also to Mrs. Tando.

**THE LOVER'S LEAP.**

Behold you beaming brow, whose brow  
Hangs pending o'er the green below;  
A tale, not easily forgot,  
Is told of that same fearful spot;  
And thus it runs: One Summer's day,  
A bridal party blithe and gay,  
Came hither to enjoy the scene,  
The breezes that were sporting there.

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Little Joe" and "The Red River Valley," which has been already reprinted.

**HAIL TO THE CHIEF.**  
By Sir Walter Scott.  
Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances!  
Honored and blessed be the evergreen pine!  
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,  
Flourish the sheltered and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,  
Gaily to burgeon and broadly to grow,  
While every Highland glen,  
Sends our shout back again,  
"Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho! leroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
Blooming at Betane, in Winter, to fade,  
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf  
From the tempest's shock,  
Firmly he roots him the ruler it blow.

Health and Breadalbane, then,  
Echo his praise again,  
"Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho! leroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!  
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine,  
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands,  
Were wreathed in a garland around  
Oh, that some seedling gem,  
Worthy such noble stem,  
Honored and blessed in their shadow  
Might grow!

Loud should Clan Alpine then,  
Ring from the deepest glen,  
"Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho! leroe!"

A reader recently requested "Drifting," The following poem of that title, by T. Buchanan Read, is sent by Ruth Luce:

**DRIFTING.**  
My soul today  
Is far away,  
Sailing the Veauvian Bay!  
My winged boat,  
A bird aloft,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,  
The mountains swim;  
While on Veauvian's misty brim,  
Sings as the sea, the sea,  
The gray smoke stands  
Overlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Eschias smiles,  
Or liquid miles,  
And under bluest of the isles  
Calm Capri smiles,  
Her capricious gates  
Begging to her bright estates.

I need not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff—  
With dreamlike eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
Where swells and falls  
The bay's deep breast at intervals  
At peace I lie,  
My soul is free,  
A day upon this liquid sky.

The cloud so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With earth and ocean reconciled—  
The air is free,  
The sea is free,  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail,  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense,  
The capricious sense  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamlike eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where Summer sings and never dies—  
Overlaid with vines,  
Sings as the sea, the sea,  
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gambling with the gambling kid;  
Or down the walls,  
The sea calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,  
The trader's wife,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips  
Sings as the sea, the sea,  
Or gazed at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
In Roxy's beauteous bow,  
From lands of sun to land of snow—  
This happler one,  
Its course is won  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
For then players stake their gold,  
And heavy sums are won and lost by  
Gamblers young and old.  
Intent on winning, each doth watch his  
Cards with eager eye,  
So he may watch his neighbor's hand  
And cheat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps look out for  
War, on ocean or on land!  
For bloody deeds are often done when  
Clubs are in the hand.  
Then lives are staked instead of gold,  
And loving