

MORE REQUESTS FOR OLD POEMS ARE MADE BY READERS

D. H. BUTLER, of North Powder, sends in two requests for poems which he wishes published on this page. "Deadwood Dick and Piney" and "The Church and the World."

A. Thomas, of Gardiner, asks for the old selection from the "Lays of Ancient Rome," in which the combat between Mamilius and Herminius is described. The selection begins: "Right glad were all the Romans, who in that hour of each, Ancient Agamemnon's horse up the war around Valerius dead."

Grover H. Duffey, of Moro, wants "The Country Debating School," of which he remembers the following lines: "The old wooden schoolhouse, worn, battered and brown, stands on a hillside in a New Hampshire town."

Copies of "Faithless Nellie Gray," which was published a short time ago, have been sent by several of Olympia, Wash., and "The Blue Juniata" has been received from Mrs. Eleanor Endicott, of this city.

"Elder Lamb's Donation." By Will Carleton. Good old Elder Lamb had a thousand nights and days, and had preached the blessed Bible in a multitude of ways.

So they brought him hay and barley, and some corn upon the ear—straw enough to bed his pony for forever and a year.

There were biscuits whose material was their own secure defense; there were saucers whose acuteness bore the good things slippers; there were jellies undisturbed, there were mystery-laden pies.

THE SONG OF THE AMM

By Bayard Taylor

(Based on an incident of the Crimean War, the following poem has been a favorite through generations and in the present war comes in again with an especial appeal. It is probably one of the most popular of all of Taylor's poems. The copy used here was contributed by Clara D. Mitchell.)



"Give us a song," the soldiers cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, Lay grim and threatening under; And the tawny mound of Malakoff No longer belched its thunder.

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon, Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame; They sang of Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong— Their battle-ewe confession.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers, While the Crimean boys learned How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With scream of shot and burst of shell And bellying of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers, still in honored rest Your truth and valor wearing, The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring.

Accidentally lost and we are unable to make full acknowledgment accordingly.

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET. The poem is by Howard S. Taylor. It is ranked by some with Will H. Thompson's ode, "High Tide of Gettysburg."

I live for those who love me, For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit, too.

I live to learn their story, Who suffered for my sake; To emulate their glory, And follow in their wake.

I live to hold communion With all that is divine; To feel their joys and sorrows, And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hall that season, By gifted minds foretold, When man shall live by reason, And not alone by gold.

I live for those who love me, For those who know me true; For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit, too.

I know him! By all that is noble I know, This commonplace hero I name! I've camped with him, marched with him, And fought with him, too.

I know him! All through him the good branch, Ran together and equally free; But I judge as I trust Christ has judged the brave lad.

There is peace in the May-laden grace of the hours, There is peace when the day's work is done; And peace with the nameless who, under the flowers, Lie and sleep in the slant of the sun.

There is peace in the slant of the sun, Beat the taps! Put out lights! and silence all sound! There is right strength in the grave! They sleep well who sleep, be they crowned or uncrowned, For death will be kind to the brave!

Old comrades of mine, by the fast-waning years, That move to mortality's goal, By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears, I hold you all fast in my soul, And I march with the May and its blossomy charms.

I tenderly lay on this sod, And pray they may rest there, old comrades in arms, Like a kiss of forgiveness from God! And I march with the May and its blossomy charms.

Mrs. W. L. Jones, of Aberdeen, sends the following: This poem was originally published without the name of the author 20 or more years ago. It was accredited to the Dublin University Magazine. Many

and the garrison, including Colonel Bowie and David Crockett, killed. One man had previously made his escape. The copy of the poem is sent by Clara D. Mitchell.

THE DEFENSE OF THE ALAMO. Santa Ana came storming, as a storm might come, The rumble of cannon, there was rattle of blade!

JANE JONES keeps a whispertin' to me all the time, An' says, "Why don't you make it a rule To study your lessons an' work hard an' earn, An' never be absent from school?"