## RICH SENTIMENT AND GOOD LOGIC IN OLD POETRY THIS WEEK

Scrapbooks of Five Decades Ago Give Up Some More Old Favorites-Requested Rhymes Are Coming In and Will Be Printed Soon.

M USTY scrap books, some 40 and Blue Weather." which were requested 50 years old, have given up some choice old favorite poetry for this week, and The Oregonian is THE SEPTEMBER GALE. THE SEPTEMBER GALE. sent in by Mrs. R. H. Louttit, of Port-land. THE BALLAD OF LADY JANE. "Come busk thes lass, the hour is nigh. The bridal hour, I ween. When thou must wed Sir Ellerslie. The bridal hour is not be a rain on sea and shore: It's like was never seen before or since. It fell unceasing down. Til all the world began to drown. But just before it began to pour An old man-bis name was Noahfor this week, and The Oregonian is THE SEPTEMBER GALE. for this week, and The Oregonian is especially gratified at being able to reprint several genuinely good poems, that have been repeatedly requested. There may be some who are impa-"Come busk thee lass, the hour is nigh, The bridal hour, I ween, When thou must wed Sir Ellerslie, The bravest knight e'er seen." Right glad were all the Romans Who, in that hour of dread, 'Against great odds bogs up the war Around' Valerius dead, deep, And she lulled him with song to sleep. THE JOURNEY. Built him an ark, that he might save His family from a watery grave; a land by men forgotten. Was a vale in Springtime freen, Overlooked by lofty mountains, Shining In their summery sheen. On fairer earth no heaven smiled, In days when God with mortals whiled. The dreary earth, the gloomy heavens, When from the south the cheering Rose with a mighty swell-"Herminius comes! Herminius, there may be some who are impa-tient, or discouraged at not seeing re-printed to date several poems that have been requested, but some of these will supress in a sheet time and these the several poems that Ine dreary earth, the gloomy heavens, Saddened him, opressed his soul; Before his spirit's failing vision Faded nigh the luring goal; To reach it seemed beyond his power, For fainter grew he every hour. And in it also he designed "I will not wed, though he may woo." The daughter made reply: "Until my own true love return, A simple maid am 1." And in it also he designed To shelter two of every kind Of beast. Well, dear, when it was done, And heavy clouds obscured the sun. The Noah folks to it quickly ran, And then the animals began To gravely march along in pairs: The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears, The dear the binnear marks Who kept the bridge so well!" will appear in a short time. They are now in The Oregonian office and will be edited and set forth soon. In the page of poetry today may be found not For me two storms were brewing! Mamilius spied Herminius. Mamilius spied Herminius. And dashed across the way, "Herminius! I have sought thee Through many a bloody day. One of us two, Herminius, Shall never more go home. I will lay on for Tuscalum, And lay thou on for Rome." In its midst a winding river "Come, busk thee, lass, thy love is false, And ne'er return shall he; Thy father bids thee wet this night The brave Sir Ellerslie." Flowed and sang by wood and glen; Along a pathway winding with it, Trodden e'er since wandered men; And silver-bright among the green Shone forth the crystal water sheen. When in the pitfalls of the pathway, It came, as quarrels sometimes do. page of poetry today may be found not only grand sentiment but a wealth of logic finely expressed. When married pairs get clashing; There was a heavy sigh or two, Before the fire was flashing; With pain his footsteps failed, He saw, or beened to see, a vision Gliding hear, all darkly veiled; But when he rose with wounded pride, The deer, the hippopotamuses, The rabbits, squirrels, elks, walruses, The rabolis, squirrois, eiks, wardses, The camels, goats, cata and donkeys, The tail giraffes, the beavers, monkeys, The rats, the big rhinoceroses, The dromedaries and the horses, The sheep and mice, the kangaroos, The hyenas, elephants and koodoos, And hundreds more—'twould take all day. The Oregonian is indebted to several readers for the following copy of "Tom Twist," by W. A. Butler, which has been repeatedly requested: A little stir among the clouds. Before they rent asunder: A little rocking of the trees, And then came on the thunds "Now, father, do not cruel be, Unto thy daughter dear, For certainly I may not wed Until my love appear." The vision vanished from his side. High upon the trackless mountains, In the rain clouds it began, Leaping, dashing down the mountains, Rippling on, the river ran. And laughed while sang the birds Anon he sank, exhausted, helpless, And then came on the thunder. All round them paused the battle And again she glided close, Removed her vell, extended mercy, Till, with strength renewed, he rose; Her check looked paie; her eyes were While met in mortal fray TOM TWIST. Oh, how the ponds and rivers boiled, The Roman and the Tusclan, The horses black and gray. Herminus smote Mamilius Thru breastplate and thru breast, The baron stamped with iron foot Upon the oaken floor: He curs'd her love in Palestine, And curs'd his daughter more, BY W. A. BUTLER. And how the sningles ratiled; And oaks were scattered on the ground, As if the Titans battled; And all above was in a nowl And hundreds more—'twould take all day. My dear, so many names to say— And at the very, very end Of the procession, by his friend And master, the faithful dog was seen. The livelong time he'd helping been To drive this crowd of oreafures in; And now, with loud, exultant bark, He gayly sprang aboard the ark. Alas! so orowded was the space. He could not find in it a place: Tom Twist was a wonderful fellow, No boy was so nimble and strong; He could turn ten somersaults backabove. On drooping bough, in joy and love, And fast flowed out the purple blood Over the purple vest. And all her form in mourning clad. And all below a clatter-The earth was like a frying pan, Or some such hissing matter. Gazed a traveler o'er the valley, "Don't dare presume to rule thy sire? Base child, I say to thee This night thou dost become the bride Of brave Sir Ellerslie!" And stand on his head all day long. From the bank beneath the bowers; Walking down upon the pathway, In the rosy morning hours, When the soft splendor of the skies Fell on his smilling, youthful eyes. "Sweet vision," said the traveler, No running, or leaping, or jumping. This tough little urchin qould tire; His muscles were all gutta-percha, His sinews were bundles of wire. Mamilius smote Herminius Thru headpiece and thru head, And, side By side, those chiefs of pride Together fell down dead. calmly, "Mystery enfoldeth thee. When beauty, love and goodness tar ried It chanced to be our washing day. And all our things were drying; The storm came roaring through the Together fell down dead. Down fell they dead together In a great lake of gore. As still stood all who saw them fall While men might count a score. Sweet Lady Jane turn'd sad away. And shed a slient tear. Her love was far across the sea, And succor none was near. On my way and smiled on me, My form was fair and bilthe my heart, I gave of joy an equal part. But he stood not still to tarry He could not find in it a place; So, patiently he turned about-Stood half way in and half way out. lines. Tom Twist liked the life of a sailor, And set them all a-flying. saw the shirts and petticoats Go riding off like witches; lost, ahl bitterly I wept-So off with a hop and a skip He went, to a Nantucket captain. Who took him on Doard of his ship. The vessel was crowded with seamen. In the balmy morn of May: Onward lured him greater beauty. Than the flowers on his way: And these extremely heavy showers Descended through hine hundred hours And more; and, dreary, at their close, Half frozen was his honest nose; "But thou hast come to raise and succo Run, run, dark river, to the sea, And in its bosom hide! This night a woeful maiden seeks The shelter of thy tide. To distant shores his steps were bound To seek what mortals never found. Ready my distress to share, When neither sweetness, smile and Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning, Young, old, short and stout, slim and tall, I lost my Sunday breeches! The dark gray charger field, The dark gray charger field, He burst thru ranks of fighting men, He sprang o'er heaps of dead, His bridle far outstreaming, His fianks all blood and foam; He fianks all blood and foam; promise And never could it lose again The dampness of that dreadful rain; saw them straddling through the air. May repay thes for fhy care: Men give and take of mutual cheer, But thou givest manns for a tear. But in running, and jumping, and leap-Lo! appeared a slender maiden saw them straddling through the air, Alas! too late to win them; saw them chase the clouds as if A demon had been in them. They were my darlings and my pride, My boyhood's only riches; Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried, "My breeches! Oh, my breeches!" Where the stream in eddles flowed, And the spray of falling water And that is what, my curis of gold, Makes all the doggies' noses cold. --Contributed by Mrs. H. H. Smith, She stands upon the river bank Where often she had strayed, A happy lover at her side, Tom Twist was ahead of them all. He sought the southern mountains, The mountains of his home. All the rainbow colors showed. She gathered flowers on the brink, Some red, some blue, some gold, and pink. "Thou wert not where a rosy pathway Led my steps through fairyland, Nor where the sweets for heart and He could scamper all through the rig-And she'a happy maid. sing. As spry and as still as a cat. Mrs. J. W. Taggart asks us to re-print the following tribute to the late President McKinley: The pass was steep and rugged. The night is dark, the river deep, And as for a leap from the maintop To deck, he thouht nothing of that; He could dance on the end of the yardpalate Were bestowed by lavish hand, But givest where the suffering cry, The light of heaven in thine eye. The wolves they howled and whined, But he ran like a whirlwind up the Rosy checks and auburn tresses, Smiling lips the maiden had: And she gaset upon the stranger, But nought of fear hath she: -Farewell, my father dear," she cries, Who could so cruel be! That night I saw them in my dreams-How' changed from what I knew them? The dows had steeped their faded "DEATH HAS CROWNED HIM AS A And left the wolves behind. arm. Sleep sound in the bend of a sall, And hang by his feet from the bow-MARTYR." Her blue eyes with welcome giad. She said, "Oh, wanderer, be my guest! And pinned a flower upon his breast. Thru many a startled hamlet Thundered his flying feet. He rushed thru the gate of Tusculum, He rushed up the fong white street; He rushed by tower and temple, And paused not in his race Till he stood before his master's door In the stately market place. Ella Wheeler Wilcox' tribute to Presi-dent McKinley. "Nay, such is not the human spirit, That would shun another's woe. Thine never was by mortal written In men's lawbook here below: Thy home is not upon this earth; Farewell, farewell, my sweetheart dear, thread, The winds had whistled through So far, so far away-Would that thou had'st beside thy love Resolved but to stay!" sprit And pluned a flower upon his breast. "See the blozsoms, fair and fragrant, And the birds of every' hue; See the daisies on the greensward And the skies of azure blue, Oh, tarry, taste of this delight, Ere Spring and bloom are taking flight." When the wind was blowing a gale. In the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty Ship of State Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded them; i saw the wide and ghastly rents Where demon claws had torn them; A hole was in their amplest part, As\_if an imp had worn them. The ship went down in a tempest, The air is laden with the scent A thousand fathoms or more, ut Tommy dived under the breakers And, swimming five miles, reached by a derelict of fate, One that drifted from its m the anchorage of hate. Tell me, what realm has given you birth?" Of thyme and rosemarie, . And little birds within their nests Are sleeping peacefully. moorings in I have had many happy years, And tailors kind and clever. But those young panialoons have gone Forever and forever! And not till fate has cut the last Of all my earthly stitches. This aching heart shall cease to mourn My loved my long-lost breeches! And straightway round him gathered A pale and trembling crowd; And when they knew him cries of rage Brake forth, and walling loud; And women rent their treases For their great Prince's fail, And old men girt on their old swords And went to man the wall. Again she veiled her pallid visage, the shore. On the deck our noble Pilot, in the The shore was a cannibal island, And drew closer to his side, "My kin," said she, "are they who But all alone, upon the bank, "Maiden," said he, "thou are loveller Solution of the prime, glory of his prime, Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead he-fore his hour or time, Victim of a mind self-centered, a god-less fool of crime. The natives were hungry enough; hey felt poor Tommy all over, And found him entirely too tough. Than the blossoms in this vale; Sweeter than the dancing fairies, In an olden fairy thie. A passer-by this morn I came, But ere I go tell me thy name." There stands a figure white-Accursed be that flowing tide. Accursed be that night! suffer. suffer, My abode is where they bide; I come in woe, for I am Pity, Whose birthplace is the heavenly city." hey put him into a boy-coop. Just to fatten him up, you see She leaps into the gurgling stream Without a sob or pigh-Oh, tender must that maiden be, Who can but love or die! One of the earth's dissension breeders, one of Hate's unreasoning tools. In the annuls of the ages, when the world's hot anger cools. He who sought for crime's distinction shall be known as Chief of Fools. My loved, my long-lost breeches! OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. But Tommy crept out very slyly, And climbed to the top of a tree. The tree was the nest of a condor, A bird with prodigious big wings, v. Saddened looked the rosy maiden. In the stranger's eyes awhile, Wounded pride her bosom swelling, On her lips a fleeting smile. "My name is Beauty," she replied. \* And quickly turned she from his side. Mrs. H. H. Smith, 227 East Fortieth street, has sent in two poems that are particular favorites of hers. The one entitled "When I Was Young" is taken from an old scrapbook, pasted there over 40 years ago, and some 30 years ago or more was recited at different times at public entertainments by her daughter, and always egreatly appre-ciated. In 1879 in Eureka, Cal., after the piece had been recited, one of the leading papers there, in an article com-menting on same, indorsed the senti-timest expressed therein, declaring it not only the best rendered, but the most meritorious selections ever given there before an audience. They follow: WHEN I WAS YOUNG. GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK. Now went the traveler onward, slowly, Like the river's slackened flow, As it approached a misty ocean Mrs. H. H. Smith, 227 East Fortieth Now, faithful collie, 'fis thy time, To show a noble breed-Who lived upon boa-constrictors And other digestible things. In the evening's waning glow; Around him lay a gray-hued plain, That faded in a skyless main. Thy mistress dear in yonder stream In the annuls of the ages, he who had no thought of fame ' (Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise or blame), Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light will shine his name. Of thee hath surely need! She soon woke him up with her pecking. He springs-he seizes in his mouth, Onward, down the deeper river, But Tommy gave one of his springs, And lit on the back of the condor, Between the long neck and her wings, So it stood ninety years on the floor: It was taller by half than the old man The solitude unvaried, silent. Filled his heart with dire dismay, Until he heard a matron near him Asking: "Whither leads thy way?" "To yonder misty goal." said he, Beside the waveless, silent sea. Those locks of flowing gold. And to the river bank doth bring His mistress wet and cold. Entered he another vale, Where the waters murmured softly As the elfins tell a tale; Where on the boughs, the banks along The condor tried pitching and plunging. But Tommy held on with firm hand. Then off with a scream flew the condor. "Now hast thou done a cruel thing, Youth proclaimed him as a hero; Time, Sang gladder birds a sweeter song. c. a statesman: Love, a man: Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from goal to goal he ran, Knowing all' the sun of glory that a human life may span. For very love of me! Would thou had'st left me, in you O'er forest and ocean and land. Laden bees were sipping nectar, "The goal," she said, "by yonder ocean, stream By-and-by, growing tired of his burden And flying quite close to the ground, Tom untwisted his leg from the crea-On the fragrance breathing flowers, Summer zephyrs whispered softly In the broad-leaved pendant bowers, To perish utterly! Is a tombstone on a mound, Where wait the ghosts of countless For what can'st thou, my collie, know travelers. For the others thither bound." She gave a smile that was not glad. Her face was aged, but not sad. And quickly slid off with a bound. He handed all right and feet foremost. A little confused by his fall. And then ascertained he had lighted On top of the great Chinese wall! again While seemed to sing the calmer He was chosen by the people; not an accident of birth Made him ruler of a Nation, but his WHEN I WAS YOUNG, Of anguish or distress? See'st thou the lights in yonder hall, And can'st their meaning guess? When the old man died. When the old man died. Or What the Old Woman Said to Her Daughter. One Summer eve I chanced to pass where by her cottage gate. An aged woman, in the sun, sat talking to her mate. The frost of age was on her brow, yet garrulous was her tongue. As she compared the "doings now" with those when she was young. When the old man died. When the old man died. When the old man died. Ninety years without slumbering—tick, tick, tick, tick, It stopped short—never to go again— When the old man died. "Sit on my brink to rest and dream." own intrinsic worth. Fools may govern over kingdoms-not republics of the earth. Wafted on the balmy breezes. "They walt their bride, thy mistress She firmly stepped with constant cau Came z song so full and sweet, That he listened, looked, and wondered, Where he might the songatress meet, Who so full-volved from deepest heart, dear. And would her life enchain 'o one who hath less love than thou Who saved'st me in vain. tion. Smilling on each desert flower. And gazing on the changeful heavens, Hung her cloak with wind and He has raised the lover's standard by He walked to the city of Pekin, Where he made the Chinamen grin, He turned ten somersaults backward, his loyalty and faith. He has shown how virile manhood may keep free from scandal's breath. He has gazed, with truth unshaken, in Could make his own, enrapt, upstart, In watching its pendulum swinging to and fro. Many hours had he spent while a boy, And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know And to share both his grief and his joy; For it struck twenty-four when he and shower: And they made him a mandarin 'Down, down, I prithee, faithful friend, those when she was young. "When I was young, young gals were meek and looked round kind of Her eyes were keen and deep and clear, And seemed to pierce the far and near. Then Tom had to play the celestial, And dangle a long pig-tall: He dined on pupples and kittens And to thy couch repair: By mistress hath such grief of heart As thou can'st never share." the awful eyes of Death.

He sighed for his native country,

Till his spirits began to fail.

shy,

And when they were compell'd to speak,

To her his bosom he unburdened; Told her of his sinful past. "Oh, friend!" she said, in mournful In the mighty march of progress he has sought to do his best. Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him they did so modestly: They staid at home, and did the work: Or vision of the night! down to rest. And may God assuage the anguish of murmur. "Thou hast journeyed all too fast, e for the f made Indian bread and wheaten. For it struck twenty-four when he en-For in turning those somersaults back-And only went to "singing school" and te sometimes to night meetin'. And children were obedient then, they But it That bath that face so white? tered the door Looking on her smiling image, 'Neath the waters' placid flow. She could see the stranger's image For those who go in fever haste Come all too soon upon this waste. one suffering woman's breast ward With a blooming and heautiful bride. His pig-tail would eatch in his legs For hinds are gathered round the stopped short-never He sailed for his dear home and harber, The house of his mother he knew; He climbed up the lightning-rod to go hearth. Mrs. Clara D. Mitchell sends the folhad no saucy airs, But minded what their parents said, and learn'd to say their prayers. Near her own, like hers, aglow Where swiftly ran the river's current The day's dull labor's done, lowing pretty lyric When the old man died. In its youthful natural speed. Thou didst outstrip it in thy folly, And up she rose with tripping feet While song and jest move swiftly round And merry is each one. So she might the traveler greet. THE SUGAR CAMP. But nowadays they know enough be-fore they know their letters. And young ones that can hardly walk will contradict their betters. Wy grandfather said that those he could hire, Not a servant so faithful he found. For it wasted no time and had but one quickly, Back where the sycamores And lynn trees bend, Taking neither rest nor heed; Youth has, its healthful, happy run, But thou hast speeding overdene. And came down through the chimney All that gave her song its beauty But list! "Did"st hear that at the door? Saw he in her eyes agleam That held fast his feet before her, O'er the glistening water Their images to blend. Each listener holds his breath, But save the moaning of the wind, His mother in slumber lay dreaming At the close of each week to be Young women now go flirting round That she never would see him more: Then she opened her eyes and Tommy For she seemed a wondrous dream, while smilled her lips in rapt surprise And each looked in the others eyes. and looking out for beaux, And scarcely one in ten is found who makes or mends her clothes. The happiness to life allotted, 'Tis all as still as death. Comes unbidden, comes unsought; It is a song with gentle measure, Overjoys are dearly bought. A silvery little creek Flows silently along, 'Neath a hill crowned with maples, While wound. "There 'tis again-heard'st not that sound?" Stood there on the bedroom floor It was kept in its place-not a frown Her nightcap flew off in amazement, Her hair stood on end in surprise; "What kind of a ghost, or a spirit Is this, that I see with my eyes?" But there! I tell my daughter. Folks don't do as they oughter, They had not oughter do as they on its face. And its hands never hung by its side. ut it stopped short-never to so again-Hers of sudden drooped as dazzled Or their inmost depths to hide. But they who have not known excess Lean on the side of happiness." And to the cottage door All eyes are turned with gaze of dread And, gazing, dread the more. Bosom, scarred, yet strong. But it But she followed, scarce resisting, Here the wild bird was free Why don't they do as they oughter?" As he drew her to his side. Together down the path they went, To utter his shrill sound, And the little squirrel dared "Oh, had I met thee." said the travelor When the old man died, "J am your most dutiful Temmy." 'I will not believe, it." she said "In the rosy morn of May, I should have lingered on my pathway, When my life was song and play: And lengthened all its pleasant hours Among its fragrant Summer flowers." When I was young, if a man had failed, The clock ticks loudly on the wall, Amid the roses sweet with scent. The bird stirs in its To scurry around. he shut up house and hall, And never ventured out till night, if he It rang an alarm in the dead of the "Till you turn ten somersaults back-The embers from the fireplace fall, nightward. And the highest bliss that mortal At the break of dawn. Each moment seems an age ventured out at all. His wife sold all her shiney plates, and An alarm that for years had been dumb-And stand half an hour on your On this earth can hold and share, weetest music of two harp strings Thrilled in one enchanted pair When Spring volces sang, The melodious notes Of the skylark rang. Then see!- the handle of the door head.' his son came home from college. And his gals left school, and learn'd to And we knew that his spirit was plum "That thing I will do, dearest mother!" Full well I know thy name is Wisdom Is slowly turned round, The door is gently opened, Without the faintest sound. wash and bake, and such like knowledge. ing for flight-That his hour of departure had come And at once, with a skip and a hop, a turned ten summersaults backward, And then was unable to stop. Till sank the high tide of its power But thou comest all too late, That I may profit by thy precepts, Such is mortals' common fate," "Now, come with me," she smiling as "The evening has, like morn, its red." And when Winter bade adieu, And the first glow had left the flower Still the clock kept time with a soft They gave up cakes and pumpkin ples, and had the plainest eating; They never asked folks home to tea," How good it did seem, On the hilltop to see and muffied shime, As we sflently stood by his side, ut it stopped short-never to go Then she said; "Here ends my valley What thing is this, that makes each hind His manliness forget? suld. O'er its bounds I cannot go. Fare the well upon thy journey Where the broader waters flow. His tenth took him out of the window. His mother jumped up from her bed To see his twentieth summersault The smoke and the steam. and seldom went to meeting. The man that was 'bankrupt' called was kind of shupned by men. And hardly dared to show his head again-See the augers and the splies-When the old man died, and on he wandered by her guidance, A dog is thrust into the room, Take him over the kitchen shed. nd over the patch of potatoes. And beyond the church on the hill, My valley pass all earth-born men, But none shall e'er come back again. And the water trickle down, nto the old wooden troughs Weather-beaten and brown. All shivering and wet! Wandered penceful, calm and slow, And smiled upon the brightened tomb-And harding among his town a merchant But nowndars, when a merchant His wife don't have a gown the less. His wife don't have a gown the less. His wife don't have a gown the less. His sons they smoke their choice cegars, and drink their costly wine, a to the opera and he has wine, be the opera and he has had be the loyal state of yore, Mary-land, my Maryland! A dog that whineth to escape, stone. Turning and tumbling and twisting 'If without thee, then, I must wander, While one soft lify hand Doth gently push him back again, With silent, sure command. In the sunset's afterglow. And twisting and tumbling still, ill Tommy's body diminished In size, to the head of a pin, Murmured he in accents soft. "Tell me by what name thou goest, That I may repeat it oft." iong he heard no sunlight beamed. See the furnace and the kettles-The gourds and wooden palls-; The long tent-like shed And hungry vultures floating screamed." Then, dreadful sight! - while hearts stand still. A pale and shastly face. From which the water drippeth down. "My name is Love," she quickly said, And, turning back, away she fled. Spinning away in the distance Over the pile of old rails. The following clipping is rece from Miss Fay Shaw, of Coquille: Where it still continues to spin. received The bucket of "skimmin's" And the long paddles, too-The barrels and the sled. Which the old mules drew. III. HOME, SWEET HOME. SOMETHING SWEET TO THINK OF. Something sweet to think of in this world of care Though dear friends have left us they Doth meet their stonled gaze! 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we Slowly flowed the silver river may roam, Ba it ever so humble, there's no place men show him all civilities, what in my days were called 'debts,' are now called Tabilities.' The Union shall not call in vain, Mary-Through an Autumn-tinted field Wherein the corn was ripe and golden, Waving with abundant yield. Tis gone !- the door is softly closed; ), the joy and the pleasure. 'Twere sure a vision vain But for this trembling collie dog bright spirits are. Something sweet to dream of, hark the like home: When early Springtime same, To linger 'round this cherished place-A charm from the skies seems to hal-Of our sweet Lady Jane! They call the man 'unfortunate' now who ruins half the city-In my days 'twas his creditors to whom And harvest songs of mirth and cheer Fell on the silent traveler's ear, low us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er and, my Maryland! She wants to meet you in the field, our country's flag and laws to shield, angels say Call us not back again, we're with you And every year the same! "Ho! rouse, ye vassals curs'd and slow! And seek the Lady Jane! To him who our dear daughter finds Shall be this golden chain! met with elsewhere. Fruits of red and gold and purple Hung on lowly bending bough, And herds upon the spley clover Saw he on the hillside browse. Sweet scents were floating on the with you in the twilight, with you in The steam and the smoke We never can to treason yield, Mary-land, my Maryland! we gave the pity. We gave the pity. But there! I tell my daughter. Foiks don't do as they'd oughter: They had not oughter do as they do, Why don't they do as they'd oughter? Has now cleared away. nd on we have journeyed To the present, Today. the morn. With you in the sunlight, with you all day long. With you ever, ever more, hark! the CHORUS. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Thou wilt not yield the rebel toil. Mary-"Outek to our horse, Sir Ellerslie! He it ever so humble, there's no place land, my Maryland! Thou wilt not bend to his Maryland, my Maryland! Together forth we'll ride-'Tis I to seek an only child. like home. breeze But how on our minds his control. That stirred the laden orchard trees. angels say-When I was young, crime was crime-Every Spring we stamp, The good old days Call us not back again, we're with you And thou a promised bride!" I gaze on the moon, as I trace the It had no other name, drear wild, And feel that my parent now thinks of her child; She looks on that moon from our own cottage door. Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; vain; the had to bear the blame. They called the man that stole a thief; they wasted no fine feeling. What folks call 'petty larceny' now, in my day they called stealing. They did not make a reprobate the the mod to bear the blame. They called the man that stole a thief; What folks call 'petty larceny' now, in my day they called stealing. They did not make a reprobate the the mod to bear the blame. They did not make a reprobate the the mod to bear the blame. What folks call 'petty larceny' now, in my day they called stealing. They did not make a reprobate the the bloodier were his hands, the Better the fire upon the roll, better the hlade, the shot, the bowl. Than degradation of the soul, Mary-land, my Maryland! every day. Lo, who walks upon the pathway, At the sugar camp. They mount, they ride in haste away, Autumn flowers in her hair, And from her hand a basket pending, Filled with fruitage rich and rare. omething sweet to think of, a dear But not a word speak they. The father curs'd in his heart Out of a rare scrap book collection the following ballad of Lewis and Clark is sent by Clara D. Mitchell: mother's love: Twas a priceless treasure round my The words he spake that day Her eye so kind, her cheek so browned, to a wandering son's appeal, heart she wove. How I long to see her, but the angels Hark In woman's ripeness full and round Maryland, my Maryland! And what is this, all dripping white, THE FLAG. My mother state, to thee I kneel, My mother state, to thee 1 kneet. Maryland, my Maryland! For liberty and truth and right, let all your loyal sons unite. Drive all invaders from thy sight. Maryland, my Maryland! And she sang in ditty include: Sang of the season's brimming joys: Sang of the reapers' work and pleasure. And of sweetness ere it cloys. Of vintage and the bubbling wine. A heaven's boon in life's decline. Upborne upon a bier? he father utterth never a word, By Arthur Macy. And she sang in ditty measure Call her not back again, she's with you The Here comes the flag. every day. Blessed sainted mother, I can see her highter was his glory. No! when a murder had been done, could they the murderer find. They hung him as they would a crow-a terror to his kind! Yet 'tis his daughter dear Hall it! Who dares to drag Or trall it? Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage 

Oh, give me my family again;
again;

The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
They hung him as they again;

Give these, with sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.
But nowadays, it seems to me, when-ever blood is split.

The murderer has sympathy proportioned with
I see the blush upon the law has proved a man to to the law has proved a man to the law has proved a ma His daughter and his darling child, As in days of childhood when she And who so fair as she! The father turns his head away. Give it hurrahs,kissed my brow. Tis my sweetest, dearest joy when the angels say-Three for the stars Three for the bars. Encover your head to it! But not a tear sheds he "Tarry stranger," she invited, "Heavy seem thy wandering feet, The mid-day shade is cool and grateful And the fruits are ripe and sweet." "Thy words and face are kind," he said, And followed in the way she led. Call her not back again, she's with you Run, run, dark river, to the sea, The soldiers who trend to it. Shout at the sight of it. The justice and right of it. The unsulled white of it. And in its bosom hide. What is a father's grief to thes, And what a promised bride? every day And when the law has proved a man to be a second Cain, A dosen jurors will be found to bring him in 'insane.' Something sweet to think of, loved ones some before: Bright and joyous spirits round us evermore. They are singing sweetly with the angels' lay: They are singing sweetly with the of the love did sigh: Oh tender was that heart indeed That could but love or dis' The blue and the red of it, The bliss I experience whenever I land, my Maryland And a feast she spread before him; Plucked for him in purple glow. The sweetest of the valley's bounting And tyranny's dread of it! Here comes the flag! Cheer it! Valley and crag him in 'insane.' And then petitions will be signed, and texts of scripture twisted, Until the man who's proved to be as bloodthirsty as Nero. Will walk abroad like other men-only come. I hear the distant cannons roar, Mary-Makes no other place seem like that of ounties, land, my Maryland! The fife and drum of Baltimore, Mary-Band, my Maryland! Huzza! she comes to help restore the angels' lay; Call us not back again, we're with you -HENRY DRYERRF. sweet home. Like her own heart's overflow And from the crystal waters' brink She brought him cool, refreshing drink. Shall hear it Farewell, peaceful cottage! Farewell, happy home! Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to Fathers shall blezs IL. Children caress H. every day. Wander not in darkness, for we give a greater 'hero!' But there! I tell my daughter, Folks don't do as they'd oughter, They had not oughter do as they do, Oh, why don't they do as they'd WHY THE DOG'S NOSE IS ALWAYS Union as it was before you light That will make you happy through both COLD. While her charmful rippling laughter, All shall maintain it, And honor be thou evermore, Maryland, (By Madge Elliot.) "What makes the dog's nose siways With the joy of harvest flowed: ter dimpled check that smiled con tentment. roam; No one shall stain it. This poor aching heart must be laid in the tomb my Marylandi Cheers for the saliors that fought on the wave of it. Her day and night; coid Tis a blessing to you all when the old papers, poorly written and badly faded. As I never saw it in print, nor can I find anyone who ever heard of the piece, I am hoping you will price of coldT' I'll try to tell you, curls of gold, If you will good and quiet be And come and stand by mamma's knee. Well, years and years and years agothe terms the terms of home. John Howard Payne. Mrs. W. A. Luce has contributed "The September Gale" and "October's Bright contributed the "Battle of Regilius," This selection was found among some oid papers, poorly written and badly faded. As I never saw it in print, nor So like the mellow Autumn skie Gaily spoke he of his journey. angels say-Call us not back again, we're with you Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it. Tears for the men that went down to-the grave for it. every day. Here comes the flag! "The Ballad of Lady Jane" has been How many I don't really know-

Touched a chord that ne'er had thrilled

Oh, is it ghost, or mist, or dream,