

AMEROS ARE REQUESTS MADE FOR VARIOUS OLD POEMS

AMONG the requests received is one for the poem that begins: "The maid who binds her warrior's sash, with smile that well her grief dissembles."

committed to memory when the writer was a child. It was often a subject for recitations at school exhibitions. My cousin Judge S. Bennett, of The Dalles, used to recite it very effectively at the old-fashioned country school exhibitions in Iowa before we crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS. (A Ballad of Louisiana.) BY THOMAS EDWIN ENGLISH. Here in my rude log cabin, Few poorer men there be...

TEARS, IDEAL TEARS. BY ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, Tears from the depth of some divine despair...



THE GRAY SWAN. Florence Cady, of Fallbridge, of Washington. "Oh tell me, sailor, tell me true, Is my little lad, my little Eilhu, A-sailing with your ship?"

THE OLD HOME. I remember an old gray farmhouse, All mosses and stains with time; With a film of old age upon it, While yet it stood in its prime.