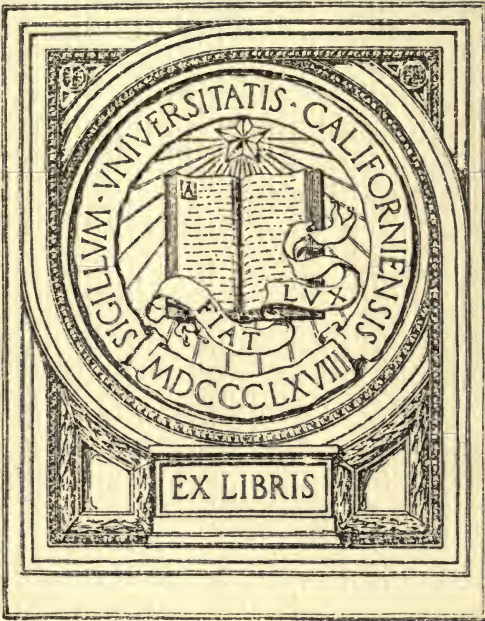


THE
SCHOOL-SPEAKER
AND-READER

WILLIAM-DEWITT-HYDE





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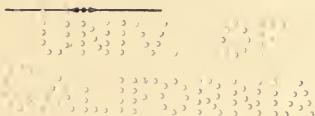
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THE SCHOOL SPEAKER AND READER

EDITED BY

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE

PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE



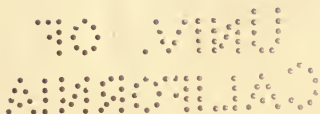
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TO

GEORGE PALMER HYDE,

WHOSE RECURRENT CLAMOR FOR "A PIECE TO SPEAK"

TAUGHT ME WHAT TO PUT IN,

AND WHOSE SCORNFUL REJECTION OF THE "BABYISH" OR "DRY"

TAUGHT ME WHAT TO LEAVE OUT,

THIS BOOK IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

415331

YOU know that the beginning is the chiefest part of any work, especially in a young and tender thing; for that is the time at which the character is formed and most readily receives the desired impression. For the young man cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal, and anything that he receives into his mind at that age is apt to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore the tales which they first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts.

There you are right, he replied; that is quite essential: but then, where are such models to be found? and what are the tales in which they are contained?

And if they are to be courageous, must they not learn such lessons as will have the effect of taking away the fear of death? Any deeds of endurance which are acted or told by famous men, these they ought to see and hear. If they imitate at all, they should imitate the temperate, holy, free, courageous, and the like. Did you never observe how imitations, beginning in early youth, at last sink into the constitution and become a second nature of body, voice, and mind?

Of the harmonies I know nothing, but I want to have one warlike, which will sound the word or note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing, and he is going to wounds or death, or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance; and another, which may be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action when there is no pressure of necessity, expressive of entreaty or persuasion, of prayer to God, or instruction of man, or, again, of willingness to listen to persuasion or entreaty and advice, and which represents him when he has accomplished his aim, not carried away by success, but acting moderately and wisely, and acquiescing in the event. These two harmonies I ask you to leave: the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance.

Then good language and harmony and grace depend on simplicity — I mean the simplicity of a truly and nobly ordered mind. And absence of grace and inharmonious movement and discord are nearly allied to ill words and ill nature, as grace and harmony are the sisters and images of goodness and virtue. Because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, bearing grace in their movements, and making graceful the soul of him who is rightly educated; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being, with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason of the thing; and when reason comes he will recognize her and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.

PLATO: *The Republic.*

FOREWORD TO THE TEACHER.

THE reaction against oral reading in our schools was wholesome. Time thus spent had come to be sheer waste. If getting words out of a book into the mind, and out of the mind into the air, is reading, then, the rudiments once mastered, the less of it the better. To cut down the time allotted to such formalities, and give it to nature study or history or algebra or French, was so much clear gain.

There are, however, two ways to right a wrong. You may cut down your barren tree, or you may dig about it and fertilize it, and give it one more chance. This book asks one more chance for oral reading in our schools. When our food does not agree with us it is not always wise to fast. More food and better may be what we need. Because it is a waste of time to get words into the mind and out again, it does not follow that we should give up reading altogether. The apprehension and communication of ideas is just as profitable to a pupil as any one of the host of subjects with which our modern curriculum is crowded. It may be, too, that we shall find there something of the old delight and spontaneity of mental action which the pressure of our enriched programs threatens to banish from the school. Martineau, after all, may be right in saying: "The only knowledge that can really make us better is not of *things* and their laws, but of *persons* and their thoughts; and I would rather have an hour's sympathy with one noble heart than read the law of gravitation through and through. To teach us what to love and

what to hate, whom to honor and whom to despise, is the substance of all training."

Reading aloud is getting an idea and giving it to somebody else. Speaking is the same thing more carefully prepared. It consists of three parts: First, an idea, single, simple, short, bright, clear, which the pupil can see and feel and enjoy and like to tell; second, the apprehension of the idea; third, the communication of the idea to others. To provide ideas is the task of the editor. The second and third parts of the work the pupil must do for himself, and the teacher must see that he does it, and help him if he does n't know how.

The editor's task, as any teacher or parent who has spent a good half day in search of something for pupil or child to speak can well believe, was not easy. Unity, brevity, familiarity, novelty, are well-nigh inconsistent attributes. Yet all are absolutely essential qualities of a speech which a young person is to learn with pleasure and impart with joy.

The range from which such subjects can be drawn is limited. It is of no use to present psychological subtleties, or ethical abstractions, or constitutional arguments. The youth can neither grasp these things himself nor impart them to others. I have found five sources of suitable selections.

First, Nature. Sun and rain, the birds in the trees, the fish in the streams, the animals in the woods, all appeal to the lively imagination so characteristic of youth. The selections on this subject set forth the healthfulness, the attractiveness, the manliness of outdoor work and play. At the same time not every farmer or fisherman or hunter can write on haying, or trouting, or camping out so as to make it worth telling. Great care has been taken to secure for the interpretation of these more homely and primitive experiences men of literary power, like Bolles and Burroughs and van Dyke and Seton-Thompson.

In the second place, the youth knows through the study of history something about the men and events, the wars and heroes, the races and problems of his country. Washington and Lincoln and Grant are familiar names. He has read of the Indian and the Negro. He has studied the story of the discovery of America, of the Revolution, of the Civil War. He has heard the recent Spanish War talked of in his home.

The passages dealing with American history constitute the unique portion of the book. The leading men and events, from the landing of Columbus to the Spanish War and the debate about the Philippines, are presented in speeches, narratives, and poems calculated to fix the salient points in the minds of speakers and hearers. Properly "correlated" with the progress of the class in American history and with the celebration of national anniversaries, these selections offer the second point of contact with youthful interest and intelligence.

Patriotism is the point at which the youth next becomes conscious of a larger life to which his individual life should be devoted, and thus affords the next appropriate theme for readings and declamations.

Peace has its heroism as well as war; and the exploits of the fireman, the policeman, the engineer, the explorer, the sailor, are equally calculated to stir the blood, and, in modern conditions, are more capable of practical emulation. In the fourth section, under the head of "Courage and Enterprise," while the heroism of the soldier is not excluded, the first place is given to the everyday heroism of the plain man who does his simple duty.

Finally, under the general head of "Humor, Sentiment, and Reflection," are included, together with a few recent productions, the winnowed grain which long experience has sifted from the ephemeral chaff. I have excluded all

mere moralizing and preaching, and also all of those morbidly sentimental effusions which are at the same time so fascinating and so unwholesome for the youth. Here as elsewhere the speeches are calculated to work their moral effect, not by explicit exhortation, but by the admiration which the charm of nobleness and the reasonableness of righteousness unconsciously evoke.

Besides furnishing brief extracts for reading and speaking, it is hoped that this book will stimulate the young people who use it to an interest in the books from which the selections are taken. To speak a selection well, the speaker should know as much as possible of the whole chapter of which the selection spoken is a part. In these days of free text-books it is highly desirable that good books should be bought and owned in the home. To facilitate these ends, and as a slight recompense to the publishers who have generously permitted the use of selections from books on which they hold the copyright, there are given, so far as possible, with each selection, the title, the author, and the publisher of the book from which the selection is taken; and also, in the case of prose selections, the exact reference to the page or pages where the selection may be found.

I desire to express my gratitude and deep sense of obligation to the authors and publishers who have most generously contributed from their writings and publications the selections of which this book is composed. A large proportion of the selections are from recent books of great value, protected by copyright. I am indebted especially to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers for Bolles, Burroughs, Higginson, Torrey, Robinson, James, George Harris, Fiske, Harte, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell, for some fifty selections; Harper & Brothers, publishers for Curtis and Lodge; Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers for van Dyke, Du Chaillu, Seton-

Thompson, and Palmer; The Century Company, publishers for Riis, Kobbé, Roosevelt, and Eliot; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers for Brooks; D. Appleton & Co., publishers for Joel C. Harris; G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers for Roosevelt; D. C. Heath & Co., publishers for Dole; C. P. Farrell, publisher for Ingersoll; G. W. Dillingham Company, publishers for Shaw; Macmillan & Co., publishers for Farrar and Clough; Lee & Shepard, publishers for Calvert; The Whitaker & Ray Company, publishers for Miller; Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers for Stevens; Small, Maynard & Co., publishers for Dunne and Washington; Little, Brown & Co., publishers for Hale and Parkman; Cassell & Co., publishers for Depew; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers for Beecher. All these firms have been most generous in granting permission to use selections from their publications.

In making these selections I have been assisted by Miss Bertha Palmer, editor of *Stories from the Classic Literature of Many Nations*, and Mr. Arthur S. Pier, of the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*.

Having provided something the youth can appreciate, and which his schoolmates can enjoy with him, the task of the editor is done, and the rest of the work devolves upon the teacher. Elaborate elocutionary training is not to be expected in the school. Two things, however, are absolutely essential; these the teacher must secure at all costs.

First, the reader or speaker should understand the selection as a whole. He should be able to state the substance of it in his own words. All the selections in this book have a single idea at their heart, which is easily apprehended by the average youth. It is the teacher's duty to secure the expression of this central idea through every word uttered. The instant the reader goes off into the mere repetition of words, without the sense of their relation to the idea

of the selection as a whole, the teacher should interrupt him with the question, "What is that?" or, "Precisely what are you trying to tell us?" These questions will bring him back to the main point, and make the part expressive of the whole.

Second, the teacher must insist on the personal relation and the conversational tone. In reading, after the rudiments are once mastered, the reader should never stand in the line with the class, facing the teacher or the wall; but should step out in front of the class, face his classmates, and address his remarks to them. Trifling as this little matter of detail will seem to some, it is essential; for the communication of ideas implies some one to whom the communication is made. When a reader or speaker has merely gained the idea from the book, and repeated it out loud, he has done only half the work. It is because so many persons, both in and out of school, forget the other half, that bad reading is so common. A minister who was out of a parish once came to Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, to ask his assistance. Dr. Parker told him to come to the Temple and preach a sermon to him. As soon as he had finished, Dr. Parker said to him: "I see perfectly well why no parish wants you. You were trying to get something off your mind; not to get anything into mine." To get something into the minds of his classmates is quite as essential as to get something off from the mind of the speaker. At this point another matter of apparently trifling detail is absolutely essential. The other members of the class should close their books and look at the reader. It is a good plan to question the hearers, and see whether they get the idea from the reader. If they do not, the reader should be held responsible, and asked to read it over again for the benefit of the one who has failed to get the idea. Insistence on

the second point in reading is a great help in gaining the first; for no one can give to another what he has not first gained for himself. Furthermore, in this give and take which good reading involves, there is a great moral gain; for stupid, dull, unintelligent reading is an imposition on the hearers, and will quickly evoke their criticism. When others are listening, and the reader fails to give them something interesting, he stands before them convicted of being mean and selfish, a withholder of what is rightfully theirs.

Reading thus conducted will prove the most enjoyable school hour of the day. Instead of being a formal exercise in the pronunciation of words and sentences, to be discontinued as early in the course as the law allows, reading will be retained as a welcome breathing space in the midst of the pressure of less personal and interesting studies. Instead of being a dreaded ordeal, the time devoted to more carefully prepared reading and speaking will become the gladdest and happiest half day of all the week. Reading will be simply speaking with the suggestion of the printed page at hand; and speaking will be reading of what has become so familiar that the suggestion of the printed page is no longer needed. Each will help the other; and both will be appreciated and enjoyed alike by those who receive and those who give; though here, as everywhere, when once the lesson of giving ideas to others, simply, naturally, earnestly, and enthusiastically, has been learned, the speaker will find that it is more fun to speak than to listen; that, though both are good, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
Brunswick, Me.

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SPEAKER AND READER.

PART I.

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

MIGRATION.¹

FRANK BOLLES.

ONE day all is calm and serene ; the next, though the sky is just as blue, and the sunlight just as warm, something of unrest is in the air, and the birds are telling each other the story of the great journey. Songs are forgotten or sung only to greet the dawn and bless the night ; nestlings are trained to flight and led silent journeys through field, forest, or ether after food ; new scenes are visited, and the weak separated from the strong and left to die. Then, sometimes by day, sometimes by night, the hosts meet, drawn together by a force as irresistible and mysterious as magnetism, and finally the story of the great journey is written in fact once more.

In the August mornings I hear the Swainson's thrush by the lake. He was not there a few days before, he was on the mountain-side. He is drifting southward. The chickadees, alert, courageous, and generous, are the convoys of the warbler fleets. In the late August and early September days the cherry and berry eaters gather

¹ From *At the North of Bearcamp Water*. Pages 118-131. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

together and travel in flocks. Robins by scores combine with the cedar-birds, and flicker and range over the country in search of food. Birds of the upper air which feed on insects depart early. Late in September and in October there are days when the rush of migrating birds is like the stampede of a defeated army. As the early October days glide by, these waves of migration come faster and faster, like the throbbing of the air under the wing-beats of the grouse. Even as the drumming suddenly ceases, and the summer air seems still and heavy in the silence which follows, so the migration suddenly ends, and the woods and fields become very still in the late Indian summer. All the beauty of sky and autumn foliage cannot bring the birds back to the silent forest. Warm though the sun may be, and soft the haze on the mountain-side, these charms cannot woo back the birds from their migration. They are dreaming of gushing waters and flowers of fairest hue; and many a frosty, starlit night will pass before their wings beat once more in the clear Chocorua air.



THE TRAGEDIES OF THE NESTS.¹

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE life of the birds is a series of adventures and of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field. Very few of them probably die a natural death, or even live out half

¹ From *Signs and Seasons*. Pages 63-65. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

their appointed days. What perils beset their nests, even in the most favored localities! The cabins of the early settlers, when the country was swarming with hostile Indians, were not surrounded by such dangers. The tender households of the birds are not only exposed to hostile Indians in the shape of cats and collectors, but to numerous murderous and bloodthirsty animals, against whom they have no defense but concealment. They lead the darkest kind of pioneer life, even in our gardens and orchards, and under the walls of our houses. Not a day or a night passes, from the time the eggs are laid till the young are flown, when the chances are not greatly in favor of the nest being rifled and its contents devoured, — by owls, skunks, minks, and coons at night, and by crows, jays, squirrels, weasels, snakes, and rats during the day. Infancy, we say, is hedged about by many perils; but the infancy of birds is cradled and pillowed in peril.



THE CHICKADEE.¹

BRADFORD TORREY.

THE chickadee is the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those secondhand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself has to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are

¹ From *Birds in the Bush*. Pages 58, 59. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

numerous, and the food supply is too often scanty. Of some species very few die in their beds. But the chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and, whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. "Take no thought for to-morrow" is his creed, which he accepts literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chickadee, as the saying is, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor which makes other birds so fond of his companionship. Persons who suffer from fits of depression could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous chickadee. His whistles and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity would most likely send them home in a more Christian mood. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue-pill.



THE SAILOR-BIRDS: THE GULLS.¹

FRANK BOLLES.

THE gulls are the children of sky and ocean, bred to the storm. They have no music. Their voices are shrill like the boatswain's. They have no home save a spot of sand or rock where their young are reared near thundering surf and moaning tides. Their lives are long-

¹ From *From Blomidon to Smoky*. Page 208. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

continued buffetings with wind and wave, voyages under white wings across monotonous wastes of water. They are the mariners among birds, and all their ways have the mark of the sea upon them. The sea rules them, charms them, binds them to itself, and robs them as it robs their human counterpart of much of the sweetness and rest of home.



THE FARMER-BIRD: THE SPARROW.¹

FRANK BOLLES.

THE farmer is a burly fellow who rises early, whistles cheerfully if the sun be bright, works in all weather, keeps to the fields rather than to the forest, and to whose senses nothing is more pleasant than the rustle of corn leaves and the sheen of grain undulating in the breeze. Against him in the bird creation I set the sparrow. The sparrows love the sunshine. They are interested in the crops; as a rule shun the gloom of the forest, and make their homes in fields and meadows. Before sunrise, in May, the clear whistle of the white-throat welcomes the coming dawn. Winter does not see the farmer moving to Florida or Cuba. He stays at home, breaking the ice in the pond for his cattle, scattering corn to his fowls, listening to the voice of the ice in the night, and having a gun ready for the fox prowling about the barnyard at dawn.

¹ From *From Blomidon to Smoky*. Pages 206, 207, 217, 218. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The birds around him in these wintry days are sparrows. Truly, farmers and sparrows belong to the land, cling to it, live by it, love it. The English sparrow is a bird of a very different character. City-bred man without knowledge of lake and forest, mountain and ocean, is an inferior product of the race; but the city-bred bird is worse. The English sparrow is the embodiment of those instincts and passions which belong to the lowest class of foreign immigrants. He is the bird of the city, rich in city vices, expedients, and miseries. The farmer's son who takes to drink in a city makes a hard character. The English sparrow who has taken to a similar form of existence is equally despicable.



THE FIEND IN FEATHERS: THE OWL.¹

FRANK BOLLES.

OWLS are murderers by night or robbers by day. They bear in their faces the imprint of evil. The owl reminds me of some men whom I have had the misfortune to know — silent and sinister by day, or when exposed to the scrutiny of their fellows; but by night devils in thought, purpose, and action. To the owl everything which possesses the power of motion is, presumably, fit to be devoured; quadruped, bird, fish, reptile, insect, mollusk, any or all, unless specially protected, invite to

¹ From *From Blomidon to Smoky*. Page 209. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

murder ; so with some men, nothing is too pure, too beautiful, too defenseless to be sacrificed to their selfishness. One owl is enough for many miles of forest. Fortunately for society, owlsh men are similarly scarce.



THE HOUSEKEEPING OF THE BIRDS.¹

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

WHEN one thinks of a bird, one fancies a soft, swift, aimless, joyous thing, full of nervous energy and arrowy motions, — a song with wings. So remote from ours their mode of existence, they seem accidental exiles from an unknown globe, banished where none can understand their language ; and men only stare at their darting, inexplicable ways, as at the gyrations of the circus. Yet among all created things, the birds come nearest to man in their domesticity. Their unions are usually in pairs, and for life ; and with them, unlike the practice of most quadrupeds, the male labors for the young. He chooses the locality of the nest, aids in its construction, and fights for it, if needful. He sometimes assists in hatching the eggs. He feeds the brood with exhausting labor, like yonder robin, whose winged picturesque day is spent in putting worms into insatiable beaks, at the rate of one morsel in every three minutes. He has to teach them to fly, as among the swallows, or even to hunt, as among the hawks. His life is anchored to his home. Yonder oriole fills with light and melody the

¹ From *Out-Door Papers*. Page 298. Copyright by Lee & Shepard.

thousand branches of a neighborhood; and yet the center for all this divergent splendor is always that one drooping dome upon one chosen tree. This he helped to build in May, confiscating cotton and singing many songs, with his mouth full of plunder; and there he watches over his household, all through the leafy June, perched often upon the airy cradle edge, and swaying with it in the summer wind. And from this deep nest after the pretty eggs are hatched, will he and his mate extract every fragment of the shell, leaving it, like all other nests, save those of birds of prey, clean and pure, when the young are flown.



HOW THE MOTHER PARTRIDGE SAVED HER BROOD.¹

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

DOWN the wooded slope the mother partridge led her brood toward the crystal brook for the first time to drink. She walked slowly, crouching low as she went, for the woods were full of enemies; and the little balls of mottled down on their tiny pink legs came toddling after. Soon she spied a great brute of a fox coming their way. There was no time to lose.

“Hide! hide!” cried the mother in a firm low voice, and the little things, but a day old, scattered to hide.

¹ From *Wild Animals I have Known*. Pages 307-310. Copyright, 1898, by Ernest Seton-Thompson, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

One dived under a leaf, another between two roots, a third crawled into a curl of birch bark, a fourth into a hole, till all were hidden. They ceased their frightened peeping and all was still.

Mother Partridge flew straight toward the dreaded beast, alighted fearlessly a few yards to one side of him, and then flung herself on the ground, flopping as though winged and lame—oh, so dreadfully lame!—and whining like a distressed puppy. Was she begging for mercy—mercy from a bloodthirsty, cruel fox? Oh, dear, no! She was no fool. One often hears of the cunning of the fox. Wait and see what a fool he is compared to a mother partridge. Elated at the prize so suddenly within his reach, the fox turned with a dash and caught—at least, no, he did n't quite catch the bird; she flopped by chance just a foot out of reach. He followed with another jump and would have seized her this time surely, but somehow a sapling came just between, and the partridge dragged herself awkwardly away and under a log, but the great brute snapped his jaws and bounded over the log, while she, seeming a trifle less lame, made another clumsy forward spring and tumbled down a bank, and Reynard, keenly following, almost caught her tail, but, oddly enough, fast as he went and leaped, she still seemed just a trifle faster. It was most extraordinary. A winged partridge and he, Reynard, the swift-foot, had not caught her in five minutes' racing. It was really shameful.

But the partridge seemed to gain strength as the fox put forth his, and after a quarter of a mile race, racing that was somehow all away from the place where the

little ones were, the bird got unaccountably quite well, and, rising with a derisive whirr, flew off through the woods, leaving the fox utterly dumfounded to realize that he had been made a fool of.

Meanwhile Mother Partridge skimmed in a great circle and came by a roundabout way back to the little fuzz-balls she had left hidden in the woods.



THE ENGLISH LARK.¹

CHARLES READE.

NEAR the gold mines of Australia, by a little squatter's house that was thatched and whitewashed in English fashion, a group of rough English miners had come together to listen in that far-away country to the singing of the English lark.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered around the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after a while he seemed to revive his memories and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he

¹ From *It is Never too Late to Mend*. Page 119.

gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on, his voice outburst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty, and every time he checked his song to think of its theme, the green meadows, the quiet, stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring, he sang so well, a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him; and when he swelled with song again, and poured forth with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one tear trickled from fierce, unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Sweet Home!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and most of them had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths and drink and lusts and remorse, but no note was changed in this immortal song. And so for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without

one grain of sorrow, the village church and its simple chimes ; the clover field hard by, in which he lay and gamboled while the lark praised God overhead ; the chubby playmates, and the sweet, sweet hours of youth and innocence and home.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

W. ALLINGHAM.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!
 For Summer's nearly done ;
 The garden smiling faintly,
 Cool breezes in the sun ;
 Our thrushes now are silent,
 Our swallows flown away, —
 But Robin's here in coat of brown,
 And scarlet breast-knot gay.
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear !
 Robin sings so sweetly
 In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
 The leaves come down in hosts ;
 The trees are Indian princes,
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts ;
 The leathery pears and apples
 Hang russet on the bough ;

It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
 'T will soon be Winter now.
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And what will this poor Robin do?
 For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
 The wheat-stack for the mouse,
 When trembling night-winds whistle
 And moan all round the house.
 The frosty ways like iron,
 The branches plumed with snow,—
 Alas! in Winter dead and dark,
 Where can poor Robin go?
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,
 His little heart to cheer.



THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.¹

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Do you remember, father,—
 It seems so long ago,—
 The day we fished together
 Along the Pocono?

¹ From *The Builders and Other Poems*. Pages 27, 28. Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Speaker and Reader.

At dusk I waited for you,
Beside the lumber-mill,
And there I heard a hidden bird
That chanted "whip-poor-will."

The place was all deserted;
The mill-wheel hung at rest;
The lonely star of evening
Was quivering in the west;
The veil of night was falling;
The winds were folded still;
And everywhere the trembling air
Reëchoed "whip-poor-will."

You seemed so long in coming,
I felt so much alone;
The wide, dark world was round me,
And life was all unknown;
The hand of sorrow touched me,
And made my senses thrill
With all the pain that haunts the strain
Of mournful "whip-poor-will."

What did I know of trouble?
An idle little lad;
I had not learned the lessons
That make men wise and sad.
I dreamed of grief and parting,
And something seemed to fill
My heart with tears, while in my ears
Resounded "whip-poor-will."

'T was but a shadowy sadness,
 That lightly passed away ;
 But I have known the substance
 Of sorrow, since that day.
 For nevermore at twilight,
 Beside the silent mill,
 I'll wait for you, in the falling dew,
 And hear the whip-poor-will.

But if you still remember,
 In that fair land of light,
 The pains and fears that touch us
 Along this edge of night,
 I think all earthly grieving,
 And all our mortal ill,
 To you must seem like a boy's sad dream,
 Who hears the whip-poor-will.



THE FREEDOM OF THE FLY.¹

JOHN RUSKIN.

WE can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Nor free only, but brave. There is no courtesy in him ; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases ; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect

¹ From *The Queen of the Air*. Section 148.

independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground and came crashing down with an aim. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do — no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber — a black incarnation of caprice — wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard, — what freedom is like his?



THE PARROT.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land, and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day:
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.



THE RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.¹

HENRY VAN DYKE.

I.

WHERE'S your kingdom, little king?
 Where's the land you call your own,
 Where's your palace, and your throne,
 Fluttering lightly on the wing
 Through the blossom-world of May,
 Whither lies your royal way?
 Where's the realm that owns your sway,
 Little king?

*Far to northward lies a land,
 Where the trees together stand
 Closer than the blades of wheat,
 When the summer is complete.
 Like a robe the forests hide
 Lonely vale and mountain-side:
 Balsam, hemlock, spruce, and pine,—
 All those mighty trees are mine.
 There's a river flowing free;
 All its waves belong to me.
 There's a lake so clear and bright
 Stars shine out of it all night,
 And the rowan-berries red
 Round it like a girdle spread.*

¹ From *The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Feasting plentiful and fine,
Air that cheers the heart like wine,
Royal pleasures by the score,
Wait for me in Labrador.
There I'll build my dainty nest ;
There I'll fix my court and rest ;
There from dawn to dark I'll sing :
Happy kingdom ! Lucky king !*

II.

Back again, my little king !
Is your happy kingdom lost
To that rebel knave, Jack Frost ?
Have you felt the snowflakes sting ?
Autumn is a rude disrober :
Houseless, homeless in October,
Whither now ? Your plight is sober,
Exiled king !

*Far to southward lie the regions
Where my loyal flower legions
Hold possession of the year,
Filling every month with cheer.
Christmas wakes the winter rose ;
New Year, daffodils uncloset ;
Yellow jasmine through the woods
Runs in March with golden floods,
Dropping from the tallest trees
Shining streams that never freeze.*

Speaker and Reader.

*Thither I must find my way,
 Fly by night and feed by day,
 Till I see the southern moon
 Glistening on the broad lagoon,
 Where the cypress' vivid green,
 And the dark magnolia's sheen,
 Weave a shelter round my home.
 There the snowstorms never come:
 There the bannered mosses gray
 In the breezes gently sway,
 Hanging low on every side
 Round the covert where I hide.
 There I hold my winter court,
 Full of merriment and sport:
 There I take my ease and sing:
 Happy kingdom! Lucky king!*

III.

Little boaster, vagrant king!
 Neither north nor south is yours:
 You've no kingdom that endures.
 Wandering every fall and spring,
 With your painted crown so slender,
 And your talk of royal splendor
 Must I call you a Pretender,
 Landless king?

*Never king by right divine
 Ruled a richer realm than mine!
 What are lands and golden crowns,
 Armies, fortresses, and towns,*

*Jewels, scepters, robes, and rings, —
What are these to song and wings?
Everywhere that I can fly,
There I own the earth and sky;
Everywhere that I can sing,
There I'm happy as a king.*

RAGGYLUG.¹

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

RAGGYLUG was a young cottontail rabbit. He lived in a nest in a swamp, where his mother had hidden him. She had partly covered him with some of the bedding, and her last warning was to "lay low and say nothing, whatever happens." Though tucked in bed he was wide awake. After a while he heard a strange rustling of the leaves in the near thicket. It was an odd sound, and though it went this way and that way and came ever nearer, there was no patter of feet with it.

Rag felt he knew what he was about; he was n't a baby; it was his duty to learn what it was. He slowly raised his roly-poly body on his short fluffy legs, lifted his little round head above the covering of the nest and peeped into the woods. The sound ceased as soon as he moved. He saw nothing, so took one step forward

¹ From *Wild Animals I have Known*. Pages 93-100. Copyright, 1898, by Ernest Seton-Thompson, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

to a clear view, and instantly found himself face to face with an enormous black serpent.

“Mammy!” he screamed in mortal terror as the monster darted at him. With all the strength of his tiny limbs he tried to run. But in a flash the snake had him by one ear and whipped around him with his coils to gloat over the helpless little baby bunny he had secured for dinner.

“Mam-my, Mam-my,” gasped poor little Raggylug as the cruel monster began slowly choking him to death. Very soon the little one’s cry would have ceased, but bounding through the woods straight as an arrow came Mammy; no longer a shy, helpless little Molly Cottontail, ready to fly from a shadow; the mother’s love was strong in her. The cry of her baby had filled her with the courage of a hero, and hop she went over that terrible reptile. Whack, she struck down at him with her sharp hind claws as she passed, giving him such a stinging blow that he squirmed with pain and hissed with anger. “M-a-m-m-y!” came feebly from the little one. And Mammy came leaping again and again and struck harder and fiercer until the loathsome reptile let go the little one’s ear and tried to bite the old one as she leaped over. But all he got was a mouthful of wool each time, and Molly’s fierce blows began to tell, as long bloody ribs were torn in the black snake’s scaly armor.

Things were now looking bad for the snake; and bracing himself for the next charge, he lost his tight hold on Baby Bunny, who at once wriggled out of the coils and away into the underbrush, breathless and terribly frightened, but unhurt. Molly now had gained all she

wanted. She had no notion of fighting for glory or revenge. Away she went into the woods, and the little one followed the shining beacon of her snow-white tail until she led him to a safe corner of the swamp.



THE CAT AND THE BIRD AND I.

HENRY JOHNSON.

I SAW it, Christopher, — know you,
And if you weren't just a cat, —
But I will be patient and show you
What good people think of all that.

Among my stray notions there lingers
A fancy that all things which live,
Whether clawed or provided with fingers,
Have a right to all this world can give.

And here you go out in the garden
And hide by a barrel — oh, fie!
With a heart so hard nothing can harden,
And you look from the earth to the sky.

'T is nothing to you she's a mother,
The dear little wren on the twig,
She has only no spurs that will bother,
And you are so strong and so big.

You wriggle an instant and quiver
 As you plant your hind paws in the dirt,
 And then there's a spring—and a shiver;
 Your teeth stab her breast, and they hurt.

Your judgment was good, you did reach her,
 And now you are creeping along,
 And drop the limp, lifeless creature
 Without a suspicion of wrong.

What? Christopher! Winking? You sinner!
 Did ever *I* act like that?
 "What was it *I* had for dinner?"
 Be out of this! Off with you! Scat!



THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.¹

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together,
 To make up a year
 And a sphere.

¹ Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."



THE RED SQUIRREL.¹

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

OF all the wild world's inhabitants, feathered or furred, none outdo the saucy red squirrel in taunts, gibes, and mockery of their common enemy. Derision is expressed in every tone and gesture. His agile form is vibrant with it when he flattens himself against a tree-trunk, toes and tail quivering with intensity of ridicule, or when from the topmost bough he pours down his chattering jeer. When in a less scornful mood, he is at least supremely indifferent, deigning to regard you with but the corner of an eye, while he rasps a nut or chips a cone.

He exasperates when he cuts off your half-grown apples and pears in sheer wantonness, injuring you and

¹ From *In New England Fields and Woods*. Pages 178-181. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

profiting himself only in the pleasure of seeing and hearing them fall. But you are heated with a hotter wrath when you catch sight of him stealthily skulking along the leafy by-paths of the branches, silently intent on evil deeds, and plotting the murder of callow innocents. Then when you see him gliding away, swift and silent as a shadow, bearing a half-naked fledgling in his jaws, if this is his first revelation of such wickedness, you are as painfully surprised as if you had discovered a little child in some wanton act of cruelty.

It seems quite out of all fitness that this merry fellow should turn murderer, that this dainty connoisseur of choice nuts and tender buds, and earliest discoverer and taster of the maple's sweetness, should become so savagely bloodthirsty. But anon he will cajole you with pretty ways into forgetfulness and forgiveness of his crimes. Against his sins you set his beauty and tricky manners, and for them would not banish him out of the world nor miss the incomparable touch of wild life that his presence gives it.



CATCHING A GRASSHOPPER.¹

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

To catch a grasshopper is no slight feat. At the first step you take, at least forty bolt out and tumble headlong into the grass; some cling to the stems, some are creeping under the leaves, and not one seems to be

¹ From *Star Papers*. Pages 147, 148.

within reach. You step again; another flight takes place, and you eye them with fierce penetration, as if thereby you could catch some of them with your eye. You cannot, though. You brush the grass with your foot again. Another hundred snap out, and tumble about in every direction. There are large ones and small ones, and middling-sized ones; there are gray and hard old fellows; yellow and red ones; green and striped ones. It is wonderful to see how populous the grass is. If you did not want them, they would jump into your very hand. But they know by your looks that you are out a-fishing. You see a very nice young fellow climbing up a steeple stem, to get a good look-out and see where you are. You take good aim and grab at him. The stem you catch, but he has jumped a safe rod. Yonder is another, creeping among some delicate ferns. With broad palm you clutch him and all the neighboring herbage too. Stealthily opening your little finger, you see his leg; the next finger reveals more of him; and opening the next you are just beginning to take him out with the other hand, when out he bounds and leaves you to renew your pursuit. Twice you snatch handfuls of grass and cautiously open your palm to find that you have *only* grass. It is quite vexatious. There are thousands of them here and there, climbing and wriggling on that blade, leaping off from that stalk, twisting and kicking on that spider's web, jumping and bouncing about under your very nose, and yet not one do you get. If any tender-hearted person ever wondered how a humane man could bring himself to such a cruelty as impaling

an insect, let him hunt for a grasshopper in a hot day among tall grass ; and when at length he secures one, the affixing him upon the hook will be done without a single scruple, with judicial solemnity, and as a mere matter of penal justice.



THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

JOHN GAY.

UPON a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fired the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state,
The council met in grand debate.
A colt whose eyeballs flamed with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng address'd :
" Goodness, how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace !
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have worn the chain ?
Consider, friends ! your strength and might ;
'T is conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach !
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,

To sweat in harvest through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heavens! reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
"When I had health and strength like you
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains,
At will I crop the year's increase,
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains;
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,

Through all the labors of the year?
 How many thousand structures rise,
 To fence us from inclement skies!
 For us he bears the sultry day,
 And stores up all our winter's hay.
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,
 We share the toil and share the grain.
 Since every creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need,
 Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by heaven assign'd."
 The tumult ceas'd, the colt submitted,
 And, like his ancestors, was bitted.



THE CHIPMUNK A SIGN OF SPRING.¹

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE first chipmunk in March is as sure a token of the spring as the first bluebird or the first robin; and it is quite as welcome. Some genial influence has found him out there in his burrow, deep under the ground, and waked him up, and enticed him forth into the light of day. The red squirrel has been more or less active all winter; his track has dotted the surface of every new-fallen snow throughout the season. But the chipmunk retired from view early in December, and has passed the rigorous months in his nest, beside his hoard

¹ From *Riverby*. Page 145. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of nuts, some feet underground, and hence, when he emerges in March, and is seen upon his little journeys along the fences, or perched upon a log or rock near his hole in the woods, it is another sign that spring is at hand. His store of nuts may or may not be all consumed; it is certain that he is no sluggard, to sleep away these first bright warm days. Before the first crocus is out of the ground, you may look for the first chipmunk.



THE COW.¹

JOHN BURROUGHS.

WHAT a beautiful path the cows make through the snow to the stack or to the spring under the hill! always more or less wayward, but broad and firm, and carved and indented by a multitude of rounded hoofs. The cow is the true pathfinder and pathmaker. She has the leisurely, deliberate movement that insures an easy and a safe way. Follow her trail through the woods, and you have the best, if not the shortest, course. How she beats down the brush and briars and wears away even the roots of trees! A herd of cows left to themselves fall naturally into single file, and a hundred or more hoofs are not long in smoothing and compacting almost any surface.

All the ways and doings of cattle are pleasant to look

¹ From *Signs and Seasons*. Pages 238-240. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

upon, whether grazing in the pasture, or browsing in the woods, or ruminating under the trees, or feeding in the stall, or reposing upon the knolls. It makes one's mouth water to see her eat pumpkins, and to see her at a pile of apples is distracting. How she sweeps off the delectable grass! The sound of her grazing is appetizing; the grass betrays all its sweetness in parting under her sickle. There is virtue in the cow; she is full of goodness; a wholesome odor exhales from her; the whole landscape looks out of her soft eyes; the quality and the aroma of miles of meadow and pasture lands are in her presence and products. I had rather have the care of cattle than be the keeper of the great seal of the nation. Where the cow is, there is Arcadia; so far as her influence prevails, there is contentment, humility, and sweet, homely life.



THE TIGER.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare He aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



OLD STREAMS OR NEW?¹

HENRY VAN DYKE.

WHICH is pleasanter, to fish an old stream or a new one?

The younger members are all for the "fresh woods and pastures new." They speak of the delight of

¹ From *Fisherman's Luck*. Pages 228-230. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

turning off from the highroad into some faintly marked trail ; following it blindly through the forest, not knowing how far you have to go ; hearing the voice of waters sounding through the woodland ; leaving the path impatiently and striking straight across the underbrush ; scrambling down a steep bank, pushing through a thicket of alders, and coming out suddenly, face to face with a beautiful, strange brook. Your new acquaintance invites you to a day of discoveries. From scene to scene you follow on, delighted and expectant, until the night suddenly drops its veil, and then you will be lucky if you can find your way home in the dark.

Yes, it is all very good, this exploration of new streams. But, for my part, I like still better to go back to a familiar little river, and fish or dream along the banks where I have dreamed and fished before. I know every bend and curve ; the sharp turn where the water runs under the roots of the old hemlock tree ; the snaky glen where the alders stretch their arms far out across the stream ; the meadow reach, where the trout are fat and silvery, and will only rise about sunrise or sundown, unless the day is cloudy. All these I know ; yes, and almost every current and eddy and backwater I know long before I come to it. I remember where I caught the big trout the first year I came to the stream ; and where I lost a bigger one. I remember the pool where there were plenty of good fish last year, and wonder whether they are there now. Surely it is pleasant to follow an old stream.



THE OPEN FIRE.¹

HENRY VAN DYKE.

MAN is the animal that has made friends with the fire.

All the other creatures, in their natural state, are afraid of it. They look upon it with wonder and dismay. It fascinates them, sometimes, with its glittering eyes in the night. The squirrels and the hares come pattering softly toward it through the underbrush around the new camp. The deer stands staring into the blaze of the jack while the hunter's canoe creeps through the lily-pads. But the charm that masters them is one of dread, not of love. When they know what it means, when the heat of the fire touches them, or even when its smell comes clearly to their most delicate sense, they recognize it as their enemy. Let but a trail of smoke drift down the wind across the forest, and all the game for miles and miles will catch the signal for fear and flight.

Many of the animals have learned how to make houses for themselves. The *cabane* of the beaver is a wonder of neatness and comfort, much preferable to the wigwam of his Indian hunter. The muskrat knows how thick and high to build the dome of his waterside cottage, in order to protect himself against the frost of the coming winter and the floods of the following spring. The woodchuck's house has two or three doors; and the squirrel's dwelling is provided with a good bed and a convenient

¹ From *Fisherman's Luck*. Pages 207, 208. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

storehouse for nuts and acorns. The sportive otters have a toboggan slide in front of their residence; and the moose in winter make a "yard" where they can take exercise comfortably and find shelter for sleep. But there is one thing lacking in all these various dwellings — a fireplace.

Man is the only creature that dares to light a fire, and to live with it. The reason? Because he alone has learned how to put it out.



THE FISHERMAN'S JOY.¹

HENRY VAN DYKE.

NEVER believe a fisherman when he tells you that he does not care about the fish he catches. He may say that he angles only for the pleasure of being out of doors, and that he is just as well contented when he takes nothing as when he makes a good catch. He may think so, but it is not true. Even if it were true, it would not be at all to his credit.

Watch him on that lucky day when he comes home with a full basket of trout on his shoulder. His face is broader than it was when he went out, and there is a sparkle of triumph in his eye. "It is naught, it is naught," he says in modest depreciation of his triumph. But you shall see that he lingers fondly about the place

¹ From *Fisherman's Luck*. Pages 25, 26. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

where the fish are displayed upon the grass, and does not fail to look carefully at the scales when they are weighed, and has an attentive ear for the comments of admiring spectators. You shall find, moreover, that he is not unwilling to narrate the story of the capture. Listen to this tale as it is told, and you will perceive that the fisherman does care for his luck, after all.

And why not? There is no virtue in solemn indifference. Joy is just as much a duty as beneficence is. Thankfulness is the other side of mercy. When you have good luck in anything, you ought to be glad. Indeed, if you are not glad, you are not really lucky.



LIVING IN TENTS.¹

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE people who always live in houses, and sleep on beds, and walk on pavements, and buy their food from butchers and bakers and grocers, are not the most blessed inhabitants of this wide and various earth. They live at second or third hand. They are boarders in the world. Everything is done for them by somebody else.

It is almost impossible for anything very interesting to happen to them. They must get their excitement out of the newspapers, reading of the hairbreadth escapes and moving accidents that befall people in

¹ From *Fisherman's Luck*. Pages 14-16. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

real life. What do these tame ducks really know of the adventure of living? If the weather is bad, they are snugly housed. If it is cold, there is a furnace in the cellar. If they are hungry, the shops are near at hand. It is all as dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable as adding up a column of figures. They might as well be brought up in an incubator.

But when man abides in tents, after the manner of the early patriarchs, the face of the world is renewed. You watch the sky with a lover's look, eager to know whether it will smile or frown. When you lie at night upon your bed of boughs and hear the rain pattering on the canvas close above your head, you wonder whether it is a long storm or only a shower.

The rising wind shakes the tent-flaps. Are the pegs well driven down and the cords firmly fastened? You fall asleep again and wake later, to hear the rain drumming still more loudly on the tight cloth, and the big breeze snoring through the forest, and the waves plunging along the beach. A stormy day? Well, you must cut plenty of wood and keep the camp-fire glowing, for it will be hard to start it up again, if you let it get too low. Cooking in the rain has its disadvantages. But how good the supper tastes when it is served up on a tin plate, with an empty box for a table and a roll of blankets at the foot of the bed for a seat! You go to bed with cheerful hopes. A dozen times in the darkness you are half awake, and listening drowsily to the sounds of the storm. See, the dawn has come, and the gray light glimmers through the canvas. In a little while you will know your fate.

Look! There is a patch of bright yellow radiance on the peak of the tent. The sun must be shining. Good luck! and up with you, for it is a glorious morning. And now you must be off to get your dinner — not to order it at a shop, but to look for it in the woods and waters. You are ready to do your best with rod or gun. But what you shall find, and whether you shall subsist on bacon and biscuit, or feast on trout and partridges, is, after all, a matter of luck.

It appears to me not only pleasant, but also salutary, to be in this condition. It brings us home to the plain realities of life; it teaches us that a man ought to work before he eats; it reminds us that after he has done all he can, he must still rely upon a mysterious bounty for his daily bread. It says to us, in homely and familiar words, that life was meant to be uncertain, that no man can tell what a day may bring forth, and that it is the part of wisdom to be prepared for disappointments and grateful for all kinds of small mercies.



THISTLES, AND FOLKS WHO ARE LIKE THEM.¹

BRADFORD TORREY.

IN a vase stands a tall swamp thistle, along with a handful of fringed gentians. Forgetting what it is, one cannot help pronouncing the thistle beautiful — a

¹ From *The Foot-path Way*. Pages 207-209. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

close bunch of minute rose-purple flowers. But who could ever feel toward it as toward the gentian? Beauty is a thing, not merely of form or color, but of memory and association. The thistle is an ugly customer.

In a single respect it lays itself out to be agreeable; but even its beauty is too much like that of some venomous reptile. Yet it has its friends, or, at all events, its patrons. If you wish to catch butterflies, go to the thistle pasture. No doubt it could give forty eloquent excuses for its offensive traits. Probably it felicitates itself upon its shrewdness, and pities the poor estate of its defenseless neighbors. How they must envy its happier fortune! It sees them browsed upon by the cattle, and can hardly be blamed if it chuckles a little to itself as the greedy creatures pass it by untouched. Schoolgirls and botanists break down the golden-rods and asters, and pull up the gerardias and ladies' tresses; but neither schoolgirl nor collector often troubles the thistle. It opens its gorgeous blossoms and ripens its feathery fruit unnoticed. Truly it is a great thing to wear an armor of prickles!

Can there be any one so favored as not to have some thistles among his townsmen and acquaintances? Nay, we all know them. They stand always a little by themselves. They escape many slight inconveniences under which more amiable people suffer. Whoever finds himself in a hard place goes not to them for help. They are recognized afar as persons to be let alone. Yet they, too, have a good side. If they do not give help, they seldom ask it. Once a year they may actually "do

a handsome thing," but they cannot put off their own nature. Their very generosity pricks the hand that receives it, and when old Time cuts them down with his scythe there will be no great mourning.



THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY CHILD.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

(To be spoken by two persons in alternation.)

CHILD of the Country! free as air
 Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
 Born like the lily, where the dew
 Lies odorous when the day is new;
 Fed 'mid the May flowers like the bees;
 Nursed to sweet music on the knees;
 Lulled on the breast to that sweet tune
 Which winds make 'mid the woods in June.
 I sing of thee; — 't is sweet to sing
 Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town! for thee I sigh;
 A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
 A carpet is thy daisied sod,
 A narrow street thy boundless wood,
 The rushing deer, the clattering tramp
 Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp, —

Through smoke, and not through trellised vine
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines.
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair.

Child of the Country! Thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet.
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young;
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll wrought o'er with wild blue-bells
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The Shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree.
And other marvels, which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the Town! for thee, alas!
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run.
A May-pole is thy blossomed tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee.
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside the hare;
Thy fruit is plucked and by the pound
Hawked, clamorous, o'er the city round;

No roses twinborn on the stalk
Perfume thee in thy evening walk.
No voice of birds ; but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the Country ! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring.
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud ;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams ;
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound ;
Now climbing up some old tall tree
For climbing's sake. 'T is sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the Town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet !
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and stiles ;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak.
And thou art cabined and confined
At once from sun, and dew, and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone.

The coachman there careering reels,
 With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
 And commerce pours each prosing son
 In pelf's pursuit and hollos "Run":
 While flushed with wine, and stung at play,
 Men rush from darkness into day.
 The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
 Where nought can sail save what is stark.

Fly from the Town, sweet child! for health
 Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
 There is a lesson in each flower,
 A story in each stream and shower;
 On every herb o'er which you tread
 Are written words which, rightly read,
 Will lead you from Earth's fragrant sod
 To hope and holiness and God.



FIVE LITTLE WHITE-HEADS.¹

WALTER LEARNED.

FIVE little white-heads peeped out of the mold,
 When the dew was damp and the night was cold:
 And they crowded their way through the soil with
 pride:
 "Hurrah! We are going to be mushrooms!" they
 cried.

¹ From *A Treasury of American Verse*. Copyright by Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

But the sun came up, and the sun shone down,
And the little white-heads were withered and
brown :

Long were their faces, their pride had a fall —
They were nothing but toadstools, after all.



A BOY'S SONG.

JAMES HOGG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest ;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
 Little sweet maidens from the play,
 Or love to banter and fight so well,
 That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
 Through the meadow, among the hay ;
 Up the water and o'er the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.



HIAWATHA'S FISHING.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
 On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 With his fishing-line of cedar,
 Of the twisted bark of cedar,
 Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
 Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
 In his birch canoe exulting
 All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
 He could see the fishes swimming
 Far down in the depths below him ;
 See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
 Like a sunbeam in the water,
 See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,

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Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar ;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches ;
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and minnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor ;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spines projecting ;
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.

“Take my bait,” cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,

“Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!”
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
“Take my bait, O King of Fishes!”

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenogha,
To the pike, the Maskenogha,
“Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!”

In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.
Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenogha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water:
“Esa! esa! shame upon you!

You are but the pike, Kenogha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes !”



SONG OF THE BROOK.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern :
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges ;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles ;
I bubble into eddyng bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow ;
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots ;
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



THE FARMER'S LIFE.¹

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources, he has,—his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dogs, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields;

¹ From *Signs and Seasons*. Pages 244, 245. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his coöperation with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost! Nothing will take the various distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Blessed is he whose youth was passed upon a farm. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done.



HAYING.¹

JOHN BURROUGHS.

HAYING is the period of "storm and stress" in the farmer's year. To get the hay in, in good condition, and before the grass gets too ripe, is a great matter. All the energies and resources of the farm are bent to this purpose. It is a thirty or forty day war, in which the farmer and his "hands" are pitted against the heat and the rain and the legions of timothy and clover. Everything about it has the urge, the hurry, the excitement of a battle. Outside help is procured; men flock in from adjoining counties, where the ruling industry is

¹ From *Signs and Seasons*. Pages 235-237. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

something else and is less imperative; coopers, blacksmiths, and laborers of various kinds drop their tools, and take down their scythes and go in quest of a job in haying. Every man is expected to pitch his energies in a little higher key than at any other kind of work. The wages are extra, and the work must correspond. The men are in the meadow by half-past four or five in the morning, and mow an hour or two before breakfast. A good mower is proud of his skill. He stands up to his grass and strikes level and sure. You can hardly see the ribs of his swath, and when the hay is raked away you will not find a spear left standing. Hay-gathering is clean, manly work all through. Young fellows work in haying who do not do another stroke on the farm the whole year. It is a gymnasium in the meadows and under the summer sky.

HAY.¹

YESTERDAY'S flowers am I,
And I have drunk my last sweet draught of dew.
Young maidens came and sang me to my death;
The moon looks down and sees me in my shroud—
The shroud of my last dew.

Yesterday's flowers that are yet in me
Must needs make way for all to-morrow's flowers.
The maidens, too, that sang me to my death

¹ From *The Bard of the Dimbovitza*. Translated by Alma Strettell.

Must even so make way for all the maids
That are to come.
And as my soul, so to their soul will be
Laden with fragrance of the days gone by.
The maidens that to-morrow come this way
Will not remember that I once did bloom,
For they will only see the new-born flowers.
Yet will my perfume-laden soul bring back,
As a sweet memory, to women's hearts
Their days of maidenhood.
And then they will be sorry that they came
To sing me to my death.
And all the butterflies will mourn for me ;
I bear away with me
The sunshine's dear remembrance, and the low
Soft murmurs of the spring.
My breath is sweet as children's prattle is ;
I drank in all the whole earth's fruitfulness,
To make of it the fragrance of my soul
That shall outlive my death.
Now to the morrow's flowers will I say :
"Dear children of my roots,
I charge you love the sun as I have loved,
And love the lovers, and the little birds,
That when ye bloom anew,
They never may remember I am dead,
But always think they see the self-same flowers ;
Even as the sun that ever thinks he sees
The self-same birds and lovers upon earth,
Because he is immortal, and for this
Never remembers Death.

Yesterday's flowers am I,
And I have drunk my last sweet draught of dew.
Young maidens came and sang me to my death;
The moon looks down and sees me in my shroud—
The shroud of my last dew.”



THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
“A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

“Foolhardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

“But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses;

While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
 Are comfortably lying,
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
 About their heads are flying!

“And very often have we heard
 How men are killed and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 By thieves and fires in London.
 We know what risks all landsmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors ;
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors !”



MARCH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun ;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest ;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising ;
 There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The ploughboy is whooping anon — anon --
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains !
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !



THREE YEARS SHE GREW.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This Child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of mine own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn

Or up the mountain springs ;
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend ;
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the Storm,
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden’s form
 By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her ; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell ;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake — The work was done —
 How soon my Lucy’s race was run !

She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
 The memory of what has been,
 And nevermore will be.



THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.



THE SPEECH OF THE LONG NIGHT.¹

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

THE last day we saw the sun only the upper half was above the horizon at noon, and just as the rim was ready to sink I fancied I heard the "Long Night" say to me, "For one night of six months I rule at the North Pole. Then I am most powerful. In the course of countless ages I have frozen the sea and I have built a wall of ice so thick and so broad and so hard that no vessel will ever be strong enough to break through, and no man will ever reach the pole. I guard the approach to the pole and watch carefully the wall of ice I have built around it. When the sun drives me away and rules in his turn one day of six months at the pole (for the whole year is equally divided between us), he tries with his steady heat to destroy the wall I have built. On my return I repair the damage the sun has done and make the wall as strong as it was before. I send terrific gales and mighty snowstorms over oceans and lands and even far to the south of my dominion, for my power is so great that it is felt beyond my realm."

There was a pause; then I thought I heard the sardonic laugh of the "Long Night." It seemed like a laugh of defiance. I shuddered when I remembered the names of the valiant and daring commanders who had led expeditions towards the North Pole and had perished in their endeavors, with the gallant men who had trusted

¹ From *The Land of the Long Night*. Pages 73-75. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

and followed them. Then I thought of the brave explorers who had followed in their wake with better fortune, for their lives had been spared, though they failed to reach the pole. The wall the "Long Night" had built could not be passed.

As these thoughts came over me I exclaimed: "'Long Night,' great and terrible indeed has been the loss of life among those who have tried to reach the pole, but the ingenuity of man is great, and in spite of the ice barrier thou hast built around it, we have not lost hope that man by some device of his own may yet be able to reach the pole."



THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE SUN.¹

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

ONE day I saw a golden thread above the snowy horizon. It was the upper rim of the sun. I watched, hoping to see the whole sun. But it was at its meridian, and in a very short time the golden thread had disappeared and the sun was on its downward course. I shouted: "Dear Sun, how much I should like to see you! I am so tired of beholding only the stars and the moon. I am longing for sunshine."

Near by was a hill. A sudden thought came into my mind. I said to myself: "If I climb this hill I shall see

¹ From *The Land of the Long Night*. Pages 109-111. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

the whole sun, as the greater height will make up for the curvature of the earth."

I ran and climbed as fast as I could, and when I reached the top of the hill I saw the whole sun ; I shouted: "Dear Sun, I love you. I love sunshine. Come and reign once more on this part of the earth. Come and cheer me, and drive away the 'Long Night.'"

I felt like a new being, for I had seen the sun and its sight had filled me with joy. Days of sunshine were coming, and I gave three cheers with a tiger for the sun. I had had enough of the "Long Night."

The following day the sun rose slowly above the snowy horizon ; but only half of it appeared. It was of a fiery red. Then it gradually sank. The third day the whole of the sun appeared above the horizon, then in a short time sank below. As it disappeared I imagined the sun saying to me: "Day after day I will rise higher and higher in the sky and shine a longer time. I bring with me joy and happiness. I will gradually transform 'The Land of the Long Night' into a land of sunshine and brightness. I will bring the spring ; with me flowers will appear, the trees will be adorned with leaves, grass will grow, the land will be green ; I will make gentle winds to blow, the rivers will be free and roll their crystal waters, the birds will come and sing. Man will be happy and gather the harvest that grows under my rays and husband it for the days of winter."



PART II.
AMERICAN HISTORY.

COLUMBUS.¹

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

How in heaven's name did Columbus get over,
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest,
Cabot, and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest ;
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came ;
But in great heaven's name,
How *he* should ever think
That on the other brink
Of this wild waste, terra firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man should ever hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew that there was another side ;
But to suppose he should come any whither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
In spite of the motion,
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion

¹ Copyright by Macmillan & Co.

That in some nook or bend
 Of a sea without end,
 He should find North and South America,
 Was a pure madness, indeed, I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy, .
 Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
 None of them ever said, Come along, follow me,
 Sail to the West, and the East will be found.
 Many a day before
 Ever they'd come ashore
 Sadder and wiser men,
 They'd have turned back again ;
 And that *he* did not, but did cross the sea,
 Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.



COLUMBUS.¹

JOAQUIN MILLER.

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules ;
 Before him not the ghost of shores ;
 Before him only shoreless seas.

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The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way;
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say —"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed: they sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew; a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"



RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS BY THE SPANISH COURT AT BARCELONA.¹

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ABOUT the middle of April, Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display

¹ From *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*. Vol. I, pages 282-285. G. P. Putnam & Son.

of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself

in their presence ; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence. Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event ; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.



COLUMBUS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LONG lay the ocean-paths from man concealed ;
Light came from heaven, — the magnet was revealed,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky ;
Alike ordained to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray ;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar
And failing heart along the windward shore ;
Broad to the sky he turned his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, wooed the favoring gale,
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest ;
While, free as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-winged vessels coursed the unbounded deep ;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weighed the sea and land ;
The floods o'erbalanced : where the tide of light,
Day after day, rolled down the gulf of night,
There seemed one waste of waters : long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main ;
When, sudden as creation burst from naught,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty ! While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face, of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye,
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky ;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind ;
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory rolled.



THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT.¹*(Conquest of Mexico, July 1, 1520.)*

JOHN FISKE.

AT Cortés's direction Montezuma presented himself on the terraced roof and sought to assuage the wrath of the people, but now he found that his authority was ended. Another now wore the golden beak of the war-god. He was no longer general, no longer priest, and his person had lost its sacred character. Stones and darts were hurled at him; he was struck down by a heavy stone, and died a few days afterward, whether from the wound, or from chagrin, or both. Before his death the Spaniards made a sortie, and after terrific hand-to-hand fighting stormed the great temple which overlooked and commanded their own quarters and had sadly annoyed them. They flung down the idols among the people and burned the accursed shrines. It was on the last day of June that Montezuma died, and on the evening of the next day, fearing lest his army should be blockaded and stormed, Cortés evacuated the city. The troops marched through quiet and deserted streets till they reached the great causeway leading to Tlacopan. Its three draw-bridges had all been destroyed. The Spaniards carried a pontoon, but while they were passing over the first bridgeway the Indians fell upon them in vast numbers, their light canoes swarming on both sides

¹ From *The Discovery of America*. Vol. II, pages 286, 287. Copy right by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of the narrow road. The terrible night that ensued has ever since been known in history as *la noche triste*. Cortés started in the evening with 1250 Spaniards, 6000 Tlascalans, and 80 horses. Next morning, after reaching terra firma, he had 500 Spaniards, 2000 Tlascalans, and 20 horses. All his cannon were sunk in the lake, and 40 Spaniards were in Aztec clutches, to be offered up to the war-god. Then Cortés sat down upon a rock and buried his face in his hands and wept. Not for one moment, however, did he flinch in his purpose of taking Mexico.



SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.¹

EDWARD EVERETT.

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a

¹ From "Oration on the First Settlement of New England," *Orations and Speeches*. Vol. I, pages 68, 69. Little, Brown & Co.

circuitous route ; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging ; the laboring masts seem straining from their base ; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard ; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow ; the ocean breaks and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers ? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England ? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast ? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this ! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children ? was it hard labor and spare meals ? was it disease ? was it the tomahawk ? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea ? —

was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?



WHERE PLYMOUTH ROCK CROPS OUT.¹

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

PLYMOUTH ROCK underlies all America; it only crops out at Plymouth. It has cropped out a great many times in our history. You may recognize it always. Old Putnam stood upon it at Bunker Hill when he said to the Yankee boys: "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes." Ingraham had it for ballast when he put his little sloop between two Austrian frigates, and threatened to blow them out of the water if they did not respect the broad eagle of the United States, in the case of Koszta. Jefferson had it for a writing-desk when he drafted the Declaration of Independence and the "Statute of Religious Liberty" for Virginia. Lovejoy rested his musket upon it when they would not let him print at Alton, and he said: "Death,

¹ From *Speeches and Lectures*. Pages 231, 232. Lee & Shepard.

or free speech!" Ay, sir, the rock cropped out again. Garrison had it for an imposing stone when he looked in the faces of seventeen millions of angry men and printed his sublime pledge, "I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."



LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band :—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?—
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.



MILES STANDISH.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SUDDENLY breaking the silence, the diligent scribe
interrupting,

Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the
Captain of Plymouth.

“Look at these arms,” he said, “the warlike weapons
that hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or
inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in
Flanders; this breastplate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a
skirmish;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet.
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish
arcabucero.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones
of Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the
Flemish morasses.”

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up
from his writing:

“Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the
speed of the bullet;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and
our weapon!”

¹ Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:

“See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;

This is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,

Twelve men, all equipped having each his rest and his match lock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage, And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!”

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:

“Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the
Indians ;

Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try
it the better, —

Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem,
or pow-wow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokama-
hamon !”



POCAHONTAS.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

UPON the barren sand

A single captive stood,

Around him came, with bow and brand,

The red men of the wood.

Like him of old, his doom he hears,

Rock-bound on ocean's rim : —

The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,

And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,

The savage war-club swung ;

The frantic girl, in wild despair,

Her arms about him flung.

Then shook the warriors of the shade,

Like leaves on aspen-limb,

Subdued by that heroic maid

Who breathed a prayer for him.

“Unbind him!” gasped the chief,
“It is your king’s decree!”
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
’Tis ever thus, when in life’s storm
Hope’s star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman’s form,
And breathes a prayer for him.



THE FALL OF QUEBEC.¹

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

IT was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisburg grenadiers. A shot shattered

¹ From *France and England in North America*, Part VII. — *Montcalm and Wolfe*. Vol. II, pages 295-297. Little, Brown & Co. Copyright, 1884, by Francis Parkman.

his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.



GENERAL WOLFE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

JAMES WOLFE.

I CONGRATULATE you, my brave countrymen and fellow soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable Heights of Abraham are now surmounted;

and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before us.

A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from Old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence.

Those numerous companies of Canadians — insolent, mutinous, unsteady and ill-disciplined — have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardor is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit.

As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forest have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground. You can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valor must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and

dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach.

The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die ; and, believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.



SALEM WITCHCRAFT.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DELUSIONS of the days that once have been,
 Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,
 Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts
 That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest hearts, —
 These are our theme to-night ; and vaguely here,
 Through the dim mists that crowd the atmosphere,
 We draw the outlines of weird figures cast
 In shadow on the background of the Past.

Who would believe that in the quiet town
 Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown
 The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny farms
 That fold it safe in their paternal arms, —
 Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,
 Where the great elms shut out the summer heats,
 Where quiet reigns, and breathes through brain and
 breast
 The benediction of unbroken rest, —

¹ Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Who would believe such deeds could find a place
As these whose tragic history we retrace?

'T was but a village then : the goodman ploughed
His ample acres under sun or cloud ;
The goodwife at her doorstep sat and spun,
And gossiped with her neighbors in the sun ;
The only men of dignity and state
Were then the Minister and the Magistrate,
Who ruled their little realm with iron rod,
Less in the love than in the fear of God ;
And who believed devoutly in the Powers
Of Darkness, working in this world of ours,
In spells of Witchcraft, incantations dread,
And shrouded apparitions of the dead.

Upon this simple folk "with fire and flame,"
Saith the old Chronicle, "the Devil came ;
Scattering his firebrands and his poisonous darts,
To set on fire of Hell all tongues and hearts !
And 't is no wonder ; for, with all his host,
There most he rages where he hateth most,
And is most hated ; so on us he brings
All these stupendous and portentous things !"

Something of this our scene to-night will show ;
And ye who listen to the tale of woe,
Be not too swift in casting the first stone,
Nor think New England bears the guilt alone.
This sudden burst of wickedness and crime
Was but the common madness of the time,
When in all lands, that lie within the sound
Of Sabbath bells, a witch was burned or drowned.



THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.¹

JOHN FISKE.

ON the morning of Thursday, December 16, the assembly which was gathered in the Old South Meeting-House, and in the streets about it, numbered more than seven thousand people. It was to be one of the most momentous days in the history of the world. But among the thousands present at the town meeting, it is probable that very few knew just what it was designed to do. At five in the afternoon it was unanimously voted that, come what would, the tea should not be landed. It had now grown dark, and the church was dimly lighted with candles. Determined not to act until the last legal method of relief should have been tried and found wanting, the great assembly was still waiting quietly in and about the church when, an hour after nightfall, Rotch returned from Milton with the governor's refusal. Then, amid profound stillness, Samuel Adams arose and said, quietly but distinctly: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." It was the declaration of war; the law had shown itself unequal to the occasion, and nothing now remained but a direct appeal to force. Scarcely had the watchword left his mouth when a war-whoop answered from outside the door, and fifty men in the guise of Mohawk Indians passed quickly by the entrance and hastened to Griffin's wharf. Before the nine o'clock bell rang, the three hundred and forty-two chests

¹ From *The American Revolution*. Vol. I, pages 88-90. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of tea laden upon the three ships had been cut open and their contents emptied into the sea. Not a person was harmed; no other property was injured; and the vast crowd, looking upon the scene from the wharf in the clear frosty moonlight, was so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard. Next morning the salted tea, as driven by wind and wave, lay in long rows on Dorchester beach, while Paul Revere, booted and spurred, was riding post-haste to Philadelphia, with the glorious news that Boston had at last thrown down the gauntlet for the king of England to pick up.



GENERAL GAGE AND THE BOSTON BOYS.¹

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

IN Boston, at the beginning of the Revolution, the British troops made themselves very unpopular. There was soon a quarrel between them and the boys; for the soldiers used to beat down the snow-hills that the boys had heaped up on the Common. After appealing in vain to the captain, the boys finally went to Governor Gage and complained. "What!" he said, "have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to exhibit it?" — "Nobody sent us, sir," said one of the boys. "We have never injured nor insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow-hills and broken the

¹ From *Young Folks' History of the United States*. Page 166. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ice on our skating-ground. We complained, and they called us 'young rebels,' and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captains of this, and they laughed at us. Yesterday our works were destroyed the third time; and we will bear it no longer." The governor said, with surprise, to one of his officers: "The very children here draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe." To the boys he said: "You may go, my brave boys, and be assured, if my troops trouble you again, they shall be punished."



FRANKLIN'S FIRST DAY IN PHILADELPHIA.¹

I HAVE been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it; a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little

¹ From *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*.

money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston ; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father ; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water ; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and

thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.



SPEECH IN VIRGINIA CONVENTION
OF DELEGATES.¹

(*March 23, 1775.*)

PATRICK HENRY.

THREE millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be

¹ From *Life, Correspondence and Speeches*. William Wirt Henry. Pages 265, 266. Charles Scribner's Sons.

heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace, — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! why stand we here idle? what is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what cause others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!



THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION.¹

GEORGE LIPPARD.

IT is a cloudless summer day; a clear blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice, rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window frames, and a massive hall door.

Such is the state house of Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red brick state house, stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed on the

¹ From *Washington and his Generals*. Pages 391, 392. T. B. Peterson & Co.

ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy with laughing eyes of summer blue. The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell, then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks : " Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness ? Then hasten down the stairs, and wait in the hall below till a man gives you a message for me ; when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind ? " The boy sprang from the old man's arms, and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

Many minutes passed. The old bell-keeper was alone. " Ah," groaned the old man, " he has forgotten me." As the word was upon his lips a merry, ringing laugh broke on his ear. And there, among the crowd on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face, and, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe, and shouted the single word, " RING ! "

Do you see that old man's eye fire ? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder ? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell ? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out ; the crowds in the street hear it, and burst forth in one long shout. Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up, from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken.



INDEPENDENCE BELL.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
“Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
“Oh, God grant they won’t refuse!”
“Make some way, there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!” “Stifle then!”
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men!”

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled:
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! see! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "RING! *grandpa*,
Ring! oh, RING for LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!

How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old State-House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, — ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "INDEPENDENCE";
Which, please God, *shall never die!*



THE LIBERTY BELL.¹

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

I. — PHILADELPHIA, 1776.

SQUARELY prim and stoutly built,
Free from glitter and from gilt,
Plain, — from lintel up to roof-tree and to belfry bare
and brown —
Stands the Hall that hot July,
While the folk throng anxious by,

¹ From *Heroic Happenings Told in Verse and Story*. Pages 147-150.
Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Where the Continental Congress meets within the
Quaker town.

Hark! a stir, a sudden shout,
And a boy comes rushing out,
Signaling to where his grandsire in the belfry,
waiting, stands:—

“Ring!” he cries; “the deed is done!
Ring! they’ve signed, and freedom’s won!”
And the ringer grasps the bell-rope with his strong
and sturdy hands;
While the Bell with joyous note
Clanging from its brazen throat,
Rings the tidings, all-exultant, — peals the news to
shore and sea:

*“Man is man — a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We’re free; we’re free!”*

II. — NEW ORLEANS, 1885.

Triumph of the builder’s art,
Tower and turret spring and start
As if reared by mighty genii for some prince of
Eastern land;

Where the Southern river flows,
And eternal summer glows, —
Dedicate to labor’s grandeur, fair and vast the arches
stand.

And, enshrined in royal guise,
Flower-bedeck’d ’neath sunny skies;
Old and time-stained, cracked and voiceless, but where
all may see it well;

Circled by the wealth and power
Of the great world's triumph-hour, —
Sacred to the cause of freedom, on its dais rests the
Bell.

And the children thronging near,
Yet again the story hear
Of the bell that rang the message, pealing out to land
and sea :

*“Man is man — a slave no longer ;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God ! We're free ; we're free !”*

III.

Prize the glorious relic then,
With its hundred years and ten,
By the Past a priceless heirloom to the Future handed
down.

Still its stirring story tell,
Till the children know it well, —
From the joyous Southern city to the Northern Quaker
town.

Time that heals all wounds and scars,
Time that ends all strifes and wars,
Time that turns all pains to pleasures, and can make
the cannon dumb,

Still shall join in firmer grasp,
Still shall knit in friendlier clasp
North and South-land in the glory of the ages yet to
come.

And, though voiceless, still the Bell
Shall its glorious message tell,

Peeling loud o'er all the Nation, lake to gulf and sea
to sea:

"Man is man—a slave no longer;

Truth and Right than Might are stronger.

Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"



SPEECH AGAINST THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN THE WAR WITH AMERICA.¹

(*Nov. 18, 1777.*)

WILLIAM PITT.

YOU cannot, I venture to say it, YOU CANNOT conquer America. Your armies last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble Lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the Northern force the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines; he was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt

¹ From *Life of Chatham*, J. Almon. Vol. II, pages 303-305.

a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible. — You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly ; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow ; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince ; your efforts are forever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies — to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder ; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty ! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never — never — never.

Your own army is infected with the contagion of these illiberal allies. The spirit of plunder and of rapine is gone forth among them. I know it — and notwithstanding what the noble Earl, who moved the address, has given as his opinion of our American army, I know from authentic information, and the most experienced officers, that our discipline is deeply wounded. Whilst this is notoriously our sinking situation, America grows and flourishes ; whilst our strength and discipline are lowered, theirs are rising and improving.

But, my Lords, who is the man, that in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and

scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.



SAMUEL ADAMS.¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

SAMUEL ADAMS was the New Englander in whom the Revolution was most fully embodied. Until 1768 he did not despair of a peaceful settlement of the quarrel with Great Britain. But when in May of that year, the British frigate *Romney* sailed into Boston Harbor, and her shotted guns were trained upon the town, he saw that the question was changed. From that moment he knew that America must be free or slave; and the unceasing effort of his life, by day and night, with tongue and pen, was to nerve his fellow-colonists to strike when the hour should come. On that gray December evening, two years later, when he rose in the Old South, and in a clear, calm voice said: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country," and so gave the word for the march to the tea-ships, he was ready to throw the tea overboard, because

¹ From *Orations and Addresses*. Vol. III, pages 92-95. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

he was ready to throw overboard the king and Parliament of England.

During the ten years from the passage of the Stamp Act to the day of Lexington and Concord, this poor man, in an obscure provincial town beyond the sea, was engaged with the British ministry in one of the mightiest contests that history records. Not a word in Parliament that he did not hear, not an act in the cabinet that he did not see. With brain and heart and conscience all alive, he opposed every hostile order in council with a British precedent. Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him; enshrined in the love of his fellow-citizens, the king's writ could not take him; and when on the morning of the nineteenth of April, 1775, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw beyond the clouds of the moment the rising sun of the America that we behold; and careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed: "Oh, what a glorious morning!"



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.¹

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

FRANKLIN'S life is full of charming stories which all young Americans should know — how he peddled ballads in Boston, and stood, the guest of kings, in

¹ From *Historic Americans*. Pages 30–32. Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Europe; how he worked his passage as a stowaway to Philadelphia, and rode in the queen's own litter in France; how he walked the streets of Philadelphia, homeless and unknown, with three penny rolls for his breakfast, and dined at the tables of princes, and received his friends in a palace; how he raised a kite from a cow-shed, and was showered with all the high degrees the colleges of the world could give; how he was duped by a false friend as a boy, and became the friend of all humanity as a man; how he was made Major-General Franklin, only to resign because, as he said, he was no soldier, and yet helped to organize the army that stood before the trained troops of England and Germany.

This poor Boston boy, with scarcely a day's schooling, became master of six languages and never stopped studying; this neglected apprentice tamed the lightning, made his name famous, received degrees and diplomas from colleges in both hemispheres, and became forever remembered as "Doctor Franklin," philosopher, patriot, scientist, philanthropist, and statesman.

Self-made, self-taught, self-reared, the candle-maker's son gave light to all the world; the street ballad-seller set all men singing of liberty; the runaway apprentice became the most sought-after man of two continents, and brought his native land to praise and honor him.

He built America, — for what our Republic is to-day is largely due to the prudence, the forethought, the statesmanship, the enterprise, the wisdom, and the ability of Benjamin Franklin. He belongs to the world, but especially does he belong to America. As

the nations honored him while living, so the Republic glorifies him when dead, and has enshrined him in the choicest of its niches, — the one he regarded as the loftiest, — the hearts of the common people, from whom he had sprung; and in their hearts Franklin will live forever.



THE TOWN MEETING.¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WHEN the Revolution began, of the eight millions of people then living in Old England only one hundred and sixty thousand were voters, while in New England the great mass of free male adults were electors — and they had been so from the landing at Plymouth. Here in the wilderness the settlers were forced to govern themselves. They could not constantly refer and appeal to another authority twenty miles away through the woods. Every day brought its duty, that must be done before sunset. Roads must be made, schools built, young men trained to arms against the savage and the wild-cat, taxes must be levied and collected for all common purposes, preaching must be maintained; and who could know the time, the means, and the necessity so well as the community itself? Thus each town was a small but perfect republic, as solitary

¹ From *Orations and Addresses*. Vol. III, page 91. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

and secluded in the New England wilderness as the Swiss cantons among the Alps. No other practicable human institution has been devised or conceived to secure the just ends of local government so felicitous as the town meeting. It brought together the rich and the poor, the good and the bad, and gave character, eloquence, and natural leadership full and free play. It enabled superior experience and sagacity to govern; and virtue and intelligence alone are rulers by divine right.



DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVELING IN 1783.¹

JOHN FISKE.

AT the time of our Revolution the difficulties of traveling formed an important social obstacle to the union of the states. In our time the persons who pass in a single day between New York and Boston by six or seven distinct lines of railroad and steamboat are numbered by thousands. In 1783, two stage-coaches were enough for all the travelers, and nearly all the freight besides that went between these two cities, except such large freight as went by sea around Cape Cod. The journey began at three o'clock in the morning. Horses were changed every twenty miles, and, if the roads were in good condition, some forty miles

¹ From *The Critical Period of American History*. Pages 62, 63. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

would be made by ten o'clock in the evening. In bad weather, when the passengers had to get down and lift the clumsy wheels out of deep ruts, the progress was much slower. The loss of life from accidents, in proportion to the number of travelers, was much greater than it has ever been on the railway. Broad rivers like the Connecticut and Housatonic had no bridges. To drive across them in winter, when they were solidly frozen over, was easy; and in pleasant summer weather to cross in a rowboat was not a dangerous undertaking. But squalls at some seasons and floating ice at others were things to be feared. More than one instance is recorded where boats were crushed and passengers drowned, or saved only by scrambling upon ice floes. After a week or ten days of discomfort and danger the jolted and jaded traveler reached New York. Such was a journey in the most highly civilized part of the United States. The case was still worse in the South, and it was not so very much better in England and France. In one respect the traveler in the United States fared better than the traveler in Europe; there was less danger from highwaymen.

Such being the difficulty of traveling, people never made long journeys save for very important reasons. Except in the case of the soldiers, most people lived and died without ever having seen any state but their own.



WASHINGTON'S TRIUMPHAL JOURNEY TO
NEW YORK.¹

JOHN FISKE.

ON the 14th of April Washington was informed of his election, and on the next day but one he bid adieu again to his beloved home at Mount Vernon. The position to which he was summoned was one of unparalleled splendor — how splendid we can now realize much better than he, and our grandchildren will realize it better than we — the position of first ruler of what was soon to become at once the strongest and the most peace-loving people upon the face of the earth. As he journeyed toward New York his thoughts must have been busy with the arduous problems of the time. His meditations on this journey we may well believe to have been solemn and anxious enough. But if he could gather added courage from the often-declared trust of his fellow countrymen, there was no lack of such comfort for him. At every town through which he passed fresh evidences of it were gathered, but at one point on the route his strong nature was especially wrought upon. At Trenton, as he crossed the bridge over the Assunpink Creek, where twelve years ago, at the darkest moment of the Revolution, he had outwitted Cornwallis in the most skillful of stratagems, and turned threatening defeat into glorious victory, — at this spot, so fraught with thrilling associ-

¹ From *The Critical Period of American History*. Pages 373, 374. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ations, he was met by a party of maidens dressed in white, who strewed his path with sweet spring flowers, while triumphal arches in softest green bore inscriptions declaring that he who had watched over the safety of the mothers could well be trusted to protect the daughters.



WASHINGTON'S HOME.¹

EDWARD EVERETT.

THERE is a modest private mansion on the bank of the Potomac, the abode of George Washington and Martha his beloved wife. It boasts no spacious portal nor gorgeous colonnade, nor mossy elevation, nor storied tower. The porter's lodge at Blenheim Castle, nay, the marble dog-kennels were not built for the entire cost of Mount Vernon. No arch nor column in courtly English or courtlier Latin sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his Country; he needs them not; the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls. No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior, — the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble

¹ From *Orations and Speeches*. Vol. IV, pages 44, 45.

simplicity; there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generation of the grateful children of America will make this pilgrimage to it as to a shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.



THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.¹

JOHN FISKE.

ON the 30th came the inauguration. It was one of those magnificent days of clearest sunshine that sometimes make one feel in April as if summer had come. At noon on that day Washington went from his lodgings, attended by a military escort, to Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where his statue has lately been erected. The city was ablaze with excitement. A sea of upturned eager faces surrounded the spot, and as the hero appeared thousands of cocked hats were waved, while ladies fluttered their white handkerchiefs. Washington came forth clad in a suit of dark brown cloth of American make, with white silk hose and shoes decorated with silver buckles, while at his side hung a dress sword. For a moment all were hushed in deepest silence, while the Secretary of the Senate held forth the Bible upon a velvet cushion, and

¹ From *The Critical Period of American History*. Pages 374, 375.
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Chancellor Livingston administered the oath of office. Then, before Washington had as yet raised his head, Livingston shouted—and from all the vast company came answering shouts—“Long live George Washington, President of the United States.”



WASHINGTON AT THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.¹

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ABOUT eight o'clock in the evening rockets were sent up as signals for the simultaneous attacks. Washington was an intensely excited spectator of these assaults, on the result of which so much depended. He had dismounted, given his horse to a servant, and taken his stand in the grand battery with Generals Knox and Lincoln and their staffs. The risk he ran of a chance shot, while watching the attack through an embrasure, made those about him uneasy. One of his aides-de-camp ventured to observe that the situation was very much exposed. “If you think so,” replied he gravely, “you are at liberty to step back.”

Shortly afterwards a musket ball struck the cannon in the embrasure, rolled along it and fell at his feet. General Knox grasped his arm. “My dear general,” exclaimed he, “we can't spare you yet. “It is a spent ball,” replied Washington quietly; “no harm is done.”

¹ From *Life of Washington*. Vol. IV, pages 375-378. G. P. Putnam & Co.

When all was over and the redoubts were taken, he drew a long breath, and turning to Knox observed, "The work is done, *and well done!*"



WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

To lead a people in revolution wisely and successfully, without ambition and without a crime, demands indeed lofty genius and unbending virtue. But to build their State amid the angry conflict of passion and prejudice, to peacefully inaugurate a complete and satisfactory government — this is the greatest service that a man can render to mankind. But this also is the glory of Washington.

With the sure sagacity of a leader of men, he selected at once for the three highest stations the three chief Americans. Hamilton was the head, Jefferson was the heart, and John Jay was the conscience of his administration. Washington's just and serene ascendancy was the lambent flame in which these beneficent powers were fused; and nothing less than that ascendancy could have ridden the whirlwind and directed the storm that burst around him. Party spirit blazed into fury. John Jay was hung in effigy; Hamilton was stoned; insurrection raised its head in the West; Washington

¹ From *Orations and Addresses*. Vol. III, pages 185-188. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

himself was denounced. But the great soul was undismayed. Without a beacon, without a chart, but with unwavering eye and steady hand, he guided his country safe through darkness and through storm. He held his steadfast way, like the sun across the firmament, giving life and health and strength to the new nation; and upon a searching survey of his administration, there is no great act which his country would annul; no word spoken, no line written, no deed done by him, which justice would reverse or wisdom deplore.



WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND MILITARY CAPACITY.¹

EDWARD EVERETT.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S personal appearance was in harmony with his character; it was a model of manly strength and beauty. He was about six feet two inches in height, and his person well proportioned, — in the earlier part of life rather spare, and never too stout for active and graceful movement. The complexion inclined to the florid; the eyes were blue and remarkably far apart; a profusion of brown hair was drawn back from the forehead, highly powdered, according to the fashion of the day, and gathered in a bag behind. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and while in camp, though he habitually left his tent at sunrise, he was usually dressed

¹ From *The Life of Washington*. Pages 258, 259, 266, 267. Sheldon & Co.

for the day. He had great strength of arm, and skill and grace as a horseman. His power of endurance was great, and there were occasions, as at the retreat from Long Island and the battle of Princeton, when he was scarcely out of his saddle for two days.

No one has ever denied to Washington the possession of the highest degree of physical and moral courage; no one has ever accused him of missing an opportunity to strike a bold blow; no one has pointed out a want of vigor in the moment of action, or of forethought in the plans of his campaigns; in short, no one has alleged a fact from which it can be made even probable that Napoleon or Cæsar, working with his means and on his field of action, could have wrought out greater or better results than he did, or that, if he had been placed on a field of action and with a command of means like theirs, he would have shown himself unequal to the position.



THE CONCORD FIGHT.¹

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;

¹ Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.



WARREN'S ADDRESS.

JOHN PIERPONT.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! — they're afire!
And, before you, see

Speaker and Reader.

Who have done it! From the vale
 On they come!—and will ye quail?
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may,—and die we must;
 But, oh, where can dust to dust
 Be consign'd so well,
 As where Heaven its dewes shall shed
 On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head
 Of his deeds to tell?

LEXINGTON.¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
 When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
 Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
 Waving her golden veil
 Over the silent dale,
 Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

¹ From *Complete Poetical Works*. Pages 28, 29. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met ;
Hark ! the death-volley around them is ringing !

Look ! with their life-blood the young grass is wet !

Faint is the feeble breath,

Murmuring low in death,

“Tell to our sons how their fathers have died” ;

Nerveless the iron hand,

Raised for its native land,

Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,

From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;

As through the storm-cloud the thunder-burst rolling,

Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path

Darken the waves of wrath, —

Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall ;

Red glares the musket's flash,

Sharp rings the rifle's crash,

Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,

Never to shadow his cold brow again ;

Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,

Reeking and panting he droops on the rein ;

Pale is the lip of scorn,

Voiceless the trumpet horn,

Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high ;

Many a belted breast

Low on the turf shall rest

Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
 Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
 Far as the tempest thrills
 Over the darkened hills,
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,
 Woke all the mighty land,
 Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
 Borne on her Northern pine,
 Long o'er the foaming brine
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
 Heaven keep her ever free,
 Wide as o'er land and sea
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!



SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea ;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear ;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil ;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.

With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads, —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain ;
'T is life to feel the night wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp, —
A moment, — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.



FRANCIS MARION.¹

JOHN FISKE.

OF all the picturesque characters of our Revolutionary period, there is perhaps no one who, in the memory of the people, is so closely associated with romantic adventure as Francis Marion. He belonged to that gallant race of men of whose services France had been forever deprived when Louis XIV revoked the edict of Nantes. His father had been a planter near Georgetown, on the coast, and the son, while following the same occupation, had been called off to the western frontier by the Cherokee war of 1759, in the course of which he had made himself an adept in woodland strategy. He was now forty-seven years old, a man of few words and modest demeanor, small in stature and slight in frame, delicately organized, but endowed with wonderful nervous energy and sleepless intelligence. Like a woman in quickness of sympathy, he was a knight in courtesy, truthfulness, and courage. The brightness of his fame was never sullied by an act of cruelty. "Never shall a house be burned by one of my people," said he; "to distress poor women and children is what I detest." To distress the enemy in legitimate warfare was, on the other hand, a business in which few partisan commanders have excelled him. For swiftness and secrecy he was unequalled, and the boldness of his exploits seemed almost incredible, when

¹ From *The American Revolution*. Vol. II, pages 183, 184. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

compared with the meagerness of his resources. His force sometimes consisted of less than twenty men, and seldom exceeded seventy. To arm them, he was obliged to take the saws from sawmills and have them wrought into rude swords at the country forge, while pewter mugs and spoons were cast into bullets. With such equipment he would attack and overwhelm parties of more than two hundred Tories; or he would even swoop upon a column of British regulars on their march, throw them into disorder, set free their prisoners, slay and disarm a score or two, and plunge out of sight in the darkling forest as swiftly and mysteriously as he had come.



ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE
CORNER-STONE OF BUNKER HILL
MONUMENT.¹

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WE come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the pur-

¹ From *Webster's Great Speeches*. Page 126. Little, Brown & Co.

pose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.



FIRST BUNKER HILL ADDRESS.¹

DANIEL WEBSTER.

VENERABLE men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.

¹ From *Webster's Great Speeches*. Page 127. Little, Brown & Co.

Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death, — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!



BUNKER HILL.¹

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

“NOT yet, not yet ; steady, steady !”
On came the foe, in even line :
Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
We looked into their eyes. “Ready !”
A sheet of flame ! A roll of death !
They fell by scores ; we held our breath !
Then nearer still they came ;
Another sheet of flame !
And brave men fled who never fled before.
Immortal fight !
Foreshadowing flight
Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, reinforced.
Mid louder roar of ship’s artillery,
And bursting bombs and whistling musketry
And shouts and groans, anear, afar,
All the new din of dreadful war,
Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
For freedom, manhood’s birthrights claiming
Onward once more they came ;
Another sheet of deathful flame !
Another and another still :

¹ From *A Nation’s Birth and Other Poems*. Pages 31-35. Copy right by Lee & Shepard.

Speaker and Reader.

They broke, they fled :
 Again they sped
 Down the green, bloody hill.

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
 Stormed with commander's rage.
 Into each emptied barge
 They crowd fresh men for a new charge
 Up that great hill.
 Again their gallant blood we spill :
 That volley was the last :
 Our powder failed.
 On three sides fast
 The foe pressed in ; nor quailed
 A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
 They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
 Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
 Then Warren fell ; and through a leaden sleet,
 From Bunker Hill and Breed,
 Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read,
 Led off the remnant of those heroes true,
 The foe too shattered to pursue.
 The ground they gained ; but we
 The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
 Flowed in a wave of power
 Over the shaken, anxious land,
 To men, to man, a sudden dower.
 From that staunch, beaming hour
 History took a fresh higher start ;

And when the speeding messenger, that bare
The news that strengthened every heart,
Met near the Delaware
Riding to take command,
The leader, who had just been named,
Who was to be so famed,
The steadfast, earnest Washington
With hand uplifted cries,
His great soul flashing to his eyes,
“Our liberties are safe; the cause is won.”
A thankful look he cast to heaven, and then
His steed he spurred, in haste to lead such noble men.



ETHAN ALLEN'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

THE day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following:—

“Friends and fellow-soldiers, you have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me, from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you

through the wicket gate ; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes ; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

The men being at this time drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock.

The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them.

One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword ; but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept ; he showed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain de la Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison ; at which the Captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand ; when I ordered him to deliver the fort instantly, he asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him, "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again ; but I interrupted him, and with my

drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison ; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison.



TICONDEROGA.

V. B. WILSON.

THE cold gray light of the dawning
On old Carillon falls,
And dim in the mist of the morning
Stand the grim old fortress walls.
No sound disturbs the stillness
Save the cataract's mellow war,
Silent as death is the fortress,
Silent the misty shore.

But up from the wakening waters
Comes the cool, fresh morning breeze,
Lifting the banner of Britain,
And whispering to the trees
Of the swift gliding boats on the waters
That are nearing the fog-shrouded land,
With the old Green Mountain Lion,
And his daring patriot band.

But the sentinel at the postern
Heard not the whisper low ;

He is dreaming of the banks of the Shannon
As he walks on his beat to and fro,
Of the starry eyes in Green Erin
That were dim when he marched away,
And a tear down his bronzed cheek courses,
'Tis the first for many a day.

A sound breaks the misty stillness,
And quickly he glances around ;
Through the mist, forms like towering giants
Seem rising out of the ground ;
A challenge, the firelock flashes ;
A sword cleaves the quivering air,
And the sentry lies dead by the postern,
Blood staining his bright yellow hair.

Then, with a shout that awakens
All the echoes of hillside and glen,
Through the low, frowning gate of the fortress,
Sword in hand, rush the Green Mountain men.
The scarce wakened troops of the garrison
Yield up their trust pale with fear ;
And down comes the bright British banner,
And out rings a Green Mountain cheer.

Flushed with pride, the whole eastern heavens
With crimson and gold are ablaze ;
And up springs the sun in his splendor
And flings down his arrowy rays,
Bathing in sunlight the fortress,
Turning to gold the grim walls,

While louder and clearer and higher
Rings the song of the waterfalls.

Since the taking of Ticonderoga
A century has rolled away ;
But with pride the nation remembers
That glorious morning in May.
And the cataract's silvery music
Forever the story tells,
Of the capture of old Carillon,
The chime of the silver bells.



THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

ANONYMOUS.

ON Christmas-day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay!

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
 Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan
 Who ne'er a moment lost.

The pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
 Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare ;
 But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
 Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen
In center, front, and rear was seen,
 Driving fatigue away.



THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR.

ANONYMOUS.

'T is of a gallant yankee ship that flew the stripes
 and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west blew
 through the pitch-pine spars,

With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung
upon the gale;
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old
Head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew
steady and strong,
As gayly over the sparkling deep our good ship
bowled along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery
waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her
lee cat-head.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who
walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib, the boom
bent like a hoop!
And the groaning water-ways told the strain that held
her stout main-tack,
But he only laughed as he glanced aloft at a white
and silver track.

The mid-tide meets in the channel waves that flow
from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Feather-
stone to Dunmore,
And that sterling light in Tusker Rock where the
old bell tolls each hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright was
quench'd on Waterford Tower.

The nightly robes our good ship wore were her three
topsails set,

Her spanker and her standing jib — the courses
being fast ;

“Nay, lay aloft ! my heroes bold, lose not a moment
yet !”

And royals and top-gallant sails were quickly on each
mast.

What looms upon our starboard bow ? What hangs
upon the breeze ?

'T is time our good ship hauled her wind abreast the
old Saltees,

For by her ponderous press of sail and by her consorts
four

We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-
war.

Up spake our noble Captain then, as a shot ahead of
us past —

“Haul snug your flowing courses ! lay your topsail to
the mast !”

Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the
deck of their covered ark,

And we answered back by a solid broadside from the
decks of our patriot bark.

“Out booms ! out booms !” our skipper cried, “out
booms and give her sheet,”

And the swiftest keel that was ever launched shot
ahead of the British fleet ;

And amidst a thundering shower of shot, with stunsails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer, just at the break of day.



THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.¹

EDWARD J. PHELPS.

IF battles were to be accounted great in proportion to the numbers engaged, Bennington would be but small. But it is not numbers alone that give importance to battlefields. It is the cause that is fought for, the heroism and self-sacrifice displayed, and the consequences which follow, that give significance to conflicts of arms. Judged by these standards, Bennington may well be reckoned among the memorable battles of the world.

It was, on our side, the people's fight. No government directed or supplied it; no regular force was concerned; it was a part of no organized campaign. New Hampshire sent her hastily embodied militia, not the less volunteers. In Vermont and Massachusetts it was the spontaneous uprising of a rural and peace-loving population, to resist invasion, to defend their homes, to vindicate their right of self-government. Lexington and

¹ From *Oration at the Dedication of the Bennington Battle Monument*, August 16, 1891.

Bunker Hill were in this respect its only parallels in the Revolutionary War.

The British commander proceeded with the caution the importance of his expedition demanded. When he found that he must fight, and perceived the resolute and thorough soldiership of Stark's movements, he chose a position with excellent judgment, intrenched himself strongly, and placed his troops and guns to the best advantage. Stark could not wait, as he would have done, for his enemy's advance. He was unable to sustain his ill-provided forces long, nor could he keep them from homes that were suffering for their presence. His only chance was to attack at once, and his dispositions for it, most ably seconded by Warner, his right-hand man, were masterly beyond criticism. He had no artillery, no cavalry, no transportation, no commissariat but the women on the farms. Half of his troops were without bayonets, and even ammunition had to be husbanded. He lacked everything but men, and his men lacked everything but hardihood and indomitable resolution. Upon all known rules and experience of warfare, the successful storming, by a hastily organized militia, of an intrenched position at the top of a hill, held by an adequate regular force, would have been declared impossible. But it was the impossible that happened, in a rout of the veterans that amounted to destruction. History and literature, eloquence and poetry have combined to enshrine in the memory of mankind those decisive charges, at critical moments, by which great battles have been won, and epochs in the life of nations determined. I set against the splendor of them all that

final onset up yonder hill and over its breastworks of those New England farmers, on whose faces desperation had kindled the supernatural light of battle which never shines in vain. They were fighting for all they had on earth, whether of possessions or of rights. They could not go home defeated, for they would have no homes to go to. The desolate land that Burgoyne would have left, New York would have taken. Not a man was on the field by compulsion, or upon the slightest expectation of personal advantage or reward. The spirit which made the day possible was shown in that Stephen Fay, of Bennington, who had five sons in the fight. When the first-born was brought home to him dead, "I thank God," he said, "that I had a son willing to give his life for his country."



BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

JOHN BURGOYNE had airily said in London that with an army of ten thousand men he could promenade through America; and now the brilliant gentleman was to make good his boast. On July 1, 1777, all hope and confidence, with more than seven thousand trained and veteran troops, besides Canadians and Indians, his brilliant pageant swept up Lake Champlain. On July 5, by the mere power of his presence, without a blow,

¹ From *Oration and Addresses*. Vol. III, pages 147-165. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

Ticonderoga fell, and the morning of its fall was the high hour of Burgoyne's career. He had undone the electric deed of Ethan Allen. The chief obstruction to his triumphal American promenade had fallen. The bright promise of the invasion would be fulfilled, and Burgoyne would be the lauded hero of the war. His eager fancy could picture the delight of London, the joy of the clubs, of Parliament, of the King.

A hundred days later, how changed the scene! These hundred days saw the desertion of his savage allies, the failure of the Mohawk expedition, the defeat at Bennington, and the final disaster at Saratoga.

At eleven o'clock, on the 17th of October, 1777, Burgoyne's troops, with tears coursing down bearded cheeks, with passionate sobs, with oaths of rage and defiance, laid down their arms. As the British troops filed between the American lines, they saw no sign of exultation, but they heard the drums and fifes playing "Yankee Doodle." A few minutes later Burgoyne rode to the headquarters of Gates. The English general, as if for a court holiday, glittered in scarlet and gold; Gates, plainly clad in a blue overcoat, received his guest with urbane courtesy. They exchanged the compliments of soldiers. Burgoyne said: "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." Gates gracefully replied: "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." General Burgoyne drew his sword, bowed, and presented it to General Gates. General Gates bowed, received the sword, and returned it to General Burgoyne.

Such was the simple ceremony that marked the turning point of the Revolution. Thenceforth it was but a question of time. The great doubt was solved. Out of a rural militia an army could be trained to cope successfully with the most experienced and disciplined troops in the world. It was the surrender of Burgoyne that determined the French alliance, and the French alliance secured the final triumph.

YORKTOWN.¹

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance,
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;

¹ From *Whittier's Poetical Works*. Pages 302, 303. Copyright, 1895, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood,
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear:
The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait
Within the shattered fortress gate?
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
Classed with the battle's common spoil,
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,
With Indian weed and planters' wine,
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn, —
Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh, veil your faces, young and brave!
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
Sons of the Northland, ye who set
Stout hearts against the bayonet,
And pressed with steady footfall near
The moated battery's blazing tier,
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,
Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! fourscore years have passed; and where
The Gallic bugles stirred the air,
And, through breached batteries, side by side,
To victory stormed the hosts allied,
And brave foes grounded, pale with pain,
The arms they might not lift again,
As abject as in that old day
The slave still toils his life away.

Oh, fields still green and fresh in story,
Old days of pride, old names of glory,
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,
Ye spared the wrong; and over all
Behold the avenging shadow fall!
Your world-wide honor stained with shame,—
Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where's now the flag of that old war?
Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?
Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,

Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,
 Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak ;
 Symbol of terror and despair,
 Of chains and slaves, go seek it there !

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks !
 Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks !
 Brave sport to see the fledgeling born
 Of Freedom by its parent torn !
 Safe now is Speilberg's dungeon cell,
 Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell ;
 With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,
 What of the New World fears the Old ?



THE NEWS OF THE SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN.¹

JOHN FISKE.

EARLY on a dark morning of the fourth week in October, an honest old German, slowly pacing the streets of Philadelphia on his night watch, began shouting, "Basht dree o'glock, und Gornvallis ish dakendt !" and light sleepers sprang out of bed and threw up their windows. Washington's couriers laid the despatches before Congress in the forenoon, and after dinner a service of prayer and thanksgiving was held in the

¹ From *The American Revolution*. Vol. II, page 285. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lutheran Church. At New Haven and Cambridge the students sang triumphant hymns, and every village green in the country was ablaze with bonfires. The Duke de Lauzun sailed for France in a swift ship, and on the 27th of November all the houses in Paris were illuminated, and the aisles of Notre Dame resounded with the *Te Deum*. At noon of November 25 the news was brought to Lord George Germain, at his house in Pall Mall. Getting into a cab, he drove hastily to the Lord Chancellor's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and took him in; and then they drove to Lord North's office in Downing Street. At the staggering news all the Prime Minister's wonted gaiety forsook him. He walked wildly up and down the room, throwing his arms about and crying, "O God! it is all over! it is all over! it is all over!" A despatch was sent to the king at Kew, and when Lord George received the answer that evening, at dinner, he observed that his Majesty wrote calmly, but had forgotten to date his letter — a thing which had never happened before.



NATHAN HALE.¹

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

It is the deed and the memorable last words we think of when we think of Nathan Hale. For all the man's life, all his character, flowered and bloomed into

¹From an address in Hartford, Conn., at the unveiling of the Hale statue, June 16, 1887.

immortal beauty in this one supreme moment of self-sacrifice, triumph, defiance. The ladder on which the deserted body stood amidst the enemies of his country, when he uttered those last words, which all human annals do not parallel in simple patriotism — the ladder, I am sure, ran up to heaven, and if angels were not seen ascending and descending it in that gray morning, there stood the embodiment of American courage, unconquerable ; American faith, invincible ; American love of country, unquenchable ; a new democratic manhood in the world, visible there for all men to take note of, crowned already with the halo of victory, in the Revolutionary Dawn. . Oh, my Lord Howe ! it seemed a trifling incident to you and to your bloodhound, Provost-marshal Cunningham ; but those winged last words were worth ten thousand men to the drooping patriot army. Oh, Your Majesty, King George the Third ! here was a spirit, could you but have known it, that would cost you an empire ; here was an ignominious death that would grow in the estimation of mankind, increasing in nobility above the fading pageantry of the exit of kings.

It was on a lovely Sunday morning, September 22, before the break of day, that he was marched to the place of execution. While awaiting the necessary preparations, a courageous young officer permitted him to sit in his tent. He asked for the presence of a chaplain ; his request was refused. He asked for a Bible ; it was denied. But at the solicitation of the young officer he was furnished with writing materials, and wrote briefly to his mother, his sister, and his betrothed. When the infamous Cunningham, to whom Howe had delivered

him, read what was written, he was furious at the noble and dauntless spirit shown, and with foul oaths tore the letter into shreds, saying afterward that "the rebels should never know that they had a man who could die with such firmness." As Hale stood upon the fatal ladder, Cunningham taunted him, and scoffingly demanded "his last dying speech and confession." The hero did not heed the words of the brute, but looking calmly on the spectators, said in a clear voice:—

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."



ANDRÉ AND HALE.¹

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

ANDRÉ's story is the one overmastering romance of the Revolution. His youth, grace, and accomplishments won the affections of his guard and the sympathy of the whole army. In all the glittering splendor of the full uniform and ornaments of his rank, in the presence of the whole American army, without the quiver of a muscle or sign of fear, the officers about him weeping, the bands playing the dead march, he walked to execution. To those around he cried: "I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man," and swung into eternity.

America had a parallel case in Captain Nathan Hale. When no one else would go upon a most important and perilous mission, he volunteered, and was captured by

¹ From *Orations and Speeches*. Pages 246-248. Cassell & Co.

the British. He was ordered to execution the next morning. When asked what he had to say, he replied: "I regret I have but one life to lose for my country."

The dying declarations of André and Hale express the animating spirit of their several armies, and teach why, with all her power, England could not conquer America. "I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man," said André; and he spoke from British and Hessian surroundings, seeking only glory and pay. "I regret I have but one life to lose for my country," said Hale; and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that passionate patriotism which pledges fortune, honor, and life to the sacred cause.



ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.¹

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

IN the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

¹ From *Whittier's Poetical Works*. Pages 259, 260. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the down-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative rôles.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know

My present duty, and my Lord's command,
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face,—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls ;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man :
His awestruck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.



ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIÈRE

ANONYMOUS.

LONG, the tyrant of our coast,
Reigned the famous Guerrière :
Our little navy she defied,
Public ship and privateer ;
On her sails in letters red,
To our captains were displayed
Words of warning, words of dread,
“All who meet me, have a care !
I am England’s Guerrière.”

On the wide Atlantic deep
(Not her equal for the fight)
The Constitution, on her way,
Chanced to meet these men of might :
On her sails was nothing said :
But her waist the teeth displayed
That a deal of blood could shed,
Which, if she would venture near,
Would stain the decks of the Guerrière.

Now our gallant ship they met,
And, to struggle with John Bull,
Who had come they little thought,
Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull.
Better, soon, to be acquainted,
Isaac hailed the Lord’s anointed,
While the crew the cannon pointed,

And the balls were so directed
With a blaze so unexpected, —

Isaac did so maul and rake her,
That the decks of Captain Dacres
Were in such a woful pickle,
As if death, with scythe and sickle,
With his sling or with his shaft
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.
Thus, in thirty minutes, ended
Mischiefs that could not be mended :
Masts, and yards, and ship descended,
All to David Jones's locker —
Such a ship in such a pucker !

Drink a bout to the Constitution !
She performed some execution,
Did some share of retribution
For the insults of the year,
When she took the *Guerrière*.
May success again await her,
Let who will again command her,
Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur :
Nothing like her can withstand her
With a crew like that on board her
Who so boldly called "to order"
One bold crew of English sailors,
Long, too long, our seamen's jailers —
Dacres and the *Guerrière* !



MONTEREY.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WE were not many — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day ;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on — still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way ;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play ;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
We 'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey.



THE BOYHOOD OF ANDREW JACKSON.¹

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

IN a low, rough house of logs, among the Carolina mills, where the red soil of the Waxhaw Settlement seemed almost typical of the blood and ruin that had fallen upon all that region in the merciless work of "Tarleton's quarter," a boy, hot with anger, stands openly defying his captor. He is a tall, raw-boned, red-haired, freckled-faced lad of fourteen, big for his years, perhaps, with the prophecy in his lean but sinewy form of the future hardy and athletic frontiersman of that rough and rolling hill-country of the Carolinas. The man is a British officer, haughty, arrogant, overbearing. "These peasants," he declared, referring to the conquered colonists of the Carolina highlands, "have no rights. They must be taught their place as low-bred scum and dirty traitors. Here, boy! clean this beastly red mud of yours from my boots. And hark ye, do it quick! I'm in haste."

¹ From *Historic Americans*. Pages 231-234. Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

And he flung the long military boots, well besmeared with the red Waxhaw clay, at the boy whom the fortunes of war, or, rather, the tyranny of treachery, had made a captive to the hated troopers of Tarleton.

But though captive this boy of fourteen was by no means cowed. "Clean your own boots! I'm no slave," he cried passionately. "I am a prisoner of war. Because you've got us down, you need n't think you can jump on us"; and, stung to anger by the British officer's demand, he kicked the boots back so vindictively that they caromed on the Englishman's pet corns and literally made him "hopping mad."

He whipped out his sword and, springing upon his plucky and defiant captive, struck viciously at the boy. Thwack! thwack! the British sword came down on the Carolina boy with lunge and cut. It laid the supple wrist open to the bone; under the shock of thick red hair it left a cut from which streamed the still redder blood.

Then the sense of unfairness which had led him to strike down an unarmed boy roused the Englishman's drowsy conscience, and he regretted what he had done.

"It was your own fault," was all he said, however, as he kicked the muddy boots from his path and left their cleaning to his servant. So, after all, the big dragoon did not have his way. The boy from the Waxhaws did not clean those boots.

But the scars made by the sword of the brutal British officer remained with the boy through all his long and active life, and as he never forgot, so he never forgave

that contemptuous and cruel attack, and he took good payment for it from England's arrogant power, all in good time, and with interest. For that fourteen-year-old Carolina boy was Andrew Jackson.



THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.¹

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward
 far away,
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican
 array,
 Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come
 they near?
 Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the
 storm we hear.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of
 battle rolls;
 Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on
 their souls!”
 Who is losing? who is winning? “Over hill and
 over plain,
 I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the moun-
 tain rain.”

¹ From *Whittier's Poetical Works*. Pages 35, 36. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena,
look once more:

“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as
before,

Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman,
foot and horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down
its mountain course.”

Look forth once more, Ximena! “Ah! the smoke
has rolled away;

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the
ranks of gray.

Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop
of Minon wheels;

There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon
at their heels.

“Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now
advance!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s
charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and
foot together fall;

Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs
the Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on!

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us who has lost, and
who has won?

“Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together
fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for
them all!”

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool,
gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain
over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart
the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips
grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task
pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and
faint and lacking food.
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care
they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.



JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.¹

NATHAN SARGENT.

Who has not heard of “John Randolph of Roanoke”?
A man of extraordinary powers of mind; possessed of

¹ From *Public Men and Events*. Vol. I, pages 125, 126. J. B. Lipincott & Co.

a wonderful fund of information of every kind, which he dealt out in an extraordinary manner; of extraordinary habits and excentricities, and of extraordinary personal appearance. A professed republican, yet an enthusiastic admirer of the British government, British aristocracy, English horses, and English books—everything, indeed, English. He would not have in his possession an American book, not even an American Bible. Professedly a Republican, he opposed the measures and administration of every Republican President,—Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe,—and bitterly the administration and measures of both the elder and the younger Adams. It seemed impossible for him to agree with any one. If the House, or Senate, were engaged in debating a bill or measure of any kind, and he got the floor, ten to one he would not allude to the subject of debate in a three or four hours' speech, but would discuss "everything and all things besides." Woe to any member who called him to order!

There was a member in Congress from Maine who became so famous for calling the "previous question" as to acquire the sobriquet of "Previous Question Cushman." He had greatly annoyed Mr. Randolph, who in one of his long harangues spoke of the great mechanical ingenuity of the Germans, and gave an account of some of the clocks made by them, in which were automatic birds that would come out and sing, or figures of men which would perform various and curious antics, make a bow, and retire. There was one that especially attracted his attention; it was a clock out of which the figure of a man—looking at the doomed member—

would frequently pop up, cry out, "Previous question!" "previous question!" and then pop down again out of sight. The boomerang hit the mark; the House burst into a roar of laughter; but poor Mr. "Previous Question" was never seen or heard of afterwards, and the place in the House that had known him for several years knew him no more forever after that session.



REPLY TO HAYNE.¹

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I HAVE not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision

¹ From *Webster's Great Speeches*. Page 269. Little, Brown & Co.

never may be opened what lies behind ! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth ?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards" ; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable !



MASSACHUSETTS ; FROM THE REPLY
TO HAYNE.¹

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. PRESIDENT, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts ; she needs none. There she is. Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history ; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least,

¹ From *Webster's Great Speeches*. Page 254. Little, Brown & Co.

is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, Sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.



WEBSTER AT BUNKER HILL.

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

THE first time I ever saw Mr. Webster was on the 17th of June, 1825, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. I shall never forget his appearance as he strode across the open area, encircled by some fifty thousand persons—men and women—

waiting for the "Orator of the Day," nor the shout that simultaneously burst forth, as he was recognized, carrying up to the skies the name of "Webster!" "Webster!" "Webster!"

It was one of those lovely days in June, when the sun is bright, the air clear, and the breath of nature so sweet and pure as to fill every bosom with a grateful joy in the mere consciousness of existence. There were present long files of soldiers in their holiday attire; there were many associations, with their mottoed banners; there were lodges and grand lodges, in white aprons and blue scarfs; there were miles of citizens from the towns and the country round about; there were two hundred gray-haired men, remnants of the days of the Revolution; there was among them a stranger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, on whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known, the air echoed with the cry — "Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!" Around all this scene was a rainbow of beauty such as New England alone can furnish.

I have looked on many mighty men — and yet not one of these approached Mr. Webster in the commanding power of their personal presence. There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw. And these, on the occasion to which I allude, had their full expression and interpretation.



JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.¹

BRET HARTE.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town:
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron,—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
With tails that the country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,

¹ From *Poems by Bret Harte*. Pages 91–97. Copyright by James R. Osgood & Co.

White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;—
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire*:
"How are you, White Hat!" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy,"—begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'T was but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the mildest could understand,
Spoke in the old man's strong right hand;
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;

Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there ;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest :
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man —
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns ;
This is the moral the reader learns :
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather !



LITTLE GIFFEN OF TENNESSEE.

FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)
Spectre such as we seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee !

“Take him — and welcome!” the surgeon said;
“Much your doctor can help the dead!”
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

Weary war with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death,
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Spoke of the spirit that would not die,

And did n't, nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
“Dear mother,” at first, of course; and then,
“Dear captain” — inquiring about “the men.”
Captain's answer — “Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive!”

“Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!”
Little Giffen was up and away.
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
“I'll write, if spared.” There was news of a fight,
But none of Giffen. He did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,

I'd give the best, on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee!



THE HEROISM OF THE PRESENT.¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

HEROISM is in the deed, not in the distance. The brave youth seems a hero when we see, three hundred years ago, Philip Sidney shot and mortally wounded. Borne fainting upon his horse from the field, he asks for water. But, as it is brought to him and as he is raising it to his lips, he sees the eyes of a dying soldier fixed upon it with passionate longing. Then leaning from the saddle, the gentleman of gentlemen, the flower of English manhood, hands the cup to the soldier, and the dying hero whispers to his dying comrade, "Friend, thy necessity is yet greater than mine." History will never tire of the beautiful story.

But more than three hundred years later a gunner at Gettysburg falls, mortally wounded, by his gun. The battle rages on, and, tortured by thirst, the dying man says to his comrade, serving the gun alone, "Johnny, Johnny, for the love of God give me a drop of water." "Ah, Jamie," says his comrade, "there's not a drop in

¹ From *Oration and Addresses*. Vol. III, pages 56, 57. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

my canteen, and if I go to fetch it the rebs will have the gun." "No matter, then, Johnny; stick to your gun," is the answer; and when, after a desperate struggle, with a ringing shout of victory the line moves forward, it is over Jamie's dead body. Does it need three hundred years to make that self-sacrifice as beautiful as Sidney's? Jamie is not less a hero than the Englishman, and the brave Sidney clasps his hand in Paradise. The past was a good time, but the present is a better.

THE CUMBERLAND.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop of war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

¹ From *Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works*. Page 202. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
 Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

“Strike your flag!” the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation strain,
“Never!” our gallant Morris replies ;
 “It is better to sink than to yield !”
 And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
 With a sudden shudder of death,
 And the cannon's breath
For her dying grasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day !

Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!



THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

For sixty days and upwards
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not!
"If the noble city perish,"
Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards
The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And even throughout God's holy morn,
O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends of air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered
'Mid the silent thrill of hearts :
But the Lord, our shield, was with us ;
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gamboled, —
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed !
Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And above us denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse ;
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
Those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle-tide ;

In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with step of hope,
To the music in their hearts.

THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA.¹

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

To General Thomas a battle was a calm, rational concentration of force against force. It was a question of lines and positions — of weight of metal and strength of battalions. His remark to a captain of artillery while inspecting a battery exhibits his theory of success: “Keep everything in order, for the fate of a battle may turn on a buckle or a linchpin.”

The last day at Chickamauga exhibited, in one supreme example, the vast resources of his prodigious strength. After a day of heavy fighting and a night of anxious preparation, General Rosecrans had established his lines for the purpose of holding the road to Chattanooga. This road was the great prize to be won or lost at Chickamauga. The substance of his order to Thomas was this: “Your line lies across the road to Chattanooga. That is the pivot of the battle. Hold it at all hazards, and I will reinforce you, if necessary, with the whole army.”

¹ From *Works of James A. Garfield*. Pages 662–665. James R. Osgood. Copyright by Lucretia R. Garfield.

During the whole night, the reinforcements of the enemy were coming in. Early next morning we were attacked along the whole line. Thomas commanded the left and center of our army. From early morning he withstood the furious and repeated attacks of the enemy, who constantly reinforced his assaults on our left. About noon, our whole right wing was broken, and driven in hopeless confusion from the field. Rosecrans was himself swept away in the tide of retreat. The forces of Longstreet, which had broken our right, desisted from the pursuit, and, forming in heavy columns, assaulted Thomas's right flank with unexampled fury. Seeing the approaching danger, he threw back his exposed flank toward the base of the mountain and met the new peril.

While men shall read the history of battles, they will never fail to study and admire the work of Thomas during that afternoon. With but twenty-five thousand men, formed in a semicircle of which he himself was the center and soul, he successfully resisted for more than five hours the repeated assaults of an army of sixty-five thousand men, flushed with victory and bent on his annihilation. Toward the close of the day his ammunition began to fail. One by one his division commanders reported but ten rounds, five rounds, or two rounds left. The calm, quiet answer was returned: "Save your fire for close quarters, and when your last shot is fired give them the bayonet." When night had closed over the combatants, the last sound of battle was the booming of Thomas's shells bursting among his baffled and retreated assailants.

He was, indeed, the "Rock of Chickamauga," against which the wild waves of battle dashed in vain. It will stand written forever in the annals of his country that there he saved from destruction the Army of the Cumberland. He held the road to Chattanooga. The campaign was successful. The gate of the mountains was ours.



SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

UP from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thunder'd along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester roll'd
The roar of that red sea uncontroll'd,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down :
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night

Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretch'd away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dash'd down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,

And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compell'd it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seem'd to the whole great army to say :
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright :
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, — twenty miles away !"



COL. ROBERT GOULD SHAW AT FORT
WAGNER.¹

WILLIAM JAMES.

A TERRIFIC bombardment was playing on Fort Wagner, then the most formidable earthwork ever built, and the general, knowing Shaw's desire to place his men

¹ From Address, *The Monument to Robert Gould Shaw. Its Inception, Completion, and Unveiling.* Pages 81, 82. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

beside white troops, said to him : "Colonel, Fort Wagner is to be stormed this evening, and you may lead the column if you say yes. Your men, I know, are worn out, but do as you choose." Shaw's face brightened. "Before answering the general, he instantly turned to me," writes the adjutant who reports the interview, "and said : 'Tell Colonel Hallowell to bring up the 54th immediately.'"

This was done, and just before nightfall the attack was made. Shaw was serious, for he knew the assault was desperate, and had a premonition of his end. Walking up and down in front of the regiment, he briefly exhorted them to prove that they were men. Then he gave the order : "Move in quick time till within a hundred yards, then double quick and charge. Forward!" and the 54th advanced to the storming, its colonel and the colors at its head.

On over the sand, through a narrow defile which broke up the formation, double quick over the *chevaux de frise*, into the ditch and over it, as best they could, and up the rampart ; with Fort Sumter, which had seen them, playing on them, and Fort Wagner, now one mighty mound of fire, tearing out their lives. Shaw led from first to last. Gaining successfully the parapet, he stood there for a moment with uplifted sword, shouting, "Forward, 54th!" and then fell headlong, with a bullet through his heart. The battle raged for nigh two hours. Regiment after regiment, following upon the 54th, hurled themselves upon its ramparts, but Fort Wagner was nobly defended, and for that night stood safe.



LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD,
ILLINOIS, JUNE 16, 1858.¹

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A HOUSE divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the farther spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or the advocates of it will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States — old as well as new, North as well as South. The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail — if we stand firm we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it, but, sooner or later, the victory is sure to come.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS.²

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

IF it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism,

¹ From *Addresses and Letters of Abraham Lincoln*. Pages 240, 245. Copyright by The Century Company.

² From *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*. John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Vol. II, page 7. Copyright by The Century Company.

Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.



ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY.¹

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

¹ From *Letters and State Papers*. Page 439. Copyright by The Century Company.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.¹

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IN one hour, under the blow of a single bereavement, joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and upon the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow;—noon and midnight without a space between!

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and

¹ From *Patriotic Addresses*. Edited by J. R. Howard. Pages 704, 705. Copyright by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The great city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The huge Leviathan lay down and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ON the day of his death this simple Western attorney was the most absolute ruler in Christendom, and this solely by the hold his good-humored sagacity had laid on the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. Nor was this all, for he had drawn the great majority,

¹ From *Lowell's Prose Works*. Vol. V, page 209. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

not only of his fellow-citizens, but of mankind also, to his side ; so strong and so persuasive is honest manliness without a single quality of romance or unreal sentiment to help it. A civilian, awkward, with no skill in the lower technicalities of manners, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding. Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman.



O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN.

(On the Death of Lincoln.)

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
 sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
 exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
 and daring ;

But, O heart! heart! heart!

Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up, — for you the flag is flung, — for you the
bugle trills;

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, — for you
the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still;

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will;

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done;

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.¹

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

LINCOLN had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action, and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He was natural in his life and thought — master of the story-teller's art. He was an orator — clear, sincere, natural. He knew that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words.

Lincoln was an immense personality — firm but not obstinate. He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master, seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices, he was the embodiment of the courage, the hope, the

¹ From *Prose-Poems*. Pages 240-247. Copyright by C. P. Farrell, New York, N. Y.

self-denial, the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

NATURE, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God and true.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

¹ From *Commemoration Ode*. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

GENERAL GRANT'S POLICY AND HIS
GREATEST VICTORY.¹

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

GENERAL GRANT deplored and detested war ; but once engaged in it, he fought to win.

“Give the enemy no rest ; strike him, and keep striking him. The war must be ended, and we must end it now.”

That was his theory of war ; and he fought straight on, never halting in his opinion, never wavering in his actions, saying to those who questioned him, “I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.”

Thereupon the people and the president knew that they had a soldier to rely on, a man with a genius for successful war, a general who never took one backward step. In just thirteen months after Grant assumed his command as head of the American army the end came, and, in the apple orchard at Appomattox, the last stand was made, the last gun was fired, the white flag fluttered for a truce, and in the little McLean farmhouse the two great opposing generals met in conference, and the Southern army laid down its arms in surrender.

Then General Grant won a greater victory through kindness. For where he might have been harsh he was magnanimous. He was not one to exult over a valiant but fallen foe.

“They are Americans, and our brothers,” he said. He gave them back their horses, so that they could

¹ From *Historic Americans*. Pages 377, 378. Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

plow their farms for planting; he gave them food and clothes, and sent them all home to their families. "The war is over," he said to North and South alike. "Let us have peace."

GENERAL GRANT.¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

STRONG, simple, silent are the steadfast laws
That sway this universe, of none withstood,
Unconscious of man's outcries or applause,
Or what man deems his evil or his good;
And when the Fates ally them with a cause
That wallows in the sea-trough and seems lost,
Drifting in danger of the reefs and sands
Of shallow counsels, this way, that way; tost,
Strength, silence, simpleness, of these three strands
They twist the cable shall the world hold fast
To where its anchors clutch the bed-rock of the Past.

Strong, simple, silent, therefore such was he
Who helped us in our need; the eternal law
That who can saddle Opportunity
Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
May minish him in eyes that closely see,
Was verified in him: what need we say
Of one who made success where others failed,
Who, with no light save that of common day,
Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortune quailed,

¹ Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van
Ne'er fell at last to one who was not wholly man.

Nothing ideal, a plain-people's man,
He came grim-silent, saw and did the deed
That was to do; in his master-grip
Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip;
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do.

Yet did this man, war-tempered, stern as steel
Where steel opposed, prove soft in civil sway;
The hand hilt-hardened had lost tact to feel
The world's base coin, and glozing knaves made prey
Of him and of the entrusted Commonweal;
So Truth insists and will not be denied.
We turn our eyes away, and so will Fame,
As if in his last battle he had died
Victor for us and spotless of all blame,
Doer of hopeless tasks which praters shirk,
One of those still plain men that do the world's rough
work.



GRANT'S CLAIMS TO FAME.¹

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

THE claims of Grant to fame will lie first in the fact that he commanded the largest civilized armies the world ever saw; secondly, that with these armies he

¹ From *Contemporaries*. Page 327. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

saved the integrity of the American nation ; thirdly, that he did all this by measures of his own initiating, rarely calling a council of war and commonly differing from it when called ; fourthly, that he did all this for duty, not glory, and in the spirit of a citizen, not the military spirit, persisting to the last that he was, as he told Bismarck, more of a farmer than a soldier ; then again, that when tested by the severest personal griefs and losses in the decline of life, he showed the same strong qualities still ; and, finally, that in writing his own memoirs he was simple as regards himself, candid toward opponents, and thus bequeathed to the world a book better worth reading than any military autobiography since Cæsar's Commentaries.



GENERAL GRANT'S COURAGE AND DECISION.¹

JAMES G. BLAINE.

NAPOLEON said : "The rarest attribute among generals is two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." "I mean," he added, "unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and promptness of decision." No better description could be given of the type of courage which distinguished General Grant.

¹ From *Political Discussions*. Pages 474, 475. The Henry Bill Publishing Company. Copyright by James G. Blaine.

His constant readiness to fight was another quality which, according to the same high authority, established his rank as a commander. "Generals," said the exile at St. Helena, "are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, consider their combinations, and then indecision begins." "Nothing," added this greatest warrior of modern times, "nothing is so difficult as to decide." General Grant, in his services in the field, never once exhibited indecision. This was the quality which gave him his crowning characteristic as a military leader; he inspired his men with a sense of their invincibility, and they were thenceforth invincible!



GENERAL GRANT AS A COMMANDER.¹

HORACE PORTER.

As a commander of men in the field General Grant manifested the highest characteristics of the soldier, as evinced in every battle in which he was engaged from Palo Alto to Appomattox. He was bold in conception, fixed in purpose, and vigorous in execution. He never allowed himself to be thrown on the defensive, but always aimed to take the initiative in battle. He made armies and not cities the objective points of his campaigns. Obstacles which would have deterred another seemed only to inspire him with greater confidence, and

¹ From an oration at the dedication of the Grant monument in New York, April 27, 1897.

his soldiers soon learned to reflect much of his determination. His motto was "When in doubt move to the front." His sword always pointed the way to an advance ; its hilt was never presented to an enemy. He once wrote in a letter to his father, "I never expect to have an army whipped, unless it is badly whipped, and can't help it." He enjoyed a physical constitution which enabled him to endure every form of fatigue and privation incident to military service in the field. His unassuming manner, purity of character, and absolute loyalty inspired loyalty in others, confidence in his methods, and gained him the devotion of the humblest of his subordinates. He exhibited a rapidity of thought and action on the field which enabled him to move with a promptness rarely ever equaled, and which never failed to astonish, and often to baffle, the best efforts of a less vigorous opponent. A study of his martial deeds inspires us with the grandeur of events and the majesty of achievement. He did not fight for glory, but for National existence and the equality and rights of men. His sole ambition was his country's prosperity. His victories failed to elate him. In the despatches which reported his triumphs there was no word of arrogance, no exaggeration, no aim at dramatic effect. With all his self-reliance he was never betrayed into immodesty of expression. He never underrated himself in a battle, he never overrated himself in a report. He could not only command armies, he could command himself. Inexorable as he was in battle, war never hardened his heart or weakened the strength of his natural affections. He retained a singularly sensitive nature, a rare tender-

ness of feeling ; shrank from the sight of blood, and was painfully alive to every form of human suffering.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.¹

ON a quiet autumn morning, in the land which he loved so well, and, as he held, served so faithfully, the spirit of Robert Edward Lee left the clay which it had so much ennobled, and traveled out of this world into the great and mysterious land. The expressions of regret which sprang from the few who surrounded the bedside of the dying soldier and Christian, on yesterday, will be swelled to-day into one mighty voice of sorrow, resounding throughout our country, and extending over all parts of the world where his great genius and his many virtues are known. For not to the Southern people alone shall be limited the tribute of a tear over the dead Virginian. Here in the North, forgetting that the time was when the sword of Robert Edward Lee was drawn against us, — forgetting and forgiving all the years of bloodshed and agony, — we have long since ceased to look upon him as the Confederate leader, but have claimed him as one of ourselves ; have cherished and felt proud of his military genius as belonging to us ; have recounted and recorded his triumphs as our own ; have extolled his virtue as reflecting upon us ; for Robert Edward Lee was an American, and the great

¹ From *The New York Herald*, on the morning after his death. .

nation which gave him birth would be to-day unworthy of such a son if she regarded him lightly.

Never had mother a nobler son. In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. Dignified without presumption, affable without familiarity, he united all those charms of manners which made him the idol of his friends and of his soldiers, and won for him the respect and admiration of the world. Even as, in the days of his triumph, glory did not intoxicate, so, when the dark clouds swept over him, adversity did not depress. From the hour that he surrendered his sword at Appomattox to the fatal autumn morning, he passed among men, noble in his quiet, simple dignity, displaying neither bitterness nor regret over the irrevocable past. He conquered us in misfortune by the grand manner in which he sustained himself, even as he dazzled us by his genius when the tramp of his soldiers resounded through the valleys of Virginia.

And for such a man we are all tears and sorrow to-day. Standing beside his grave, men of the South and men of the North can mourn with all the bitterness of four years of warfare erased by this common bereavement. May this unity of grief — this unselfish manifestation over the loss of the Bayard of America — in the season of dead leaves and withered branches which this death ushers in, bloom and blossom like the distant coming spring into the flowers of a heartier accord!

In person General Lee was a notably handsome man. He was tall of stature, and admirably propor-

tioned; his features were regular and most amiable in appearance, and in his manners he was courteous and dignified. In social life he was much admired. As a slaveholder, he was beloved by his slaves for his kindness and consideration toward them. General Lee was also noted for his piety. He was an Episcopalian, and was a regular attendant at church. Having a perfect command over his temper, he was never seen angry, and his most intimate friends never heard him utter an oath. He came nearer the ideal of a soldier and Christian general than any man we can think of, for he was a greater soldier than Havelock, and equally as devout a Christian. In his death our country has lost a son of whom she might well be proud, and for whose services she might have stood in need had he lived a few years longer, for we are certain that, had occasion required it, General Lee would have given to the United States the benefit of all his great talents.



THE NEW SOUTH.¹

HENRY W. GRADY.

LET me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity

¹ From *The Life, Writings, and Speeches of Henry W. Grady*. Pages 86, 87, 88, 91. Cassell Publishing Company. Copyright by Mrs. Henry W. Grady.

and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with

human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.



LOWELL'S INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WITH his lofty patriotism and his extraordinary public conscience, James Russell Lowell was distinctively the Independent in politics. He was an American and a republican citizen. He saw clearly that, while the government of a republic must be a government by party,

¹ From *Orations and Addresses*. Vol. III, pages 388, 389. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

yet that independence of party is much more vitally essential in a republic than fidelity to party. He acted with parties, as every citizen must act, if he acts at all. But the notion that a voter is a traitor to one party when he votes with another was as ludicrous to him as the assertion that it is treason to the White Star steamers to take passage in a Cunarder. When he would know his public duty, Lowell turned within, not without. He listened, not for the roar of the majority in the street, but for the still small voice in his own breast. For while the method of republican government is party, its basis is individual conscience and common sense.



THE DEATH OF GARFIELD.¹

JAMES G. BLAINE.

ON the morning of Saturday, July 2, President Garfield was a contented and happy man — not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. And surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no premonition of danger clouded his sky. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

¹ From *Political Discussions*. Pages 523-525. The Henry Bill Publishing Company. Copyright by James G. Blaine.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death; and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave.

What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell — what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambition, what sundering of household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons, just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding, a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer

to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.



CAPTAIN ALLYN CAPRON OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.¹

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

CAPTAIN ALLYN CAPRON was on the whole the best soldier in the regiment of the Rough Riders. He was the ideal of what an American regular army officer should be. He was the fifth in descent from father to son who had served in the army of the United States, and in body and mind alike he was fitted to play his part to perfection. Tall and lithe, a remarkable boxer and

¹ From *The Rough Riders*. Pages 18, 19, 95. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

walker, a first-class rider and shot, with yellow hair and piercing blue eyes, he looked what he was, the archetype of the fighting man. He had under him one of the two companies from the Indian Territory ; and he so soon impressed himself upon the wild spirit of his followers, that he got them ahead in discipline faster than any other troop in the regiment. His ceaseless effort was so to train them, care for them, and inspire them as to bring their fighting efficiency to the highest possible pitch. He required instant obedience, and tolerated not the slightest evasion of duty ; but his mastery of his art was so thorough, and his performance of his own duty so rigid, that he won at once not merely their admiration, but that soldierly affection so readily given by the man in the ranks to the superior who cares for his men and leads them fearlessly in battle. At the very outset of active service Captain Capron, leading the advance guard in person, displaying equal coolness and courage in the way that he handled them, was struck, and died a few minutes afterwards, as gallant a man as ever wore uniform.



THE ROUGH RIDERS.¹

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

THE Rough Riders, enlisted, officered, disciplined, and equipped in fifty days, are a very typical American regiment. Most of the men come from Arizona, New Mexico,

¹ From *The War with Spain*. Pages 114, 115. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

and Oklahoma, where the troops were chiefly raised. There are many cowboys, many men of the plains, hunters, pioneers, and ranchmen, to whom the perils and exposure of frontier life are a twice-told tale. Among them can be found more than twoscore civilized but full-blooded Indians. Then there are boys from the farms and towns of the far western territories. Then, again, strangest mingling of all, there are a hundred or more troopers from the East—graduates of Yale and Harvard, members of the New York and Boston clubs, men of wealth and leisure and large opportunities. They are men who have loved the chase of big game, football, and all the sports which require courage and strength, and are spiced with danger. All have the spirit of adventure strong within them, and they are there in Cuba because they seek perils, because they are patriotic, because they believe every gentleman owes a debt to his country, and this is the time to pay it.

All these men, drawn from so many sources, all so American, all so nearly soldiers in their life and habits, have been roughly, quickly, and effectively formed into a fighting regiment by the skillful discipline of Leonard Wood, their colonel, a surgeon of the line who wears a medal of honor won in campaigns against the Apaches; and by the inspiration of Theodore Roosevelt, their lieutenant-colonel, who has laid down a high place in the administration at Washington, and come hither to Cuba because thus only can he live up to his ideal of conduct by offering his life to his country when war has come.



ADDRESS TO THE ROUGH RIDERS.¹

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Now here's a thing I want to warn you against: Don't get gay and pose as heroes. Don't go back and lie on your laurels; they'll wither. The world will be kind to you for about ten days, and then it will say, "He's spoiled by the fame of the regiment in Cuba." Don't think you have got to have the best of everything, and don't consider yourselves as martyrs in the past tense. A martyr came to see me to-day. He had n't had any milk for a whole day. I said to him: "Oh, you poor thing!" and he went away. I hope he felt better. What I want of all of you is to get right out and fight your battles in the world as bravely as you fought the nation's battles in Cuba.

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.²

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

THE American people will always remember that hot summer morning and the anxiety that overspread the land. They will always see the American ships rolling lazily on the long seas, and the sailors just going to

¹ The occasion of this address is described in *The Rough Riders*. Page 225.

² From *The War with Spain*. Pages 149, 150. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

Sunday inspection. Then comes the long, thin trail of smoke drawing nearer the harbor's mouth. The ships see it, and we can hear the cheers ring out, for the enemy is coming, and the American sailor rejoices mightily to know that the battle is set. There is no need of signals, no need of orders. The patient, long-watching admiral has given direction for every chance that may befall. Every ship is in place; every ship rushes forward, closing in upon the enemy, fiercely pouring shells from broadside and turret. There is the Gloucester firing her little shots at the great cruisers, and then driving down to grapple with the torpedo boats. There are the Spanish ships, already mortally hurt, running along the shore, shattered and breaking under the fire of the Indiana, the Iowa, and the Texas; there is the Brooklyn racing by to head the fugitives, and the Oregon dealing death-strokes as she rushes forward, forging to the front, and leaving her mark everywhere as she goes. On they go, driving through the water, firing steadily and ever getting closer, and presently the Spanish cruisers, helpless, burning, twisted wrecks of iron, are piled along the shore, and we see the younger officers and the men of their victorious ships periling their lives to save their beaten enemies. We see Wainwright on the Gloucester as eager in rescue as he was swift in fight. We hear Philip cry out, "Don't cheer. The poor devils are dying." We watch Evans as he hands back the sword to the wounded Eulate, and then writes in his report: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American

seamen ; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women." They all stand out to us, these gallant figures, from admiral to seamen, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory.



THE BATTLE OF MANILA.¹

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

THE American fleet had passed the dreaded forts at the entrance, and was in the bay of Manila. The moment had come. It came, fortunately, to a man who knew exactly what he meant to do. Commodore Dewey had his plan thoroughly laid out, and now proceeded to carry it into execution. The fleet moved silently and steadily down toward Cavité. Suddenly, just ahead of the flagship, there came a quivering shock and a great column of water leaped into the air. The dreaded mines were really there then, and the fleet was upon them ; but no ship swerved, no man stirred, and, as sometimes happens, the brave were favored, and this was the last of the Spanish torpedoes. Closer and closer they came, until at last the distance was but little over five thousand yards. "If you are ready, Gridley, you may fire," said the commodore to the captain of the *Olympia*. Five times in all did the American ships turn and move past their opponents, each time closer,

¹ From *The War with Spain*. Pages 54-60. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

and each time with a more deadly broadside. There had been now two hours' hot work under the rising tropical sun, and at quarter before eight the commodore ran up the signals to cease firing and follow the flagship. The Spanish, battered as they were, set up a cheer as they saw their foe withdraw to the other side of the bay. There was a good rest for the crews, a hearty breakfast eaten quite at leisure, an examination of all guns, a fresh supply of ammunition brought up, and after three hours thus occupied, off the fleet went for a second and last assault. This time the work was more direct. The Spanish fleet was completely destroyed. The shore batteries were silenced one after another. They held out longest at Cavité, but a last and well-placed shell entered the arsenal magazine, a terrific explosion followed, the batteries all fell silent, and the white flag went up on the citadel. The battle of Manila had been fought and won.



THE RIGHT OF THE FILIPINOS TO INDEPENDENCE.¹

GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE Filipinos have from the beginning desired independence, and desire it now.

This desire was communicated to our commanders when they gave them arms, accepted their aid, and brought Aguinaldo from his exile when he was put in

¹ From *Letter to the Boston Herald*, January 2, 1900.

command of thirty thousand Filipino soldiers, who were already in arms and organized.

The people of the Philippine Islands, before we fired upon their troops, had delivered their own land from Spain, with the single exception of the town of Manila, and they hemmed in the Spanish troops on land by a line extending from water to water.

We could not have captured the Spanish garrison, which was done by an arrangement beforehand, upon a mere show of resistance, but for the fact that they were so hemmed in by Aguinaldo's forces and could not retreat beyond the range and fire of the guns of our fleet.

During all this period from the beginning to the final conflict, the Filipinos were repeatedly informing our government that they desired their freedom, and they were never informed of any purpose on our part to subdue them.

They were fit for independence. They had churches, libraries, works of art, and education. They were better educated than many American communities within the memory of some of us. They were eager and ambitious to learn. They were governing their entire island, except Manila, in order and quiet, with municipal governments, courts of justice, schools, and a complete constitution resting upon the consent of the people. They were better fitted for self-government than any country on the American continent south of us, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn ; or than San Domingo or Hayti when these countries, respectively, achieved their independence ; and are fitter for self-government than some

of them are now. They are now as fit for self-government as was Japan when she was welcomed into the family of nations.

The outbreak of hostilities was not their fault, but ours. A patrol, not a hostile military force, approached a small village between the lines of the two armies; a village on the American side of the line of demarcation, to which some of our soldiers had been moved in disregard of the rule applicable to all cases of truce. When this patrol approached this town it was challenged. How far the Filipinos understood our language, or how far our pickets understood the reply that they made in their own language, does not appear. But we fired upon them first. The fire was returned from their lines. Thereupon it was returned again from us, and several Filipinos were killed. As soon as Aguinaldo heard of it he sent a message to General Otis saying that the firing was without his knowledge and against his will; that he deplored it, and that he desired hostilities to cease and would withdraw his troops to any distance General Otis should desire. To which the American general replied that, as the fighting had begun, it must go on.

I do not know what other men may think, or what other men may say. But there is not a drop of blood in my veins, there is not a feeling in my heart that does not respect a weak people struggling with a strong one.

When Patrick Henry was making his great speech in the state-house at Williamsburg, for the same cause for which the Filipinos are now dying, he was interrupted by somebody with a shout of "treason." He finished his sentence, and replied, as every school-

boy knows: "If this be treason, make the most of it." I am unworthy to loose the latchet of the shoes of Patrick Henry. But I claim to love human liberty as well as he did, and I believe the love of human liberty will never be held to be treason by Massachusetts.

I am a son of Massachusetts. For more than three-score years and ten I have sat at her dear feet. I have seen the light from her beautiful eyes. I have heard high counsel from her lips. She has taught me to love liberty, to stand by the weak against the strong, when the rights of the weak are in peril; she has led me to believe that if I do this, however humbly, however imperfectly, and whatever other men may say, I shall have her approbation, and shall be deemed not unworthy of her love. Other men will do as they please. But as for me, God helping me, I can do no otherwise.



THE SECRET OF THE VICTORY AT MANILA.¹

· HENRY CABOT LODGE.

THE great secret of the victory at Manila was in the accuracy and rapidity of the American gunners. The American fire was delivered with such volume, precision, and concentration that the Spanish fire was actually smothered, and became wholly wild and ineffective. This great quality was not accidental, but due to skill,

¹ From *The War with Spain*. Pages 66, 67. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

practice, and natural aptitude. In addition to this traditional skill was the genius of the commander, backed by the fighting capacity of his captains and crews. True to the great principle of Nelson and Farragut, Dewey went straight after his enemy, to fight the hostile fleet wherever found. In the darkness he went boldly into an unfamiliar harbor, past powerful batteries, over mines the extent and danger of which he did not and could not know. As soon as dawn came, he fell upon the Spanish fleet, supported as it was by shore batteries, and utterly destroyed it. The Spanish empire in the East crumbled before his guns, and the great city and harbor of Manila fell helplessly into his hands. All this was done without the loss of a man or serious injury to a ship. The most rigid inspection fails to discover a mistake. There can be nothing better than perfection of workmanship, and this Dewey and his officers and men showed. The completeness of the result, which is the final test, gives Manila a great place in the history of naval battles, and writes the name of George Dewey high up among the greatest of victorious admirals.



OUR OPPORTUNITY IN THE ORIENT.¹

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

THE Philippines are ours forever, "territory belonging to the United States," as the constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's

¹From *Speech in the United States Senate*, January 9, 1900.

illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not repudiate our duty in the archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustee, under God, of the civilization of the world.

This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. If it should prove a mistake to abandon it, the blunder once made would be irretrievable. If it proves a mistake to hold it, the error can be corrected when we will; every other progressive nation stands ready to relieve us.

But to hold it will be no mistake. Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. China is our natural customer. The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the East. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world. And, with the Philippines, that power is and will forever be the American republic.

It will be hard for Americans who have not studied them to understand the people. They are a barbarous race, modified by three centuries of contact with a decadent race. The Filipino is the South Sea Malay, put through a process of three hundred years of superstition in religion, dishonesty in dealing, disorder in habits of industry and cruelty, caprice and corruption in government. It is barely possible that one thousand men in all the archipelago are capable of self-government in the Anglo-Saxon sense. My own belief is that there are not one hundred men among them who comprehend what Anglo-Saxon self-government even means; and there are over five million people to be governed.

A lasting peace can be secured only by overwhelming forces in ceaseless action until universal and absolutely final defeat is inflicted on the enemy. To halt before every armed force, every guerrilla band opposing us, is dispersed or exterminated will prolong hostilities and leave alive the seeds of perpetual insurrection. Even then we should not treat. To treat at all is to admit that we are wrong.

Our mistake has not been cruelty ; it has been kindness. It has been the application to Spanish Malays of methods appropriate to New England. Every device of mercy, every method of conciliation has been employed by the peace-loving President of the American republic to the amazement of nations experienced in Oriental revolt. We smiled at intolerable insult and insolence until the lips of every native in Manila were curling in ridicule for the cowardly Americans. We refrained from all violence until their armed bravos crossed the lines in violation of agreement. Then our sentry shot the offender, and he should have been court-martialed had he failed to shoot. That shot was the most fortunate of the war. For Aguinaldo had planned the attack upon us for two nights later ; our sentry's shot brought this attack prematurely on. He had arranged for an uprising in Manila to massacre all Americans, the plans for which, in Sandico's handwriting, are in our possession ; this shot made that awful scheme impossible. We did not strike till they attacked us in force, without provocation ; this left us no alternative but war or evacuation.

But, senators, it would be better to abandon this com-

bined garden and Gibraltar of the Pacific, and count our blood and treasure already spent a profitable loss, than to apply any academic arrangement of self-government to these children. They are not capable of self-government. How could they be? They are not of a self-governing race. They are Orientals, Malays, instructed by Spaniards in the latter's worst estate. They know nothing of practical government except as they have witnessed the weak, corrupt, cruel, and capricious rule of Spain. The great majority simply do not understand any participation in any government whatever.

Example for decades will be necessary to instruct them in American ideas and methods of administration. Example, example; always example; this alone will teach them.



PART III.

PATRIOTISM.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.¹

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

[Philip Nolan was a young lieutenant in the United States army. Because of intimacy with Aaron Burr, he was banished from his country and condemned to live on a government vessel the rest of his life. There he was not allowed even to hear the name of his native land.]

I FIRST came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could talk Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

There were not a great many of the negroes; most of them were out of the hold and swarming all round the

¹ From *The Man Without a Country*. Pages 30-35. Roberts Brothers. Copyright, 1898, by Edward Everett Hale.

dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan. "Tell them they are free, Nolan," said Vaughan; "and tell them I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said: "Ah, non Palmas!" The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down and said: "He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months."

Even the negroes stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words Vaughan said:—

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon if they will."

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me:—

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your

home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and Government, and people even, there is the Country herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother."



THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG.¹

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IF one asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him : It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant. It means the whole glorious Revo-

¹ From *Freedom and War*. Pages 114, 117, 118. Copyright by Ticknor & Fields.

lutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty — not lawlessness, not license, but organized, institutional liberty — liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by

the people, for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!



THE FLAG.¹

CHARLES F. DOLE.

WHAT does the flag tell us as often as we see it? It tells us that no one in America is alone or friendless. There is a mighty government, with its laws and its officers, that will not let any one be oppressed. Once men could make slaves of their fellows. Nowhere to-day under our flag can any man be enslaved. The flag is the sign of our pledge to befriend one another.

What can the flag do for us if we journey abroad and visit foreign lands? It tells us that our government will watch over our safety. We have treaties with other peoples promising us that their laws and courts and police and soldiers will protect us equally with their own people. Once strangers were liable to abuse wherever they traveled. Now, wherever our flag goes, it is a sign that our government will never forget us.

The flag is not merely a sign that the government will help and protect us at home and abroad. It is also a call and a command to every one of us to stand by the government.

The truth is, the government depends upon every one of us. When we look at the flag, we promise anew that

¹ From *The Young Citizen*. Pages 192, 193. Copyright by D. C. Heath & Co.

we will stand by the common country ; we will try to be true and faithful citizens. We promise to do our work so well as to make the whole country richer and happier ; we promise to live such useful lives that the next generation of children will have a nobler country to live in than we have had. We scorn, when we see the flag, to be idle and mean, or false and dishonest. We devote ourselves to America, to make it the happiest land that the sun ever shone on.



WHO PATRIOTS ARE.¹

CHARLES F. DOLE.

WHO are the patriots in America? No doubt many would answer at once, "The patriots are the men who fight for their country ; the men who stood with Warren on Bunker Hill, and with Sumter and Marion and Morgan in the Carolinas ; the men who made Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown ; the sailors who fought alongside of Paul Jones ; the sailors on the good ship Constitution ; the soldiers who followed Grant to Richmond ; the men in Farragut's fleet ; the men who rode with Custer on the plains of the far West, Dewey and his men at Manila, Roosevelt and Hobson at Santiago, —all these were patriots."

There is something wrong in thinking that patriots must be soldiers and sailors. What shall we say of the

¹ From *The Young Citizen*. Pages 34-43. Copyright by D. C. Heath & Co.

women who do not fight? What shall we call Martha Washington, who had to stay at home while her husband was at Valley Forge? What shall we call the thousands of women who sent their brothers and sons to help Washington and Grant? Were not these women as good patriots as their husbands and brothers? Indeed the women often had the hardest time. They had to carry on the farms, while the men were away; they suffered from anxiety and loneliness. For many a brave woman it would have been easier to die herself than to send her boy away to die with wounds or with fever. We must surely call all brave women patriots who love their country well enough to let their husbands and sons go to war for the sake of the flag.

We must not forget a multitude of men who, even in the War of the Revolution and in the great Civil War, were never soldiers or sailors, and yet were patriots. There was Benjamin Franklin, for instance. • He did not fight, but who loved America better than he? If it had not been for his services at the French king's court, no one knows how many weary years the war of Independence might have lasted.

There was Samuel Adams; who ever heard of his fighting a battle? But he was as brave and sturdy a patriot as any soldier could be. There was Washington's friend, Robert Morris of Philadelphia, who helped get money to pay the soldiers.

To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into the treasury, to treat our fellow-citizens as we like to be treated ourselves, — this is to be good American patriots.



THE ARMY OF PEACE.¹

CHARLES F. DOLE.

THE thousands of men and women who serve our government form an army; but it is an army of peace and not of war. It is not to frighten men, but to help and benefit them. It is not for the good of Americans alone, but for the good of all people.

What kind of a man do we need for a soldier? He must be brave and obedient; he must not serve for pay, or for a pension, or to get honor for himself, or in order to be promoted to a higher office. He must serve, as Washington and Grant served, simply for the sake of helping his country. They were not soldiers in order to get their living out of the country, but because the country needed them. They were soldiers for the sake of the welfare of the people.

The country needs the same kind of men for its army of peace. It wants obedient and faithful men to keep its accounts and to carry its mails. It wants kind and courteous men in its offices, who will do their best for

¹ From *The Young Citizen*. Pages 188, 189. Copyright by D. C. Heath & Co.

the convenience of its people. It wants fearless and upright judges who will do no wrong. It wants friendly men in the Indian agencies, to help the Indians to become civilized. It wants men of courage in its lighthouses and at the life-saving stations. Our government cannot really bear to have mean and selfish men anywhere, but it needs men, as good as the very best soldiers, who are in its service for the sake of their country.

What does a good soldier desire more than anything else? He desires that the cause of his country shall succeed. What does every good American wish most of all? He wishes that his work may make his country richer and happier. He wishes, like Abraham Lincoln, to leave his country better and nobler for his having served her.



THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.¹

WALTER SCOTT.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;

¹ From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Canto VI, stanza 1.

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.



THE ESSENCE OF PATRIOTISM.¹

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE essence of patriotism lies in a willingness to sacrifice for one's country, just as true greatness finds expression, not in blessings enjoyed, but in good bestowed. Read the words inscribed on the monuments reared by loving hands to the heroes of the past; they do not speak of wealth inherited, or of honors bought, or of hours in leisure spent, but of service done. Twenty years, forty years, a life, or life's most precious blood, he yielded up for the welfare of his fellows — this is the simple story which proves that it is now, and ever has been, more blessed to give than to receive.

The officer was a patriot when he gave his ability to his country and risked his name and fame upon the fortunes of war; the private soldier was a patriot when he took his place in the ranks and offered his body as a bulwark to protect the flag; the wife was a patriot when she bade her husband farewell and gathered about her

¹ From an address at Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C., May 30, 1894.

the little brood over which she must exercise both a mother's and a father's care ; and, if there can be degrees in patriotism, the mother stood first among the patriots when she gave to the nation her sons, the divinely appointed support of her declining years, and, as she brushed the tears away, thanked God that he had given her the strength to rear strong and courageous sons for the battlefield.

To us who were born too late to prove upon the battlefield our courage and our loyalty, it is gratifying to know that opportunity will not be wanting to show our love of country. In a nation like ours, where the government is founded upon the principle of equality and derives its just powers from the consent of the governed ; in a land like ours, where every citizen is a sovereign and where no one cares to wear a crown, — every year presents a battlefield and every day brings forth occasion for the display of patriotism.

THE PATRIOT.¹

ROBERT BROWNING.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

¹ From *Browning's Poetical Works*. Page 251. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said: "Good folk, mere noise repels —
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered: "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now —
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate — or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?" — God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.



ARNOLD WINKELREID.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

“MAKE way for Liberty!” — he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung in the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invaders' power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone;
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him — Arnold Winkelreid;
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood among the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done —
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

“Make way for Liberty!” he cried ;
Their keen points met from side to side,
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly —
“Make way for Liberty!” they cry ;
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold’s heart ;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic scattered all :
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;
Thus Death made way for Liberty.



THE DUTY OF PUBLIC SERVICE.¹

LORD ROSEBERY.

WHAT can I do, in however small way, to serve my country? I will tell you what I consider the duty of every citizen. It is that you should keep a close and vigilant eye on public and municipal affairs ; that you should form intelligent opinions upon them ; that you should give help to the men who seem to you worthy of help, and oppose the men whom you think worthy of opposition. Keep this motive of public duty and public

¹ From *Appreciations and Addresses*. Pages 199, 202. John Lane.

service before you, for the sake of your country, and also on your own account. You will find it the most ennobling human motive that can guide your actions. And while you will help the country by observing it, you will also help yourselves. Life consists of only two certain parts, the beginning and the end — the birth and the grave. Between those two points lies the whole arena of human choice and human opportunity. You may embellish and consecrate it if you will, or you may let it lie stagnant and dead. But if you choose the better part, I believe that nothing will give your life so high a complexion as to study to do something for your country.



WHAT A MAN CAN DO FOR HIS TOWN OR CITY.

CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

PEOPLE say, You can't do anything. You can. One man can chase a thousand; we have the Almighty's word for it. I have done it. I am not bragging of it; but I have done it. And any man can do it, be he Catholic, Republican, or Democrat, if he have the truth on his sides, dares to stand up and tell it, and when he has been knocked down once, gets up, and goes at it again. One man can chase a thousand. Let our earnest, fiery citizens once get but an inkling of what citizenship means, in its truest and innermost sense, and there is no wall of misrule too solidly constructed for it to over-

throw ; no "machine" of demagogism too elaborately wrought for it to smash. There is nothing that can stand in the way of virtue on fire. A fact you can misstate, a principle you can put under a false guise, but a man you cannot down ; that is to say, if he is a man who has grit, grace, and sleeps well o' nights.

If any one wants to do something for his town or city, and asks me what he shall do, I answer : Get the facts ; state them ; stand up to them.



THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THERE have, indeed, been other republics, but they were founded upon other principles. There are republics in Switzerland to-day a thousand years old. But they are pure democracies, not larger than the county in which we live, and wholly unlike our vast national and representative republic. Athens was a republic, but Marathon and Salamis, battles whose names are melodious in the history of liberty, were won by slaves. Rome was a republic, but slavery degraded it to an empire. Venice, Genoa, Florence were republican cities, but they were tyrants over subject neighbors and slaves of aristocrats at home. There were republics in Holland, honorable forever, because from them we received our

¹ From *Orations and Addresses*. Vol. III, pages 126, 127. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

common schools, the bulwark of American liberty ; but they, too, were republics of classes, not of the people. It was reserved for our fathers to build a republic upon a declaration of the equal rights of men ; to make the government as broad as humanity ; to found political institutions upon faith in human nature. The world stared and sneered. The difficulties and dangers were colossal. For more than eighty years that Declaration remained only a declaration of faith. But our eyes behold its increasing fulfillment. The sublime faith of the fathers is more and more the familiar fact of the children. The proud flag which floats over America to-day, as it is the bond of indissoluble union, so it is the seal of ever enlarging equality and ever surer justice.



THE DUTY OF NATURALIZED CITIZENS.¹

RICHARD GUENTHER.

WE know as well as any other class of American citizens where our duties belong. We will work for our country in time of peace, and fight for it in time of war, if a time of war should ever come. When I say our country, I mean, of course, our adopted country ; I mean the United States of America. After passing through the crucible of naturalization, we are no longer Germans ; we are Americans. Our attachment to America cannot be measured by the length of our residence here. We

¹ Quoted by Theodore Roosevelt in *American Ideals*. Page 33.
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are Americans from the moment we touch the American shore until we are laid in American graves. We will fight for America whenever necessary. America, first, last, and all the time. America against Germany, America against the world; always America. We are Americans.



OUR DEBT TO THE NATION'S HEROES.¹

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

EVERY feat of heroism makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it. The whole nation is better, the whole nation is braver, because Farragut, lashed in the rigging of the Hartford, forged past the forts and over the unseen death below, to try his wooden stem against the ironclad hull of the Confederate ram; because Cushing pushed his little torpedo boat through the darkness to sink beside the sinking Albemarle. All daring and courage, all iron endurance of misfortune, all devotion to the ideal of honor and the glory of the flag make for a finer and nobler type of manhood. All of us lift our heads higher, because those of our countrymen whose trade it is to meet danger have met it well and bravely. All of us are poorer for every base or ignoble deed done by an American, for every instance of selfishness or weakness or folly on the part of the people as a whole. If ever we had to meet defeat at the hands of a foreign foe, or had to submit tamely to wrong or insult,

¹ From *American Ideals*. Pages 268, 269. Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

every man among us worthy of the name of American would feel dishonored and debased. On the other hand, the memory of every triumph won by Americans, by just so much helps to make each American nobler and better. Every man among us is more fit to meet the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, because of the perils over which, in the past, the nation has triumphed; because of the blood and sweat and tears, the labor and the anguish through which, in the days that have gone, our forefathers moved on to triumph.



OUR HERITAGE FROM WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.¹

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WITHOUT Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining instead a cluster of jangling little communities. Without Lincoln we might perhaps have failed to keep the political unity we had won. Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though this debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and Lincoln.

¹ From *American Ideals*. Pages 2, 3. Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is not only the country which these men helped to make and helped to save that is ours by inheritance ; we inherit also all that is best and highest in their characters and in their lives. We inherit from Lincoln and from the might of Lincoln's generation not merely the freedom of those who once were slaves ; for we inherit also the fact of the freeing them, we inherit the glory and the honor and the wonder of the deed that was done, no less than the actual results of the deed when done. As men think over the real nature of the triumph then scored for humankind their hearts shall ever throb as they cannot over any victory won at less cost than ours. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good, because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.



A VISION OF WAR.¹

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We are with the soldiers when they enlist in the great army of free-

¹ From *Prose-Poems*. Pages 33-36. Copyright by C. P. Farrell, New York, N. Y.

dom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms — standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves; she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war — through the towns and across the prairies — down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields — in all the hospitals of pain — on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are at home when the news comes that they are

dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty — they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living; tears for the dead.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA.¹

FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

Last night, among his fellow roughs

He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,

He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.

¹ From *The British Guard and Other Poems*. Macmillan & Co.

Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame ;
 He only knows that not through *him*
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd
 Like dreams to come and go ;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd
 One sheet of living snow ;
 The smoke, above his father's door,
 In gray soft eddyings hung ;
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, honor calls! with strength like steel
 He put the vision by.
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
 An English lad must die.
 And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed ;
 Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons.
 So let his name through Europe ring,
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died as firm as Sparta's king
 Because his soul was great.



THE ROLL-CALL.

NATHANIEL G. SHEPHERD.

“CORPORAL GREEN!” the orderly cried.

“Here!” was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near;
And “Here!” was the word the next replied.

“Cyrus Drew!” — then a silence fell, —
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river’s flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

“Herbert Kline!” At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" — and a voice answered, "Here!"

"Hiram Kerr!" — but no man replied.

They were brothers, these two ; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!" — then a soldier spoke :

"Deane carried our regiment colors," he said ;

"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies ;

I paused a moment and gave him drink ;

He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it, and closed his eyes."

'T was a victory, yes, but it cost us dear, —

For that company's roll, when called at night,

Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"



THE PICKET GUARD.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,

"Except now and then a stray picket

Is shot as he walks on his beat, to and fro,

By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'T is nothing — a private or two, now and then,

Will not count in the news of the battle ;

Not an officer lost — only one of the men,

'Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping ;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack — his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — may Heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree —
The footstep is lagging and weary ;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light ;
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle — “Ah! Mary, good-bye!”
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
 The picket's off duty forever.



THE SHIP OF STATE.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'T is of the wave and not the rock:
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale!

¹ From *The Building of the Ship. Longfellow's Poetical Works.*
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In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!



BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord ;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;

He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible
swift sword ;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps ;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps ;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps ;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel :

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal ;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
seat ;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me ;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.



THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

"CAVALRY, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.

Their sharp, full cheer, from rank to rank,

Rose joyously, with a willing breath —

Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed ;

Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed ;

Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,

In their faded coats of blue and yellow ;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong, brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame ;
Rode in and sabred and shot — and fell ;
Not one came back his wounds to tell.
Line after line ; aye, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons,
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung trampled and torn.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls ! 'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place ; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain : the army was saved !



MY MARYLAND.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland !
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland !

Speaker and Reader.

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain.

Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,

Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain, —

Sic semper! 't is the proud refrain

That baffles minions back amain,

Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,

Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,

Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng

Stalking with Liberty along,

And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,

Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,

Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,

Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek

From hill to hill, from creek to creek,

Potomac calls to Chesapeake,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,

Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,

Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
 Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland, my Maryland!



DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

CLOSE his eyes: his work is done!
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever;
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death bemocking folly?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

. OLD IRONSIDES.¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,

¹ Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Speaker and Reader.

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee ;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave !
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave :
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail ;
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !



BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled —
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led —
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie !

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power —
 Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa' —
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!



READY.

PHŒBE CARY.

LOADED with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point.
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid;
When sudden the enemy opened fire
From his deadly ambushade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat; and the captain said:
"If we lie here, we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead!"

Then out spoke a Negro sailor,
 No slavish soul had he;
 "Somebody's got to die, boys,
 And it might as well be me!"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
 Stepped out into the tide;
 He pushed the vessel safely off,
 Then fell across her side:

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
 As the boat swung clear and free;—
 But there was n't a man of them that day
 Who was fitter to die than he!



THE CLAIM OF THE NEGRO.¹

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

WHEN, in 1776, the Negro was asked to decide between British oppression and American independence, we find him choosing the better part; and Crispus Attucks, a Negro, was the first to shed his blood on State Street, Boston, that the white American might enjoy liberty forever, though his race remained in slavery; when the long and memorable struggle came between union and separation; when the Negro knew that victory meant freedom, and defeat his continued enslavement; when the suggestion and the temptation came to burn the home and massacre wife and

¹ From *The Future of the American Negro*. Page 128. Copyright by Small, Maynard & Co.

children during the absence of the master in battle, and thus insure his liberty, — we find him choosing the better part, and for four long years protecting and supporting the helpless, defenseless ones intrusted to his care.

When, during our war with Spain, the safety and honor of the Republic were threatened by a foreign foe, when the wail and anguish of the oppressed from a distant isle reached our ears, we find the Negro forgetting his own wrongs, forgetting the laws and customs that discriminate against him in his own country, and again choosing the better part. And if any one would know how he acquitted himself in the field at Santiago, let him apply for answer to Shafter and Roosevelt and Wheeler. Let them tell how the Negro faced death and laid down his life in defense of honor and humanity. When the full story of the heroic conduct of the Negro in the Spanish-American War has been heard from the lips of Northern soldier and Southern soldier, from abolitionist and ex-master, then shall the country decide whether a race that is thus willing to die for its country should not be given the highest opportunity to live for its country.



“I AM CONTENT.”¹

*A spindle of hazel-wood had I;
Into the mill-stream it fell one day—
The water has brought it me back no more.*

¹ From *The Bard of the Dimbovitza*. Translated by Alma Strettell.

As he lay a-dying, the soldier spake :

“I am content.

Let my mother be told in the village there,
And my bride in the hut be told,
That they must pray with folded hands,
With folded hands for me.”

The soldier is dead — and with folded hands
His bride and his mother pray.

On the field of battle they dug his grave,
And red with his life-blood the earth was dyed,
The earth they laid him in.

The sun looked down on him there and spake :

“I am content.”

And flowers bloomed thickly upon his grave,
And were glad they blossomed there.

And when the wind in tree-tops roared,
The soldier asked from the deep, dark grave :

“Did the banner flutter then?”

“Not so, my hero,” the wind replied,
“The fight is done, but the banner won,
Thy comrades of old have borne it hence,
Have borne it in triumph hence.”

Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave :

“I am content.”

And again he heard the shepherds pass
And the flocks go wandering by,
And the soldier asked : “Is the sound I hear
The sound of the battle’s roar?”

And they all replied : “My hero, nay!
Thou art dead and the fight is o’er,

Our country joyful and free.”

Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave:

“I am content.”

Then he heareth the lovers laughing pass,

And the soldier asks once more:

“Are these not the voices of them that love,

That love and remember me?”

“Not so, my hero,” the lovers say,

“We are those that remember not;

For the spring has come and the earth has smiled,

And the dead must be forgot.”

Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave:

“I am content.”

A spindle of hazel-wood had I;

Into the mill-stream it fell one day—

The water has brought it me back no more.



PART IV.
ENTERPRISE AND COURAGE.

THE TRAINING OF FIREMEN.¹

JACOB A. RIIS.

FIREMEN are athletes as a matter of course. They have to be, or they could not hold their places for a week, even if they could get into them at all. The mere handling of the scaling ladders, which, light though they seem, weigh from sixteen to forty pounds, requires unusual strength. No particular skill is needed. A man need only have steady nerve, and the strength to raise the long pole by its narrow end; and jam the iron hook through a window which he cannot see but knows is there. Once through, the teeth in the hook and the man's weight upon the ladder hold it safe, and there is no real danger unless he loses his head. Against that possibility the severe drill in the school of instruction is the barrier. Any one to whom climbing at dizzy heights, or doing the hundred and one things of peril to ordinary men which firemen are constantly called upon to do, causes the least discomfort, is rejected as unfit.

¹ From "Heroes who Fight Fire," *The Century*. Vol. LV, page 486, February, 1898. Copyright by The Century Company, and printed by permission.

About five per cent of all appointees are eliminated by the ladder test, and never get beyond their probation service. A certain smaller percentage takes itself out through loss of "nerve" generally. The first experience of a room full of smothering smoke, with the fire roaring overhead, is generally sufficient to convince the timid that the service is not for him. No cowards are dismissed from the department, for the reason that none get into it.

Every fireman nowadays must pass muster at life-saving drill, must climb to the top of any building on his scaling ladder, slide down with a rescued comrade, or jump without hesitation from the third story into the life-net spread below. By such training the men are fitted for their work, and the occasion comes soon that puts them to the test. It came to Daniel J. Meagher, foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 3, when, in the midnight hour, a woman hung from the fifth-story window of a burning building, and the longest ladder at hand fell short ten or a dozen feet of reaching her. The boldest man in the crew had vainly attempted to reach her, and in the effort had sprained his foot. There were no scaling ladders then. Meagher ordered the rest to plant the ladder on the stoop and hold it out from the building so that he might reach the very topmost step. Balanced thus where the slightest tremor might have caused ladder and all to crash to the ground, he bade the woman drop, and receiving her in his arms, carried her down safe.



HOW JOHN BINNS, FIREMAN, SAVED A BOY.¹

JACOB A. RIIS.

THIRTEEN years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it had happened yesterday — the clanging of the fire bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and terror of the streets ; then the great hush that fell upon the crowd ; the sea of upturned faces with the fire glow upon it ; and up there, against the background of black smoke that poured from roof and attic, the boy clinging to the narrow ledge, so far up that it seemed humanly impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the truck company were laboring with the heavy extension ladder that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles with cross-bars iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then mounted a story higher. Again the crash of glass, and again the dizzy ascent. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like human flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next ; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single span separated the foremost from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the fireman stood upon the step with the rescued lad in his arms, just as the

¹ From "Heroes who Fight Fire," *The Century*. Vol. LV, page 483, February, 1898. Copyright by The Century Company, and printed by permission.

pent-up flame burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with impotent fury for its prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back with glistening faces, shook hands, and behaved generally like men gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the street. The driver of a car stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutching the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop and drove away, yelling like a Comanche, to relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without any one knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, terror, and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Fireman John Binns was made captain of his crew, and the Bennett medal was pinned on his coat on the next parade day.



CAPTAIN TOBIN.¹

THEY buried Tobin yesterday. At his funeral were his family and friends, and members of the societies to which he belonged. It was not the funeral of a public hero, but of a plain city employee who had died in harness. Edward H. Tobin was a captain in the Fire

¹ From *The New York Sun*.

Department. He met death in doing his everyday duty, fighting fire. His employment had none of the inspiration and the stimulus that is lent to the soldier in battle by the hope of glory and the shock of personal conflict of man with man. Yet he stood ready, by day and by night, to face death, and did face death five, ten, twenty times a week — not at the summons of the trumpets and the drums, but at the ringing of a gong. In his fights with fire he had seen many an engagement, any one of which was the equal in risk to himself and his comrades of battles in memory of which men wear bronze buttons on their coat lapels. When the fireman climbs a wall with his scaling ladder, and descends under the weight of a fainting woman; when he makes a bridge of his back that those in peril may walk over him to safety; when he hangs by his legs from a roof and swings one man after another from a window below out of danger to his side; when strapped to his seat on his engine, turning a corner at full speed, he overturns the engine to save an old apple woman from being run down, we cheer him, — we give him medals, we make much of him in the public prints. He well deserves all that he gets, and more. But may we never forget the fellow who, without the stirring consciousness that he is battling to save another's life, sets his teeth and dives into the smoke to stop the fire and to save property. Walls released by warped or melted girders do not give warning before they fall; no man knows when the "back draught" may sweep down a stair or up, or across a floor upon him, or at what moment a pall of smoke that suffocates as surely and as swiftly as the hangman's noose may come upon

him as it came upon Tobin in the bowling alleys in West Fifty-Ninth Street ten days ago.

Another man will be promoted to Tobin's place, from out of the ranks of hundreds as brave and devoted as he, as ready as he to lay down his life in the face of duty.



THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.¹

CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

THE true locomotive engineer is always a man of sense, of quick thought and courage in an emergency, and in peril a hero. With his train thundering along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the safety of hundreds of passengers dependent upon his judgment and skill, his decision made instantly, and in the presence of danger, saves the train from destruction many times without the public being the wiser. He sees the tottering bridge, the obstruction upon the track, the open switch. The opportunity is before him to reverse and jump, or to stick to his engine and perform his duties. In ninety-nine cases of a hundred he utters a brief prayer, bids a mental good-bye to his wife and little ones at home, and rescues his train or goes calmly to his death.

In the riots of 1863, when the city of New York was in possession of a mob, trains of the Hudson River

¹ From *Life and Later Speeches*. Pages 471, 472. The Cassell Publishing Company.

Road were stopped, and hundreds of women were in the depot at Thirtieth Street, unable to get to their homes. The rioters threatened to kill any one who tried to move a wheel. An engineer instantly volunteered and said: "I will take that train up the river." On either side of the road were men frenzied with rage and with drink, ready for murder or any desperate deed, but they were so awed by the calm courage of this engineer that he was permitted to proceed. After forty years of service on the Central this engineer, Henry Millikin, in 1889 joined the silent majority. His name stands among the unheralded heroes who are the pride and glory of our humanity.



RIDING ON A LOCOMOTIVE.¹

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

LET any one who believes that the day of daring is past beg or buy a ride on the locomotive of an express train, some cold winter morning. One wave of the conductor's hand and the live engine springs snorting beneath you, as no Arab steed ever rushed over the desert. It is not like being bound to an arrow, for that motion would be smoother; it is not like being hurled upon an ocean crest, for that would be slower. You are rushing onward, and you are powerless; that is all. The frosty air gives such a brittle and slippery look to the two iron lines that lie between you and destruction,

¹ From *Out-Door Papers*. Page 35. Lee & Shepard.

that you appreciate the Mohammedan fable of the Bridge Herat, thinner than a hair, sharper than a scimitar, which stretches over hell and leads to paradise. Nothing has passed over that perilous track for many hours ; the cliffs may have fallen and buried it, or diabolical malice put obstructions on it ; each curving embankment may hide unknown horrors, from which, though all other escape, you, on the engine, cannot ; and still the surging locomotive bounds onward, beneath your mad career. You draw a long breath, as you dismount at last, a hundred miles away, as if you had been riding with Mazeppa or Brunehilde, and yet escaped alive. And there, by your side, stands the quiet, grimy engineer, turning already to his newspaper, and unconscious, while he reads of the charge at Balaklava, that his life is Balaklava every day.



THE POLICEMAN.¹

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A POLICEMAN is worth little unless he is honest, temperate, orderly, and cleanly without and within ; but he is worth less if he does not possess the positive, virile good qualities of hardihood, energy, resolution, and personal daring. He is often called upon to display qualities which in a soldier would be called heroic. His

¹ From "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police," *The Century Magazine*, October, 1897. Copyright by The Century Company, and printed by permission.

feats in saving life, or in arresting dangerous criminals, alone and at night, often imply just as much courage as those of the man who captures an enemy's flag in battle, or plants his own flag on a hostile parapet. During two years' service the New York Police Board singled out men for special mention, because of some feat of heroism, over a hundred times. The heroism usually took one of four forms: saving somebody from drowning, saving somebody from a burning building, stopping a runaway team, or arresting some law-breaker under exceptional circumstances.

In November, 1896, an officer saved five persons from burning. He was at the time asleep, when he was aroused by a fire in a house a few doors away. Running over the roofs of the adjoining houses until he reached the burning building, he found that on the fourth floor the flames had cut off all exit from an apartment in which there were four women, two of them over fifty, and one of the others with a six-months-old baby. The officer ran down into the adjoining house, broke open the door of the apartment on the same floor, — the fourth, — and crept out on the coping, less than three inches wide, that ran from one house to the other. Being a large and very powerful and active man, he managed to keep hold of the casing of the window with one hand, and with the other to reach to the window of the apartment where the women and children were. The firemen appeared and stretched a net underneath. The crowd that was looking on suddenly became motionless and silent. Then, one by one, he drew the women out of the window, and holding them tight

against the wall, passed them into the other window. The exertion in such an attitude was great, and he strained himself badly; but he possessed a practical mind, and as soon as the women were saved he began a prompt investigation of the cause of the fire, and arrested two men whose carelessness, as was afterward proved, caused it.

The police occupy positions of great importance. They not merely preserve order, the first essential of both liberty and civilization, but to a large portion of our population they stand as the embodiment as well as the representative of the law of the land. The power and influence of the policeman are great. For gallantry and good conduct he should receive prompt and generous recognition.



A COLLEGE TEAM'S THANKSGIVING GAME.¹

GUSTAV KOBBE.

To no life-saving crew does the term "heroes of peace" more exactly apply than to that of the station at Evanston, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. With the exception of the keeper, it is composed of students of the Northwestern University, who, when not on duty at the station, are quietly pursuing their studies. It is

¹ From "Heroes of the Life-Saving Service," *The Century*. Vol. LV, page 926, April, 1898. Copyright by The Century Company, and printed by permission.

a kind of college team that has the waves of Lake Michigan for a playground, human lives for a goal, and the elements for umpire.

One Thanksgiving morning these brave fellows received word that the life was being pounded out of a steamer and her crew off Fort Sheridan, twelve miles distant. With the lifeboat they made their way to the scene of the disaster. From the bluff they could see the vessel in the breakers, about a thousand yards from shore. There was a living gale, the thermometer was below the freezing-point, and the air thick with snow and sleet.

A wild ravine—a roaring, ice-glazed crack in the bluff—led down to the shore. It would have been impossible even for this plucky crew to have taken the boat safely down through the steep ravine; but soldiers and civilians, armed with picks and shovels, hewed out steps from its side, and mowed a path through the brush. The beach was a mere strip, exposed to the full fury of the seething waves. Thrice, in hauling the boat to the windward point, from which Keeper Lawson decided to launch, it filled.

The bluff was lined with soldiers and others from the fort, and every one held his breath as the frail-looking boat, which seemed a mere cockleshell amid the writhing waters, left the beach. Once it nearly pitch-poled; once it filled to the thwarts; and though the crew pulled with the strength of desperation, it was driven to leeward, and had to be forced toward the wreck in the very teeth of the gale. The life-savers' clothing was frozen stiff; the vessel was shrouded with ice; her

crew, half perished, huddled forward. At last the boat was forced under the steamer's lee, and six men were brought off and taken ashore. Three trips were made in all, and when the life-savers finally beached their boat, their condition was almost as pitiable as that of those they had saved. That was this college team's Thanksgiving game. They won it against fearful odds, a fact attested by the gold medals awarded to keeper and crew.



HOW JOHN GILL SAVED THE "CITY OF PARIS."¹

GUSTAV KOBBE.

THE fast steamship *City of Paris* on one of her eastward trips, was making what promised to be a record-breaking run. It was half-past five in the evening of the day before that on which she was expected to steam gaily into Queenstown harbor.

That moment, with a smooth sea and a clear sky, there was a sudden crash of machinery and timber, an outpour of steam from the engine-room hatches, a trembling of the ship from stem to stern, an almost immediate list to starboard, and on deck the sharp command, "Clear the lifeboats!"

Seven men, engineers and "greasemen," had rushed up from the engine room to escape the scalding steam

¹ From "Every Day Heroism," *The Century*. Vol. LV, page 403, January, 1898. Copyright by The Century Company, and printed by permission.

and flying machinery. What had happened none of them could tell. But what was happening? For down there was still a crashing and thrashing, as if everything were being smashed to pieces. Into that roaring, steaming hell there plunged a man. A few moments later the uproar had ceased and he merged again. He had stopped the machinery and, as investigation showed, probably saved the ship.

The starboard engine had broken. Its wreck continued revolving. Part of this was a broken rod, which acted like a giant flail, beating down everything in its way. It was the destructive work of this flail that John Gill, one of the second assistant engineers, checked when he shut off the steam. Some of the broken pieces of machinery had already dropped below. Had they been followed by other and more massive portions, which doubtless would have smashed through the bottom of the ship, she would probably have sunk like an iron pot. When, at the imminent risk of his own life, Gill stopped the machinery, he saved the ship and the souls it bore.



THE WRECK OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

FREDERIC W. FARRAR.

THE good ship had crashed at sunset against a sunken rock; the boats were too few, the sea was rushing in; sharks were thrusting their horrible black fins through the white breakers of the boiling surf; and amid the

shrieks of women and children some one clamored that all should save themselves who could. Then, clear and loud, rang out the voice of the good colonel, bidding the men to their ranks. That order meant nothing less than death—death in those raging waters—death among those savage sharks—but it was instantly obeyed. In perfect order the boats were pushed from the shattered vessel, rowing the women and children to the shore, while, inch by inch, the ship sank down and down, but still under steadfast men, till the last great wave rolled over her, and, “obedient even unto death,” brave men—loyal to their chief, loyal to England, loyal to God—sank to their noble burial under the bloody surf.



HOW KEEPER ATKINS WIPED OUT THE “GOADING SLUR.”¹

GUSTAV KOBBE.

CIRCUMSTANCES singularly pathetic surround the loss which befell the crew of the Peaked Hill station, near Provincetown, Cape Cod. Keeper Atkins, of this station, was one of the true and trusted veterans of the service. But one stormy day in winter, after twelve hours' exposure on the beach, exhausted by futile efforts to launch the surf-boat, he and his crew had the morti-

¹ From “Heroes of the Life-Saving Service,” *The Century*. Vol. LV, page 932, April, 1898. Copyright by The Century Company, and printed by permission.

fiction of seeing the rescue they had attempted made by a crew of volunteers. It mattered not that these had made no previous exertions, that they had come fresh and unwearied upon the scene ; Keeper Atkins and his crew had to take from the community what, in the staid, old-fashioned speech of the Cape, is known as the "goading slur." The keeper made no attempt to answer his critics, but gradually, as that season and the following summer wore away, a settled look of determination became stamped on his face, and his bearing took on a dignity almost tragic. When, at the opening of the next season, his wife, as he left his home for the station, begged him not to expose himself to needless danger, he replied : —

"Before this season is over I will have wiped out the 'goading slur.'"

Reaching the station, he called his crew about him and informed them that, no matter at what peril, a rescue would be attempted at every wreck within the limits of the station.

That winter a storm of almost unprecedented fury burst over the coast, and a vessel was swept upon the Peaked Hill bars. A surf-boat, launched by seemingly superhuman power, put out from the shore. But neither desperation, nor even madness, could keep a boat afloat in such a sea ; and when, one after another, those who had braved it were cast upon the beach, three were dead. One of these was Keeper Atkins. He had wiped out the "goading slur."

Of such stuff are the heroes of the life-saving service.



A HERO OF THE FURNACE ROOM.¹

THE duty of the boiler-makers on warships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men. They will creep right inside a boiler or furnace which had but a few moments before been full of boiling liquid or red-hot coals. They will screw up nuts and fasten bolts or repair leaking pipes or joints in places that other men would consider impossible to approach. While the ship's big guns are making the vessel tremble, and the enemy's shells are bursting in every direction, these men, with positively reckless fearlessness, will venture down into the bowels of the fighting ship, amid roaring machinery, hissing steam, and flaming fires, to rectify an accident which, unrepaired, might send the ship and all her human freight to the bottom more surely and more quickly than shell or shot from the best guns of the enemy. These men are heroes.

The *Castine*, when she went to work to batter the walls of San Juan, carried on board three of these boiler-makers, Fish, another, and one Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia. The *Castine* went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed, and her battery of eight guns started her quivering with excitement and the fierce delight of battle. The furnaces were heated almost to white heat, and the

¹ From the *Toledo Blade*.

forced draught was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to the higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions. Suddenly, without expectation, without warning, far down in the furnace hole, unheard by officer or man, amid the din of battle, the thundering reverberations of exploding gunpowder, there arose a fierce hissing noise right inside one of the furnaces ; and those who heard it trembled as no guns or shot or shell had power to make them tremble.

A socket-bolt in the back connection at the very farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung ; the steam was pouring in upon the fire, threatening in a few moments to put it out and stop the progress of the ship if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrible explosion and annihilation !

The faces of the men below, in that moment of terrible suspense, blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do save wait the awful coming of the shock they knew must come.

None? Nay, but there was one ! The first to pull himself together, the first to whom returned the fear-driven senses, was Boiler-maker Huntley. His name does not appear on the navy list. Even his first name was unknown to his *confrère*, Fish. Only Boiler-maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia. But that is enough, and his deed should be sufficient to find for him a niche in the annals of fame whenever and wherever the story of the United States and her navy is told.

One instant of startled horror — then, without hesitation, without trepidation, with stern-set jaws and

fierce, devoted determination on every line of face and form —

“Turn off the forced draught!” he cried.

“Goodness, Huntley, what are you going to do?”

“Bank the fire! Quick!”

“It’s certain death!”

“For one — unless, for all! Turn off the draught! Bank the fire!”

The orders were carried out feverishly.

“Now a plank!”

And before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace, right on top of the black coal with which it was banked, and had himself climbed and crawled over the ragged mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like some hissing devil from the loosened socket.

For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place, and then the work was done — the ship was saved — and his friends drew him out at the door. The force draught went to its work again, and in an instant the furnace was once more raging.

But what of Huntley? Scorched, scalded, insensible, well-nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace room, while around him stood his mates dousing him with water, and using every known means for his resuscitation. He did not die, but when once more he opened his eyes, and was able to be carefully lifted into daylight, there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the *Cas*

tine, and Huntley simply claims that he "did his duty." But while the United States remains a nation, so long as the banner bearing the silver stars on the field of blue above alternate stripes of red and white remains the symbol of purity, bravery, and patriotism to American hearts the whole world over; so long, when her heroes are spoken of, one name should never be omitted — that of Boiler-maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia.



TRUE BRAVERY.¹

CHARLES F. DOLE.

SOME one may say, "Did not the men and women have to be braver in the war times than in time of peace?" Let us stamp that as false. What a terrible thing it would be to be brave, if bravery requires of us to hurt and kill! Is it not brave to try to save life? Thousands of brave men are risking their lives every day to help men and to save us all from harm. Brave doctors and nurses go where deadly disease is, and are not afraid to help save the sick. Brave students are trying perilous experiments, so as to find out better knowledge for us all. Brave engineers on thousands of locomotives are not afraid of sudden death if they can save their passengers from harmful accidents. Brave

¹ From *The Young Citizen*. Pages 43-45. Copyright by D. C. Heath & Co.

sailors are always facing the sea and the storm. Brave firemen stand ready to die to bring little children safely out of burning buildings. Brave boys every summer risk their lives to save their comrades from drowning. Brave fellows hold in check maddened horses and prevent them from running away with women and children. Brave women risk their own lives daily for the sake of others.

Never forget it ; it is better to be brave to help men than it is to be brave to harm them.



THE FIRST CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE EARTH.¹

JOHN FISKE.

ON the 6th of September, 1522, the *Victoria* sailed into the Guadalquivir, with eighteen gaunt and haggard survivors to tell the proud story of the first circumnavigation of the earth.

The voyage thus ended was doubtless the greatest feat of navigation that had ever been performed, and nothing can be imagined that would surpass it except a journey to some other planet. It has not the unique historic position of the first voyage of Columbus, which brought together two streams of human life that had

¹ From *The Discovery of America*. Vol. II, pages 209, 210. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

been disjoined since the Glacial Period. But as an achievement in ocean navigation that voyage of Columbus sinks into insignificance by the side of it, and when the earth was a second time encompassed by the greatest English sailor of his age, the advance in knowledge, as well as the different route chosen, had much reduced the difficulty of the performance. When we consider the frailness of the ships, the immeasurable extent of the unknown, the mutinies that were prevented or quelled, and the hardships that were endured, we can have no hesitation in speaking of Magellan as the prince of navigators. Nor can we ever fail to admire the simplicity and purity of that devoted life in which there is nothing that seeks to be hidden or explained away.



THE LAST GLADIATORIAL CONTEST.¹

F. W. FARRAR.

THE veteran Stilicho had conquered Alaric and his Goths. The Romans invited the hero to gladiatorial games in honor of the victory. The empire has been Christian for a hundred years, yet these infamous and brutalizing shows still continue. Deadened by custom, people argue "that the gladiators themselves like them; that they gain their livelihood by them; that they train

¹ From *In the Days of thy Youth*. Pages 344, 345. Macmillan & Co.

the multitude to bravery ; that, at any rate, the enjoyment of the respectable many is worth more than the anguish of a squalid few." The games begin ; the tall, strong men enter the arena ; the tragic cry echoes through the amphitheatre, "Hail ! Cæsar ! We who are about to die salute you" ; the swords are drawn, and at an instant's signal will be bathed in blood. At that very instant down leaps into the arena a rude, ignorant monk. "The gladiators shall not fight !" he exclaims ; "Are you going to thank God by shedding innocent blood ?" A yell of execration rises from those eighty thousand spectators. "What impudent wretch is this who dares to set himself up as knowing better than we do ; who dares to accuse eighty thousand people — Christians, too, — of doing wrong ? Down with him ! Pelt him ! Cut him down !" Stones are hurled at him ; the gladiators, angry at his interference, run him through with their swords ; he falls dead, and his body is kicked aside, and the games go on, and the people — Christians and all — shout applause. Ay ! they go on, and the people shout, but for the last time. Their eyes are opened ; their sophistry is at an end ; the blood of a martyr is on their souls. Shame stops forever the massacre of gladiators ; and because one poor ignorant hermit has moral courage, "one more habitual crime was wiped away from the annals of the world."



LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY AMONG
THE ESQUIMAUX.¹

EIVIND ASTRUP.

THE small Esquimaux community at Smith's Sound is founded on the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity. It is a community where money is unknown, and love of one's neighbor is a fundamental rule. This is due to the conditions under which these people live. The Esquimaux are good because they have no temptation to be bad.

Suppose a hunter is more skillful than his fellows, and so has accumulated more game than his needs require. Shall he bury it beneath the ground and let it spoil? Or shall he try and sell it where there are no purchasers? No; willingly he will divide his spoil among those who are less skilled in the chase, whose arms are weaker, or whose cares have left less time for sport. When a hunter kills more game than he can bear away with him, he leaves the remainder protected by a heap of stones, that any who come that way may help themselves. They form a single family, for whose common good every one exerts his utmost energy, and it becomes an impossibility that some should be in luxury whilst others starve, for they share the joys of life as well as its sorrows. When the tired sportsman comes home loaded with the savory meat of the reindeer, to keep it for himself and his family would be an unheard-of act. Com-

¹ From *With Peary near the Pole*. Pages 284-290. C. Arthur Pearson, London.

pany there must be, and all, young and old, must be bidden to the feast. Their honesty is absolute, and theft is unknown, as they have all things in common. Liberty is the guiding principle among these happy citizens; not that liberty which is bounded by the strict letter of the law, but liberty as complete as one could hope for in the world — the liberty of mutual confidence.

FREE MINERS' LAW IN THE KLONDIKE.¹

FREDERICK PALMER.

THE essence of the "free miners' law" was being on the "squar'," which, after all, is a rough equivalent of the brotherhood of man. Between the disputants as to the ownership of a claim the "miners' meeting" decided which one was in the right. All offenders were brought before the bar of their fellows. A man accused of theft, after an examination of witnesses, was acquitted or convicted by the holding up of hands. If guilty, he was, according to the circumstances, either warned to leave the country for good — no slight penalty in midwinter, with only the hospitality of Indians to depend upon — or else ostracism was postponed pending good behavior.

Under the force of self-interest a universal good will prevailed. Whatever a miner had — perhaps the increment of a summer's earnings which was to pay for

¹ From *In the Klondike*. Pages 64, 71-73, 109. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

another year's supplies — he kept in tomato cans on the table of his cabin with impunity. There was not one strong box for the safe-keeping of the daily harvest of thousands on all of the creeks. The bags of dust were kept in the little cellars which the miners had excavated under their cabins for the preservation of their food.

When he went away from home on a journey to some other creek he left his latchstring out. On the very evening of his absence, while his cabin was occupied by another, he was, perhaps, sleeping in some one else's without an invitation. By the unwritten law of the land he enjoyed whatever luxuries of food and rest the cabin afforded ; but, likewise by the unwritten law of the land, he washed any dishes that he had used and put them and all other things that he had disturbed back where they belonged, folded the blankets on the bunk, cut firewood in place of that which he had burned, and laid kindlings by the stove, ready to make warmth and cheer for the owner when he should return, cold and weary.

When the Cheechawkos, as the Indians call strangers, came, however, all this was quickly changed. As an old miner said, "Civilization's here, and it's a case of locking up yer dust after this. But, young man, ye can't be an old-timer, never ! Ye can't be an old-timer, 'less ye've lived in the camps in the old days when a man was a man and his neighbor's brother."



THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

GEORGE W. PATTEN.

BLAZE, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mail'd it with the thunder,
When the tempest mutter'd low;
And, where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalp'd ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffer'd treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamp'd upon my spear,
And blood's my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all;
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall:
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trail'd me through the forest,
 Ye've track'd me o'er the stream ;
 And, struggling through the everglade,
 Your bristling bayonets gleam ;
 But I stand as should the warrior,
 With his rifle and his spear ;
 The scalp of vengeance still is red,
 And warns ye, — Come not here !

I loathe ye in my bosom,
 I scorn ye with mine eye,
 And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
 And fight ye, — till I die !
 I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
 And I ne'er will be your slave ;
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
 Till I sink beneath its wave !



A LEAP FOR LIFE.

WALTER COLTON.

OLD IRONSIDES at anchor lay
 In the harbor of Mahon ;
 A dead calm rested on the bay, —
 The waves to sleep had gone ;
 When little Hal, the Captain's son,
 A lad both brave and good,
 In sport up shroud and rigging ran,
 And on the main truck stood !

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turn'd on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak;
With horror all aghast;
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watch'd the quivering mast;
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue;—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck: he gasp'd,
“O God! thy will be done!”
Then suddenly a rifle grasp'd
And aim'd it at his son.
“Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump or I fire,” he said;
“That only chance your life can save;
Jump, jump!” The boy obey'd.

Hé sunk, — he rose, — he lived, — he moved, —
And, for the ship struck out:
On board we hail'd the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.

His father drew, in silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,
 And folded to his heart his boy,
 Then fainted on the deck.



THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.¹

WILL CARLETON.

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold —
 Well has his valorous deed been told;
 Sheridan's ride was a glorious one —
 Often it has been dwelt upon.
 But why should men do all the deeds
 On which the love of a patriot feeds?
 Harken to me, while I reveal
 The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
 In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
 In a cottage cosy, and all their own,
 She and her mother lived alone.
 Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
 From all of the many who passed their door;
 For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
 And Jennie was large for fifteen years.

¹ From *Centennial Rhymes*. Pages 35-44. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed ;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madam, please give us a bit to eat ;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea ;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear ;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie McNeal.
For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend, kind and dear ;
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm ;

Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command ;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed ;
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark ! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit ;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt ! or your blood be on your head !"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode ;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road ;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race ;
The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast !" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

"Halt !" once more came the voice of dread ;
"Halt ! or your blood be on your head !"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right ;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill ;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand ;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, "One more trial now !"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless, hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

The startled colonel sprang, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,

And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night ;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim fire-light,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison-cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'T is I who have scared him from his nest ;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread.
Of womankind I must crown you queen ;
So brave a girl I have never seen.
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due ;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago ;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.



THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

.WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

HAD I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had peal'd the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailed men —
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backward then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors fill'd the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warriston
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room:
“Now, by my faith as belted knight
And by the name I bear,

And by the bright St. Andrew's cross
That waves above us there —
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath —
And oh that such should be! —
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me —
I have not sought in battlefield
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

“There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my fathers' grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower —
Give every town a limb —
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!”

The morning dawn'd full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town;
The thunder crash'd across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.

There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.

“He is coming! he is coming!”

Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walk'd to battle
More proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvel'd as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climb'd the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done!



THE EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows
a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without,
in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from
the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling
and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of
the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the
steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal
commission.

¹ From *Longfellow's Poetical Works*. Pages 79, 80. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty’s pleasure!”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger.
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce
imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the
heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and
wildly he shouted, —

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have
sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes
and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of
a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to
the pavement.



JAFFAR.

LEIGH HUNT.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer, —
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;

And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. — He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square.
There once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymetar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph cried: the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave cords,” cried he;
“From bonds far worse Jaffar deliver'd me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restor'd me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?”

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, “Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,

The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaim'd, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar."



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“I’ll go, my chief — I’m ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :

“And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace ;
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men —
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“Oh! haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather ;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing —
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore ;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover ;
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
 “Across this stormy water ;
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!— Oh! my daughter!”

’T was vain ;—the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing.
 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.



SIR GALAHAD.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter’d spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies’ hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:

With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes, and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.¹

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IF I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who

¹ From *Speeches and Lectures*. Pages 476-494. Lee & Shepard.

despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty ; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what ? Englishmen, — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, — the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what ? Englishmen, — their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what ? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what ? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered ; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet ; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European ; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture ; let him have the ripest training of university routine ; let him add to it the better education of practical life ; crown his temples

with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro, — rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons, — anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right ; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the

sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.



SPEECH OF VINDICATION ON BEING
CONDEMNED TO DEATH.¹

ROBERT EMMET.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say; I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character.

¹From *Life of Robert Emmet*. John W. Burke. Pages 145, 146. Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth — then, and not till then — let my epitaph be written. I HAVE DONE.



GLADSTONE'S MANHOOD.¹

LORD ROSEBERY.

THERE was no expression so frequently on Mr. Gladstone's lips as the word "manhood." Speaking of any one, he would say with an accent that no one who heard him could ever forget: "So-and-so had the manhood to do this; So-and-so had the manhood to do that"; and no one will ever forget the scorn he could put into the negative phrase, "So-and-so had not the manhood to do this; So-and-so had not the manhood to say that." It was obvious from all he said and from all he did that the virile virtue of manhood, in which he comprehended courage, righteous daring, the disdain of odds against him — that virile virtue of manhood was perhaps the one which he put highest. This country loves brave men. Mr. Gladstone was the bravest of the brave. There was no cause so hopeless that he was afraid to undertake it; there was no amount of opposition that would cow him when once he had undertaken it. It was manhood that formed the base of Mr. Gladstone's character.

¹ From *Appreciations and Addresses*. Page 110. John Lane.

SAINT CRISPIN'S DAY.¹

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHO'S he that wishes that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day? No, my fair cousin;
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my Coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

¹ From *King Henry V.* Scene III.

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian":
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.



THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us:
We met them, and o'erthrew them;
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We gluttoned with our foemen :
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wines and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus.



THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

COME listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye ;—
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,

And of a Baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh!
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north:
Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassels dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names.
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie pass
With the glory of the Graemes;
Like a true old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,

And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a real old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land—
The Prince had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old Baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
When the Standard waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until, in bleak Culloden's heath,
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true—
The olden times have passed away,
And weary are the new:
The fair White Rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,

And no fond tears save those of heaven
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!



THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

LEIGH HUNT.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed;
And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking
through the air ;

Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous,
lively dame,

With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which
always seemed the same ;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave
can be ;

He surely would do wondrous things to show his
love of me !

King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is
divine ;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love ; great glory
will be mine !"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked
at him and smiled :

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions
wild :

The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon re-
gained his place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in
the lady's face !

"By heaven," said Francis, "rightly done !" and he
rose from where he sat ;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task
like that !"



HORATIUS.¹

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome!

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men ;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten.

But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright ;

¹ From *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Pages 39-60. Harper & Brothers.

From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.

The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;

And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.

“ Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? ”

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
“ To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his Gods?

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
 A Ramnian proud was he :
 “Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee.”
 And out spake strong Herminius —
 Of Titian blood was he :
 “I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
 “As thou sayest, so let it be.”
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,

The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe :
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way ;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,

Speaker and Reader.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath ;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth ;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three ;
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea ;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,

Herminius smote down Aruns ;
 Lartius laid Ocnus low ;
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.

Six spears' length from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

But hark ! the cry is "Astur !"
 And lo ! the ranks divide,
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.

.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry .
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.

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And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.

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But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three.

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Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack :
 But those behind cried "Forward!"
 And those before cried "Back!"

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back ;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before
 And the broad flood behind.

“O Tiber! father Tiber!

To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;

But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers,
 To press his gory hands ;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.



HARMOSAN.

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne
 was done,
 And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory
 won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
 Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing
 forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in
my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive
the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet: but a while the draught
forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to
explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest — for, around
him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did the lonely man
enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the caliph; "is it,
friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems, no such treacher-
ous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou
shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water — this reprieve is
thine — no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth
with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning
sand.

“Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water
of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled
water gather up!”

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions
stirred —

Then exclaimed: “Forever sacred must remain a mon-
arch’s word.

“Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble
Persian give:

Drink, I said before, and perish — now I bid thee
drink and live!”



THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.¹

WILLIAM COWPER.

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

¹ From *Cowper's Poetical Works*. Vol. III. Little, Brown & Co.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

DESCRIPTION OF MARMION.¹

WALTER SCOTT.

ALONG the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
 Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
 His helm hung at the saddlebow;
 Well by his visage you might know
 He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
 And had in many a battle been;
 The scar on his brown cheek revealed
 A token true of Bosworth field;
 His eyebrow dark, and eye to fire,
 Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
 Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
 Did deep design and counsel speak.

His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
 His thick moustache, and curly hair,
 Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
 But more through toil than age;
 His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,
 Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
 But in close fight a champion grim,
 In camps a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
 In mail and plate of Milan steel;
 But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
 Was all with burnished gold embossed;
 Amid the plumage of the crest,

¹ From *Marmion*. Canto I, stanzas 5, 6.

A falcon hovered on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast ;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field :
The golden legend bore aright,
"Who checks at me, to death is dight."
Blue was the charger's broidered rein ;
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane ;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapped with gold.



LOCHINVAR.¹

WALTER SCOTT.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

¹ From *Marmion*. Canto V, stanza 12.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied :
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
near ;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur ;
They ’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Graemes of the Netherby
 clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran :
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?



HUNTING SONG.

WALTER SCOTT.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk:
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

SAMUEL J. ARNOLD.

'T WAS in Trafalgar's bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay;
 Each heart was bounding then.
We scorn'd the foreign yoke, —
Our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men.

Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home and beauty.
Along the line the signal ran —
"England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore;
 Brave Nelson led the way,
His ship the "Victory" named:
Long be that "Victory" famed,
 For Victory crown'd the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought,
For well the gallant hero fought
 For England, home, and beauty.
He cried, as midst the fire he ran,
"England shall find that every man
 This day shall do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound,
 Which shed dismay around,
 The hero's breast received ;
 "Heav'n fights on our side ;
 The day's our own," he cried :
 "Now long enough I've lived.

"In honor's cause my life was pass'd,
 In honor's cause I fall at last,
 For England, home, and beauty !"
 Thus ending life as he began ;
 England confess'd that every man
 That day had done his duty.



BINGEN ON THE RHINE.¹

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
 of woman's tears,
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood
 ebb'd away,
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he
 might say.
 The dying soldier falter'd as he took that comrade's
 hand,

¹*Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry.* Henry T. Coates. Pages 701,
 702. Porter & Coates.

And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my
native land ;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends
of mine,
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet
and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard
ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day
was done
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the
setting sun.
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown
old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars ;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's
morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort
her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home
a cage,
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles
fierce and wild ;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty
 hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
 father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright
 light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the
 Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with
 drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with glad
 and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and
 steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to
 die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my
 name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's
 sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the
 Rhine.

“There's another—not a sister: in the happy days
 gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that spar-
 kled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,

O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning ;
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon
be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of
prison),
I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun-
light shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or
seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet
and clear,
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting
hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening
calm and still ;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we pass'd
with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remem-
ber'd walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine ;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen
on the Rhine.”

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was
childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sigh'd and ceased
to speak ;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life
 had fled —
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was
 dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she
 look'd down
 On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody
 corpses strown;
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light
 seem'd to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the
 Rhine.



MARCO BOZZARIS.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring —
 Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band —
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke — to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:

“Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!”

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.



IVRY.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

THE King is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our
Lord the king!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he
may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the
ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled
din

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies — upon them with the
lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count
is slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail;

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our
van,

“Remember St. Bartholomew,” was passed from man
to man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my
foe ;

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,

As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre!



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave ;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,

Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow —
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return ;
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow —
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.



HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'T is morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.



THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

LORD BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
 But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !



THE EVE OF WATERLOO.¹

LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

¹ From *Childe Harold*.

Did ye not hear it? No; 't was but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and trembling of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, — "The foe! They
come! they come!"



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while

All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered ;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them

Volleyed and thundered :
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!



THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
Brigade!

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley — and stay'd ;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky ;
And he call'd " Left, wheel into line ! " and they wheel'd
and obey'd.

Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not
why,

And he turn'd half round, and he had his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his
blade

To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die —
" Follow, " and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of
the fight !

Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left, and a wing to the
right,

And who shall escape if they close ? but he dash'd up
alone

Thro' the great gray slope of men,
Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then ;

All in a moment follow'd with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made —
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallop'd the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud, —
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,
“Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's
Brigade”!

“Lost, one and all!” were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay;
But they rode like victors and lords

Thro' the forest of lances and swords
 In the heart of the Russian hordes,
 They rode, or they stood at bay —
 Struck with the sword-hand and slew
 Down with the bridle-hand, drew
 The foe from the saddle and threw
 Underfoot there in the fray —
 Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
 In the wave of a stormy day ;
 Till suddenly shock upon shock
 Stagger'd the mass from without,
 Drove it in wild disarray,
 For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
 And the foeman surged, and waver'd and reel'd
 Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
 And over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made !
 Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade !



THE BUGLE-SONG.¹

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

¹From *The Princess*.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.



THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.¹

JOEL T. HEADLEY.

NAPOLEON was sitting in his tent. Before him lay the map of Italy. He took four pins, stuck them up, measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right. I will capture him there." "Who, sire?" said an officer. "Melas, the old fox of Austria. He will return from Genoa, pass through Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I will cross the Po, meet him on the plains of La Servia, and conquer

¹ Based on the account of the Battle of Marengo in *Napoleon and his Marshals*. Vol. I, pages 189-197.

him there." And the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo. But God thwarted Napoleon's schemes, and the well-planned victory of Napoleon became a terrible defeat.

Just as the day was lost, Desaix came sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry and halted near the eminence where stood Napoleon. In the corps was a drummer boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris, and who had followed the victorious eagles of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Austria.

As the column halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat." The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy grasped his drumsticks, stepped forward, and said: "O sire, I don't know how. Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall in line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids once, and I beat it at Mt. Tabor, and I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi, and, oh! may I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! There is time to win victory yet. Up! gamin, the charge! Beat the old charge of Mt. Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the sword gleam of Desaix, and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin drum, swept down on the host of Austria. They drove the first line back on the second, the second back on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered. And, as the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen in front of the line, marching right on and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and

wounded, over the breastworks and ditches, over the cannon and rear guard he led the way to victory.

To-day men point to Marengo with wonderment. They laud the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle; but they forget that Napoleon failed, and that a gamin of Paris put to shame the child of destiny.



HERVÉ RIEL.¹

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

¹ From *Browning's Poetical Works*. Pages 815, 816. Houghton Mifflin & Co.

And they signaled to the place,

“Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or,
quicker still,

Here 's the English can and will!”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board;

“Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?” laughed they:

“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,

Shall the ‘Formidable’ here with her twelve and eighty
guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
way,

Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!”

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

“Here 's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow

All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these

— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second,
third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries

Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?"

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France?
That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as
fate,
Up the English come — too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's counte-
nance!
Out burst all with one accord;
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips ;
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not
 Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
 but a run ?—
 Since 't is ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come ! A good whole holiday !
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore !"
 That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
 Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England
bore the bell.

Go to Paris : rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank !

You shall look long enough ere you come to' Hervé
Riel.

So for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle
Aurore !



HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.¹

ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRANG to the stirrup; and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;

¹ From *Browning's Poetical Works*. Pages 164, 165. Houghton,
Mifflin & Co.

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half
 chime,
 So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time ! "

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
 And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix " — for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering
 knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff.
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight !"

"How they 'll greet us !" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.



INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.¹

ROBERT BROWNING.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall," —
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect —
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)

¹ From *Browning's Poetical Works*. Page 251. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace
We’ve got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal’s in the market-place,
And you’ll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vâns
Where I, to heart’s desire,
Perched him!” The chief’s eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief’s eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle’s eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
“You’re wounded!” “Nay,” the soldier’s pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
“I’m killed, Sire!” And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.



THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

WALTER SCOTT.

“ON! on!” was still his stern exclaim;
“Confront the battery’s jaws of flame!
Rush on the leveled gun!
My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!”

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Each Uhlan forward with his lance,
My guard — my chosen — charge for France,
France and Napoleon !”

Loud answered their acclaiming shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shunned to share.
But *He*, his country's sword and shield,
Still in the battle-front revealed,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief —
“Soldiers, stand firm !” exclaimed the Chief,
“England shall tell the fight !”

On came the whirlwind — like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast —
On came the whirlwind — steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,

That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renewed each serried square ;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again.



ALEXANDER BREAKING BUCEPHALUS.

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

PHILONICUS, the Thessalian, brought to Philip's court
a steed
Tall and shapely, powerful, glorious, of Larissa's noblest
breed ;
Flashing white from mane to fetlock, neck of thunder,
eyes of flame
In his brow, the jet-black ox-head, whence Bucephalus,
his name.

But the mighty charger's spirit none could manage,
soothe, subdue,
Groom Thessalian, Macedonian, right and left alike
he threw ;

Vain were curb-bits, vain caresses, to assuage those
tameless fires,
Blazing in arterial lava from a hundred Centaur sires.

“Faugh! avaunt, the furious monster,” Philip cried in
vexed disgust,
“What a brute to send a monarch! would they see
me flung to dust?
Nay! Begone with such a fury! there’s no dragon
market here!”
At the word young Alexander heaved a sigh and
dropped a tear.

“What a matchless steed they’re losing!” cried the
boy in proud distress,
“All for lack of nerve to back him, lack of boldness
and address!
Lack of soul to show the master to the dumb but
knowing thing!
Lack of kingliness to match the proud four-footed
king!”

“What! rash youth! arraign thy elders? Durst thou
mount the horse to-day?
Shouldst thou fail, what kingly forfeit for thy folly
canst thou pay?”
Stern spake Philip. Alexander: “Yea, I dare, give
but the sign,
I will ride; or thirteen talents pay thee, and the steed
be mine.”

“Done!” cried Philip: “Mount!” The courtiers,
laughing, jeered the challenged boy;
But, ablaze with inspiration, to the steed he sprang
with joy;
Boldly seized the foamsprent bridle, turned the fierce
eye to the sun,
Spake firm words of fearless kindness, till the fiery
heart was won.

To his back then lightly springing, on his neck he
flung the rein,
Gave him voice and spur, and sent him free and
bounding o'er the plain.
Like a thunderbolt in harness the great steed exultant
flew,
Glorying in his new-found master, with brute instinct
swift and true.

On gazed Philip, on gazed courtiers, on gazed Philla's
anxious throng,
Wondering at the princely hand that tamed a steed so
fierce and strong,
All unconscious of that strange instinct which could
manliness explore,
And a kingly lord accepting, spurned all others ever-
more.

On, around the royal stadium still the courser storms
the ground,
All his mighty thews rejoicing as his rhythmic hoof-
beats sound!

Firm, erect, the eager rider with joy of conquest
thrills ;

Horse and man, a new-born Centaur, one inspiring
spirit fills.

Down the home-stretch now careering, steed and rider
greet the king,

Jeers are changed to acclamation, shouts of rapture
roll and ring.

But with prescient tears the father hails the triumph
won !

“ Macedonia cramps thy genius, seek a grander realm,
my son.”

Thus the matchless steed was mastered, born to bear
through steel and flame

Earth's world-conquering hero, joined with him in
victory and fame,

Till beside the far Hydaspes, worn with years, the
war-horse dies,

And a city, his memorial, lifts its towers to India's
skies.



THE SIRDAR.¹

G. W. STEEVENS.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance. His motions are deliberate and strong. Slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is.

You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man.

His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. If you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening, to march all night through the dark, to fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back and he may not; but about the general result

¹ From *With Kitchener to Khartum*. Pages 45-52. Copyright by Dodd, Mead & Co.

there is not a doubt. He knows the Sirdar would n't fight if he were n't going to win.

So far as Egypt is concerned, he is the man of destiny; the man who has sifted experience and corrected error; who has worked at small things and waited for great; marble to sit still and fire to smite; the man who has been sixteen years preparing himself to retake Khartum—the crowning triumph of half a generation's war.



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PART V.

HUMOR AND REFLECTION.

THE BOY TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

EDWARD J. WHEELER.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,
You've asked me to cipher and spell,
You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong,
Or a dolt if I failed to tell
Just when to say lie and when to say lay,
Or what nine-sevenths may make,
Or the longitude of Kamchatka Bay,
Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake.
So I think it's about *my* turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you.

The schoolmaster grim he opened his eyes,
But said not a word for sheer surprise.

Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings,
Or the color its egg may be?

Do you know the time when the squirrel brings
Its young from their nest in the tree?

Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,
Or where the best hazelnuts grow?

Can you climb a high tree to the very tiptop,
 Then gaze without trembling below?
 Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,
 Or do anything else we boys call fun?

The master's voice trembled as he replied,
 "You are right, my lad; I'm the dunce," he sighed.



HOW MR. RABBIT LOST HIS FINE BUSHY TAIL.¹

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"ONE day Brer Rabbit wuz gwine down de road shakin' his long, bushy tail, w'en who should he strike up wid but ole Brer Fox gwine amblin' long wid a big string er fish! W'en dey pass de time er day wid wunner nudder, Brer Rabbit, he open up de confab, he did, en he ax Brer Fox whar he git dat nice string er fish, en Brer Fox, he up 'n' 'spon' dat he kotch um, en Brer Rabbit, he say whar'bouts, en Brer Fox, he say down at de baptizin' creek, en Brer Rabbit he ax how, kaze in dem days dey wuz monstus fon' er minners, en Brer Fox, he sot down on a log, he did, en he up 'n' tell Brer Rabbit dat all he gotter do fer ter git er big mess er minners is ter go ter de creek atter sundown en drap his tail in de water en set dar twel daylight, en

¹ From *Uncle Remus, his Songs and Sayings*. Pages 110, 111. Copyright, 1880, 1895, by D. Appleton & Co., and quoted by special permission of the publishers.

den draw up a whole armful er fishes, en dem w'at he don't want, he kin fling back. Right dar's whar Brer Rabbit drap his watermillion, kaze he tuck 'n' sot out dat night en went a-fishin'. De wedder wuz sorter cole, en Brer Rabbit, he got 'im a bottle er dram en put out fer de creek, en w'en he git dar he pick out a good place, en he sorter sqot down, he did, en let his tail hang in de water. He sot dar, en he sot dar, en he drunk his dram, en he think he gwineter freeze, but bimeby day come, en dar he wuz. He make a pull, en he feel like he comin' in two, en he fetch nudder jerk, en lo en beholes! whar wuz his tail?

"It come off, and dat w'at make all deze yer bob-tail rabbits w'at you see hoppin' en skaddlin' thoo de woods."



LAFFING.¹

HENRY W. SHAW.

LAFFING iz the sensation ov pheeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot. It iz the next best thing tew the Ten Commandments. It iz the fireworks of the soul. Laffing iz just az natral tew cum tew the surface az a rat iz tew cum out ov hiz hole when he wants tew.

Yu kant keep it back by swallowing, enny more than yu kan the heekups. If a man *kant* laff, there iz

¹ From *Josh Billings, his Works*. Page 75. Copyright by G. W. Dillingham Company.

sum mistake made in putting him together, and if he *won't* laff he wants az mutch keeping away from az a bear trap when it iz sot.

I have seen people who laffed too mutch for their own good or for ennyboddy else's; they laft like a barrell ov nu sider with the tap pulled out, a perfekt stream. This iz a grate waste ov natral juice.

I have seen other people who did n't laff enuff tew give themselves vent; they waz like a barrell ov nu sider, too, that waz bunged up tite, apt tew start a hoop and leak all away on the sly. Thare ain't neither ov these 2 ways right, and they never ought tew be a-pattented.

Genuine laffing iz the vent ov the soul, the nostrils ov the heart, and iz just az necessary for health and happiness az spring water iz for a trout.

There iz one kind ov a laff that i always did rekomend; it looks out ov the eye fust with a merry twinkle, then it kleeps down on its hands and kneze and plays around the mouth like a pretty moth around the blaze ov a kandle, then it steals over into the dimples ov the cheeks and rides around into thozе little whirlpools for a while, then it lites up the whole face like the mello bloom on a damask roze, then it swims oph on the air with a peal az klear and az happy az a dinner bell, then it goes bak again on golden tiptoze, like an angel out for an airing, and laze down on its little bed ov violets in the heart where it cum from.

Thare iz another laff that nobody kan withstand; it iz just az honest and noizy az a distrikt skool let out tew play; it shakes a man up from hiz toze tew hiz temples;

it dubbles and twists him like a whiskee phit ; it lifts him oph from his cheer, like feathers, and lets him bak agin like melted led ; it goes all thru him like a pickpocket, and finally leaves him az weak and az krazy az tho' he had bin soaking all day in a Rushing bath, and forgot to be took out.

In konclusion i say laff every good chance yu kan git, but don't laff unless yu feal like it. When yu do laff open your mouth wide enuff for the noise tew git out without squealing, thro yure hed bak az tho yu waz going to be shaved, hold on tew yure false hair with both hands, and then laff till yure soul gets thoroly rested.



ARISTOKRATS.¹

HENRY W. SHAW.

NATUR' furnishes all the noblemen we hav'. Pedigree haz no more to do in making a man actually grater than he iz, than a pekok's feather in his hat haz in making him actually taller.

This iz a hard phakt for some tew learn.

This mundane earth iz thik with folks who think they are grate, bekauze their ansesstor waz luckey in the sope or tobacco trade ; and altho' the sope haz run out some time since, they try tew phool themselves and other folks with the suds.

Sopesuds iz a prekarious bubble. Thare ain't nothing so thin on the ribs az a sopesuds aristokrat.

¹ From *Josh Billings, his Works*. G. W. Dillingham Company.

Titles ain't ov enny more real use or necessity than dog collars are. I hav' seen dog collars that kost 3 dollars on dogs that want worth, in enny market, over 87½ cents. This iz a grate waste ov collar and a grate damage tew the dog.

Raizing aristokrats iz a dredful poor bizzness; yu don't never git your seed back. One domocrat is worth more tew the world than 60 thousand manufaktured aristokrats.

An Amerikan aristokrat is the most ridiculus thing in market. They are generally ashamed ov their ancestors; and, if they hav' enny, and live long enuff, they generally hav' cauze tew be ashamed ov their posterity.

I kno' ov sev'ral familys in Amerika who are trying tew liv' on their aristokrazy. The money and brains giv' out sum time ago. It iz hard skratching for them.

Yu kan warm up kold potatoze and liv' on them, but yu kant warm up aristokratik pride and git even a smell.



THE MUSKEETER.¹

HENRY W. SHAW.

MUSKEETERS are a game bug, but they won't bite at a hook. Thare iz millyuns ov them kaught every year. This makes the market for them unsteddy, the supply always exceeding the demand. The muskeeter iz born

¹ From *Josh Billings' Farmers' Allminax*, December, 1877. G. W. Dillingham Company.

on the sly, and cums to maturity quicker than enny other ov the domestik animiles. A muskeeter at 3 hours old iz just az reddy and anxious to go into bizzness for himself az ever he iz, and bites the fust time az sharp and natral az red pepper duz. The muskeeter has a good ear for musik and sings without notes. The song ov the muskeeter iz monotonous to sum folks, but in me it stirs up the memories ov other days. I hav' lade awake all nite long, menny a time, and listened to the sweet anthems ov the muskeeter. I am satisfied that thare want nothing made in vain, but i kant help thinking how mighty kluss the muskeeter kum to it. The muskeeter has inhabited this world since its kreashun, and will probably hang around here until bizzness closes. Whare the muskeeter goes to in the winter is a standing konundrum, which all the naturalists hav' giv' up, but we kno' he don't go far, for he is on hand early each year with his probe fresh ground and polished. Muskeeters must be one ov the luxurys ov life, they certainly ain't one ov the necessarys, not if we kno' ourselves.



“I WAS WITH GRANT.”¹

BRET HARTE.

“I WAS with Grant,” the stranger said ;
Said the farmer, “Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore.”

¹ From *Poems by Bret Harte*. Pages 125-127. Fields, Osgood & Co.

"I was with Grant," the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more;
I prithee sit at my frugal board
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy, my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant —." "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer. "Say no more;

"He fell in battle, — I see, alas!
Thou 'dst smooth these tidings o'er, —
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he, — with face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before;
That I was with Grant, — in Illinois, —
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.



MR. DOOLEY ON FOOTBALL.¹

F. P. DUNNE.

I SEEN th' Dorgan la-ad comin' up th' sthreet yester-dah in his futball clothes, — a pair iv matthresses on his legs, a pillow behind, a mask over his nose, an' a bushel measure iv hair on his head. He was followed by three men with bottles, Dr. Ryan, an' th' Dorgan fam'ly. I jined thim. They was a big crowd on th' peerary, — a bigger crowd than ye cud get to go f'r to see a prize fight. Both sides had their frinds that give th' colledge cries. Says wan crowd: "Take an ax, an ax, an ax, to thim. Hooroo, hooroo, hellabaloo! Christyan Brothers!" An' th' other says, "Hit thim, saw thim, gnaw thim, chaw thim! Saint Alo-ysius!" Well, afther a while they got down to wur-ruk. "Sivin, eighteen, two, four," says a la-ad. Wan la-ad hauled off, an' give a la-ad acrost fr'm him a punch in th' stomach. His frind acrost the way caught him in th' ear. Th' cinter rush iv th' Saint Aloysiuses took a runnin' jump at th' left lung iv wan iv th' Christyan Brothers, an' wint to th' grass with him. Four Christyan Brothers leaped most crooly at four Saint Aloysiuses, an' rolled thim. Th' cap'n iv th' Saint Aloysiuses he took th' cap'n iv th' Christyan Brothers be th' right leg, an' he pounded th' pile with him as I've seen a section hand tamp th' track. All this time young Dorgan was standin' back, takin' no hand in th' affray.

¹ From *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War*. Pages 153-156. Copyright by Small, Maynard & Co.

All iv a suddent he give a cry iv rage, an' jumped feet foremost into th' pile. "Down!" says th' impire. "Faith, they are all iv that!" says I. "Will iver they get up?" "They will," says ol' man Dorgan. "Ye can't stop thim," says he.

It took some time f'r to pry thim off. Near ivry man of the Saint Aloysiuses was tied in a knot around wan iv th' Christyan Brothers. On'y wan iv thim remained on th' field. He was lyin' face down, with his nose in th' mud. "He's kilt," says I. "I think he is," says Dorgan with a merry smile. "'T was my boy Jimmy done it, too," says he. "He'll be arrested f'r murdher," says I. "He will not," says he. Well, they carried th' corpse to th' side, an' took th' ball out iv his stomach with a monkey wrinch, an' th' game was rayshumed. "Sivin, sixteen, eight, eleven," says Saint Aloysius; an' young Dorgan started to run down th' field. They was another young la-ad r-runnin' in fr-front iv Dorgan; an' as fast as wan iv th' Christyan Brothers come up an' got in th' way, this here young Saint Aloysius grabbed him be th' hair iv th' head an' th' sole iv th' fut, an' thrun him over his shoulder. "What's that la-ad doin'?" says I. "Interferin'," says he. "I shud think he was," says I, "an' most impudent," I says. An' I come away. 'T is a noble sport.



THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE.

THOMAS L. PEACOCK.

DID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard.
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again, with a word, when the curate said Hey,
She put forth her mettle and gallop'd away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glow'd,
The good priest discover'd, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he long'd for the
fruit;

With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gather'd the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure, never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been, if some traveler this way
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry Hey?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
 And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
 At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
 And down went the priest in the wild brier bush.
 He remember'd too late, on his thorny green bed,
 Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.



ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT;¹
 DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD-FISHES.

THOMAS GRAY.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flowers that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selina reclin'd,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The genii of the stream:

¹ From *Works of Thomas Gray*. Vol. I, pages 11-13. Macmillan & Co.

Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple to the view,
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold.



RORY O'MORE.

SAMUEL LOVER.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn ;
 He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn ;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye —
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm
 about ;

Faith, you 've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "Och ! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day ;
 And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
 For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike ;
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
 "Faith !" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the
 ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go ;
 Sure, I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so !"
 "Och !" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhrames always go by conthrairies, my dear.
 Och ! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie !
 And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
 Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

“Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you ’ve teased me enough ;
Sure, I ’ve thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and
Jim Duff ;

And I ’ve made myself, drinking your health, quite a
baste,

So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest.”

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck ;

And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips — don’t you think he was
right ?

“Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you ’ll hug me no more —
That ’s eight times to-day you have kissed me before.”

“Then here goes another,” says he, “to make sure,
For there ’s luck in odd numbers,” says Rory O’More.



*Mist - misty
Sound - sensual.*

THE YARN OF THE “NANCY BELL.”

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

’T WAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he ;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key :—

Deal - seaport town in Kent.

13, 000

36, 560

“Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,
 And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite, *handy, dext.*
 And the crew of the captain’s gig.”

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
 Till I really felt afraid,
 For I could n’t help thinking the man had been drinking,
 And so I simply said:—

“O elderly man, it’s little I know
 Of the duties of men of the sea,
 And I’ll eat my hand if I understand
 How ever you can be

“At once a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,
 And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain’s gig!”

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
 Is a trick all seamen larn,
 And having got rid of a thumping quid,
 He spun this painful yarn:—

“’T was in the good ship Nancy Bell
 That we sail’d to the Indian sea,
 And there on a reef we came to grief,
 Which has often occur’d to me.

“And pretty nigh all o’ the crew was drown’d
 (There was seventy-seven o’ soul);
 And only ten of the Nancy’s men
 Said ‘Here!’ to the muster-roll.

“There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we draw’d a lot, and, accordin’, shot
The captain for our meal.

“The next lot fell to the Nancy’s mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stay’d.

“And then we murder’d the bo’sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain’s gig.

“Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ‘Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?’ arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

“For I loved that cook as a brother, I did ;
And the cook he worship’d me ;
But we’d both be blow’d if we’d either be stow’d
In the other chap’s hold, you see.

“‘I’ll be eat if you dines off me,’ says Tom.
‘Yes, that,’ says I, ‘you’ll be.
I’m boil’d if I die, my friend,’ quoth I ;
And ‘Exactly so,’ quoth he.

“Says he: ‘Dear James, to murder me
 Were a foolish thing to do,
 For don’t you see that you can’t cook *me*,
 While I can—and will—cook *you?*’

“So he boils the water, and takes the salt
 And the pepper in portions true *allium ascalonicum*.
 (Which he never forgot), and some chopp’d shallot,
 And some sage and parsley too.

“‘Come here,’ says he with a proper pride,
 Which his smiling features tell;
 ‘T will soothing be if I let you see
 How extremely nice you’ll smell.’

“And he stirr’d it round and round and round,
 And he sniff’d at the foaming froth;
 When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

“And I eat that cook in a week or less,
 And as I eating be
 The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
 For a wessel in sight I see.

“And I never larf, and I never smile,
 And I never lark nor play;
 But I sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have—which is to say:

“‘Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig!’”



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond’rous short
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene’er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied ;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.



THE COLUBRIAD.¹

WILLIAM COWPER.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast
Three kittens sat ; each kitten looked aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye ;
Not much concerned to know what they did there ;

¹ From *Cowper's Poetical Works*. Page 346. Macmillan & Co.

Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, "What 's this?"
When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
Who having never seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, "Who are you?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe:
With which well armed I hastened to the spot
To find the viper, but I found him not.
And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipped between the door and the door-sill;
And if I make despatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard":
For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'T was in the garden that I found him first.
E'en there I found him, there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat;
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Filled with heroic ardor at the sight,

And fearing every moment he would bite,
 And rob our household of our only cat
 That was of age to combat with a rat,
 With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
 And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE



SPEECH OF MRS. MALAPROP:¹

ON A WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

OBSERVE me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning: I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce

¹ From *The Rivals. The Plays of Sheridan.* Page 89. George Routledge & Sons.

words so shamefully as girls usually do ; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know ; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.



MUSIC-POUNDING.¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I HAVE been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two and fluffed down on to it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as though she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop, — so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter

¹ From *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils — don't talk to me, I know the difference between a bullfrog and a wood thrush.



THREE FISHERS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west —
 Out into the west as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the
 town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep ;
 And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
 shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
 brown.

For men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.



THE KING'S RING.¹

THEODORE TILTON.

ONCE in Persia reigned a king,
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change or chance,
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away!"

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to rival these.
But he counted little gain
Treasures of the mine or main.
"What is wealth?" the king would say;
"Even this shall pass away."

¹ From *The Sexton's Tale, and Other Poems.* Pages 45-48.
Sheldon & Co.

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "O loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay:
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Lady fairest ever seen
Was the bride he crowned his queen.
Pillowed on the marriage-bed,
Whispering to his soul, he said,
"Though a bridegroom never pressed
Dearer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh must come to clay;
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience day by day,
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,

Gazing at his sculptured name,
Asked himself, "And what is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay;
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Spake he with his dying breath:
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray:
"Even this shall pass away."



WHERE LIES THE LAND?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild northwesterners rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to hear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.



THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH: A DREAM OF
 PONCE DE LEON.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,
 A voyager, withered and old,
 Who came to the sunny Antilles,
 In quest of a country of gold.
 He was wafted past islands of spices,
 As bright as the emerald seas,
 Where all the forests seem singing,
 So thick were the birds on the trees;
 The sea was as clear as the azure,
 And so deep and so pure was the sky
 That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
 Just out of the reach of the eye.
 By day his light canvas he shifted,
 And rounded strange harbors and bars;
 By night, on the full tides he drifted,
 'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.

Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
“Thank the Lord!” said De Leon, the sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
“Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!
The shadowy world is behind us,
The shining Cipango, before;
Each morning the sun rises brighter
On ocean, and island, and shore.
And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
As prospects more glowing unfold;
Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
To the west, and the regions of gold!”

There came to De Leon, the sailor,
Some Indian sages, who told
Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
And they added: “The leafy Bimini,
A fair land of grottoes and bowers,
Is there; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores;
They flourish in beauty eternal
Who set but their foot on its shores!”
Then answered De Leon, the sailor:
“I am withered, and wrinkled, and old;

I would rather discover that fountain,
Than a country of diamonds and gold!"

.
But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
In search of that fountain in vain;
No waters were there to restore him
To freshness and beauty again;
And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,
As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
"I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
Go back o'er the ocean, and die."
Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
And back by the shady Azores,
He was borne on the storm-smitten waters
To the calm of his own native shores.
And that he grew older and older,
His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,
Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,
The beautiful fountain of youth.

One day the old sailor lay dying
On the shores of a tropical isle,
And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
And his face lighted up with a smile.
He thought of the sunny Antilles,
He thought of the shady Azores,
He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
He thought of fair Florida's shores.
And when in his mind he passed over
His wonderful travels of old,

He thought of the heavenly country,
Of the city of jasper and gold.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
"Thank the Lord for the light of the truth,
I now am approaching the fountain,
The beautiful fountain of youth."

The cabin was silent: at twilight
They heard the birds singing a psalm,
And the wind of the ocean low sighing
Through groves of the orange and palm.
The sailor still lay on his pallet,
'Neath the low-hanging vines of the roof;
His soul had gone forth to discover
The beautiful fountain of youth.



VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

LORD BYRON.

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine, —
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The figures of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore,
But now they were not sage;
They saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.

The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night, —
The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar’s grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone ;
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne ! ”



THE WHITE SHIP.¹

(Henry I of England, Nov. 25, 1120.)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

.
KING HENRY held it as life’s whole gain
That after his death his son should reign.

.
King Henry of England’s realm was he,
And Henry, Duke of Normandy.

.
Of ruthless strokes full many an one
He had struck to crown himself and his son ;
.

¹ From *Ballads and Sonnets*. Pages 53–69. Roberts Brothers.

But all the chiefs of the English land
Had knelt and kissed the prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France
To claim the Norman allegiance :

And every baron in Normandy
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'T was sworn and sealed and the day had come
When the king and the prince might journey home :

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the king,
A pilot famous in seafaring ;

And he held to the king, in all men's sight,
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege lord ! my father guided the ship
From whose boat your father's foot did slip
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried, 'By this clasp I claim command,
O'er every rood of English land !'

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow :

"And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,
Your father's son and his grandson, too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay ;
From Harfleur's harbor she sails to-day,

“With masts fair pennoned as Norman spears
And with fifty well-trying mariners.”

Quoth the king: “My ships are chosen each one,
But I’ll not say nay to Stephen’s son.

“My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship.”

The king set sail with the eve’s south wind,
And soon he left that coast behind.

The prince and all his, a princely show,
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three hundred living souls we were:

.
The prince was a lawless, shameless youth.

.
And now he cried: “Bring wine from below;
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:

“Our speed shall o’ertake my father’s flight,
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight.”

The rowers made good cheer without check;
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;
The night was light and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight’s stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the water-way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped,
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

And the prince cried, "Friends, 't is the hour to sing!
Is a songbird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song, — nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

A moment the pilot's senses spin, —
The next he snatched the prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

'T was then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim
The prince's sister screamed to him.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel,
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

The prince that was and the king to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom.

He was a prince of lust and pride;
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,
And I drifted over the sea alone.

The king had watched with a heart sore stirred
For two whole days, and this was the third:

And still to all his court would say,
"What keeps my son so long away?"

But who should speak to-day of the thing
That all knew there except the king?

Then, pondering much, they found a way,
And met round the king's high seat that day :

And the king sat with a heart sore stirred,
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the king was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair,

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in spring,
And his garb black like the raven's wing.

And the king wondered, and said, "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?"

"Why, sweetheart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the king's face.

"O wherefore black, O king, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede I read.



PEGASUS IN POUND.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ONCE into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
'T was the daily call to labor,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odors
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the schoolboys he was found ;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

¹ From *Longfellow's Poetical Works*. Vol. I, pages 364-366. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Then the somber village crier,
 Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
 There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
 Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
 Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
 Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
 Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
 Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
 Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight
 Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farmyard,
 Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
 Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
 To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
 Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
 And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward,
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.



A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the admiral's ship displayed
The signal, "Steer southwest."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.

¹ From *Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works*. Pages 337, 338.
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And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried, "Stand still and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas ;
Ah ! never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line ;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord ! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea.



SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.¹

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

¹ From *Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works*. Page 105. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land wind failed.

Alas ! the land wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should' Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
"Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land !"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day,
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

It is an ancient mariner;
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set —
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand :
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The wedding guest stood still ;
And listens like a three-years' child :
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest sat on a stone —
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner :

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared ;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea ;

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon" —
The wedding guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath passed into the hall —
Red as a rose is she !
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner :

“And now the storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

“With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar’d the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

“And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

“And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen ;
Nor shapes of men nor beast we ken—
The ice was all between.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

“At length did cross an albatross —
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

“It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer’d us through!

“And a good south wind sprang up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo.

“In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch’d for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, thro’ fog smoke white,
Glimmer’d the white moonshine.”

“God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus! —
Why look’st thou so?” — “With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.”



HELVELLYN.¹

WALTER SCOTT.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
wide;

¹ From *Scott's Poetical Works*. Pages 217–219. George Bell & Sons.

All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,

And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer
had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain
heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh, was it meet that — no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him —
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall,
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
 gleaming;

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming,
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of Nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
 When, 'wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in
 stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam;
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.



SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.¹

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human back;
 Islam's prophet on Al Borák, —
 The strangest ride that ever was sped

¹ From *Whittier's Poetical Works*. Pages 55, 56. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild eyed, free limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of 'kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,

With his own townspeople on her deck!
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not be!
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away?
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near :

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

“Hear me, neighbors!” at last he cried ;
“What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!”

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, “God has touched him! — why should we?”
Said an old wife, mourning her only son,
“Cut the rogue’s tether and let him run!”
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,

And left him alone with his shame and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!



THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.¹

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHERE the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with
 rolling pebbles, ran,
 The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks
 of Cape Ann;
 On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
 And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moon-
 light overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and east-
 ward looking forth
 O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers
 stretching north, —
 Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes,
 with bush and tree,
 Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty
 sea.

¹ From *Whittier's Complete Poetical Works*. Pages 53, 54. Copy-
 right by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying
brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in
their hands ;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was
shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard
to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, — talked of wizards
Satan-sold ;
Of all ghostly sights and noises, — signs and wonders
manifold ;
Of the specter-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her
shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning
clouds.

Of the marvelous valley hidden in the depths of
Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, — blooms of
warmer latitudes ;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery
vines,
And the white magnolia blossoms star the twilight of the
pines !

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of
fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil
near !

Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of
gun ;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals
run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the
midnight wood they came, —
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed,
its volleyed flame ;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or
lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands
lay bare.

Midnight came ; from out the forest moved a dusky
mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching
in the moon.
“Ghosts or witches,” said the captain, “thus I foil the
Evil One !”
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet, down
his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall
about ;
Once again the leveled muskets through the palisades
flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might
not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing
to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower
of lead.

With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms
fled ;

Once again without a shadow on the sands the moon-
light lay,

And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly
down the bay !

“ God preserve us ! ” said the captain ; “ never mortal foes
were there ;

They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power
of the air !

Lay aside your useless weapons ; skill and prowess
naught avail ;

They who do the Devil’s service wear their master’s coat
of mail ! ”

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a
warning call

Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the
dusky hall :

And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed
for break of day ;

But the captain closed his Bible : “ Let us cease from
man, and pray ! ”

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers
seemed near ;

And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots
in holy fear.

Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed
and bare,

Every stout knee pressed the flagstones, as the captain
led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the specters
round the wall,

But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and
hearts of all, —

Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after
mortal man

Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-
house of Cape Ann.

.



THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay ;
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day,
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand ;
So dark it is they see no land ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?
For methinks one should be near the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock —
"O Death ! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear —
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.



CHILDE HAROLD'S FAREWELL TO
ENGLAND.¹

LORD BYRON.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land — good night!

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

¹ From *Childe Harold*. Canto I, stanza 13. Pages 58, 59. The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

“Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.”

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save thee alone,
But thee — and one above.

“My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.” —
“Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.”



THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

“Now tell us what ’t was all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“That ’t was a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”

“Why, ’t was a very wicked thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine.

“Nay — nay — my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win.”

“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he;
“But ’t was a famous victory.”



THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

¹ From *Holmes' Poetical Works*. Pages 149, 150. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell, .
 Before thee lies revealed, —
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
 no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
 that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.



ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

.
BENEATH those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour —
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

.



CHRISTMAS.¹

ALFRED TENNYSON.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

¹ From *In Memoriam*, CVI.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.



THE LOST LEADER.¹

ROBERT BROWNING.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote ;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed :
 How all our copper had gone for his service !
 Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud !
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch from their
 graves !
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen ;
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !
 We shall march prospering, — not through his presence ;
 Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre ;
 Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire ;
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
 One more devils' triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !

¹ From *Browning's Poetical Works*. Page 164. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again !
Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own ;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne !



THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.¹

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view —
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind — or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;

¹ From *The Deserted Village*.

'T was certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge ;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.



THE YOUTH'S REPLY TO DUTY.¹

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN an age of fops and toys,
 Wanting wisdom, void of right,
 Who shall nerve heroic boys
 To hazard all in Freedom's fight, —
 Break sharply off their jolly games,
 Forsake their comrades gay
 And quit proud homes and youthful dames
 For famine, toil, and fray?
 Yet on the nimble air benign
 Speed nimbler messages,
 That waft the breath of grace divine
 To hearts in sloth and ease.

¹ From *Poems of R. W. Emerson, Voluntaries*, III. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright, 1883, by Edward W. Emerson.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*



THE MINSTREL.¹

WALTER SCOTT.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sang of border chivalry ;
For, welladay ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;

¹ From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Introduction. *Scott's Poetical Works*. Vol. I, page 17. George Bell & Sons.

A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.



WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.¹

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let 's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;

¹ From *King Henry VIII.* Act III, Scene 2.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And, — prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.



ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON.¹

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

YET here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame !
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There ; my blessing with thee !
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;

¹ From *Hamlet*. Act I, Scene 3.

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all: to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!



WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY.¹

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,

¹ From *King Henry VIII*. Act III, Scene 2.

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate` ye :
I feel my heart new open'd. O ! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.



ANTONY ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.¹

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

¹ From *Julius Cæsar*. Act III, Scene 2.

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.



ANTONY'S SPEECH TO ROMAN CITIZENS.¹

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?

¹ From *Julius Cæsar*. Act III, Scene 2.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.



THE PATH OF DUTY WAS THE WAY TO
GLORY.¹

ALFRED TENNYSON.

YEA, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.

¹ From *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.



THE WHISTLE.¹

WHEN I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

¹ From *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.*

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing in my mind ; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle* ; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle*.



MY GRANDFATHER'S SPECTACLES.¹

(*Insight.*)

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NOT long before my grandfather died, he called me to him, and, laying his hand upon my head, said to me : " My child, the world is not this great sunny piazza, nor life the fairy stories which the women tell you here. I shall soon be gone, but I want to leave with you some memento of my love for you, and I know of nothing more valuable than these spectacles."

They proved to be wonderful spectacles ; for when looking through them, I could see things as they really are. No longer could the insincere, selfish, cowardly boy or the hypocritical, cruel man deceive me by pretending to be my friend.

¹ From *Prue and I*. Page 162. Copyright by Harper & Bros.

One day, when in search of work, I went to a great merchant and asked him to employ me.

"My dear young friend," said he, "I understand that you have some singular secret, some charm, or spell, or amulet, or something, I don't know what, of which people are afraid. Now, you know, my dear," said the merchant, swelling up, and apparently prouder of his great stomach than of his large fortune, "I am not of that kind. I am not easily frightened. You may spare yourself the pain of trying to impose upon me. People who propose to come to time before I arrive are accustomed to arise very early in the morning," said he, thrusting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and spreading the fingers like two fans upon his bosom. "You have a pair of spectacles, I believe, that you value very much because your grandmother brought them as a marriage portion to your grandfather. Now, if you think fit to sell me those spectacles, I will pay you the largest market price for them. What do you say?"

I told him I had not the slightest idea of selling my spectacles.

"My young friend means to eat them, I suppose," said he, with a contemptuous smile.

I made no reply, but was turning to leave the office, when the merchant called after me :

"My young friend, poor people should never suffer themselves to get into pets. Anger is an expensive luxury, in which only men of a certain income can indulge. A pair of spectacles and a hot temper are not the most promising capital for success in life."

I said nothing, but put my hand upon the door to go out, when the merchant said, more respectfully :

“Well, you foolish boy, if you will not sell your spectacles, perhaps you will agree to sell the use of them to me. That is, you shall only put them on when I direct you, and for my purposes. Hallo! you little fool,” cried he impatiently, as he saw that I intended to make no reply.

But I had pulled out my spectacles and put them on for my own purposes, and against his wish and desire I looked at him, and saw a huge, bald-headed wild boar with gross chops and a leering eye—only the more ridiculous for the high-arched, gold-bowed spectacles that straddled his nose. One of his fore hoofs was thrust into the safe, where his bills receivable were hived, and the other into his pocket, among the loose change and bills there. His ears were pricked forward with a brisk, sensitive smartness. In a world where prize pork was the best excellence, he would have carried off all the premiums.

I stepped into the next office in the street, and a mild-faced, genial man, also a large and opulent merchant, asked me my business in such a tone that I instantly looked through my spectacles and saw a land flowing with milk and honey. There I pitched my tent, and stayed till the good man died and his business was discontinued.



LIFE'S MEASURE.

BEN JONSON.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear ;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.



THE SUNNY SIDE.¹

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

WE must be sure to give due weight, in our minds, to the good side of every event which has two sides. We read in the morning paper that five houses, two barns, three shops, and a factory have burned up in the night, and we do not say to ourselves that within the same territory five hundred thousand homes, three hundred thousand barns, as many shops, and a thousand factories have stood in safety. We observe that ten persons have been injured on railways within twenty-four hours, and we forget that two million have traveled in safety.

¹ From *Contributions to Civilization*. Pages 271, 272. Copyright by The Century Company, and printed by permission.

A fierce northeaster drives some vessels out of their course, and others upon the ruthless rocks. Property and life are lost. But that storm watered the crops upon ten thousand farms, or filled the springs which later will yield to men and animals their necessary drink. A tiger springs upon an antelope, picks out the daintiest bits from the carcass, and leaves the rest to the jackals. We say, Poor little antelope. We forget to say, Happy tiger! fortunate jackals! who were seeking their meat from God and found it. A house which stands in open ground must have a sunny side as well as a shady. Be sure to live on the sunny side.



IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.¹

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LITTLE things may be important by what they draw after them. I can imagine, in the visions of the night, as the old miller sleeps, that a crawfish comes to him and threatens him. You know what a crawfish is. It is a homely little fresh-water lobster that loves water and mud. He threatens the miller with disaster, except upon some condition granted. The surly old miller laughs to scorn the threat of the crawfish. The crawfish departs. The miller by and by wakes up and starts his mill, and away goes the wheel, making music to his ear. The crawfish goes to the dam above. He is not

¹ From *Plymouth Pulpit*. Vol. V, page 154. Copyright by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

much. The river is a thousand times mightier than he ; and so is the massive dam. But he commences to bore into the clay. He keeps boring, and boring, and boring, till by and by he has made a tunnel clear through to the other side of the bank. And first one drop comes through ; and then another ; and then another ; and each drop takes a little dirt with it. Gradually, the hole grows larger and larger. This goes on all day and all night ; and at length the channel is so worn that a considerable stream runs through it. And at last that stream becomes a freshet, and gains a force and impetus such that it carries everything with it. And away go the abutments and timbers of the dam ; and away goes the miller's mill ; and away goes his house upon the bank ; and the trees and all things are whelmed in the flood.

Now, which is the stronger, the crawfish or the miller and his dam ? The crawfish is a little thing ; it was a small hole that he made ; but ah ! it was what it led to that determines its importance. It will never do to call things little till you see what they can do.



OUR MULTITUDE OF HELPERS.¹

GEORGE HARRIS.

A SINGLE day in the life of a civilized man discloses the services of a multitude of helpers. When he rises, a sponge is placed in his hands by a Pacific Islander, a

¹ From *Moral Evolution*. Pages 36, 37. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

cake of soap by a Frenchman, a rough towel by a Turk. His merino underwear he takes from the hand of a Spaniard, his linen from a Belfast manufacturer, his outer garments from a Birmingham weaver, his scarf from a French silk grower, his shoes from a Brazilian grazier. At breakfast, his cup of coffee is poured by natives of Java and Arabia; his rolls are passed by a Kansas farmer, his beefsteak by a Texas ranchman, his orange by a Florida negro. He is taken to the city by the descendants of James Watt; his messages are carried hither and thither by Edison; his day's stint of work is done for him by a thousand Irishmen in his factory; or he pleads in a court which was founded by ancient Romans, and for the support of which all citizens are taxed; or, in his study at home he reads books composed by English historians and French scientists. In the evening he is entertained by German singers, who repeat the myths of Norsemen, or by a company of actors, who render the plays of Shakespeare; and finally he is put to bed by South Americans who bring hair, by Pennsylvania miners and furnace workers who bring steel, by Mississippi planters who bring cotton, or, if he prefers, by Russian peasants who bring flax, and by Labrador fowlers who smooth his pillow. A million men, women, and children have been working for him that he may have his day of comfort and pleasure. In return he has contributed his mite to add a unit to the common stock of necessaries and luxuries from which the world draws. Each is working for all; all are working for each.



THE SOCIETY OF GOOD BOOKS.¹

JOHN RUSKIN.

WE cannot know whom we would ; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. Yet there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, —kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case shelves, — we make no account of that company, — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long !

Suppose you could be put behind a screen, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men ;—this station of audience, and honorable privy council, you despise !

This eternal court is always open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time. Into that you may enter always ; in that you may take fellow-

¹ From *Sesame and Lilies*.

ship and rank according to your wish ; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault.

It is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there.

“Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you.”



THE DIGNITY OF WORK.¹

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THERE is a perpetual nobleness in work. There is always hope in a man that works : in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. All true work is sacred ; in all true work, were it but hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously

¹ Chapters on “Labor and Reward” in *Past and Present*, and “Helotage” in *Sartor Resartus*.

conquers earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Toil on, toil on : thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly : him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty ? If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality ? — These two, in all their degrees I honor ; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.



DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.

SARAH P. MCLEAN GREENE.

DE massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look' out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin :—
So he call to de hirelin' shep'a'd,
“Is my sheep, is dey all come in?”

Oh, den says de hirelin' shep'a'd,
 "Dey 's some, dey 's black and thin,
 An' some, dey 's po' ol' wedda's
 Dat can't come home ag'in,
 Dey is los'," says de hirelin' shep'a'd,—
 "But de res' dey 's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
 Whar de long night rain begin:—
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol'
 Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."

Den up tro de gloomerin' meadows,
 Tro de col' night rain and win',
 And up tro de gloomerin' rain-paf,
 Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
 De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.



THE PURITAN.¹

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

THE Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated

¹ *Essay on Milton.* Pages 76, 77. The Macmillan Company.

himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or on the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world.



THE NEW ERA.¹

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE world is all so changed ; so much that seemed vigorous has sunk decrepit, so much that was not is beginning to be! — Borne over the Atlantic, to the closing ear of Louis XV, King by the Grace of God, what sounds are these ; muffled-ominous, new in our centuries ? Boston Harbor is black with unexpected Tea : behold a Pennsylvanian Congress gather ; and ere long, on Bunker Hill, DEMOCRACY announcing, in rifle-volleys death-winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and, whirlwind-like, will envelop the whole world !

Sovereigns die and sovereignties : how all dies, and is for a Time only. The Merovingian Kings, slowly wending on their bullock-carts through the streets of Paris ; with their long hair flowing, have all wended slowly on, — into Eternity. Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded ; only Fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command ? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships, but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Towhead now needs no combing ; Iron-cutter cannot cut a cobweb ; shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. They

¹ From *The French Revolution*. Vol. I, pages 6, 7. Harper & Bros.

all are gone ; sunk, — down, down, with the tumult they made ; and the rolling and the trampling of ever new generations passes over them ; and they hear it not any more forever.



WHEN NAPOLEON ASCENDED HIS THRONE.¹

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

FIVE hundred irresolute men were met in that Assembly which called itself, and pretended to be, the government of France. They heard that the mob of Paris was coming the next morning, thirty thousand strong, to turn them, as was usual in those days, out of doors. And where did this seemingly great power go for its support and refuge ? They sent Tallien to seek out a boy lieutenant, — the shadow of an officer, so thin and pallid that, when he was placed on the stand before them, the president of the Assembly, fearful, if the fate of France rested on the shrunken form, the ashy cheek before him, that all hope was gone, asked, “ Young man, can you protect the Assembly ? ” And the stern lips of the Corsican boy parted only to reply, “ I always do what I undertake.” Then and there Napoleon ascended his throne ; and the next day, from the steps of St. Roche, thundered forth the cannon which taught the mob of Paris for the first time that it had a master.

¹ From *Speeches and Lectures*. Page 37. Lee & Shepard.

NAPOLEON.¹

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

A LITTLE while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the Pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster, driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king,—and I saw him at

¹ From *Prose-Poems*. Pages 97-99. Copyright by C. P. Farrell.

St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said: "I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me, I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great."



THE DEAD NAPOLEON.¹

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

.
TELL me what find we to admire
In epaulets and scarlet coats,
In men because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?
.

¹ From *The Chronicle of the Drum.*

And what care we for war and wrack,
 How kings and heroes rise and fall?
 Look yonder; in his coffin black,
 There lies the greatest of them all!

He captured many thousand guns;
 He wrote "The Great" before his name;
 And dying only left his sons
 The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
 He died without a rood his own;
 And borrow'd from his enemies
 Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars;
 And more than half the world was his,
 And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,
 Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.



JOAN OF ARC.¹

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

PURE, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for

¹ From *De Quincey's Works*. Vol. III, pages 207, 208. Adam and Charles Black.

thy truth, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the visions of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.



A MAN PASSES FOR THAT HE IS WORTH.¹

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A MAN passes for that he is worth. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and

¹ From "Compensation and Spiritual Laws," *Essays*. First Series. Pages 99, 100, 106, 107, 149-151. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright by Edward W. Emerson.

run in each yard and square, a newcomer is as well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions; an older boy says to himself, "It's of no use; we shall find him out to-morrow."

Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. A man passes for that he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations, and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubes him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, cuts lines of mean expression in his cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast on the back of the head, and writes O fool! fool! on the forehead of a king.

If you would not be known to do anything, never do it. A broken complexion, a swinish look, ungenerous acts — all blab. Be, and not seem. Justice is not postponed. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure that concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit,

cannot be severed. Tit for tat ; an eye for an eye ; a tooth for a tooth ; blood for blood ; measure for measure ; love for love. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong.



DYING DREAM OF THE BISHOP OF
BEAUVAIS.¹

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THERE is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah, no! he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting; the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counselor there is none now that would take a brief for *me*; all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take

¹ From *Joan of Arc. De Quincey's Works.* Vol. III, pages 244, 245. Adam and Charles Black.

your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, Bishop, that will plead for you; yes, Bishop, SHE — when heaven and earth are silent.



THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I AM monarch of all I survey —
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the center all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech —
 I start at the sound of my own

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth—
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford;
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind
 And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest ;
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place ;
 And mercy — encouraging thought ! —
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.



THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun
 Had thrown its latest ray,
 Where in his last strong agony
 A dying warrior lay,
 The stern old Baron Rudiger,
 Whose frame had ne'er been bent
 By wasting pain, till time and toil
 Its iron strength had spent.

“They come around me here and say
My days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more ;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, —
That I — ha ! ha ! must die.

“And what is Death ? I've dared him oft
Before the Paynim spear, —
Think ye he's enter'd at my gate,
Has come to seek me here ?
I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him,
When the fight was raging hot, —
I'll try his might — I'll brave his power ;
Defy, and fear him not.

“Ho ! sound the tocsin from my tower,
And fire the culverin, —
Bid each retainer arm with speed, —
Call every vassal in ;
Up with my banner on the wall, —
The banquet board prepare, —
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there !”

A hundred hands were busy then, —
The banquet forth was spread, —
And rung the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread,

While from the rich, dark tracery
 Along the vaulted wall,
 Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear,
 O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
 The mail'd retainers pour'd,
 On through the portal's frowning arch,
 And throng'd around the board.
 While at its head, within his dark,
 Carved oaken chair of state,
 Armed *cap-a-pie*, stern Rudiger,
 With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men,
 Pour forth the cheering wine;
 There's life and strength in every drop,—
 Thanksgiving to the vine!
 Are ye all there, my vassals true?—
 Mine eyes are waxing dim;
 Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
 Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see ye not.
 Draw forth each trusty sword,—
 And let me hear your faithful steel
 Clash once around my board:
 I hear it faintly:—Louder yet!—
 What clogs my heavy breath?
 Up all,—and shout for Rudiger,
 'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clang'd to steel,
And rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high:—
“Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—
Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me
To meet him here alone?

“But I defy him:—let him come!”
Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Came flashing halfway up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There in his dark, carved oaken chair
Old Rudiger sat, *dead!*



THE OTHER FELLOW.¹

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that in every one of us there are two persons. First, there is yourself, and then there is the Other Fellow! Now one of these is all the time doing things, and the other sits inside and tells what he thinks about the performance.

¹ From *The Evolution of "Dodd."* Page 93. Copyright by W. W. Knowles & Co.

Thus, I do so and so, act so and so, seem to the world so and so; but the Other Fellow sits in judgment on me all the time.

I may tell a lie, and do it so cleverly that the people may think I have done or said a great and good thing; and they may shout my praises far and wide. But the Other Fellow sits inside and says, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!!" I tell him to shut up, to hear what the people say about me; but he only continues to repeat over and over again, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!!"

Or, again, I may do a really noble deed, but perhaps be misunderstood by the public, who may persecute me and say all manner of evil against me falsely; but the Other Fellow will sit inside and say, "Never mind, old boy! It's all right! stand by!"

And I would rather hear the "Well done" of the Other Fellow than the shouts of praise of the whole world; while I would a thousand times rather that the people should shout and hiss themselves hoarse with rage and envy than that the Other Fellow should sit inside and say, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!"



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