

and in the center of that strip, at intervals of a mile, stand monuments like the one shown on the opposite page. On the Canadian side is inscribed "Treaty of Washington," and on the United States side "June 15, 1846," the date of the treaty. Every visitor at Blaine becomes interested in this boundary line running through the town, and especially in marking the course of the cleared strip as far as the eye can see.

In the forests about Blaine are billions of feet of the finest fir and cedar timber in the world, and besides the great lumbering industry, extensive ship building interests will spring up on Semiahmoo bay. Such an enterprise is already on foot. There are many causes at work to build up a thriving city at this point, and those who have invested their means there will have cause to congratulate themselves. Property is not held at boom prices, but the way the city is growing indicates that it will soon be in such demand that prices will rise rapidly.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MONUMENT

THAT there is in any public park on our continent a more chaste, suggestive and beautifully executed monument than that which was unveiled in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on the fourth of July, 1889, dedicated to the memory of Francis Scott Key, and donated to California by that man of magnificent generosity and patriotism, James Lick, I very much doubt.

Thousands have sung the grand old chorus of our American Marseillaise, and young untried hearts have throbbed almost to bursting with patriotic fever inspired by the words of Francis Scott Key's immortal poem, who know but little of the vivid scenes during which it had its birth, and still less of the wedding of the tune to its soul-stirring words.

Among the hoarded relics of my grandfather, an old Maryland gentleman, is a yellow, faded letter written upon very coarse paper, and in such a scrambling hand that the words are scarcely legible. It bears the date of "September 16th, 1814, Fort Mifflin, Baltimore, Maryland," and reads in part, thus:

DEAR MARGERY:

I may not be first to tell you the news, but it will bear repeating: Cockburn's fleet have dropped down the bay and Baltimore is saved. We have had hot work and the havoc has been dreadful, but all the danger from British invasion is now over, and pray God, forever. I am well except * * * Below are the words of a poem which Frank Key gave me and which he composed during the awful night of the 13th, while a prisoner on one of Cockburn's vessels. He had gone on board, protected by a flag of truce, to effect the release of some of his friends who were held captive in it, and was not allowed to return. So he witnessed—which I did not—the entire bombardment, and told me that he dashed off the verses in a red-hot frenzy of anxiety. You are a better judge than I of such things, but I call it poetry. It will be printed in the *Gazette* as soon as possible and deserves to live as long as we have a flag.

Then followed the copy from the original manuscript as it now reads to-day.

A citizen of the same old town of Frederick, Maryland, fifty miles west of Baltimore, a neighbor and political friend of Mr. Key, it is no wonder that my grandfather, then stationed with his company in the fort, should have taken time to copy for my grandmother the remarkable lines whose full significance she, as well as he, could so thoroughly appreciate. He, with a thousand other men, were garrisoning Fort Mifflin, about two miles from the center of the city of Baltimore, and known in war records as "North Point." The British fleet was anchored a couple of miles from the fort and beyond the

reach of its guns. Having failed to take the city by land they hoped an attack by water would be more successful. So, as soon as night came they began their work. There was one continuous shower of shells which the garrison received in silence. During the night several vessels with fourteen hundred British troops supplied with scaling ladders, entered the Patuxent and passed by the fort never dreaming of resistance from it. Already, in imagination, they were plundering the captured city, when, suddenly, as they drew opposite the six-gun battery, its commander, Lieutenant Webster, opened upon them with terrible effect. The forts and ten-gun battery also poured in their fire and for two hours a furious cannonading was kept up. It was a fearful sight. My grandfather said that the heavens were lit with the fiery track of the bombs from the fleet, and the increasing booming echoes across the water and along the shores of the bay were like one uninterrupted peal of thunder. One of the barges was sunk and the rest retreated in the utmost confusion.

In the stern of the vessel, whose windows commanded a full view of Chesapeake bay and the fort, stood Francis Key, then in the prime of his youthful manhood, and his imprisoned friends, watching with profound interest the fate of that flag which through the shadows of twilight was seen floating from the ramparts of Fort Mifflin. They could see the flashing of the guns and the red glare of the flying rockets but the fate of their beloved flag was wrapped in profound uncertainty. At length the struggle ceased, but who were the victors?

As the gray dawn rendered objects visible how eager was their strained gaze to see what crowned the tower of the fort! Through the "mists of the deep" they could discern a flag, but what were its colors? A while longer they waited in breathless silence, when, suddenly, by the first rays of the morning sun, they discovered that it bore upon its gorgeous folds the stars and stripes. Then, with a throes of joy so intense that it was almost pain, were born the lines—

"To the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Meanwhile, in the northeastern part of the city of Baltimore, upon a broad elevation known as Gallows hill, lay an encampment of militia, comprising men from Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. Uniformed in blue cloth coats faced with red, blue pantaloons, white vests, shoes overlaid with cloth gaiters, for hats and high leather stocks with the United States coat of arms stamped upon them, they were quite as picturesque as our *soldats* of to-day, as, lying upon the green sward, they discussed the complete rout of Cockburn's fleet and rejoiced over Britain's second defeat. Among the soldiery were two brothers, Charles and Ferdinand Durang, strolling Thespians from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. They were genial, brave, mirthful fellows, so overflowing with rollicking fun that they kept their comrades alive, body and soul, by compelling them to laugh while all around was so gruesome. Charles, who had been to the city on a brief furlough, said, as he rejoined his men: "Boys, have you heard of the new poem written by Frank Key, while aboard ship the other night? It's got the true ring in it or I'm no judge. Attention, company! and judge for yourselves."

It was a rude copy, written, like my grandfather's letter, in a scrawl which Rufus Choate might have mistaken for his own. An accomplished elocutionist, the pathetic eloquence of the grand inspiration lent some of its native fervor in its passage through the speaker's lips.

Three times he read it aloud, his audience ever increasing, until the entire division seemed electrified by the poet's doubt and triumph. So loudly an idea seized the brother Ferdinand.