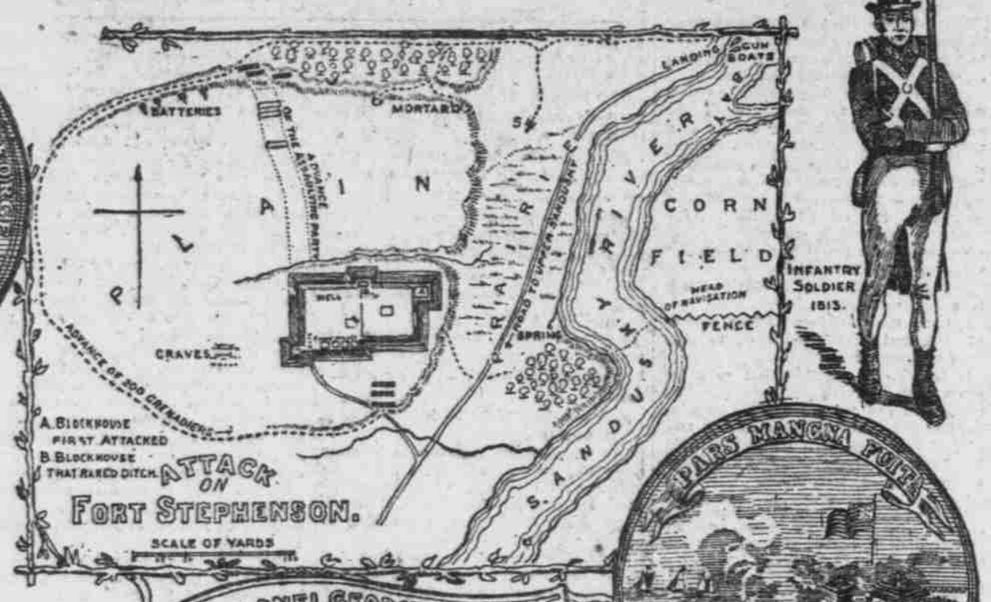
HOW A COLLEGE YOUTH BEAT BACK A WHOLE ARMY

GEORGE CROGHAN, AGED SEVENTEEN, AT FORT STEVENSON, IN THE WAR OF 1812



WHEN the war of 1812 began, sanguine people believed that the Canadian provinces would be glad to be liberated from British rule, and with the approach of a victorious army of invasion would seize the opportunity of freeing themselves. But it was the other way. Instead of submitting to invasion, Canada became the invader. The Indian tribes, defeated at Tippecanoe, saw their opportunity for revenge, and under the lead of Tecumseh gathered to the British standard. The army under General Hull, which was to invade Upper Canada, was driven back almost at the outset, and instead of the tidings of victory which the Nation had expected, there arrived the dreadful news that Hull and his whole army had surrendered at Detroit. Attempts to regain the lost ground resulted in a series of disasters filled with the horrors of Indian massacre.

How Croghan Got His Chance.

It was then that George Croghan, 17 years old at the time, got his chance. He had hurried home two years before from Williams and Mary College in Virginia, where he was taking a post-graduate course in law, to take part in the defense of his Western home against the Indians. Croghan was the son of Major William Croghan, of the Revolutionary Army, and his mother was a sister of General George Rogers Clark, one of the famous founders of civilization in the Northwest.

Young Croghan had been appointed volunteer aid to Colonel John F. Boyd in the battle of Tippecanoe on November 7, 1811, and in 1812, when war with England began, he was appointed Captain of infantry.

It was merely as a precaution against remote possibilities that, in the Summer of 1812, Fort Stephenson had been built on the Lower Sandusky River. A frontier fort in those days was a simple affair, consisting mainly of a stockade and a blockhouse. A blockhouse was constructed on the northwest corner and another in the middle of the north side of the fort. The space inclosed by the stockade was about one hundred yards in one direction and about fifty in the other. And this shanty of a fort was soon to become a rock of defense which rolled back a wave of invasion that was filling the Western country with alarm.

In the Summer of 1813 the Northwest was lost to the Americans, and a British force under Major General Proctor was advancing upon Ohio, coasting the lake shore in boats, while the Indian allies under Tecumseh made their way by land. General Harrison, the victor of Tippecanoe, was in command of the American Army. All his supplies were at Upper Sandusky, and he had a force of about 800 regulars and militia with which to maintain his position against 500 British regulars and militia, accompanied by Tecumseh and his Indians, making the British force several thousand strong. It was reported that Tecumseh with 2000 Indians was moving straight upon Harrison's base of supplies by the direct road from the west. To check this flank movement upon his communications, Harrison established himself at Seneca, 10 miles in the rear of Fort Stephenson. Against the advance of the British up the Sandusky River the only obstacle was Fort Stephenson.

The stockade dignified by that title was garrisoned by 160 soldiers. Young Croghan was the officer in command. He had become Major of the Seventeenth Regiment, United States Infantry. He had strengthened the fort as much as possible by building two additional blockhouses and by constructing a ditch about eight feet deep and wide. One iron six-pounder cannon was all that he had in the way of artillery. General Harrison did not consider the place tenable against a regular siege, and in orders left with Major Croghan, he said: "Should the British troops approach you in force with cannon, and you discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores. You must be aware to attempt to retreat in the face of an Indian force would be vain. Against such an enemy your garrison would be safe, however great the number."

Disobeyed Orders.

But Croghan had no notion of retreating. He was eager to fight and full of confidence in his ability to hold the fort. It was, therefore, a great blow to him when, on July 29, 1813, General Harrison, having learned that the approaching enemy had cannon, sent positive orders to abandon the fort. By the time the dispatch bearer arrived Indians were prowling in the woods around the fort. Croghan regarded retreat as impossible, and thought it likely that his reply would be intercepted, so he gave it a tone of defiance. He wrote:

"I have just received yours of yesterday, 10 o'clock P. M., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and, by heavens, we can."

But the message got through and General Harrison would not brook what looked like insubordination. He immediately ordered Colonel Wells, of Croghan's own regiment, to supersede Croghan in command. Colonel Wells had an escort of dragoons, and on the road the party had a brush with the Indians, killing 17 of them. Major Croghan promptly reported to headquarters at Seneca and made such satisfactory explanations that he was restored to command with discretionary authority to hold the fort or abandon it, as he saw fit.

A Gritty Little Band.

Saturday, August 1, 1813, the British landed at the mouth of the river and began the attack the afternoon of the same day. Tecumseh with about 2000 Indians occupied the woods in the rear, to cut off the retreat and intercept reinforcements. General Porter sent a flag of truce to the fort, demanding immediate surrender. Major Croghan sent Second Lieutenant Shepp to meet the party. The British officers, after receiving a formal refusal to surrender, pleaded with him not to persist in a hopeless defense.

"Look at our immense body of Indians," said Captain Dixon, of the Royal Engineers, who commanded the Indian allies of the British. "It is a great pity that so fine a young man as you, and your commander is represented to be, should fall into the hands of the savages. Sir, for God's sake, surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance."

Lieutenant Shepp coolly replied: "When the fort shall be taken, there will be none to massacre."

As Lieutenant Shepp turned back to the fort an Indian attempted to snatch his sword. Captain Dixon at once interfered. Major Croghan, who was standing on the ramparts, saw the occurrence and it heated his blood.

Professor James D. Butler, of Madison, Wis., had it from his grandfather, Israel Harris, who was with Ethan Allen, that what that doughty fighter did say was not "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" when summoning the British commander to surrender, as his story has it, but: "Come out of here, you d——d old rat." Both history and tradition agree in Croghan's case that his language, when he saw the indignity offered to his Lieutenant, was couched in the plain, impulsive terms of common speech, and not in the dignified eloquence preferred by history. He shouted: "Shepp, come in, and we will blow them all to hell." And he soon showed that he meant it.

The attack began at once, the British opening fire from their gunboats and from a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer, which they had landed. In order to create the impression that the garrison had several heavy guns, the solitary cannon was shifted from one blockhouse to another and fired at intervals. When it became dark the garrison ceased replying to the British cannonade and Major Croghan ordered his six-pounder trained so that it would rake the ditch in the direction of the northwest angle, and the most assailable part of the stockade. The gun was masked and loaded with the double charge of slugs and grape shot.

During the night the British dragged three six-pounders to ground higher than the fort, about 250 yards away, and as the dawn of Sunday lighted the scene they began a furious cannonade. All day they hammered at the defense, while the garrison made little reply, reserving their powder for the assault which they knew was coming. The British concentrated their fire on the northwest angle and Croghan was kept busy strengthening his position there. Bags of sand, and even sacks of flour from the garrison's stores of provisions, were piled against the pickets. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon came the crisis of the attack for which Croghan had been waiting and planning. A storm was gathering in the western sky and the rolling of the thunder mingled with the booming of the cannon as the British in three columns advanced to the assault. The fort was attacked on both sides, but the main assault was at the weakened northwest angle. It was gallantly made. A shower of bullets from the deadly rifles of the garrison threw the British into confusion, but their officers quickly rallied them. Lieutenant-Colonel Short leaped into the ditch at the head of the storming party and shouted to his axmen: "Cut away the pickets, my brave boys, and show the d——d Yankees no quarter."

The Deadly Six-Pounder.

This was the moment for which Croghan has reserved his six-pounder. The masked port flew open and the gun poured a volley of slugs and grape shot along the ditch, filling it with dead and wounded. The British fought with stubborn courage and the second storming party came on undauntedly, but another discharge from the six-pounder and a volley of rifle bullets ended the contest.

Lieutenant-Colonel Short, with two subalterns and twenty-five privates, lay dead in the ditch, but there were others still alive whose groans could be heard at the fort. Croghan could do nothing for them, as thousands of savage foes surrounded the fort and he could not take the risk of exposing any of the garrison. But as soon as it grew dark buckets of water were let down into the ditch and a trench was dug under the stockade by which the wounded could be reached without opening the gates of the fort. In the pile of bodies 26 were found still living, and they were drawn into the fort and cared for. The whole loss of the British in killed, wounded and missing was 97. The loss of the garrison was one man killed and seven slightly wounded. The blow to the British was so severe that they abandoned the expedition. General Proctor was disgusted with his Indian allies, who had left the British to make the assault alone. The same night he re-embarked his troops and returned to his headquarters at Malden, Canada. One hundred and sixty men, commanded by a youth, had repelled the invasion of Ohio, defeating an army, before which the army, of which his own command was a detachment, had retreated.

UNCLE SAM AS A GREAT BUSINESS MAN

HE HAS AN ARMY OF COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS, WHO PEER INTO ALL SORTS OF QUEER PLACES

YOUR Uncle Sam really is not merely that vague thing—a Government. He takes his profession very seriously, indeed, and he carries on his shoulders all the business cares of millions of persons.

He has two business managers. Their titles are Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of State. Many persons imagine that all that the Secretary of the Treasury has to do is to issue paper and metal money. But really that is the easiest part of the business. The currency of the country is really nothing except just checks. They don't look like the checks that your father signs in his business; but, just like those checks, they must have funds behind them to be of any use. And to get funds the business managers of little stores in little towns or big stores like Uncle Sam's must do business all the time.

So the Secretary of the Treasury is worrying always as to where he can get money. He watches all the ships that come in, from Lower California to Behring Straits on the Pacific Coast, and from Texas around the Gulf Coast and all the way north along the Atlantic to the farthest Northern port in Maine. And all along the Canadian boundary are men on land and men on ships, watching for anything that may enter the United States in that direction. These men are called revenue officers, and their vessels are revenue cutters. But they really are just collectors, like the men who go around collecting money for the butcher or the baker or the grocer with whom your parents deal.

Then there are all the collectors who go around all over the country to get money from the folk who make liquor and cigars and drugs and other things, who, Uncle Sam thinks, should pay for the privilege of doing business in his domain.

But all this money goes only a little way toward paying expenses. If Uncle Sam tried to live on it alone he would be like any other business man who tried to get along on the money that he might make by collecting rent from such parts of his establishment as he could let out to other folk while he lets the rest lie idle. So Uncle Sam must do a great deal of business to make ends meet. And to do it he has an army of commercial travelers. No other concern in the world except the British Government has so many. He sends them everywhere. If you were to go to Madagascar, or Peru, or Borneo, or any other outlandish place, you would be sure to find one of them. They do not travel with sample cases like other commercial travelers, although some of them have done that, too, when necessary. And their goods are not limited to any particular line. They are sent out with orders to sell anything from shoes to railroads.

These commercial travelers of Uncle Sam are known as Consuls and Consular Agents. The big ones among them, something like the head salesmen of business houses, are Consuls-General. They have other duties besides those of selling goods, but to push Uncle Sam's products is their chief business.

Like the travelers of private business firms, Uncle Sam's drummers send their reports regularly, telling him just what they have done and just where there is a chance to sell things and what prices may be obtained for them. Thus, several of Uncle Sam's salesmen went away and away up the Orinoco River a few years ago. They traveled more grandly than most traveling salesmen do, for they went up in a gunboat, the beautiful Wilmington. That was a wonderful business trip indeed. Perhaps there never had been so romantic a one since Solomon sent his great fleets to the mines of Ophir to bring back gold. The Wilmington went into the heart of South America, where white men and their ships never had been seen before. Her guns and the roar of her steam and the rushing of her propeller frightened strange painted men and giant anacondas and jaguars and countless other forest dwellers in regions that were quite unknown till then. She steamed on and on until she could go no further. And when she stopped she was almost at the foot of the Andes. This was a storybook voyage, indeed, and it was almost all for the prosaic business of finding new markets for American shoes and cloth and agricultural implements and windmills and anything else that you can imagine if you imagine hard for 24 hours.

There was another traveler for Uncle Sam who heard one day that the British were going to build a railroad in Africa. So he hurried to look for business. He couldn't take a train, because there was none. He traveled in all kinds of ways, from horseback to canoe, and when he discovered that the report was true he wrote Uncle Sam a letter, and Uncle Sam sent it to all his partners. You know who those partners are. Only they are not called Uncle Sam's partners usually, but just "citizens." And one of them dispatched his own salesman and got the order for rails and locomotives before the British merchants knew what was happening.

Another salesman was in the Bible country last year, and he noticed that all the inhabitants were still pumping their water as they had done in the days of Christ—with clumsy wooden windmills, rude water wheels, and still more rude well sweeps. So he wrote all about it to the assistant business manager in the State Department, who is called chief of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce.

Now in an ordinary business house, the manager would merely have to ask the shipping clerks and the superintendent and other employes and find out what they had that would be good to send to that country. But the manager of Uncle Sam's business must reach tens of thousands of persons. So he prints his information and sends it out. This he did with the information from the Bible lands. And before long there were all kinds of American inventions on the way, and now a traveler in the Holy Land will see steam engines and great iron windmills everywhere with the names of American firms and American towns on them, looking queerly enough in that old, old land that was ancient before America was discovered.

No place is too far for Uncle Sam's drummers. He had one trotting around on the coast of Siberia to find out whether or not he could do business with the adventurous men who kill seals up there. Another one dived far into the interior of Java to see if Uncle Sam could not make a little profit by selling the natives cotton goods and shoes in exchange for the coffee and quinine that he buys there.

Perhaps the funniest letter written by any of these keen salesmen was sent last year, when one of them wrote from Turkey that there was a good market there for American overalls. Just imagine a great, solemn-bearded Turk with his long pipe and his upturned Turkish slippers, wearing a pair of blue jean overalls from Massachusetts!

Those commercial travelers of Uncle Sam have helped upset a famous proverb. Whenever men wanted to describe anything that was utterly useless they would say that it was "like carrying coals to Newcastle." Well, one of those bright drummers wrote one day what he had found out about Newcastle, and now the United States is shipping coal to Newcastle by the shipload, and still the demand is not satisfied. And we actually are sending cutlery to Sheffield now! Uncle Sam's quick and sharp drummers helped that along, too.

J. W. M.

GEORGE ADE'S FABLE

OF SORROWFUL BILL, THE SOUR GRAPES AND A SYMPATHETIC LISTENER

ONCE there was a long-headed Schemer who picked up his Assets and moved East. By breaking into every Good Thing that came along and nailing each Opportunity to get a stand in with the Gentlemen who own the Universe, he was enabled to stack up something like a Million.

It looked big to his Relations who lived out West, but in New York he was a cheap Piker. His Steam Yacht had only one Funnel and there were only seven Bath-Rooms in his House. In fact, he was a good deal of a Skate any way you looked at him.

The Second-Rater had a Cousin named Sep who lived in one of our Middle States. In his own Bailiwick this Sep was a very galus Proposition. He owned a General Store and a Stock Farm and had Rubber Tires on his Buggy and wore Gloves when driving.

After the Corn had been laid by and the Oats thrashed, Sep had a little time for Romancing around over the Country. He bought a paper-muslin Duster, had a Lunch put up and bought an Excursion Ticket to Morgansville.

The struggling Millionaire said he was glad to see Sep. He did not shout it through a Megaphone or hang out any Bulletins. He simply said that he was glad to see Sep and he should have been, for Seppy had slept two nights in the Day Coach and had just bought a sack of Bananas.

"Bill, it seems to me that you look kind of peaked," said Sep, as he sank into a Leather Chair and tackled Banana No. 8.

"Ah, yes, I have been under a great Strain," replied the unhappy Soul. "You see, just when we got that South African Business all straightened out and were ready for the Coronation, there came the Operation and it upset us dreadfully."

"What are you talking about?" asked Sep.

"The Anglo-Saxon Alliance," replied Cousin Bill. "We are now One People. They don't know it, but we are."

"The Alliance cuts very few Lemons out around Peavey's Junction," replied Sep. "Our Idea of the Alliance is to stay Friendly with them as long as they buy our Beef Cattle and Grain."

"Not at all," said Bill. "Our present Policy is to skin them until they are overcome with Admiration and invite us to Dinner. You may not know it, Sep, but New York is the Home of the expensive Meal Ticket. For instance. Why have I whip-sawed the Market all these years and boned like a Turk and worn my nerves to a blithering Frazzle in this unending Wrassle for the Almighty? Is it because I wish to endow a Presbyterian College or establish Ping-Pong Parlors for plain Working Girls? Not on your Breakfast Food! Right across the Street from us there resides a large Lady who has original Knickerbocker Corpuscles moving up and down in her System. She has Blue Blood and lots of it. We are stathering our Currency and giving her the Office every day or two in the Hope that some Day she will ask us to come over and eat on her. When that gladsome Moment arrives, it's a 50 to 1 Shot that we'll all die of Joy."

"What seems to be your Handicap?" asked Sep. "You were invited to all the Parties when you lived at Peavey's Junction."

"Any one who comes in from the Cockle-Burr District with a Bundle is known as a Newvo Reash," replied Bill. "I don't know what it means, never having studied the Dead Languages, but it's about the same as a Slob. In other words, if you make your own Money you're an Awful Thing, but if some one slips it to you and you've never done anything with it except count it and sprinkle a little Florida Water on it, then you're a Nice Young Fellow. Now you see what I'm up against. I'm guilty of Work and every one is on to me. The best I can hope for is that some of my Grandchildren will Doctor up my Record and finally draw the Meal Ticket."

"What do you care?" asked Sep. "I wouldn't wear out a whole kit of Tools trying to break into a Refrigerator."

"Ah, Septimus, you do not understand," said the disconsolate Cousin. "It is the Boy who starts in Life on a Hay Rack and opens his first Cold Bottle at the age of 35 who wants to take his whole Tribe into the Camp of the Elite and swap Visiting Cards with the Vans. Social Recognition has a high Rating because there are only a few Shares on the Market and not because it pays Dividends."

"It seems to me that a Slick Man who can beat almost any kind of a Money Game ought to learn in time how to handle a Combine that's in the hands of a few Elderly Ladies," said Sep.

"I'm afraid that a Man with a Tall-grass Training will make Breaks all his Life," replied Bill. "He's always doing what he wants to do, instead of playing Follow your Leader. I started to play Golf this year, not knowing that it was a Dead Card with the 400. As for riding a Wheel, they take a Shot at any one who does that. The Panama Hat is scratched because it is worn by the Common Sort who have to engage in Thought during the Heated Season. Rule No. 1 of the Smart Set is to chop any Diversion that has caught on with the Working Classes. As soon as I will pay for a Motor Car and One Year's Subscription, all the real Blue Fish will give their Machines to the Servants and fall to the Air-Ship. Any one with an old-fashioned Hankering for Base Ball and Family Rigs and Drug Store Sody Water and all such Prairie Luxuries, has about one Chance in a Million. Even if my Plebe Tastes didn't queer me, I suppose I would be disqualified under the Pedigree Clause. I have been trying to classify our Ancestral Tree, and I find that it is a Shell-Bark Hickory that has been struck by Lightning several times. It appears that one morning about 200 years ago a Ship was ready to set Sail for the New World. A large number of Foreigners who figured that they couldn't be any worse off, even among the Indians, had booked Passage. One of our Ancestors had made arrangements to sail on that Boat. The Night before the Departure he dropped into the Tavern to say Good-Bye. He became all diked up and overslept himself. When he arrived at the Dock he saw the Ship, loaded down with First Families, pulling out of the Harbor. That one Jag is what put our whole Family to the Bad. I figure that if he had not missed that Boat, I would be sitting under an Awning at Newport at this very Minute, with some one fanning me. The grand Mistake our Folks made was to come in with the Bunch. Any one living anywhere on the Other Side at present is strictly in it, and those who came over in time to qualify for the Colonial Societies are now regarded as IT by their distant Relations, but those who have come in during the last Century are simply unplaced."

"I can't see it in that Light at all," said Sep. "I have been reading Ridpath's History of the United States, and it says we are all Free and Equal."

"I don't believe it circulates in Our Set," said Bill. "It might, if some one in London would get out a De Luxe Edition."

"Bill," said Sep, "I think you've got the whole Works down pat. It's too bad that you can't guess the Combination."

MORAL: The Betwixt and Between Families know what genuine Grief is.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

The Shandon Bells.

Sabbata pango;
Funera plango;
Solemnia clango.
—Inscription on an old bell.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfrey, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the doms of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber;
Pealing solemnly;
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk oh!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me;
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

—Francis Sylvester Mahoney.

The Brookside.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stir'd,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer,
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

—Lord Houghton.

Stepping Westward.

"What, are you stepping Westward?"—"Yea."
—'Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance;
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dusky ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny;
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake,
Was walking by her native lake;
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy;
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice unwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of traveling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

—William Wordsworth.

Cheer Up.

Who weeps o'er a threat'ning future
And sighs of a "heartless world"?
Who stalks o'er hope-strewn landscape
With flags of despair unfurled?
You wretched and weary pilgrim
Who rail at a dreaded doom,
Say, where is the good of grumbling?
And what is the gain in gloom?

Do most of the storms that lower
Above the horizon's rim
Break over the fields about you,
Or melt in the distance dim?
Do half of the sorrows smite you
That savagely leer and loom?
Come, tell me the good of grumbling
And tell me the gain in gloom.

O foolish and heartsore trav'ler,
Thank God for the sun and breeze;
Thank God for the fields of flowers,
The satisfied sigh of trees;
Let cheerlessness seek in silence
Long rest in a humble tomb—
For where is the good of grumbling,
Or what is the gain in gloom?

—S. W. Gillilan.

Sorrow.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive Him; rise and bow;
And, ere His shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first His heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before Him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

—Aubrey Thomas De Vere.

Different Minds.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

—Richard C. French.

The Chambered Nautilus.

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.

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 iridd 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 wreathed 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!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Sea Fowley.

The Baron hath the landward park, the fisher hath the sea;
But the rocky haunts of the sea fowl belong alone to me.

The Baron hunts the running deer, the fisher nets the brine;
But every bird that builds a nest on ocean cliffs is mine.

Come on, then, Jock and Alick, let's to the sea rocks bold.
I was train'd to take the sea fowl ere I was five years old.

The wild sea roars and lashes the granite crags below,
And 'round the misty islets the loud, strong tempests blow.

And let them blow! Roar wind and wave, they shall not me dismay;
I've faced the eagle in her nest and snatch'd her young away.

The eagle shall not build her nest, proud bird although she be,
Nor yet the strong-wing'd cormorant, without the leave of me.

The elder duck has laid her eggs, the tern doth hatch her young,
And the merry gull screams o'er her brood; but all to me belong.

Away, then, in the daylight, and back again ere eve;
The eagle could not rear her young, unless I gave her leave.

The Baron hath the landward park, the fisher hath the sea;
But the rocky haunts of the sea fowl belong alone to me.

—Mary Botham Howitt.

The Sleeping Beauty.

O, Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

—Robert Burns.

Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
Bring again—
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain!

—William Shakespeare.

Love's Disguises.

Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow;
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know!

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast;—
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!
Sleep on secure! Above control
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee;
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary!

—Samuel Rogers.

Even This Will Pass Away.

Touched with the delicate green of early May,
Or later, when the rose unveils her face,
The world hangs glittering in star-strown space,
Fresh as a jewel found but yesterday,
And yet 'tis very old; what tongue may say
How old it is? Race follows upon race,
Forgetting and forgotten; in their place
Sink tower and temple; nothing long may stay.
We build on tombs, and live our day, and die;
From out our dust new towers and temples start;
Our very name becomes a mystery,
What cities no man ever heard of lie
Under the glacier, in the mountain's heart,
In violet glooms beneath the moaning sea!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A Prayer for Love.

If Love were jester at the court of Death,
And Death the king of all, still would I pray,
"For me the motley and the bauble, yea
Though all be vanity as the Preacher saith,
The mirth of love be mine for one brief breath!"
Then would I kneel the monarch to obey,
And kiss that pale hand whether it spare or slay;
Since I have tasted love, what matteretb?
But if, dear God! this heart be dry as sand,
And cold as Charon's palm holding hell's toll,
How worse, how worse! Scotch it with sorrow's brand!
Haply, though dead to joy, 'twould feel that coal;
Better a cross, and nails through either hand,
Than Pilate's palace and a frozen soul!

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

The Dream of Home.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart too soon, too fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our barks may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most when evening's star
Smiles o'er the wave? To dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy, where'er he roves
That dream of home, that dream of home.

—Thomas Moore.