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Poetry.

The Bald-Headed Tyrant.

BY MARY E. VANDYKE.

Oh! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.

But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.
Oh, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;

Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts beat still when we heard him cry:
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Through never a word could his small lips speak
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak.

Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's land!"
But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture they'd read me there.

The while they worshiped with beaded knee,
This ruthless wretch with the missing hair;
For he ruled them all with relentless decree,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.

"With thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land!"
Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim.

"I'll take the tyrant under my care,"
He said, "what my hour-glass does to him."
The next morning that tyrant was planned
Is that same bald-head from No-man's land.

Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yell.

Could I stay the touch of that shriveling hand,
I would keep the bald-head from No-man's land.
For the loss of Peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals, I've learned, forsooth,

And hurried along without a tooth,
And he rules me too with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

—Harper's Monthly.

She was built more for stowage than
For speed, with bluff bows, and could
Lay away more oil in her hold than most
Ships of her class.

She was built very strong forward,
The better to withstand the heavy weather
And the shocks of the ice in high latitudes,
When belated in the Northern seas.

She was noted as a vessel which could
Find and strike whales when others
Were unlucky, and again and again she
Had come into port full of the hatches,
When others came back with a meagre
Show of oil.

The sailors used to say that they
Would sooner be before the mast in the
Old "Arctic" than mate of another whaler,
Because they could make more money.

A man was standing near the fore-castle
Shading his eyes with his hand and
Peering out ahead.

He was tall, and strongly built, his
Face marked by the tattooing instruments
In use in the North seas.

Yet he had the air of a model sailor,
As indeed he was—Nat Myers, harpooner
In the captain's boat, and king of the
Fore-castle.

No man of all the crew had more influ-
ence, but it was not the influence of fear,
For the men all loved him.

With the strength of an ox, he had the
Calm, even temper so often seen in men
Of giant build, as if, knowing his strength,
He could not use it against his weaker
Brethren.

Standing upon the fore-castle by his
Side was a boy about twelve years of
Age, a beautiful lad, with brown curling
Hair, sunny blue eyes and delicate face.

He was following the gaze of the har-
pooner, who had been looking so inten-
tly out at sea.

"What is it, Nat?" he asked.
"I thought I saw spouts, little un,"
Replied the harpooner, "but I'll be
blowed if I did. How do you feel since
you have been in the Pacific?"

"I get stronger every day, Nat. I
believe you will do just as you said you
would, and make a man of me."

"I can do it, my boy," said the old
harpooner. "You've been codded too
much, and swallowed too much candy,
and such truck. Once let me get you to
eat pudding with nothing for plums but
dried apples, and you are all right."

George Betts was the captain's nephew,
and the doctors had said that the only
thing which would save his life was a
sea voyage; and rough as the life was,
and although the chances against his
being strong enough to be as it were
many, his father gave him in charge of
Captain Jacobs.

That worthy passed him over to Nat
Myers at once.

"Take care of him, Nat," he said
"He's been taking life too easy."

At first George fairly lived on salt pork,
tough beef, dignified by the names of
"salt horse" and "mabogony" when it
was almost impossible for him to eat at
all.

Then he laughed at his sea-sickness,
and dragged him up the railing almost
by main force.

He complained to his uncle, who

grimly said that he had nothing to do
with the matter.
"But he'll kill me, uncle."

"No, he won't, my boy. There ain't a
better fellow on these seas than old Nat.
He'll make a man of you."

As the days went on, and George
grew more accustomed to life on board
ship, he really began to like his torment-
or.

And as for Nat, he used to say in con-
fidence to his mates in the fore-castle,
that there never was such a boy, and
never would be.

He had gained so much strength that
he could run up the rigging like a cat,
and the smartest men in the ship could
not catch him when he was once on the
ratlines.

And by the time they had passed the
Sandwich Islands, and were heading up
for the whaling grounds, although a
delicate looking boy, he was stronger
than he had ever been before in his life.

"Uncle says that when we take one
more whale, he is going to Honolulu,"
said George. "I wish you would, for
you promised to take me to the volcano
of Kilaua—didn't you now?"

"Bet your life, I will, George. It's a
sight to see, I tell you. But look-ee
here—we are going to have the biggest
storm you ever see."

"Pshaw! There never was a fairer
day."

"Look-ee, my boy," said Nat in a
threatening manner. "Member what I
told ye about contradicting me?"

"But I don't see any signs of a storm,
Nat."

"Don't ye? Did you ever see Mother
Carey's chickens so thick unless before a
storm? Ain't that big shark followed
the ship for three days? You'll see it
blow great guns before ten hours go by."

"Is that all the reason you think so,
Nat?"

"Well, my boy, I go by the sky, too.
I don't like that lead colored line close
down to the water's edge yonder. If
there ain't wind in it, then I'm a lubber,
that's all."

Three hours later, when the first mate
had the deck, and Nat was standing on
the topgallant fore-castle with George
by his side, the squall burst upon them
with a sudden fury.

The first wave which came aboard
crushed in the rail and swept the decks,
and George Betts was carried into the
boiling ocean.

It was broad daylight, and Nat, with a
cry like that of a wild beast robbed of
his young, buried himself over the rail,
holding in his hands a light plank, the
only thing which could seize.

They saw him rising upon the top of
a great wave, and then George Betts
came into view beyond him, struggling
for his life.

The old harpooner hurried himself
through the water with the might of a
giant, his eyes fixed upon the lad he
loved.

"Bear up, my lad," they heard the
cry, through the roar of the tempest;
"Old Nat is coming."

The boy, who, slight as he was, was a
swimmer, tossed his white hand in the
air as a signal that he heard him.

The crew of the Arctic could do nothing,
for they required all their strength and
skill to raise the ship.

As she rose dripping from the surge
and went off with the wind over her
quarter, a dozen voices together volun-
teered to man a boat.

"No, lads," said the captain, sadly;
"No man can love his nephew better
than I do mine, but no boat can live in
such a sea. I will not risk half a dozen
lives for two. Besides, the ship would
run a boat out of sight in half an hour,
even if we could lower one. Bear a
hand to the braces; meet her, meet her,
you at the wheel; don't let her fall off."

And the Arctic sped on before the awful
gale, leaving Nat Myers and George
Betts at the mercy of the angry sea.

The old sailor struggled on, and at last,
with a cry of joy, he saw the boy clutch
the end of the plank.

"That's right, my boy," he said.
"Cheerily, cheerily, lad. What do we
care for any wind that blows while we
are together?"

"The ship is away," said George, sad-
ly, as he saw the Arctic rush on before
the wind.

"Never you mind, lad. The old man
will be back as soon as the gale blows its
pipe out. That won't be long, either."

He passed his arm about the lad, and
stripping off his belt, raised the boy, so
that he lay upon the board, and then
bound him to it, face down, but in such
a position that he could raise his head a
foot or more from the plank.

"That's it. Watch the swell, and when
it comes, close your mouth and put down
your head."

He was swimming beside the plank,
pushing it before him, but making no at-
tempt to get on it.

"Why don't you get on the plank,
Nat?" said George uneasily.

"Never you mind me," said Nat, in a
cheerful voice. "I'm a perfect fish, if
you come to that."

But although he spoke so bravely, he
felt in his heart that he had made his last
voyage.

The weight of his heavy sea clothing
was dragging him down, and he knew
that the board would not bear them both.

The life of this rude sailor was as dear
to him as that of any man, but he loved
the boy dearly.

"I'll die for him," he thought. "It

may not save him, but I can do that."

He shifted his hold on the board, and
moved up until his face was close to that
of George Betts.

"Kiss me, lad," he said; and if you es-
cape, don't forget old Nat Myers."

The boy raised his head and pressed
his lips to those of the old sailor.

"I love you, Nat," he said.

Then Nat Myers, with a smile upon his
face, fell back to his old position.

Once George spoke to him, and he an-
swered.

The storm had ceased, but the waves
were running high, and an hour passed
on.

Then, a league distant, George Betts
saw the white sails of the "Arctic" re-
turning in search of those who had lost.

With a glad cry the boy turned his
head to look at Nat, but the sea was a
blank.

That brave man had died in silence,
sooner than bear down the frail support
of the boy he loved.

And the children of George Betts love
the memory of that brave old sailor who
died for their father's sake.

—Harper's Monthly.

Oh! the Summer Night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whirl the sweet winds round her
With garlands of odors,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown.

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing light,
And a step both strong and free!
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of Thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

—Barry Cornwall.

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thought for the country he had honored
too much to bear a stain upon her es-
cutcheon, the soul of Elijah Lovejoy
went out with the wild night. No con-
trast could be sharper than this between
the literary and the political journalist.

Addison and Steele were courted in
life and honored in death. Lovejoy
sleeps in a martyr's grave, which bears
the inscription "parce jam sepulcro."

Journalism was welcomed to the
realm of letters as the messenger bring-
ing freedom of thought and elegance of
expression. Journalism was admitted to
the realm of politics only after a hard
fight and many details. Do the facts
sustain these judgments? His journal-
ism became the queen of letters and the
hugman of government; America's cen-
tury of experience seems to answer no.

To-day our newspaper makes impera-
tive demands upon men of brains. But
it induces them to enter a narrow sphere
of action. The primary conditions of
artistic and enduring work are lacking.
No muse can be caught for it, if it be
wings and walk soberly down the col-
umns of the morning's leader. To the
editor, fame is a thing of to-day. He
writes for the compositor, not for the
critic. We have but one William Cullen
Byrant, while we have hundreds of
George Arnolds—men who give us a
single glimpse of their possibilities and
then are beguiled into hopeless senti-
mentality and trashiness.

Again, pure English is not to be
found in the columns of six American
newspapers. Fungus of language are as
surely produced from them as insects
from the decaying log of Bastian. So we
are forced to conclude that the literary
influence of journalism is fatal, both
because it corrupts the language and
because it perverts to common uses the
artistic strength of genius. Now, let us
ask ourselves what is its relation to our
government?

National effects are produced by in-
dividual and social causes. The lever
which would move that intangible mass
—the nation—must have a fulcrum of
individual character. So whatever force
affects the nation, it must be the work
of the individual. Not a single member of
the nation could do without the news-
paper. It is indispensable to them,
every one, from the young girl who goes
off into a remote corner of a single line
in the column of marriages, or it may be
of death, to the father, whose breakfast
reads while he studies the money
market. The life of each of us is broad-
ened by contact with this microcosm of
the world. The whole world is brought
within the scope of our vision. Think
of it, says Lowell, "for three dollars a
year, I buy a season's access to the great
Globe Theatre, for which God would
excuse the drama; for which we like farces,
spectacles and the tragedies of Apollon
better, whose scenes—slender time and
whose curtain is rung down by Death."

We cease to remark the novelty and
vastness of the spectacle, but it goes on
all the same. We glance carelessly at
the sunrise and get used to Orion and
the Pleiades. The wonder wears off,
and to-morrow this sheet which was let
down to us from Heaven shall be the
wrapping for a bar of soap, or the plat-
form for a beggar's broken victuals.

From the days when the letters of
Junius set all England aflame against
tyranny, to the time when the Federalist
helped to lay firmly the foundations of
our republic, when in our great national
struggle the Tribune kept alive the dy-
ing fires of patriotism in a million homes,
the press has been the most incorruptible
supporter of justice and liberty. The
investigations of the past year would
never have begun if such papers as the
"Nation," the "Tribune," and "Post"
had not held up to scorn the statesmen
who were afraid to open the coffin of
official honor, even for the sake of drag-
ging forth national honor from the mas-
ing loathsome mire of corruption. Who
cared for the capital? It cadships are
run on strings are defrauded—who
cares for all this, if the private American
citizen does not. Through the news-
paper, as the expression of the most in-
tellectual of citizens, comes naturally the
protest against fraud and dishonesty.

The free press is the ruler which will
keep us from shipwreck on the rock
which stranded the Roman Republic and
which threatens to ruin the French Re-
public—the rock of popular ignorance.

A single ray of light is able to grasp
with an overbearing power of chemi-
cal reaction in some of the silver com-
pounds, and to set free the glistening
metal which the strength of Hercules
could not have dragged from its combina-
tion. So we need not seek long and far
for the force which shall conquer the
corrupting powers at work in our republic.
It is our very duty. It is the power of
intelligent public opinion. Nothing can
stand before it. Says Wendell Phillips,
"the penny papers of New York do more
to govern this country than the
White House at Washington."

Mr. Webster says "we live under a govern-
ment of laws." He was mistaken. We
live under a government of men—and
morning newspapers.

As a nation trying earnestly and
bravely the experiment of a republic, we
rely upon the free press as our surest
support. As a nation ambitious for the
highest art in literature we must ac-
knowledge that this great unwhipped
pillar mars the beauty of our growing
cathedral. The friend of reason, of
science, of the highest practical govern-
ment sense is the basis of practical gov-
ernment. In the nature of the thing
of Greek art, but Sparta was the cradle
of Greek patriotism. We must be con-
tent to be a practical nation for some
years to come, and as such the news-
paper is invaluable to us. We will for-
get what it does for our letters for the
sake of what it does for our government.
When our friends are one-eyed, let us
look at their profiles.

The Itch, which is a Protean disease, and undoubtedly of animalcular origin, can only be effectually and permanently cured by sulphur. Glaxo Sulphur Soap presents the remedy in its most palatable and convenient form. Sold everywhere.

