



"HE STOPS AT THE SIGN OF THE WEATHERVANE."

TILGHMAN'S RIDE FROM YORKTOWN TO PHILADELPHIA.

OCTOBER 19, 1781.

FROM day to day came a heavy roar,
 Like the boom of the surf on a distant shore,
 Or the rumble of thunder far away—
 An ominous sound, from day to day,
 To the south, where York and Gloucester lay;
 And from night to night
 Hung a lurid light,
 Now smouldering deep, now glowing bright,
 Staining the black sky off to the south
 With a smear of red, like a belch from the
 mouth

Of the pit; while the rumble and roar came
 clear
 Through the hush of the night to the listen-
 ing ear,
 From over by Yorktown, far below—
 That autumn a hundred years ago.

But the heavy booming from day to day
 Suddenly ceased, and a silence lay
 Where just before
 Was the muffled roar

That beat on the ear like the surf on the shore.

'Twas as if the pulse of the air had stopped,
And a death-like silence had swiftly dropped
On the leaden beat of that pulse instead.
Then the listening folk to each other said,
With many a doubting shake of the head:
"Now what has happened at York below?
Is it peril to friend, or peril to foe?"
While the scowling Tories gathered about,
And swore, "The Yankees are put to rout,
As they often were put to rout before."

The southern road, in the days of yore,
Ran south toward Yorktown, stretching away,
Girding the earth like a ribbon of gray,
A fine old high-road, making its way,
Now through the spicy piny glades
With their resinous glooms and sombre shades,
Now where a broad plantation sleeps
By the marge of the river that slowly creeps
Past oozy banks, the lazy stream
Bedusked by the breeze in the morning gleam,
Now by a court-house, a little town,
A tavern, a cross-road store, till down
To the south in the haze it melts to the eye
Toward the quarter where York and Gloucester lie.

And the people gathered along the road
From far and near, to the tavern broad,
To the cross-road store, to the court-house town,

To catch the news as it came from down
By Yorktown, far away to the south.
Then rumor was passed from mouth to mouth,
Now of a victory, now of a rout;
And wild reports were bandied about,
First rising with hope, then sinking to doubt.
Up the road comes the sound of the beat
And the regular rhythm of galloping feet,
As a horseman, riding with whip and goad,
Leaves a dusty trail behind on the road
Away to the south. Each muscle and vein
Of his charger knots with the nervous strain
As, with head stretched forward and streaming mane,

It bends to the pace, its nostrils red,
And flecks of foam on its breast and head,
Galloping free, with the ringing sound
Of the iron hoofs on the solid ground.
As they flash like a bolt past the eager crowd,
The horseman rises and shouts aloud—
While the Tories cower and slink away—
"Cornwallis is taken at York to-day!"
From north to south, from east to west,
From the dewy dale to the mountain crest,
Like the fire that spreads through the crackling sedge,

In the autumn time by the river's edge,
So the news is carried from village to town,
Over the windy hill-tops, down
Through the valleys. It spreads as the breezes blow—

Cornwallis is taken in York below!
Through the pallid light of the early morn,
When the air is fresh of the day new born,

Through the dewy incense, cool and light,
That breathes from the east where the sky
grows bright,
A lonely rider, galloping fast,
Along the stretch of the high-road passed.
By the tavern he rides, by the farm-house,
down

Through stony streets of a sleeping town,
Clashing, clattering loudly, out
To the country again that lies about,
Without a stop on the broad highway,
So on and on through the brightening day,
Till the sun leaps up on his pathless way.

* * * * *
Now the noontide sun on the tavern eaves
Sleeps broadly, or down through the maple leaves,

All crimson and gold, it showers around
In the front of the porch on the dusty ground.
The loungers gather, a dozen or more,
On the high-backed benches beside the door,
And talk of the crops, and the thris and that
Of household news and of village chat,
Taking the lazy autumn day
In a drowsy, sleepy, indolent way.
Even the road that slopes to the mill
At the foot of the breezy, sun-lit hill
Seems drowsily sleeping, at lazy ease
In the broad warm sun and the shade of the trees.

The cozy village houses stand
Just back from the road on either hand.
Then suddenly, over the bridge at the mill
That spans a babbling stony rill,
Over the bridge till it thunders again,
A rider comes riding with might and main,
Up the hill, without check of rein,
Till he stops at the sign of the Weather-vane.
From crown to heel he is stained and gray
From the travel and dust along the way,
While the horse stands smeared and splashed
and wet

With blotches of foam and streaks of sweat,
With quivering flanks and heaving side,
And panting nostrils, red and wide.

As a pebble dropped in a placid pond
Breaks the surface in circles round,
So the placid surface of village chat,
The talk of the crops, and of this and of that,
Is broken and shivered in different rings
At the news from the south that the horse-
man brings:

"*Cornwallis is taken!*" Then cheer on cheer
Rings merrily out, and far and near
The people gather, with noise and shout,
While the fifer and drummer go marching
about

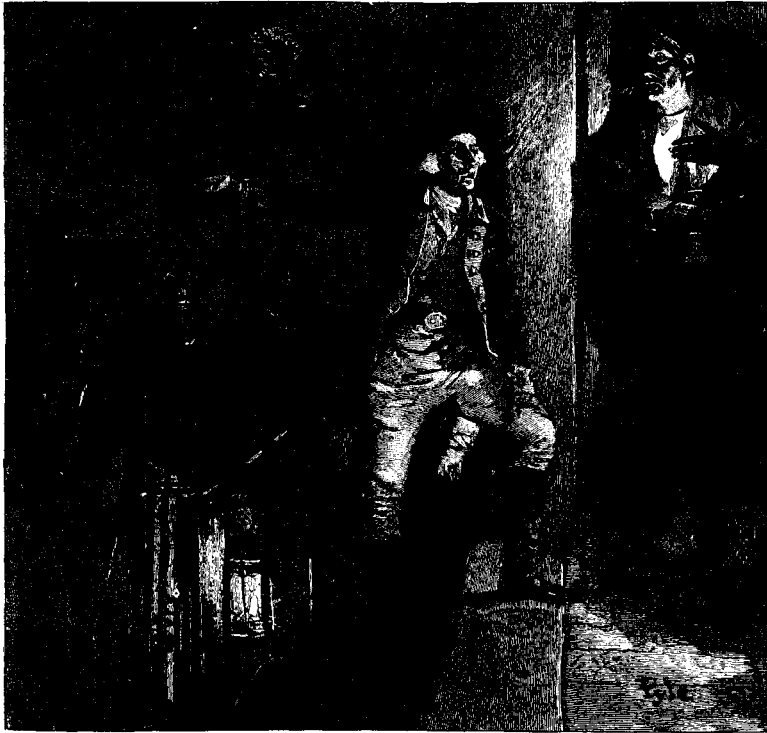
With a trailing crowd of boys and men;
And the flag is raised at the tavern then,
And shakes to the breeze with its colors gay,
While the traveller gallops along his way.

* * * * *
The sombre wings of the silent night
Are softly folded. The frosty light
Of a million stars is glittering high,
Like a silver dust on the purple sky.

The houses along the way-side loom
 All inky black from the heavy gloom,
 With now and then a gleam of light
 From a cheerful home on the solemn night;
 And all is silent; the very breath
 Of the air seems hushed in a sombre death,
 Save farther down, from a way-side inn,
 Where a smothered noise of a jovial din
 Speaks loudly of mirth and light within.
 But now through the hush of the night around
 Comes the distant sound
 Of the measured pound
 Of a horse's hoofs on the solid ground.

Then away and away, with a fainter beat
 And a duller thud of the horse's feet;
 But back through the silent night he hears
 The sound of shouts and of ringing cheers.

By noon, by night,
 Through the early light
 Of the misty morning, fresh and bright—
 He gallops by night, he gallops by day,
 To Philadelphia, far away;
 For he brings the news of joy and of
 cheer
 To the Congress of States assembled there.



“ THEN HE TELLS HIS NEWS, IN THE RUDDY GLOW.”

At first it throbs to the listening ear,
 But ever it sounds more full, more clear,
 Galloping, galloping, nearer fast,
 Up the road. As the inn^r is passed
 The door flies open, the guests pour out
 On the tavern porch, a merry rout,
 While the light and the glow from the bar-
 room there
 Stream over the road with a ruddy glare.
 The rider flashes across the light,
 And is swallowed again in the jaws of night.
 No check of rein as he gallops along,
 But he shouts his news to the listening
 through—
 He shouts the news as he gallops past:
 “Cornwallis is taken at York at last.”

A hush like death in the silent street;
 Not a sound is heard but the lonely beat
 Of the queer old watchman, up and down
 Through the silence of Philadelphia town.
 Like a gloomy pall hang the folds of night,
 Save here and there where a glow of light
 From a corner lamp casts a misty mark
 Of brightness around on the pavement dark:
 'Tis the heart of the night, from which is born
 The fluttering breath of the early morn.
 Like the solemn shade which the midnight
 brings,
 Like the blackness from which the morning
 springs,
 Was the gloom that hung like a heavy blight
 On the cause of freedom, the cause of right;

For up and down through the breadth of the land

Were rout and disaster on every hand.
We fought with a stern and stubborn will
The redcoats, Indians, Tories; still,
Fighting each foot, we were driven back,
Like the stag at bay with the hounds on its track.

But the quaint old town lay fast asleep,
All wrapped around with a silence deep;
Only the watch, with his lantern and bill,
Stops as he walks the streets all still,
And gives, with a quavering, sing-song call,
The hours: "'Tis two o' the clock, and all
Is well in the morning." The voice rings near
And loud in the silence; then, faint and clear,
Another voice like an echo fell:
"'Tis two o' the clock, and all is well
In the morning." Another, another, till
They die in the distance, and all is still,
And the watchman resumes his lonely beat
With swaying light down the silent street.

Then suddenly falls another sound
On the heavy silence that broods around,
Of galloping feet on the stony ground.
With a clatter of iron hoofs, and a spark
Struck now and then from a stone in the dark,
Past the gleam of the corner light,
He rides, with a flash through the shadows of night
Of steel and buckle and sabre bright.

The President's house stood grim and black,
Where the rider leaped from the horse's back,
And with a hitch of the strap or rein
He knocked at the door and he shouted amain,
With so loud a knock and so brave a shout
That the watch came crowding around, about,
And thought to arrest him out and out
For a tipsy rake on a drunken bout.

But the voices without, and the noise and din
Through the stilly night, wake the sleepers within.

The door is opened, a stream of light
Throws a sudden glare on the inky night
That shines on the watch, and a stranger there

All stained with dust, in the flickering glare,
While their breaths go up on the frosty air.
Then he tells his news, in the ruddy glow:
"Cornwallis is taken at York below."

When the watchmen have heard the news,
they cry
It out with the hours, and far and nigh
It is taken up, until, one by one,
They carry it out through the sleeping town:
"Three o' the clock, and all is well.
Oh, hear the news that I have to tell:
Cornwallis is taken. The news to-day
Was brought from Yorktown, far away."

At first 'twas the gleam of a single light
That flickered across the dusk of night;
Then presently others began to flash;
Then came the sound of a rising sash,

And then of voices asking for more
Of the news; then the sound of a banging door,

And footsteps hurrying here and there.
Then a cheer rang out on the frosty air.
It is taken up, and around, about,
It is echoed again with lusty shout.
Then the seal of silence is broken, and out—
Where the empty night was just before—
Bursts the pent-up life with a mighty roar.

Then, rolling down through the darkness,
fell

The deep-toned bay of the State-house bell.
With a clash and a loud vibrating tone
That speak of a joy; and, one by one,
The others join in a swell of sound
Of exultation that roars around;
While bonfires, blazing up and down
Through the length and breadth of the shouting town,

Throw a ruddy light, that blazes high
To meet the light of the eastern sky.
The volleys of cannon at break of day
With their loud concussions seem to say,
"We greet you at Yorktown, far away."

And so, as the dawn of that day grew bright,
Was the dawn that followed the dreary night
Of trouble and woe and gloom and fear,
That broke at last to a morning clear,
The first bright news of the coming day,
Brought by Tilghman, over away
From Yorktown and Gloucester, far below
To the south, a hundred years ago.

JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

Second Paper.

"THE TIMES" has often been called the
Jupiter of the Press. As emblematic of its power, the title is well chosen. Among all the newspapers of the world, none has wielded so wide and extensive an influence as this great English paper. If buildings have a physiognomical character of their own, those of *The Times* are peculiarly representative. Face to face with *The Times* office, you confront a sturdy, immovable institution. Enter and make a tour of the premises, and you are impressed with the air of order and repose that pervades every department. There is no hurry in *The Times* office. Even when the last "forms" go down to press, they go in a calm, systematic fashion. No rushing, no calling, no noisy hammering, accompanies the operation. Now and then something nearly approaching a fuss attends the insertion of the weather chart or a war map into the latest pages, but this is of rare occurrence. It is as if the entire establishment, with its em-