

farmer and his hired man built fires frosty nights to save it. All the corn the frosts of June left, was killed in July. August came and with it harder frosts and more snow, so that the season was largely without harvests. Ten or twelve years later an old Lake Champlain captain ran his steamer across the lake all winter: we have seen thousands of tons of ice cut from that same lake from 24 to 36 inches thick, seldom less than the former, often as much as the latter. January 18th, that winter a large new steamer was launched at Burlington, and ladies walked through the streets down to the dock with parasols over their heads. Some people predict a return of 1816 this year.

A NEW "CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

The following epic poem was read at a banquet given to the Highland Park Council of the Royal Arcanum, Thursday evening, Feb. 18, 1897, by the Winnetka Council, as the result of a wager between the two councils, and won by that of this city, of which Charles H. Baker is the regent.

Great men are raised up to meet special and impending emergencies, and they break upon an unsuspecting world like a peal of thunder out of a clear sky. Grant was an ordinary tanner of hides, till in the war he surprised the world by becoming the greatest general. So Tennyson was thought to be only a genial young man till the death of Wellington, which evoked the "Iron Duke," and the famed "Charge of the Light Brigade," proved him Britain's greatest laureate. "Can any great thing come out of Winnetka?" said the sneering scoffer. Surely none of us dreamed that the great epic poet, who should rank with the ages, dwelled in that beautiful suburb, till the Royal Arcanum touched his lyre, then note the scope of his poetic vision; the fire and force of his diction; the lofty eagle-like flights of his muse, and the majestic, stirring tread of his Pegasus! As Minerva came forth from the head of Jupiter, full panoplied for the fray, so leaped Henry I. Orwig, Winnetka's genius to the fore and the heavens were rent with the loud acclaims.

Sing, heavenly muse, the daring deeds
Of warlike men and brave;
And good Arcanum brethren all,
This way your ear-flaps wave,
And hear a song of mighty war
With wild Homeric roar.

By fierce contending legions fought
Along the great North Shore.

'Twas stilly night; the winds were whist;
The stars blinked brightly down
On lordly tower and cottage trim,
Of brave Winnetka town.
The quiet village slept in peace,
Without a dream of harm—
Of clank of arms, or charger's neigh,
Or war-horn's wild alarm.
In conclave close and secret,
The brothers one and all
Of the Arcanum Council,
Held court in Copelin's Hall:
And serious talk and grave debate
Held full and perfect sway,
And naught had happened to disturb
The orders of the day.

When up sprang mighty Madsen,
Within whose fiery veins
Boils the blue blood of Vikings bold
And ancient pirate Danes;
And stamped his foot, and sawed the air,
And gained the regent's ear:
And shouted forth these flaming words
That fired our souls to hear.

"Ho! regent wise! Ho! brethren brave!
Ho! clansmen, staunch and true!
Attend my words the while I sound
A warning unto you:
Winnetka Council's stronger than
It e'er has been before.
And now should add unto itself
A half a hundred more

"Of sound-lunged men with healthy hearts,
Who will our secret keep,
And keep the faith we'll keep with them
When wife and orphans weep.
We must the banner win this year
Whatever else besides,
And take the cake, and gain the praise,
And scoop the cash besides.

"There's not a thing beneath the skies
Can keep us from our mark,
Excepting Council ten-six-six,
That meets at Highland Park.
The crafty Baker's regent there,
A man of pleasant smiles,
But, like the wise Odysseus,
A chief of many wiles.

"Last Monday night to council dark
"He summoned all his clan,
And toward Winnetka Council,
Deep mischief he did plan.
He looks with envy on our tribe;
The whole North-Shore he scours,
To swell his Council's roster with
The names that should be ours.

"His bugles blow the blasts of war
Along Ravinia's rills;
His camp-fires flicker through the night
On Glencoe's wind-swept hills;
Lakeside's ravines are echoing back
His warriors' wild refrains;
His secret spies survey our town
From all the passing trains.

"But, let him plot with cunning brain,
To work our overthrow!
He'll find, when reckoning day comes 'round,
Winnetka's not so slow!
Let's call his bluff; let's meet his play;
His little gosling, cook,
Winnetka shall stand first this year
On Brother Chandler's book."

Then down he plunked, with savage smile,
Into his high-backed chair,
While roars of rage and war-like yells
Shot through the smoky air.
Ere bright Aurora streaked the east
With rays of rosy light,
Our legions all were marshaling
And marching forth to fight.

We reached the outposts of the foe:
We flung the gage of fight;
Brave Madsen led our farthest left

Fierce Margerum held the right),
And hand-to-hand with furious might,
And shouts of frantic rage,
And loud, resounding clash of arms,
The hostile hosts engage.

'Twere vain to sing the valiant deeds
By each great hero done;
How Baker raged throughout the fight,
Like Peleus' dreadful son.
How Brown raised up his awful voice
In thunderous roll and strong,
As if he called for margins
On some unlucky "long."

How our great chief, McConnel,
Who counts his lineage down
From fearless folk who founded
"Ye goodly Plymouth town,"
Still kept his place in foremost rank,
With shining arms bedight,
To watch his captain's movements,
And scan the lines of fight.

All day we surged against the foe,
Like waves against against a rock;
And all day long he steadfastly
Met each successive shock;
And all day long the scales of war
Still hung with even beam,
'Till in the west the evening sky
Shone red with sunset gleam.

The battle still we might have won.
But just ere solemn night
Had drawn her purple curtains down
To shut the field from sight,
Brave Madsen saw a flock of ducks
Spring from the grasses tall
That skirt the "Skokie" round about,
And loudly then did bawl,

"Run, Billy, run, and bring my gun;
There go some canvas-backs!"
And straightway then our hero great
Stood stock-still in his tracks,
And watched the wheeling flight of ducks,
As 'round and 'round they flew—
(Oh, why should warrior think of sport,
When fighting he should do?)

Stock-still he stood with open mouth,
Unmindful of the corps
Of fresh reserves that gallant Green
Against his flank did pour.
For this digression of our chief
Most dearly we did pay—
Oh, curse the luck, and darn the ducks
That made us lose the day!

Ferocious Green drove back our left
With loud victorious cries.
Oh, would that Green that day had stayed
At home to mind his pies!
Then fiery Coale a tonic took,
And started in to slay;
While Ellis fierce, and Ingalls bold
Fought in the thickest fray.

Great-hearted Grant then charged along
The big lake's bluff banks,
And hurled his fatal cough-drops
Against our reeling ranks.
My stubborn muse declines to sing
The song of further fight;
How valiantly our chieftains strove
To check the stream of flight.

But vain to rally 'gainst such foe,
He came with furious sweep,
Like circling cyclone's wrathful rush
Across the stormy deep.
The battle we have fought and lost,
The woeful war is o'er;
And white-winged Peace doth smile again
Upon our happy shore;

And so, tonight, fair Highland Park,
We've met to pledge anew,
With feast and song and pleasant tale,
Our friendship deep and true—
And now, kind friends, I've sung my song
In rude bombastic rhyme,
And most sincerely thank you all
For granting me the time.