

teen. This great quality was not accidental, but due to skill, practice, and national aptitude. In addition to this traditional skill was the genius of the commander, backed by the fighting capacity of his captains and his crews. True to the great principle of Nelson and Farragut, Dewey went straight after his enemy, to fight the hostile fleet wherever found. In the darkness he went boldly into an unfamiliar harbor, past powerful batteries whose strength his best information had magnified, over mine fields the extent and danger of which he did not and could not know. As soon as dawn came he fell upon the Spanish fleet,

supported as it was by shore batteries, and utterly destroyed it. The Spanish empire in the East crumbled before his guns, and the great city and harbor of Manila fell helplessly into his hands. All this was done without the loss of a man or serious injury to a ship. The most rigid inspection fails to discover a mistake. There can be nothing better than perfection of workmanship, and this Dewey and his officers and men showed. The completeness of the result, which is the final test, gives Manila a great place in the history of naval battles, and writes the name of George Dewey high up among the greatest of victorious admirals.

## HEART'S-EASE OVER HENRY HEINE.

(In Montmartre Cemetery at Paris.)

BY SARAH PIATT.

**H**ERE, with your leaf or two of literal laurel,  
 (That rustles somewhat dryly, I suppose.)  
 One finds you silenced by the usual quarrel;  
 And—oh, the irony of it!—a rose  
 Out of your bosom, Henry Heine, grows.

If one may only pray for you, my brother,  
 (Heart of the dead, yours was a ghastly wrong!)  
 Christ rest you in this grave, who in that other,  
 In Paris there, awake in death so long,  
 Shouted the world back your derisive song.

Well, up here in the sun, to-day, with beauty  
 So dark of promise it might break her glass,  
 I saw a street child, one whose piteous duty  
 To offer heart's-ease to the world it was—  
 And, for your sake, I could not let her pass.

So, here is heart's-ease for you, bitter lover,  
 O German poet in the German Land  
 Well known\* and with it tears enough to cover  
 The dust of all your woes—you understand?  
 Reach me, in taking it, that hollow hand.

Heart's-ease, and for a heart of dust and ashes?  
 Heart's-ease, and does the dead man care a whit?...  
 Into the empty eyes the old scorn flashes;  
 About the mocking mouth the slow smiles flit:  
 The still voice laughs, "Here I've too much of it!"

\* Heine's expression regarding himself.



"IT SAID THE ORGANIZATION WAS ENLISTING RECRUITS FROM SOCIETY."