



## THE FORT MEIGS MEMORIAL HOME.

BY EUPHINE C. TOMPKINS.

As we sit on the emerald carpet, under the whispering trees,  
And gaze down the beautiful river, kissed by the lightsome breeze,  
Over the grassy meadows, the wheat fields yellow and ripe,  
Mellowing in the distance to a green and golden stripe,

The scene is a summer picture and I open my history book,  
And the friend beside me answers, as adown the page I look :

'Yes, this is the place where Harrison with his little band of men,  
Stood fire from belching British guns and hurled it back again,  
And Proctor had his red coats there, drawn up in fierce array,  
And bold Tecumseh's savages were allies in the fray ;  
Red-handed from the vine-hung banks of Raisin's bloody tide,  
They thirsted for more massacre, and watched on every side  
From thicket-brush, from tops of trees, to hurl the murderous shot—  
And still the stubborn fortress stood—the patriots faltered not.

"'Surrender!' came the haughty word; swift flew the answer back,  
'If you capture us, Sir Briton, the victory shall not lack  
The honor of a meeting, face to face, and hilt to hilt,  
With your men upon the ramparts and many a heart's blood spilt.'

"Three days without cessation, the sweet May air was rife  
With thunder of the cannon and moans of parting life.  
Then floating down the river came staunch Kentucky men,  
Twelve hundred strong—on flat boats—and hope grew strong again,  
And where the bees are humming in clover white and sweet  
There gallant Clay made landing with his welcome southern fleet.  
And oh! what fire raked them from the mad Miami guns,  
And oh! with what defiance marched up those fearless ones.