

When George sent hirelings to repress our cause,
The sentry walked me, he that knows no pause."

Now comes a third centennial mark—a Show—
At Brother Love, where Schuylkill waters flow,
No sentry paces now his weary tread.
Where spears spread want, the reaper's hook gives bread.

Here at thy feet does Doty's Ian abide,
Relate the tale why hither WARREN'S rite?

"Ere yet the corn of 'Seventy-Four was brown
First Suffolk Congress vowed against the Crown—
We'll pay no tribute used to tramp us down—
And quaffed the spring at DOTY'S on this plain,
My mountain mae distilled from crystal rain."

What warrior-guest within its gambrel nook
Its simple fare and cooling goblet took,
And sought in sleep to drown his weary throes?

"My boughs and breeze fanned LAFAYETTE'S repose.
Across the way proud Royall tilled the soil,
That open plain, with Afric's sable toil;
His right arm prayed from Britain to be loose,
His left shipped slaves to Antigua for use!
Next roof young BUSSEY smote the silver ore,
His school was one, his home three furlongs more;
The same for HARVARD planted Farmer's Lore.
That foundry fumes near PAUL REVERE'S abode,
His steed struck fire upon the midnight road,
While inland the invading British strode.
His neighbor GRIDLEY bled on Bunker's field;
He planned the trench his comrades' breasts to shield,
But bared his own with only courage steeled.

There SHERMAN lived, the Land Declared he Free,
His Life and Luck and Honor pledging he;
There DOWNS, the hero of Quallah Battoo,—
His Naval story tells the praises due;
There SASSAMON'S birth, he was King Phillip's scribe,
And slain, he told on Phillip's plotting tribe.