

**ERNEST HOWARD
CROSBY: A VALUATION
AND A TRIBUTE**

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Ernest Howard Crosby: A Valuation and a Tribute by Leonard D. Abbott

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LEONARD D. ABBOTT

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BY
LEONARD D. ABBOTT

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To W. A.

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY! Of a genial, deep-acred farm, with a stone house and barn built for the centuries — river-marged, and full of herds — a mountain, too, granitic, yet verdured — oaks and pines — and a welcome — the welcome of the open hearth in winter, and the wide porch in summer. Something like this helps to image this splendid brother of all lives. Ruggedness and gentleness mingled, as the cloud and the sunshine in the perfect day. To the gentleness a child would smile, and the strength it would trust divinely. He might have been a Viking come back, something of the infinite of sea and mountains in him — the great daring voyage — and the vines purpling in the autumn, and following home and children — and peace — the home peace in which is an enchantment that only he who has beaten the far seas with his weary but brave oars knows in a fulness, as of the ripened year.

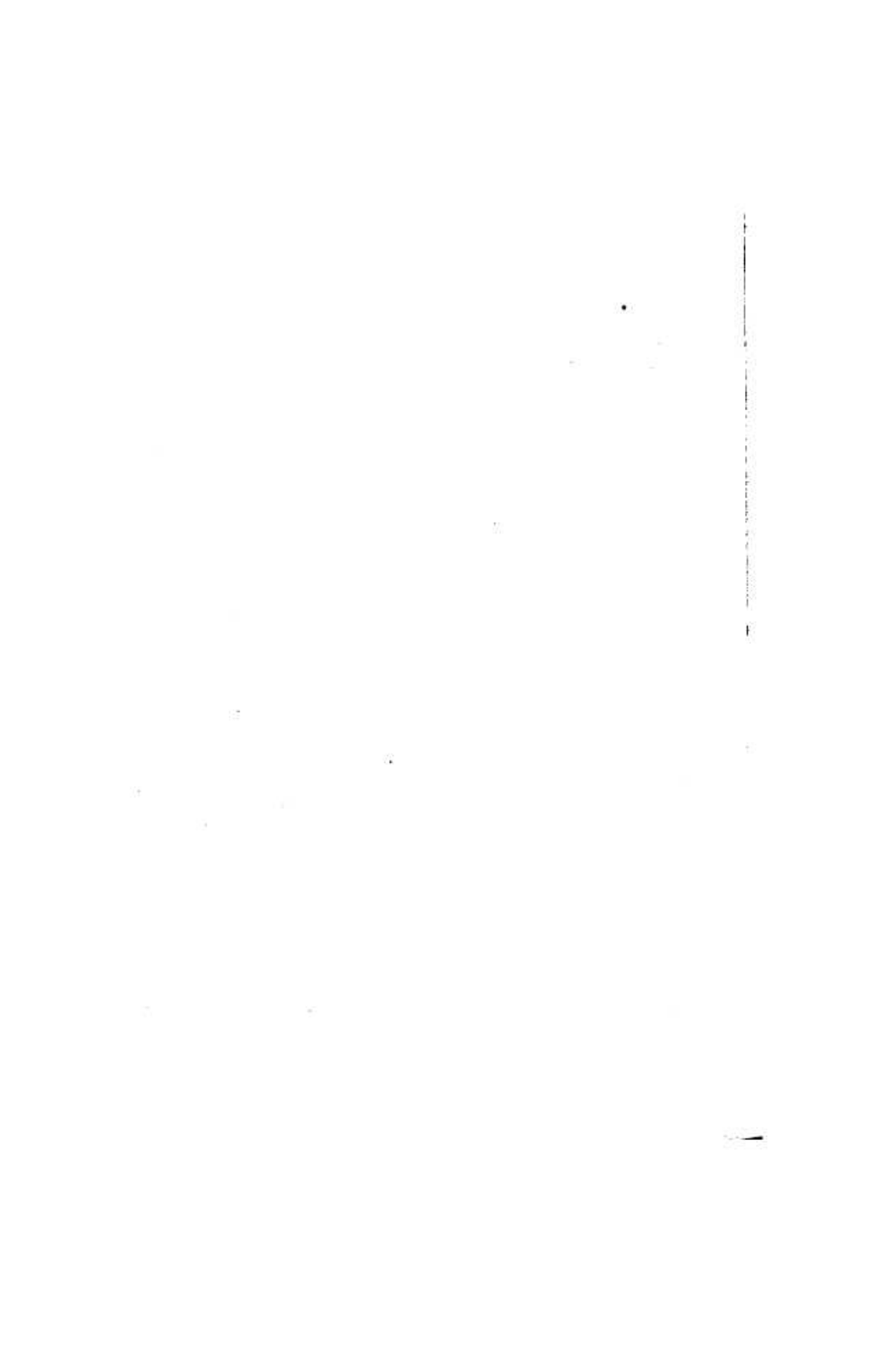
He might have been Ulysses come back — if indeed he is not a greater than the Argonauts — divided between home and Penelope, and the splendid genuineness of the sea with the far glint of the golden fleece inviting. Peace held him in thrall. Genuineness was his brother-twin. The ideal was his sky.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

From purple and pomp you elected
To walk in the gray common road.
To keep your free soul high-erected
You joined the despised, the rejected,
To lift at the terrible load.

We saw you, with strong face unfearing
Make way through the noise of the horde—
Right on through the jibe and the jeering;
And ever to laughter and fleeing,
Your song was your answering sword.

—From Edwin Markham's
Poem on Ernest Crosby





E. H. Crosby