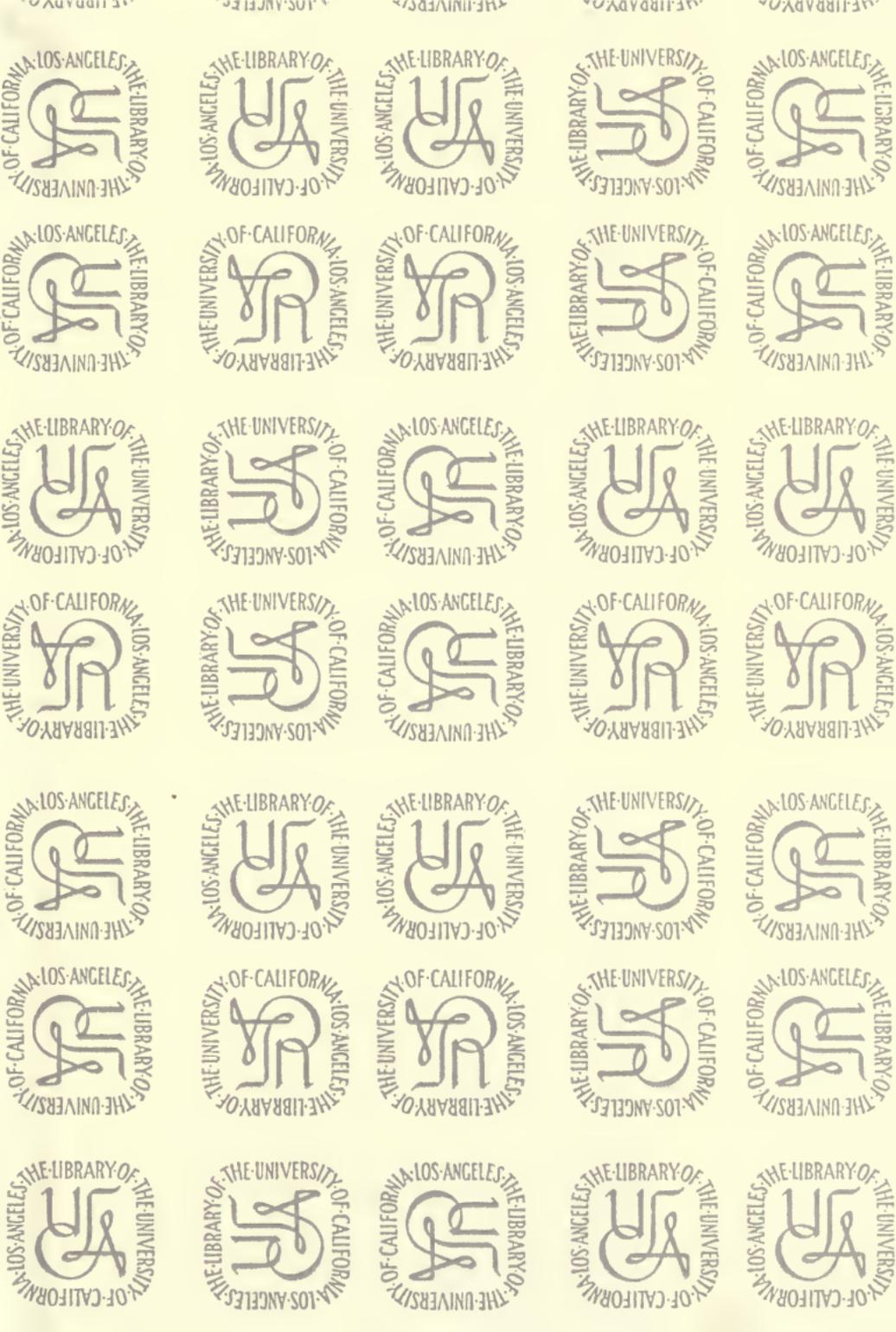
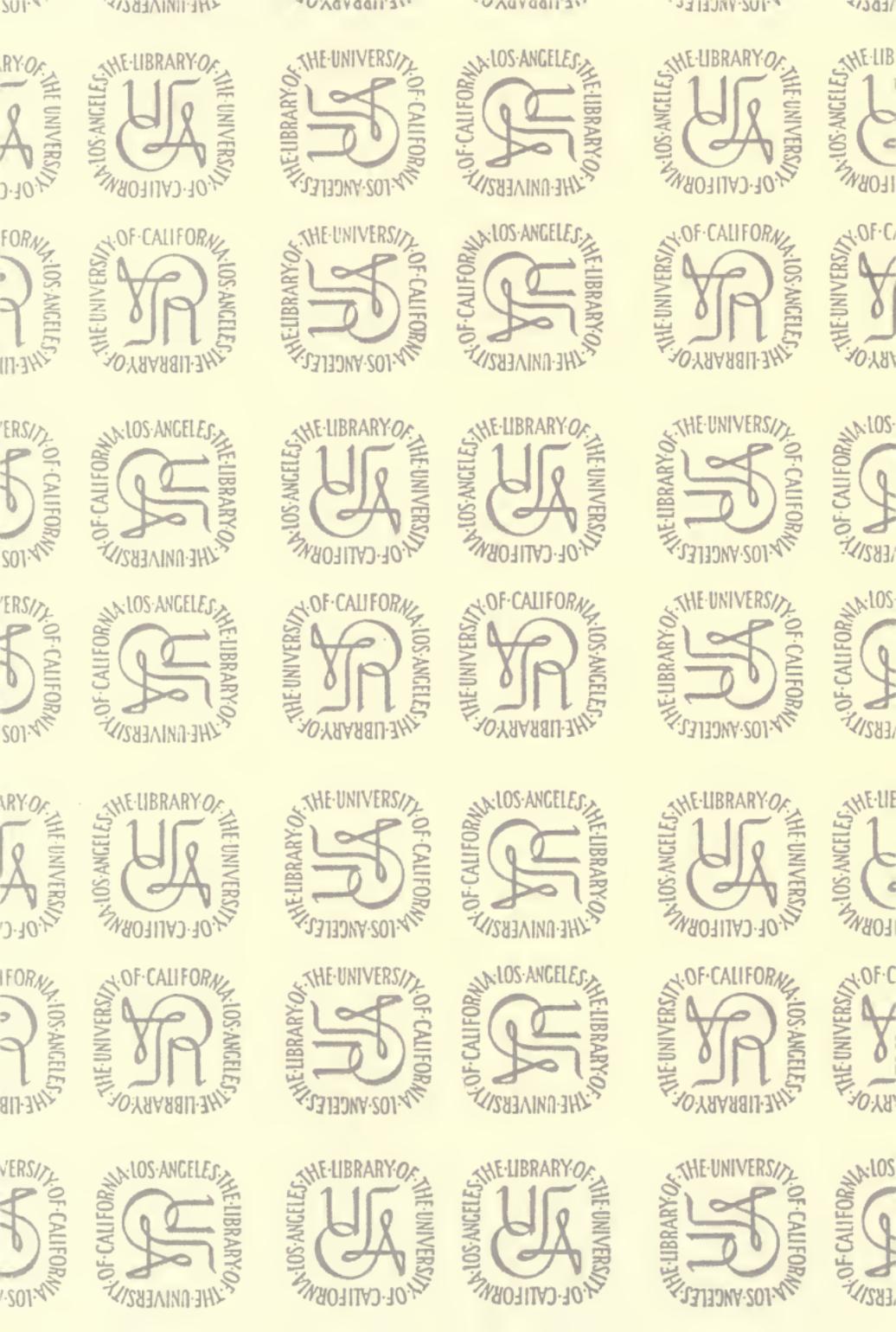


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REMINISCENCES
OF
John Greenleaf Whittier's
LIFE AT OAK KNOLL

DANVERS, MASS.

By MRS. ABBY J. WOODMAN

READ BEFORE THE ESSEX INSTITUTE ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,
WITH A LIST OF THE FIRST EDITIONS, PORTRAITS, ENGRAVINGS,
MANUSCRIPTS, AND PERSONAL RELICS OF JOHN GREENLEAF
WHITTIER, EXHIBITED AT THE ESSEX INSTITUTE,
DECEMBER 17, 1907 TO JANUARY 31, 1908

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REMINISCENCES OF
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S LIFE
AT OAK KNOLL, DANVERS.

In the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five, John Greenleaf Whittier expressed a desire to become a member of the household of Col. Edmund Johnson, and in the following year, in the month of April, he gave up his home in Amesbury, and, with many of his most cherished personal effects, removed to "Oak Knoll," in Danvers. He was remotely connected by kinship with Edmund Johnson; both gentlemen were directly descended from ancient Quaker ancestors, Joseph Peaslee and his wife Mary Johnson; and he was doubly a cousin to Col. Johnson's wife, Phebe Whittier; their fathers were brothers, and their mothers were cousins in the first degree.

Edmund Johnson was Mr. Whittier's senior by several years, and survived but one year after Mr. Whittier came into his family, and Mr. Whittier, because of his age and chronic state of invalidism, soon came in many ways to

occupy that place, in the careful regard of the daughters, made vacant by the death of their beloved father.

The following summer, Mr. Whittier spent a week at the Isle of Shoals, where he met his friend and admirer, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer of Boston and Lancaster, Massachusetts. Mr. Thayer was but little acquainted with the localities of Danvers, and he asked Mr. Whittier if he would not prefer a residence nearer to the city of Salem, at the same time remarking that the estate called "Kernwood" was then for sale, and that he would be pleased to see Mr. Whittier permanently residing there, intimating the pleasure it would give him to purchase the estate for Mr. Whittier. Mr. Whittier made a somewhat evasive reply, not really appreciating Mr. Thayer's generous intentions. A few days after Mr. Whittier's return to "Oak Knoll," he received a letter from Mr. Thayer containing the offer of "Kernwood" to him as a free gift, should he prefer to reside there rather than at "Oak Knoll." Mr. Whittier consulted the family in regard to it, and learning that they preferred to retain the independence of their own home, he gratefully declined his friend's most generous offer. Although Mr. Whittier strongly desired to become a joint proprietor of "Oak Knoll," at the time of its purchase from Mr. William A. Lander, in the year eighteen hundred seventy-five, yet, in accordance with the wise counsels of Col. Johnson, he came to his home, in Danvers, untrammelled by any business complications, in order that he might be as free to go from our home, as he was always made free and welcome to its hospitalities. In the quiet atmosphere of "Oak Knoll," Mr. Whittier cast aside the cares of domestic life. The years of advancing age glided peacefully onward, past the limit of three score years and ten, and four score years brought to him no realizing sense of its prophecy of labor and of weakness. Aside from his correspondence, which was large and sometimes a little wearisome, he was free from annoying cares in the present, and bearing no apparent burdens of regret for that which "might have been" in the past, the peace of his protracted life was like unto the flow of a majestic river, which, past the shoals and narrows of its impetuous

course, moves smoothly on beneath the shade of bending trees, by gently sloping banks of verdure, until it slowly "rounds into calm."

When asked by a gentleman who was preparing a paper on the life of John Greenleaf Whittier, to be read before a public audience, what he might say of his residence in Danvers, Mr. Whittier replied, "Say, it is my home. I retain my legal residence in Amesbury, and I go there to vote, but my home is at 'Oak Knoll.'" He loved the quiet of "Oak Knoll," its beautiful groves, its broad lawns, and its quaint old gardens. He took especial delight in their winding walks and fragrant borders of box. The tall hedges of roses greeted him with pleasant recollections of those which bloomed beside his mother's door. The peonies shook their scarlet robes before him, and the crimson balm and yellow daffodils were quick reminders of a garden, far away in the past, where peonies, and balm, and mints, and daffodils had blossomed in his childhood's home in Haverhill.

Mr. Whittier was fond of domestic animals; cats, dogs, cows, and horses were all his pets, and all were responsive to his call. Many of them received appropriate memorial rhymes, after their timely or untimely "takings off," which are preserved as mementoes of their author's rare humor and kindly nature, and of his responsive disposition to enter sympathetically into the small details and innocent recreations of country life.

He took much pleasure in driving along the country roads and secluded byways of the town, until he had become familiar with the surrounding scenery. Pausing long upon the hill-tops, he inhaled their pure atmosphere with delight, and refreshed his soul with the rich inspirations which Nature presented in her broader landscapes. His keen powers of observation encompassed everything: the wild flowers by the wayside and the moss-grey walls that sheltered them, the majestic trees, the herds of cattle upon the hills, the brooks which flowed through grassy meadows, and the little pools which mirrored the sunshine, the patches of brown earth turned by the ploughshare to the fertilizing influences of sun and dew, the long grey

lines of dividing walls, and, over all, the broad arch of the summer sky, each and all conveyed to him a full sense of the beauty and the joy of life. Beautiful and grand scenes in Nature were never forgotten, and the memory of them was always, to him, a source of fresh delight. The lawns of "Oak Knoll," the groves, and the meadow paths, the mossy nooks where wild flowers grew and song birds had their haunts, renewed their grace for him with every fresh baptism of the morning. The last time his footsteps wandered in the familiar paths, he returned with his hands filled with wild flowers, remarking, as he came, "I think I have never heard the birds sing so loudly, or so sweetly before."

After Mr. Whittier passed his seventieth birthday he seemed to realize that he was standing—

"Beside that milestone where the level sun,
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last low rays
On word and work irrevocably done."

When invited to drive over the picturesque hills of the town, he often remarked, "I know just how everything looks, we should see nothing more beautiful than what we have at home. I am satisfied with this."

There is a small precipitous elevation in the pastures which bears the name of "Cedar Knoll." It is approached by a well-worn foot-path through a shaded and grassy lane. It overlooks the fields, orchards, and wooded areas of the estate, and is covered with a low growth of cedars and other wild shrubbery. The moss-covered rocks afford but scanty room for vegetation, but the crimson columbines hang their drooping blossoms among them, the ferns thrust their sword-like blades from every crevice, the white bloom of the lowly saxifrage sends up sweet odors from the ledgy surface, and the monotone of bees is heard in the golden bells of the barberry. There was no month in the year when the grey rocks of "Cedar Knoll" did not greet the coming of his footsteps,—when the solemn silence of the cedars did not invite the reverent responses of his soul to that sense of quietude which is the angelus of Nature.

Mr. Whittier was an ardent lover of Nature, as is shown by the many poems which he wrote in her praise. How many friends have given thanks for the inspiration of him who gave to them such vivid portrayals of her satisfying beauty and grandeur! How many, whose feet have never walked where his had trod so often among the mountains of New Hampshire, have beheld their majesty through the medium of his verse; have seen, through his eyes, the purple glow of the sunsets which enfold those lofty heights, and have felt themselves borne heavenward on the spiritual atmosphere of his words, which are as the breath and voice of those everlasting hills!

“ Touched by a light that has no name,
 A glory never sung,
 Aloft on sky and mountain walls
 Are God's great pictures hung.
 What unseen altars crown those hills
 That reach up stair on stair;
 What eyes look through, what white wings fan
 Those purple veils of air.”

Every season of the year possessed for Mr. Whittier its peculiar charm, and in each, he was often heard to exclaim, when beholding some lovely aspect of nature, “I never saw it so beautiful here before.” The autumn of the year is so suggestive of decay and of death, that unto many people its coming is unwelcome. It brings to them the “Melancholy days, the saddest of the year.” Not thus was it regarded by Mr. Whittier. He rejoiced in its wealth of color, its golden sunsets, and veils of misty splendor. In the ripeness and abundance of autumn, he beheld the realization of the fair promises of the spring and summer time, the crowning rewards of the passing year. Every shrub and tree possessed for him its own distinctive charm. The maples, in their mottled hues from green to gold and scarlet; the “painted beeches,” from lightest tint of sunshine to the ribbed and russet hues of the fallen leaf, or the silvery sheen of winter; the blood-red oaks, and yellow hickories; the glowing sassafras and the sombre ash; the rich gold of the walnuts; the amber birches, quivering like an entangled mist; and the stately chestnuts, with broad arms reaching out over

groups of crimson sumach,—all hung their banners in the hazy quiet of the Indian summer, and drooped and folded them away without appeal for sympathy, or sadness for their fallen glories, unto him who watched their silent passing. Such dissolving views of Nature were a delight to him. He beheld in them the restful retirement into sleep which awaits a resurrection to renewed existence, and not unfrequently he was heard to express a wish that he might sometimes express his sentiments in a poem which would convey to others his grateful appreciation of the season of autumn, and help to dispel the feeling of sadness which it conveys to the minds of many.

The oak tree, from its position upon the knoll in front of the house, gave to his mind the suggestion of naming the estate "Oak Knoll." This tree retains its foliage long after the elms and many other trees are bare. Its leaves become like disks of gold, and when they are fully ripened they "stand not upon the order of their going," but fall in a day, like the dropping of a great curtain. If Mr. Whittier was away from home when this occurred, he was duly notified by letter, usually in response to his enquiries; for, when the oak tree upon the knoll was bare, then autumn had departed and winter was at the open door.

Mr. Whittier loved the warmth and cheer of sunshine, and looked forward to the passing of clouds and storms, with a cheerful expectancy of the brightness which they but obscured, never doubting the existence of the silver lining, however it might be hidden by the gloom of the heavens or the disappointments of human life. If the dawn was clear he never failed to witness the rising of the sun. From the windows of his chamber he watched the grey east change to crimson and pearl, and greeted the uprising of the sun with the grateful reverence of one who beheld in its glory a repetition of that miracle of creation when night gave way to day, in response to the Divine command, "Let there be light." As the morning brought to him renewed strength for the day, so the evening came with benedictions for the night. He opened wide the "Windows of his Soul," and received the full baptism of the setting sun, until his countenance glowed

and his eyes shone with the peace of one whose cup of thankfulness was full. In the friendly quiet of the sunset hour he realized—

“ A presence ever near;
Through the deep silence of the flesh,
It reached the inward ear.”

After the sunset came the social evening hours. Mr. Whittier passed all his evenings in the family room, never permitting his “den” to be lighted, lest he “might sometime come to spend his evenings there in solitude.” After supper it was his custom to sit for a few moments in silence, with hands folded, before the open wood fire,—moments which may have been of retrospection; a silent response to the spiritual calls of his nature.

In family intercourse he was often humorous and sometimes quite facetious, using the quaint and local phrase of his boyhood,—the Friendly “thee” without its proper distinction of case. He was conscious of its abuse, but remarked, “I use it so because my mother did.”

Generally he was considered to be a very diffident, or, as some have said, a “very shy man,” and easily disconcerted by the presence of strangers. A certain reserve of manner was peculiar to him, but the diffidence resulting from a lack of moral or physical courage was foreign to his nature. A certain absence of spontaneity debarred him oftentimes from disclosing to many that geniality which was inherent in his nature. His unquestioning good fellowship with humanity in general often betrayed him into confidences which involved a too lavish expenditure of his sympathies, recognition of which admonished him, at other times to give heed to the injunction, “Put a bit in thy mouth and a bridle on thy tongue.” Thus at times he was very frank and ingenuous, while at others he was reticent. He sometimes hid himself behind the latter mood when he felt a disinclination for social intercourse. His writings give no evidence of a lack of moral courage, and his life, in general, presented few opportunities for the exercise of physical courage. There were, however, frequent occasions during the earlier struggles for the

abolition of slavery, which called for an exhibition of both, and in neither was he found to be wanting.

The fact that Mr. Whittier never addressed a public audience was not because he was afraid of the sound of his own voice, but because there was not given to him the power of a ready expression of the sentiments which had firm possession of his mind, but which he could not readily materialize in speech. There are those who can well believe that had not Mr. Whittier been a "Friend by conviction, as well as by birthright," instead of being the "Minstrel of the North," in our late Civil War, he would have been a leader in the midst of battle.

In the estimation of those who knew him well he was not one who was subject to seasons of loneliness and depression. He doubtless realized his solitary family condition, after the deaths of his mother and sister Elisabeth. In a letter written in eighteen hundred and eighty-one, he wrote from Amesbury: "The circle of my old friends and neighbors here is now very small and I seem to feel more like a stranger than ever." His great mental resources dispelled the ennui of a lonely life. It is only the Crusoes of mankind—men whose instinctive physical forces overcome and submerge the finer capacities of the mind, who exclaim, "O, Solitude, where are the charms that Sages have found in thy face!" Men, such as was Whittier, count those hours good when they can retire into their closets and shut their doors against the confusing activities of life. Sentimental gossips are apt to project their own atmosphere around the objects of their solicitude and take a melancholy pleasure in expressing concern and sympathy for conditions which have no real existence. Those who breathe the atmosphere of a higher appreciation of the true values of life, and of the pleasures and rewards of its seasons of meditation, recognize the wisdom of a sage in the late Rev. Dr. Ellis, of Boston, who said to his friends, "Solitude is not loneliness." Mr. Whittier expressed the same sentiment in his lines:

"For Nature is not solitude,
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous.
She will not leave our senses still—
But drags them captive to her will."

Those who think much and deeply, require less companionship from others than do they who live upon the surface of thought. What appeared to some of his friends to be hours of loneliness were oftentimes seasons of converse with his imagination; seasons in which the clear-eyed angels of inspiration attuned his lyre to songs of prophecy and praise.

Mr. Whittier spent little time in moody repinings over the past or in idle speculations of the future. Like others, he bore the crosses which humanity entails upon all. In his draught of life the bitter was mingled with the sweet, but the pangs of sorrow for the loss of friends were not bereft of consolation. The lamp which illumined his darkness was "The Inward Light," and by its guidance he walked through vales of sorrow, fearing no evil; sometimes it may have been with faltering steps, but never falling by the way, being sustained and strengthened by his perfect faith and trust in the "Eternal Goodness."

Mr. Whittier was merciful in his judgments as he hoped for mercy; and forgiving of evil as he hoped to be forgiven; and yet, with all his wisdom and his virtues, he was a man impatient of restraints, somewhat over sensitive in disposition, and often abrupt in his disapproval of sentiments derogatory to his own. There were not wanting occasions when his earnestness called for forbearance on the part of others, but his anger was as the "Flint bears fire," a moment of reflection, or a brief silence, would call to his countenance the milder glow of self-rebuke. He felt keenly the limitations of his nature. In a letter he wrote, "The story which C. has sent me is really Dr. Jekyl's case. I wonder whether we have not the possibilities of this duality."

Mr. Whittier's birthdays were always observed as holidays at "Oak Knoll," where during the last sixteen years of his life, with three exceptions, he received his friends. In 1889, there was the gloom of a recent sorrow in the home and Mr. Whittier passed his 82d birthday at Amesbury, in his old home, under the auspices of Judge and Mrs. Cate who occupied his house in that town. In 1891, he was at Newburyport, where he had been detained by

illness in the home of his life long friend and relative Joseph Cartland ; and in 1882, Mr. Whittier spent the winter with the family in Boston. Although his birthday anniversaries occurred in the winter, the day was never so unpropitious that it did not bring some tokens of love and remembrance and a few friends with congratulations for its happy return. With few exceptions, however, large parties came to greet him, bringing fruits from every clime and rare and lovely flowers with many other appreciative tokens of love and esteem and oftentimes reverence, all of which cheered and warmed his heart and lightened the burdens of his age. His correspondence was very large at those seasons. Letters of congratulation came from all parts of our country and many bore the postmarks of foreign lands. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia and Rev. Theodore Cuyler were for many years his constant correspondents. Although a little wearied when his guests had departed, there was always a "pleased surprise" upon his face, while he enjoyed the fragrance and the beauty of the rare flowers heaped in profusion around him. Some tokens of regard were of a more practical character. Such was the offering brought to him by Gov. Ames on his eightieth birthday upon which occasion his guests through the day numbered between five and six hundred. Gov. Ames duly recognized the pen as Mr. Whittier's more appropriate instrument of labor, but he brought to him, on that day, a specimen of his own manufacture, a highly polished shovel. Although the pen is mighty to preserve the vast records of the past, the shovel is often requisite to break the crusts of Time, and lay bare the secrets of antiquity. Mr. Whittier had previously requested Gov. Ames to send a contribution of his shovels to Amelia B. Edwards, who had made known to her friends in America her need of those instruments in the continuance of her explorations in the East. The Governor responded to the request and brought to Mr. Whittier a shovel which shone like silver. It was duly inscribed and hung beside his chamber door, a pleasant reminder of the pleasantries of his eightieth birthday. Bearing date of 1887, there occur in a family diary these items :

Dec. 17. "Elegant flowers, fruit, cake, coffee, &c., &c. Everything was glorious and successful for Mr. Whittier's birthday. Greenleaf happy as a king."

Dec. 18. "Saturday all right;—Greenleaf slept well and enjoyed yesterday in retrospect."

Mr. Whittier was not isolated, while he lived in Danvers, from the visitations, almost companionship of many friends who very frequently came to walk with him or to sit in his cosy little room where he sat and wrote by day,—his "den," and not his "study," for he said, "I never study." Among those frequent visitors were his friend, Charles F. Coffin of Lynn, whom he loved as a brother, Richard P. Waters of North Beverly, Col. Albert G. Browne of Salem, Joseph Nichols of Peabody, and John D. Philbrick, Deacon Fowler and Dr. William Goldsmith of Danvers—all of whom passed the barriers of human existence before him. Many others who survived him could speak of the genial warmth of the reception with which he always welcomed their coming.

Mr. Whittier received many visitors during his residence at "Oak Knoll." They came to see him from every part of our own country and from many foreign lands. He loved the friends of his youth and early manhood, with a strength of affection which time never weakened nor old age effaced, and whenever they came to see him, his enjoyment was real. They took him back, beyond the struggles of his manhood, to the delightful companionship of school-days, when the wine of life was fresh from the vintage and fragrant with high aspirations and fair hopes for the future. Among these visitors were Harriet Minot Pitman and Samuel and Harriet Winslow Sewall. They often came together in the morning and spent the summer day with him, wandering through the groves and lawns, not literally "hand in hand," but with hearts in unison, recalling to each the pleasant memories of the long ago and mingling their laughter with the sad refrain of tender memories of the dear friends who had departed. How genial was the companionship of those friends and how white in the calendar of their friendship was the day when they met together. All of those dear friends solved, be-

fore him, the mysteries of death and the hereafter, concerning which they held much wistful converse.

Hither came Celia Thaxter who sang so sweetly of her Island home, from which she departed all too soon, gliding away like a white mist upon the broad ocean that she loved, yet leaving behind a lingering trail of pleasant memories for those who loved her well. Lucy Larcom came bringing her poems and wood-notes from the wind-swept shores of Beverly. Long shall her memory be embalmed in the fragrance of the "Wild Roses of Cape Ann."

Many visitors came as pilgrims to a shrine. They came as strangers to grasp his hand and, departing, bore with them the impress of a sympathetic and abiding friendship. Of such was Dorothea Dix, the loving and beloved philanthropist. She spent a summer as a welcome guest at the Hospital in Danvers and Mr. Whittier saw her many times. Their companionship was a delight to both of them. They possessed many sentiments in common and both had spent the greater part of their lives in the righting of wrong and in the amelioration of human suffering. The ministrations of one, in his later years, had regard more particularly to the spiritual, and the other, to the material necessities of life, while both were efficiently interested in all good works.

"One saw the heavenly, one the human guest,
But who shall say which loved the Master best?"

In the last days of her life, Miss Dix wrote to "Oak Knoll": "I want your Phœbe to copy for me that heart-penetrating poem of Mr. Whittier's—"At Last." . . . "I have it only in memory now, and that may sometime fail a word or two." The poem was copied and sent to her where she was, at the time, ill in Trenton, New Jersey. She never allowed the copy to pass beyond her hand for nearly two years. It was in her hands by day and beneath her pillow by night, until she died. Friends who stood around her coffin at Mount Auburn, listened to the poem as it was read above her silent form, from the same worn copy that had been her solace and consolation through her long illness, and then it was laid tenderly in her hands and buried with her.

The occasional visits of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes were always gratifying to Mr. Whittier. They met with affectionate greetings and joked and laughed together in the care-free overflow of minds at ease. They sat by the fireside, or walked through the lawns with arms entwined behind each others backs,—rare old boys whose “hearts were young again.” Mr. Whittier was two years older than Dr. Holmes and he delighted in claiming the precedence of age. “Why thee are but a boy yet, while I am now four score.” “Ah,” said Dr. Holmes, “I called upon a lady yesterday who is several years older than either of us. Confound it, Mr. Whittier, these women will get the better of us some way. That’s the reason why they hung them in old times. It was the only way the men could get even with them.” On another occasion, while they sat before a glowing fire on a chilly autumn day, Mr. Whittier referred to the then recent publication of Dr. Holmes’ poem “The Broomstick Train”. Dr. Holmes turned toward Mr. Whittier, with his most genial smile, exclaiming “Good, isn’t it?” “Capital,” replied Mr. Whittier, “But thee forgot one thing.” “Did I? What is it?” said the Doctor. “Why,” replied Whittier, with the air of one bringing a serious accusation against his friend, “Thee gave Beverly her beans all right, but thee defrauded Danvers of her onions.”

In the summer of 1885, Paul H. Hayne, the poet of South Carolina, came to “Oak Knoll” with his gentle wife to spend a week with Mr. Whittier. Mr. Hayne was interested in the legendary lore of New England and in the early New England life and Mr. Whittier happily related to him many characteristic stories of the Puritanic days. The stern Puritans of Massachusetts and the courtly Huguenots of South Carolina, were not unfairly represented by the two poets. It was a pleasant though significant companionship. Mr. Whittier was a descendant of the early Quakers, and a strong defender of the rights of Southern bondmen, and his poetic phillippics had done much to deprive of home and worldly fortune, Mr. Hayne, a gentle singer of the Sunny South, whose blood had come down to him through generations of a proud an

cestry, of high estate, until the fortunes of a civil war had reduced his lot in life to that of common men. Mr. Hayne related many incidents and reminiscences of his youth, which called from Mr. Whittier an amusing experience of his own, when he was a student at the Haverhill Academy. It is here related very nearly in Mr. Whittier's own words.

"There is but little doubt that at the age of twenty, I felt myself to be a *real poet*,—somewhat unknown to fame, but sufficiently acknowledged as such by the Committee directing the dedication of the New Academy, for them to invite me to read an original poem on that occasion. Robert Dinsmore, an old Scotch farmer in Windham, and a writer of rhyme and doggerel verse, was also invited to do the same. The honor of leading the procession which marched through the streets of Haverhill to the new Academy, was given to the *two poets*. I often laugh when I recall the scene to memory. The hale old Scotchman, short and plethoric, with long white hair which was like a halo to his ruddy face,—his uncertain step and bearing, slightly exhilarated by a generous draught of old Scotch whiskey before we started, was something of a contrast to me,—a rather tall and slender Quaker lad, in Quaker hat and coat, and half frightened out of my wits by the honor heaped upon me. However, we delivered our poems all right and I am thinking that must have been the time when I was dubbed "The Quaker Poet."

In September, 1889, Sir Edwin Arnold, whose "Light of Asia" has reached and touched the heart of Christendom, came to "Oak Knoll" and spent several hours in confidential converse with Mr. Whittier, upon the potent themes of life and immortality. Mr. Whittier was deeply impressed by the conversation of Sir Edwin Arnold, which seemed to exercise a lasting influence over his mind. The realistic views of a future life, which the religious training of a past century inculcated, took a strong hold upon Mr. Whittier's youthful mind and, in a degree, retained their influence over him through his early manhood. His "Clear Vision," and other subsequent poems,

gave glimpses of broader views and nobler conceptions of God and of the Christ in man, as is shown in his poem of "Trinitas." As he advanced in years there was opened to his comprehension, a higher plane of spiritual development and the prejudices of his youth became weakened, but he never lost his faith in a conscious existence in a future life. How or where was to exist that life of the future, was not made clear to his spiritual vision.

"Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see. . . .

"I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight. . . .

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Once when remarking upon the belief which a friend entertained concerning the materialization of spirits, he said, "I never saw a ghost. No spirit ever came back to me." The fact, that no visitor, however highly gifted with mediumistic power, was ever able to invoke or materialize an unseen spirit at "Oak Knoll," was highly gratifying to him. His vision did not reach beyond the limit of human capacity. He looked upon immortal life as upon a vast ocean upon which was everywhere inscribed the Law of Love. Love for the Creator of all existences,—and good will unto all Mankind, were the shining lights which illumined its surface and made a trust in its hidden joys satisfying to his soul.

Mr. Whittier received a delightful visit from Canon Farrar of Westminster, England, accompanied by Rev. Bishop Brooks, who previously, and later, made frequent calls upon Mr. Whittier. After Canon Farrar's return to England, he wrote to Mr. Whittier asking him to write an inscription for the memorial window to Milton, in St. Margaret's Church, the gift of George W. Childs.

Mr. Whittier wrote these lines, now inscribed on Milton's window :

“The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold, while both worlds endure.”

Mr. Whittier brought the inscription to the family room and read it aloud and that evening it was the text of the fireside conversation. He had read Milton's great poem until it was as familiar upon his tongue as a schoolboy's declamation. He rolled the music of its exultant periods upon the resonant tones of his deep voice until we seemed to hear the call to battle and feel the shock of the ghostly combat. “And yet,” said Mr. Whittier, “I consider Milton's prose works the greater production of his genius.” While he appreciated the sublime power of Milton as a poet, he more highly appreciated the clear vision and mental vigor with which, almost single-handed, he waged the intellectual warfare for civil and religious liberty in England. That “Lofty plea for England's freedom,” in which Milton advocated a free Commonwealth, without a sovereign or House of Lords, a government which should be entrusted to a General Council of the ablest men, chosen by the Nation, &c., &c., was, Mr. Whittier declared, the foundation upon which our Fathers built the constitutional government of the great republic of America.

Delegations of Friends from England, Ireland, and Wales, and from various Quaker communities in New England, Philadelphia, and the West, came at times to visit and hold spiritual converse with Mr. Whittier. After greetings, congratulations, &c. were delightfully dispensed, a silence fell upon the small company of visitors and soon every voice was hushed. Some one would then be “moved by the Divine Spirit” to speak words of counsel, admonition, or of Holy promise unto those present and usually one or more would reverently offer a prayer.

On one occasion there came three of Mr. Whittier's *confreres* in the anti-slavery and abolition conflicts, who urgently besought him to write a poem or even some word of retraction from the sentiments expressed in his poem,

“John Brown of Ossawatamie.” In that poem he condemned the rash and disloyal acts of John Brown, but he forgave the treason, for the loving but misguided heart which begat his unwisdom and fanaticism. Mr. Whittier was firm in his refusal to retract or abate a single word from the spirit or import of his poem; saying, “John Brown’s acts were *unconstitutional* and I cannot condone them.” He never consented to any infringement of the Constitution, which he revered as a Patriot. In a conversation upon the subject, he once said, “If my loyalty to the Union is ever called in question, you have only to refer to a letter which I wrote to the late Gov. Andrew to confute the aspersion. He was

“A Patriot if a partisan,
He loved his native land.”

On the visit of his friend George William Curtis and several other gentlemen who accompanied him, Mr. Whittier was urgently solicited to unite with them in the memorable mugwump deflection from the Republican Party. He assured them that, in many respects, his sympathies were with them, but, said he, “I feel that I am now too old to change my party affiliations or to enter into any political complications.”

The Massachusetts Club, of forty-four gentlemen, including the Governor and four ex-Governors,—Long, Brackett, Talbot, and Claflin, on July eighth, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, came and partook of strawberries, cream, and other light refreshments, greatly to Mr. Whittier’s pleasure and gratification. In fact there were few months in the year when he was not favored by the experience of some such happy event.

Mr. Whittier was never reticent in regard to his poems when he was writing them. He often enjoyed listening to the reading of them, commenting upon them, and relating some circumstances of their conception, &c. The short poem, “What of the Day,” is an instance of his prophetic inspiration. “I wrote that poem two years before the Civil War broke out. I was in my garden one morning, when I dropped my hoe and went to my desk and

wrote it. I read it over several times and said 'What does it mean?' I opened my drawer and put it out of my sight and there it remained for two years, when I published it."

Mr. Whittier's friendship for Samuel J. Tilden was of long standing. Mr. Tilden was always in sympathy with Mr. Whittier in his Free Soil and Anti-slavery views and labors. Not only giving his sympathy, but efficient aid, in several instances, to both. Mr. Whittier was at Centre Harbor when he received the intelligence of Mr. Tilden's death. That night he wrote his "Lines to Samuel J. Tilden," and sent them to the editor of "The Boston Transcript," in which they were published the next evening. Many political friends marveled greatly at the sentiment contained in those lines, coming, as they did, so soon after the preceding memorable presidential election. After Mr. Whittier returned to "Oak Knoll," he was asked how he came to write that poem. He replied with some emotion, "Why, I had to do it. It was due to him, from me."

Mr. Whittier's poem, "A Cry of a Lost Soul," was so highly appreciated by Dom Pedro, then Emperor of Brazil, that he personally translated it into the Portuguese language. With much difficulty he obtained a pair of the Amazonian birds, had them preserved and mounted, and then sent them to Mr. Whittier. Unfortunately they were afterward destroyed by his housekeeper in a New England joust of house cleaning. The friendship between the Poet and the Emperor, thus inaugurated, was maintained for years, until Dom Pedro abdicated and retired to Portugal, from whence he wrote to Mr. Whittier, who was afterwards kept informed by cable of his illness and death.

After Mr. Whittier passed his seventieth anniversary, he published more than one hundred poems, nearly all of which were written in the retirement of his home at "Oak Knoll." As they were sent forth to the public, there came back to him many letters of congratulation, of gratitude and of thankfulness, according as they met the moods or needs of their readers.

Rhyming was not a natural gift to Mr. Whittier, it was

rather an acquired habit, contracted when a lad from the rhyming melodies of Robert Burns and the verse of other early bards. He often engrafted some afterthought or suggested incident into a ballad or poem which had been nearly, or quite, completed, thus necessitating more or less change in the entire construction. When this occurred, the debris of reconstruction was usually somewhat disfigured before consignment to his waste basket. It is well to pay that deferential reverence to his memory which withholds from public scrutiny those musty fragments which their author consigned to oblivion. It was never the poem, existing in his inner consciousness, which halted and marked his manuscript with changes, but the lack of fitting words wherewith to clothe the conceptions of his mind. The ringing of the bells of harmony was always clear to his inward ear. It required no whip or spur to subordinate his genius to the march of conflict in the great moral warfares of his fellow-men,—no long-drawn preludes to attune his lyre to the sweet harmonies of nature, or his harp-strings to the sad, low requiems he sang for those whom he loved and mourned.

Mr. Whittier thought diligently upon spiritual subjects, and was found of discussions which disclosed the views of others upon themes regarding the exercise of Faith and trustful reliance upon Divine Goodness,—a term which, in his comprehension, embraces the Power that controls the Universe. Such matters were the fireside topics of conversation for many winter evenings previous to the writing and publication of his poem entitled, "The Vision of Echard," a poem very dear to those who contemplated with its author each point of that far-reaching and significant "Vision."

When Mr. Whittier was asked to write for some special occasion, his first impulse was to give a prompt refusal. The task was not to his liking. It savored too much of the work of a machine, to be ground out, by the steady application of thought upon a topic not pregnant with the persuasive force which controls and inspires the mind when great poetic themes seek utterance. When invited to write an inscription for a bas-relief representing the

"Last Indian and the Last Bison," to be carved by Preston Powers upon the granite cliffs which overhang the beautiful natural park in the vicinity of Denver, Colorado, Mr. Whittier declined, saying that he could not *see* the figures or the position they were to occupy with the surrounding scenery with sufficient clearness to enable him to conceive of an appropriate symbolic inscription. Long before, he had been presented with a fine large photograph of "The Lion of Lucerne," carved by Thorwaldson upon the cliffs which overhang the lake in Switzerland, but which had been laid away in a folio so long as to have been almost forgotten. After an evening spent in conversation upon topics of travel, among which were the mountain peaks of Colorado which had been seen in their native grandeur, Mr. Whittier arose in the morning to find confronting him upon his desk, "The Lion of Lucerne." With a comprehending smile, he recognized its suggestion, and that evening he read aloud these lines:—

" The eagle, stooping from yon snow-blown peaks,
For the wild hunter and the bison seeks
In the changed world below, and finds alone
Their graven image in the eternal stone."

Mr. Whittier wrote the ballad, "The Witch of Wenham," in the winter of 1877. The previous summer, with the little "Red Riding Hood" of his poem, he rode over the rolling slopes of Cherry Hill, once known as "Alford Hill," and around the borders of Wenham Lake, which lay embosomed in wild shrubbery at its base. During the drive he improvised for his child companion a marvellous tale of the sad days of witchcraft in old Salem Village, now known as Danvers. From this little romance there came the happy conception of his beautiful ballad, "The Witch of Wenham." Near to "Oak Knoll," still stands "The farmhouse old," in which, according to tradition, an unfortunate victim of the "dreadful horror" was confined in its garret, whence she escaped by sliding down its

roof to the arms of one who had come to her rescue. The old "Witch Well," may still be seen beneath the broad arms of a venerable elm, which, could it speak like the "Oaks of Dodona," would tell strange tales of another victim who dwelt beside it.

On a windy morning in early spring, Mr. Whittier called to the family, "Come, put on your wraps, and all go with me for a walk." The air was crisp with frost and the lawns were sparkling in the glow of sunshine. We walked to a rising knoll which overlooked the meadow dotted with wild growths, through which Beaver Brook here and there disclosed itself in little pools. Beyond the meadow arose slopes of hills where stood old farm-houses half hidden by sheltering pines. The winds swayed the leafless branches of the tall trees and threatened us with the "Trial of the Winds" in the old fable. Mr. Whittier caught from the winds, the green hill slopes, and the winding brook, a happy inspiration for the closing stanzas of his ballad, and abruptly returned to his study. In the evening of that day he read to us from his manuscript the entire ballad "The Witch of Wenham." He was a good reader of his own, as well as of other poems, and a rare interpreter of the lyrics of Burns. While we listened to the unfolding incidents of the ballad, our minds caught something of the vivid power of the reader, and we seemed, with him, to hear the "Hebrew's old refrain," to behold with him the "fair face of Wenham Lake," and to hear the "wheeling flight" of the "blind bats on their leathern wings." With "Man and Maid" we sped "Along the wild wood paths, the bridgeless stream we swam;"

" At set of noon we passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawam."

With them, we "Shared the sweet relief," when, "In the red sun-down," they came in safety to that "Friendly door . . . in distant Berwicktown." How sweetly sang the song birds,

“ When once more by Beaver-dam
 The meadow lark outsang
 And once again, on all the hills,
 The early violets sprang.

“ And all the windy pasture slopes
 Lay green within the arms
 Of creeks that bore the salted sea
 To pleasant inland farms.”

In reply to the question, “ Which of all your ballads do you like the best?” Mr. Whittier answered, “ Hugh Tallant’s Sycamores.” Mr. James T. Brady, an eminent jurist and political leader in New York City, once expressed his appreciation of that ballad in a letter to its author. These two gentlemen, one a practical man of the world, and the other a poet, possessed many common bonds of sympathy. They were both bachelors, and both were earnest defenders of Right against Wrong, according to their individual understanding of those attributes. Judge Brady’s letter is an exceedingly interesting one,—much read and prized by Mr. Whittier.

New York, Mar. 5, 1866.

Mr. John G. Whittier:

My Dear Sir:—

I am a stranger to you personally, but have long been familiar with your intelligence and spirit, your poetry being a darling of my heart, which I have hugged closely for years. My admiration must at least be deemed impartial, for I am a Catholic, and know what you have written about *Pio Nono*. I was a Democrat of the Southern class, and know how much your thoughts did to keep alive the effort, which I thank God has resulted in the abolition of slavery. I am of Irish parentage, and it is a source of great pleasure and mirth to my friends and myself that I can challenge all the literature of Erin to furnish one description so thoroughly Irish as your portrait

of Hugh Tallant in the "Sycamores." I think it is the most racy and rollicking, as well as truthful representation of the Milesian that ever came to my notice. You have learned long since that Tom Moore did not write Irish poetry, but treats Irish subjects with Oriental imagery. The poets of '48, particularly Tom Davis, have done much better, but the odor of the brogue is stronger in Hugh Tallant than in even their pictures.

I am impelled to address you because I have just wiped from my eyes the tears called to them by your "Snow-bound," and from the bottom of my heart I thank you for the spiritual enjoyment you have furnished in this exquisite poem, and for your grand idea—

" That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

I hope you will be pleased to know that a lawyer of fifty years old, and an old bachelor at that, still keeps alive in his soul the most undying fondness for poetry.

As to being an Old Bachelor, I care little for that now, seeing how gracefully you have presented an Old Maid* in your last sweet production.

Yours very truly,

JAS. T. BRADY.

In familiar family converse by a winter's fireside, Mr. Whittier was asked why he never married. He made this reply, which at the time was made note of by the writer: "Matrimony was never a success in my family. My mother and my sister Elisabeth were my especial care while they lived, and I think with St. Paul, that while those who marry do well, many who do not marry do better."

*The Old Maid referred to was the "Aunt Mercy" in "Snow-bound."

"The sweetest woman ever Fate,
Perverse, denied a household mate."

Those friendships of his youth and manhood which have afforded themes for speculative authors to magnify and elaborate into "grievous disappointments in love," were unreservedly talked about in reminiscent moods; and, "between the lines," it was not difficult to understand why Mr. Whittier lived and died a bachelor. If any one of the many women whose friendship was dear to Mr. Whittier, took a deeper or more lasting hold upon his affections, that hold was never deep nor strong enough to guarantee to him the bonds of matrimony. He once told us of a young Quaker lady whom he met for the first time at Friends' Yearly Meeting, who was then and always the most beautiful woman he ever saw. Had he then been in circumstances to have engaged her affections for him, his life would doubtless have been different in many ways. In youth and in old age, the lady in the case was ever a most lovely and beautiful woman.

Mr. Whittier never wished to "fight his battles o'er;" he preferred rather to contemplate the results of the dreadful conflict for emancipation than to recall its awful scenes of human slaughter. He gave the best of his life to an untiring advocacy of the cause of freedom for the slaves, and when, at last, the great proclamation was sent over our vast country making good the declaration of our fathers that "All men are born free," he bowed his soul in sorrowful recognition of the awful facts of human sacrifice by which it was accomplished. He often expressed a doubt whether the results attained justified the means of their attainment, a doubt which he expressed in these words—"If I could have really foreseen the dreadful bloodshed which resulted from the great conflict, I should have hesitated and restrained my ardor, for a more peaceful solution of the great problem. It was sure to come, some time, and the sacrifice of blood was awful." Years of reflection brought to Mr. Whittier's mind a better understanding and realization of the far-seeing vision by which the massive mind of Daniel Webster was enabled to foretell the awful strife and horror of a civil war, which his wisdom foresaw would be the sure result of the policy of the political party which he abandoned. In

obedience to the demands of his nobler nature, Mr. Whittier wrote "The Lost Occasion." He directed his publishers to place it in the next edition of his works, immediately after his poem "Ichabod," which was written thirty years before, that the two poems might be read together.

It is to be lamented that Mr. Whittier's Biography was not and could not be written according to the arrangements he made in the summer preceding his death. He talked of the matter freely with the family at "Oak Knoll," and was quite happy in the assurance that his friend, Dr. Thomas Chace, then President of Haverford College, Penn., would perform that labor of love, in his memory. In a letter in June, 1892, he wrote: "I did not go to yearly meeting (in Portland), though I was anxious to meet Dr. Chace there, to talk with him about writing my biography, which he has consented to do, in connection with Mr. Pickard, who will aid him in obtaining material and facts, &c." Most unfortunately for Mr. Whittier's memory, Dr. Chace's death occurred just once month after Mr. Whittier died.

When Mr. Whittier left "Oak Knoll" for the last time, he was very cheerful and happy. As he sat looking out over the gardens and lawns, awaiting the carriage to convey him to the station, he remarked upon their loveliness, saying, with unusual assurance, "I shall not be gone over three weeks, and when I get back we will have the whole Whittier Club here from Haverhill. I want them to see me here, among these trees, where I have taken so much pleasure and comfort." He went from "Oak Knoll" to his old home in Amesbury, where he remained a few days. From there he went to the house of a daughter of his mother's old friend, Elizabeth Gove, in Hampton, New Hampshire; and, in the grey dawn of the seventh day of the ninth month, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two, he died. He had nearly survived to the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth, when he left the burdens and the joys of life to receive the rewards of his faithful service and to enter into that peace which passeth understanding.

The memory of such men is blessed. When they part with the vestments of mortality, they are clothed in an

immortality which the wisdom of the world holds fast and will not let depart from it; an immortality which becomes an integral force in the great moral power which moves humanity to higher planes of virtue and excellence, as the great cosmic forces shape and mould the Universe.

“ Whate'er his life's defeatures,
He loved his fellow creatures.
If of the Law's stone table
To hold he scarce was able,
The first great precept fast,
He kept for man the last.
Age brought him no despairing
Of the world's future faring.
In human nature still
He found more good than ill.
To all who dumbly suffered
His tongue and pen he offered;
His life was not his own
Nor lived for self alone.
Hater of din and riot
He lived in days unquiet,
And lover of all beauty
Trod the hard ways of duty.
He meant no harm to any,
He sought the good of many,
Yet knew both sin and folly;
May God forgive him wholly.

J. G. W.

THE
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
CENTENARY EXHIBITION AT THE ESSEX INSTITUTE,
DECEMBER 17, 1907 TO JANUARY 31, 1908.

FIRST EDITIONS AND PRINTED WORKS.*

"The Exile's Departure," and "The Deity,"—first two printed poems. From Newburyport Free Press, June 8, and June 22, 1826. Fac-similes in New England Magazine, Boston, December, 1892.

Pericles. Broadside, $22\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ cm. [Haverhill, 1827?]
Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Incidental Poems, by Robert Dinsmore, Haverhill, 1828.

Contains "J. G. Whittier to the Rustic Bard."

Specimens of American Poetry, by Samuel Kettell, 3 vols., Boston, 1829.

Contains "The Sicilian Vespers."

The Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette, 1829.

Whittier was a contributor.

American Anecdotes, by an American, 2 vols., Boston, 1830.

Contains "The Spectre Ship of Salem."

Essex Gazette, Haverhill, April 3, 1830 issue. Edited by Whittier.

Contains a poem, "The Crucifixion," and an advertisement of his proposed "History of Haverhill."

Lent by Haverhill Public Library.

*The property of the Essex Institute when not otherwise designated.

New England Weekly Review, Hartford, Conn., Oct. 18, 1830 issue. Edited by Whittier.

Lent by Connecticut Historical Society.

The New York Amulet, and Ladies' Literary and Religious Chronicle, New York, 1830.

Contains "Henry St. Clair," and other contributions.

Lent by P. K. Foley.

The Yankee Almanac for 1831, by Thomas Spofford, Boston [1830].

Contains "The Spirit of the North."

Legends of New England, Hartford, 1831.

Biography of Henry Clay, by George D. Prentice, Hartford, 1821. Also, 2d edition, New York, 1831, containing additional matter.

Whittier collaborated with Prentice in preparing this biography and also revised the printer's proofs.

American Commonplace Book of Poetry, by George B. Cheever, Boston, 1831.

Contains "To the dying year," and other poems.

The Literary Souvenir, A. A. Watts, editor, London, 1831.

Contains "The Indian Girl's Lament."

The Yankee Almanac for 1832, by Thomas Spofford, Boston [1831].

Contains "Boliver," and "The Cities of the Plain."

Literary remains of John G. C. Brainard, with a sketch of his life, Hartford [1832].

History of Haverhill, by B. L. Mirick, Haverhill, 1832.

Whittier was the publisher of this volume and it is also thought that he was the author.

Moll Pitcher, a poem, Boston, 1832.

Justice and Expediency; or Slavery considered with a View to its Rightful and Effectual Remedy, Abolition (500 copies privately printed), Haverhill, 1833.

Anti-Slavery Reporter, Vol. I, No. 4, New York, 1833.

Contains "Justice and Expediency."

The Oasis, Lydia Maria Child, editor, Boston, 1834.

Contains "Slave Ships."

The Colonizationist and Journal of Freedom, Boston, 1834

Whittier was a contributor.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Proceedings, Boston, 1834.

Whittier was one of the five signers of the "Address to the People."

The Maryland Scheme of Expatriation Examined, by a Friend of Liberty, Boston, 1834.

Contains "The Hunters of Men."

New England Anti-Slavery Convention. Address to the People of the United States by a Committee Boston, 1834.

Signed by Whittier and others.

Full statement of the reasons which were in part offered to the Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the fourth and eighth of March, respecting Abolition-ists and Anti-Slavery Societies, Boston, 1836.

Contains "Stanzas for the Times."

Mogg Megone, a poem, Boston, 1836.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Anti-Slavery Record, Vol. II, New York, 1836.

Contains "Bill of Abominations."

Songs of the Free and Hymns of Christian Freedom, Boston, 1836.

Contains "Voices of New England," and other poems.

Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. Annual report. (Right and Wrong in Boston in 1836), Boston, 1836.

Contains "To the memory of Charles B. Storrs," and "Clerical Oppressors."

Views of Slavery and Emancipation ; from "Society in America," by Harriet Martineau, New York, 1837.

Preface is signed J. G. W[hittier].

Letters to his Constituents, by J. Q. Adams, Boston, 1837.

Contains "Lines on the passage of Mr. Pinckney's resolutions," and "Stanzas for the times." Whittier also writes the Introduction.

Boston Book, Boston, 1837.

Contains "New England."

Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. Annual report (Right and Wrong in Boston), Boston, 1837.

Contains "Lines on reading the famous Pastoral Letter."

Poems written during the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States between the years 1830 and 1838, Boston, 1837.

Narrative of James Williams an American slave, New York, 1838.

Written anonymously by Whittier.

Report on the powers and duties of Congress upon the subject of slavery and the slave trade [by the Joint Special Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, April 6, 1838]. Mass. Senate document, No. 87.

Whittier was a member of the Committee.

The Liberator, Boston, June 29, 1838 issue.

Whittier was a frequent contributor.

Poems, Philadelphia, 1838.

Moll Pitcher and The Minstrel Girl. Revised edition,
Philadelphia, 1840.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

The North Star: the Poetry of Freedom, Philadelphia,
1840.

Edited by Whittier, who also contributed poems.

American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, New York,
Oct. 1, 1841 issue.

Edited by Whittier.

The Anti-Slavery Picknick, a Collection of Speeches, etc:
for use in Schools and Anti-slavery Meetings. Edited by
John A. Collins, Boston, 1842.

Contains "Stanzas," and "Stanzas for the times."

Visit to the United States in 1841, by Joseph Sturge,
London, 1842.

Contains contributions by Whittier.

Poetical Remains of the late Lucy Hooper, by John
Keese, New York, 1842.

Contains "On the death of Lucy Hooper."

Lays of my Home and other Poems, Boston, 1843.

Readings in American Poetry, by Rufus W. Griswold,
New York, 1843.

Contains "New England," and other poems.

The Liberty Minstrel, by George W. Clark, New York,
1844.

Contains "Gone, Sold and Gone," and other poems, set to
music.

Ballads and other Poems, London, 1844.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

The Stranger in Lowell (anonymous), Boston, 1845.

Proceedings of a Convention of Delegates chosen by the people of Massachusetts assembled in Faneuil Hall, Boston, January 29th, 1845, to take into consideration the proposed annexation of Texas to the United States, Boston, 1845.

Whittier was one of the four secretaries.

Voices of Freedom, 7th edition, Philadelphia, 1846.

Narratives of the sufferings of Lewis and Milton Clarke, Boston, 1846.

Contains "Our Countrymen in Chains."

Scenes in the Life of the Saviour, Rufus W. Griswold, editor, Philadelphia, 1846.

Contains "L'Envoi."

Memoir of Rev. Charles T. Torrey, by J. C. Lovejoy, Boston, 1847.

Contains a tribute from Whittier.

Supernaturalism of New England (Wiley and Putnam's Library of American books, No. 27.), New York, 1847.

A Wreath for St. Crispin, by J. Prince, Boston, 1848.

Contains "The Shoemakers," with a biographical sketch and selections from Whittier's verse and prose.

The Dark Eye has Left us. Music by William R. Dempster (sheet music), Boston, 1848.

American Free Soil Almanac for 1849, Boston [1848].

Contains "Free Soil Pæan."

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal, 1678-9 (anonymous), Boston, 1849.

Poems, Boston, 1849.

Boston Book, Boston, 1850.

Contains "Kathleen," and "The Yankee Zincli."

Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, Boston, 1850.

Songs of Labor and other Poems, Boston, 1850.

A Tract for the Times! A Sabbath Scene. Broadside,
26½ x 15 cm. [1850.]

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Operatives reply to Hon. Jere. Clemens, a sketch of factory life and enterprise, by Harriet Farley, Lowell, 1850.

Contains a Letter from Whittier.

Poems, Boston, 1850.

Letter from Committee of Correspondence calling for a State Convention to be held in Boston, March 26, 1851, Boston, 1851.

Signed by Whittier and four others.

Hymns and Songs for the Anti-Slavery Celebration of the Declaration of Independence at Abington, July 4, 1851.
* Broadside, 41 x 22½ cm. Boston [1851.]

Contains "American Liberty!"

Little Eva; Uncle Tom's Guardian Angel. Music by Manuel Emilio (sheet music), Boston, 1852.

The Farewell of a Virginian Slave-mother to her Daughter, sold into Southern bondage. Leeds Anti-slavery Tracts, No. 10. Leeds, Eng. [1852].

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Clerical Oppressors. Leeds Anti-slavery Tracts, No. 21. Leeds, Eng. [1852.]

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

The Christian Slave. Leeds Anti-slavery Tracts, No. 52. Leeds, Eng. [1852.]

Selections from the writings and speeches of William Lloyd Garrison, Boston, 1852.

Contains "To William Lloyd Garrison."

The Chapel of the Hermits and other poems, Boston, 1853.

Autographs for Freedom, Boston, 1853.

Contains "The Way."

Sabbath Scene, Boston, 1854.

Literary Recreations and Miscellanies, Boston, 1854.

The Panorama and other Poems, Boston, 1856.

Song [written for the Essex Agricultural Exhibition].
Broadside, $17\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ cm. [Newburyport, 1856.]

Essex Agricultural Society Transactions, Newburyport,
1856.

Contains "A Lay of Olden Time."

The National Era, Washington, D. C., January 1, 1857
issue.

Whittier was Corresponding Editor from 1847 to 1859.

Poetical Works, 2 vols. Boston, 1857.

The Sycamores, Nantucket, 1857.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

The Legion of Liberty! and Force of Truth, New York,
1857.

Contains "What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors?"

Celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of
Robert Burns by the Boston Burns Club, January 25th,
1859, Boston, 1859.

Contains a letter and a poem.

Home Ballads and Poems, Boston, 1860.

Report of the Proceedings of the Second Annual Meeting
of the Alumni Association of the New England Yearly
Meeting School, Philadelphia, 1860.

Contains "The Quaker Alumni."

The Republican Campaign Songster, edited by William H. Burleigh, New York, 1860.

Contains "The Song of the Kansas Emigrants," and "Free Discussion."

The Bobolink Minstrel, edited by George W. Bungay, New York, 1860.

Contains "Up for the Conflict."

Voice from John G. Whittier. The Quakers Are Out. Those who desire this Song, call on John A. Innis. Broadside, $12\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ cm. [Boston, 1860?]

The Quakers Are Out. Published by Wright & Potter. Broadside, $12\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ cm. [Boston, [1860?]

Naples,—1860. Inscribed to Robert C. Waterston. 4 pages. Bound with A Memorial of Helen Ruthven Waterston, Boston, 1860.

The Yankee Girl, a song, with seven anonymous songs. Broadside, $29\frac{3}{4} \times 42\frac{1}{2}$ cm. [1860?]

Chimes of Freedom and Union. A collection of poems by various authors, Boston, 1861.

Contains "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Patience of Hope, by the author of "A Present Heaven," Boston, 1862.

With an Introduction by Whittier.

Song of the Negro Boatman. Published by the Supervisory Committee for Recruiting Colored Regiments. Broadside, $18\frac{3}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ cm. [1862?]

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Only Once, New York, 1862.

Contains "Patience," and "Song of the Negro Boatman," set to "music composed for Only Once by an amateur."

Army and Navy Melodies, Boston, 1862.

Contains "Song of the Negro Boatmen," set to music.

Negro Boatman's Song. Music by Edward Wiebé (sheet music), Boston, 1862.

Ole Massa on his trabbles gone. Music by S. K. Whitney (sheet music), Boston, 1862.

American Anti-slavery Society. Proceedings at its Third Decade, held in Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863, New York, 1864.

Contains "A Northern Song," and two letters.

In War Time and other Poems, Boston, 1864.

The Silver Bell, by Charles Butler, Boston [1864].

Contains "The Contraband of Port Royal," set to music.

Boatswain's Whistle. Published at the National Sailors' Fair, Boston, 1864.

Whittier was one of the Editorial Council. Contains "John Woolman in the Steerage."

Essex Institute Proceedings, Vol. III, Salem, 1864.

Contains "Flowers, Flowering Shrubs and Vines in Amesbury and Salisbury."

Poetical Works, 2 vols., Boston, 1864.

National Lyrics, Boston, 1865.

Essex Agricultural Society Transactions, South Danvers, 1865.

Contains "The Peace Autumn."

Maud Muller. Broadside, 19½ x 13¼ cm. [1865?]

Memorial of Edward Everett from the City of Boston, Boston, 1865.

Contains Letter from Whittier.

Good Company for Every Day in the Year, Boston, 1866.

Contains "Yankee Gypsies."

Snow-Bound, A Winter Idyl, Boston, 1866.

Prose Works, 2 vols., Boston, 1866.

Poetical Works, 2 vols., Boston, 1867.

The Tent on the Beach and other Poems, Boston, 1867.

Maud Muller, Boston, 1867.

Poetical Works, complete edition, Boston, 1868.

Among the Hills and other Poems, Boston, 1869.

Poetical Works, complete edition, 2 vols., Boston, 1870.

Ballads of New England, Boston, 1870.

Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society. Thirty-sixth and Final Report, Philadelphia, 1870.

Contains, "Oh! if the spirits of the parted come."

The Eternal Goodness and The Minister's Daughter, one leaf, 8vo., London [1875?].

Winter Poems by Favorite American Authors, Boston, 1871.

Contains "The Pageant," and "In School-Days."

Miriam and other Poems, Boston, 1871.

Journal of John Woolman, Boston, 1871.

With an Introduction by Whittier.

Child Life: a Collection of Poems, Boston [1871].

Edited by Whittier.

Pennsylvania Pilgrim and other Poems, Boston, 1872.

To Edward and Elizabeth Gove on the Fifty-fifth Anniversary of their Marriage, 29th of 8th mo., 1872, four pages, 8vo.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Complete Poetical Works. Household edition, Boston, 1873.

Child Life in Prose, Boston, 1874.

The Prayer of Agassiz, Cambridge, 1874.

Memorial of Charles Sumner, Boston, 1874.

Contains "Sumner."

Lingering Memories. Music by D. F. Hodges (sheet music), Boston, 1874.

Poems. New revised edition, Boston, 1874.

Hazel-Blossoms, Boston, 1875.

Proceedings at the Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1875, Lexington, 1875.

Contains "Lexington—1775."

Proceedings at the Dedication of the Haverhill Public Library, November 11th, 1875, Haverhill, 1876.

Contains a Letter and "Let there be light."

Program of exercises at the Dedication of the Haverhill Public Library, Nov. 11, 1875, Haverhill, 1875.

Contains a "Poem."

Narratives of Colored Americans, New York, 1875.

Contains "Hymns sung at Xmas by the scholars at St. Helena's Island, S. C."

Mabel Martin. A Harvest Idyl, 21 illustrations, Boston, 1876.

Mabel Martin. A Harvest Idyl, 58 illustrations, Boston, 1876.

Centennial Hymn, with music by J. K. Paine. Broadside, 18½ x 12½ cm. stereotype proof.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Centennial Hymn, with music by J. K. Paine. Broadside,
18½ x 12½ cm.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Centennial Hymn, with music by J. K. Paine. Compli-
ments of W. E. Coster, Philadelphia. Broadside,
19 x 12½ cm.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Centennial Hymn. Music by J. K. Paine (sheet music),
Philadelphia, 1876.

Songs of Three Centuries, Boston, 1876.

Edited by Whittier.

Complete Poetical Works, Boston, 1876.

Indian Civilization: a lecture, by Stanley Pumphrey,
Philadelphia, 1877.

With an Introduction by Whittier.

Inauguration of the Halleck Statue [invitation and pro-
gram], New York, 1877.

The program announces a Poem by Whittier, to be read by J.
G. Wilson.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Fitz-Greene Halleck. Poem, 3 pages [New York, 1877].

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

The Tent on the Beach, Boston, 1877.

Favorite Poems, Boston, 1877.

Memoir of William Francis Bartlett, by Francis W. Pal-
frey, Boston, 1878.

Contains a memorial poem, "William Francis Bartlett."

The Vision of Echard and other Poems, Boston, 1878.

The River Path, Boston, 1878.

Essex Institute Historical Collections, Vol. XV., Salem, 1878.

Contains "Account of the Commemoration of the Fifth Half-Century of the Landing of Gov. John Endecott," with a Letter from Whittier.

Tributes to William Lloyd Garrison, at the Funeral Services, May 28, 1879, Boston, 1879.

Contains a poem, "Garrison."

William Lloyd Garrison and His Times, by Oliver Johnson, Boston, 1879.

With an Introduction by Whittier.

Bronze Group commemorating Emancipation. A Gift to the City of Boston from Hon. Moses Kimball [Boston], 1879.

Contains a "Poem" by Whittier.

Poems of the Old South, Boston, 1879.

Contains "In the Old South Church."

The Life, Travels, and Literary Career of Bayard Taylor, by Russell H. Conwell, Boston, 1879.

Contains a Letter from Whittier.

A Short Sketch of the Life and Services of Jonathan Walker, the Man with a Branded Hand, Muskegon, Mich., 1879.

Contains a letter and "The Branded Hand."

Poems. New revised edition, Boston, 1880.

Whittier's Old-Time Poem, Cassandra Southwick, 4 pages, 4vo. [1880?].

Essex Institute Historical Collections, Vol. XVII, Salem, 1880.

Contains "Account of the Commemoration of the 250th Anniversary of the Arrival of John Winthrop at Salem," with Letter from Whittier.

The King's Missive and other Poems, Boston, 1881.

Massachusetts Historical Society, Proceedings, Vol. XVIII., Boston, 1881.

Contains letter on the "King's Missive."

Grand Banquet given to the American Pomological Society by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Boston, September 16, 1881, 4 pages [Boston, 1881].

Contains "Hymn written for the Occasion" by Whittier.

The Whittier Birthday Book, arranged by Elizabeth S. Owen, Boston, 1881.

An Autobiographical sketch, containing *autographic additions*. Broadside, 23 x 37½ cm. Amesbury, 1882.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

In Memoriam. Rebecca Chase Grinnell of New Bedford, who died July 6, 1882. Poetical tribute by Whittier, written at the request of the family, and engraved upon a card.

"She leaves behind her, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears;
The love of friends, a record pure and good
Of gracious womanhood."

The Illustrated Fryeburg Memorial, Fryeburg, Me., 1882.

Contains "Lines."

Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches, by James T. Fields, Boston, 1882.

Contains "In Memory."

The Bay of Seven Islands and other Poems, Boston, 1883.

Letters by Lydia Maria Child, Boston, 1883.

Contains a Biographical Introduction by Whittier, and "Within the Gate."

Text and Verse for every day in the year, from Whittier's writings. Arranged by G. W. Cartland, Boston, 1884.

Jack in the Pulpit [New York, 1884].

Edited by Whittier, and containing an Introductory Letter.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Proceedings at the Unveiling of a Bust of Elizabeth Fry at the Friends' School, Providence, R. I., Ninth Month, 29th, 1885, Providence, 1885.

Contains "The Two Elizabeths."

Proceedings at the Presentation of a Portrait of John Greenleaf Whittier to the Friends' School, Providence, R. I., Tenth Month, 24th, 1884. Cambridge, 1885.

Contains a Letter.

Account of the Rebecca Nurse Monument, by William P. Upham. From the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, Vol. XXIII, Salem, 1886.

Contains two Letters and his Lines for the Nurse monument.

Re-union of the Schoolmates of John Greenleaf Whittier, September 10, 1885, with Exercises at the Presentation of the Portrait of the Poet to the Haverhill Public Library, December 17, 1885, Haverhill, 1886.

Contains "Poem," and Letters.

Saint Gregory's Guest and Recent Poems, Boston, 1886.

Inauguration of the Statue of Liberty on Bedlow's Island, New York, Oct. 28, 1886, New York, 1887.

Contains "The Bartholdi Statue."

American Literature and other Papers, by Edwin P. Whipple, Boston, 1887.

With Introductory Note by Whittier.

Presentation of the Bartlett Statue to the State of Massachusetts by Jacob R. Huntington. Unveiled at Amesbury, Mass., July 4th, 1888, Newburyport [1888].

Contains "One of the Signers."

One of the Signers [Amesbury, 1888].

In Memoriam. William B. Goldsmith, M. D. [New York, 1888].

Contains a Tribute.

At Sundown, Cambridge, 1890.

One of 50 copies privately printed.

The Haverhill Academy and the Haverhill High School, 1827-1890. An Historical Sketch by Albert L. Bartlett, Haverhill, 1890.

Contains "Ode" sung at the dedication, April 30, 1827.

Record of the Commemoration of the 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of Haverhill, Mass., Boston, 1891.

Contains an "Ode" and Letters.

At Sundown, Boston, 1892.

The Demon Lady [Haverhill], 1894.

A New Year's Address to the Patrons of the Essex Gazette [Haverhill], 1828, with a Letter hitherto unpublished, Boston, 1903.

BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

Kennedy, W. Sloane. John Greenleaf Whittier. His Life, Genius, and Writings, Boston, 1882.

Underwood, Francis H. John Greenleaf Whittier, a Biography, Boston, 1884.

McKinstry, Rev. L. C. A Poetic Offering to John Greenleaf Whittier, Haverhill, 1890.

Kennedy, W. Sloane. John Greenleaf Whittier. His Life, Genius and Writings. Revised and enlarged edition, Boston [1892].

- Souvenir of Whittier. Reprint of his Autobiography, with steel portrait, Boston, 1892.
- Clark, DeWitt S. In Memoriam. John G. Whittier. A Sermon in the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass., September 11, 1892. [Salem, 1892.]
- Memorial to John Greenleaf Whittier by the Citizens of Amesbury, December 17, 1892, Amesbury, 1893.
- A Memorial of John Greenleaf Whittier, from his Native City, Haverhill, Massachusetts [Haverhill], 1893.
- Garrison, William Lloyd. John Greenleaf Whittier. Address before the Brooklyn Academy of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 17, 1892, Boston, 1893.
- Fields, Mrs. James T. Whittier. Notes of his Life and of his Friendships, New York [1893].
- Linton, W. J. Life of John Greenleaf Whittier, London, 1893.
- Pickard, Samuel T. Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier. 2 vols. Boston, 1894.
- Flower, B. O. Whittier; Prophet, Seer and Man, Boston, 1896.
- Pickard, Samuel T., editor. Whittier as a Politician, Illustrated by his Letters to Professor Elizur Wright, Jr., Boston, 1900.
- Rantoul, Robert S. Some personal reminiscences of the poet Whittier (From the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute). [Salem, 1901.]
- Contains a fac-simile of a Letter from Whittier.
- Burton, Richard. John Greenleaf Whittier (Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans), Boston, 1901.
- Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. John Greenleaf Whittier (English Men of Letters), New York, 1902.

Carpenter, George Rice. John Greenleaf Whittier (American Men of Letters), Boston, 1903.

Hawkins, Chauncey J. The Mind of Whittier, New York [1904].

Pickard, Samuel T. Whittier-Land; a Handbook of North Essex, Boston, 1904.

Perry, Bliss. John Greenleaf Whittier, a Sketch of His Life, with Selected Poems, Boston, 1907.

Circular issued by the Whittier Club of Haverhill setting forth its aims. 4 pages.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS.*

Collection of youthful poems, 20 pages, folio, containing :

The Martyrs.

Canute and the Ocean.

Superstition.

The Midnight Scene—Tradition from the Banks of the Merrimac.

The Wounded Soldier (dated 6th mo. 1824).

Ingratitude (dated 1825).

Montgomery's Return.

To Nahant (dated 20th 8th mo. 1825).

The Comet—written on the evening of its first appearance in the autumn of 1825.

To the memory of Chatterton, who died aged 17.

Extract of a New Year's address, 31st, 12 mo., 1824.

The Brothers (dated 3d, 10th mo. 1825).

Hope.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Massachusetts to Virginia, 4 pages, folio.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

The Lost Occasion.

Sheets of paper pasted into one long sheet.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

*The property of the Essex Institute when not otherwise designated.

Rantoul, 4 pages, folio.

The 4th and 6th stanzas were rewritten on separate slips which were pasted at the corners over the original stanzas.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

The Landmarks, 4 pages, 8vo.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

In the Old South, 3 pages, 8vo.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

To William and Mary Claflin, signed, 1 page, 8 vo.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Letter to M. R. Hodges, Newburyport, April 3, 1892, 1 page, 8vo.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Through the Harsh Noises of our Day, 2 verses, signed, Oak Knoll. 12 mo. 15, 1887, 1 page, 4to.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

The King's Missive, printer's copy, 6 pages, folio.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

To Grace Gurteen, of Haverhill, England. Signed, July 5, 1890, 1 page, 8vo.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

The Worship of Nature, 2 pages, 4to.

The concluding poem in "The Tent on the Beach," and does not differ from the printed version. It was evidently at first entitled "The Worship," and changed to "The Great Worship," and finally to "The Worship of Nature."

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Trust, 1 page, folio.

Written in pencil on one side of a leaf from an account book. An early draft as there are many changes and interlineations. It was written in 1853, and included in "The Chapel of the Hermits," 1853. The last three lines are written in ink, probably when it was revised for publication. It differs very much from the Cambridge edition. On the other side of the leaf is a portion of the poem "To My Old Schoolmaster."

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

To My Old Schoolmaster, 2 pages, folio.

Written in pencil on two pages of an account book. Evidently the first draft, as there are many changes, corrections, and interlineations. The poem was addressed to Joshua Coffin of Newbury, his first schoolteacher, who afterwards became associated with Whittier in his crusade against slavery. The poem was written in 1853 and was included in "The Chapel of the Hermits," 1853.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Mabel Martin, 4 pieces, 9 pages, 8vo.

Written in 1857 and published in "The National Era," under the title of "The Witch's Daughter." In 1875, the publishers wished to issue an illustrated edition, and Whittier enlarged and altered it to its present form. These four pieces contain the 20 stanzas. I. "The River Valley," of the Cambridge edition.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Our Master, 5 pages, 8vo. The original rough draft of the poem.

Written on scraps of paper stuck together with sealing wax, with some passages marked out or covered up and others inserted by gumming an additional piece of paper on the margin. The title evidently was originally intended to be "The Master" for the first three stanzas were written under this title and afterwards were covered up by a later version.

• Apparently first printed in "The Tent on the Beach."

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

The Slaves of Martinique, 4 pages, 4to.

This poem originally consisted of 33 stanzas, one of which (the third) is cancelled and was not published. Afterwards four more verses were written and are attached to the manuscript,—these when the poem was published were inserted between the 8th and 9th stanzas. The manuscript is addressed to Gaml. Bailey Jr. Ed. Era—Washington, D. C.—and first appeared in that periodical.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Rhymed letter to Lucy Larcom, Amesbury, 25 March, 1866, 4 pages, 8vo.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

The Wife of Manoah to her Husband, 4 pages, 8 vo.

Contains 23 verses, with a short note on the margin addressed to John Keese, Esq., 254 Pearl St., New York.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

The Haunted Man; an extract, dated Haverhill, 22d., 5mo., 1839, 1 page, 4to.

Lent by P. K. Foley.

Letter to Whittier from Mary Abby Dodge (Gail Hamilton), dated Mar. 21, 1862, accompanying a copy of "The Sycamores," 3 pages, 8vo.

Lent by S. H. Wakeman.

Letter to Sidney Perley, Esq., containing autobiographical information used in "The Poets of Essex County," Danvers, 17th, 7 mo., 1879. 4 pages, 8vo.

Lent by Sidney Perley, Esq.

Two anti-slavery letters written in 1837 to Robert Rantoul, then a member of the Massachusetts Senate.

Letter introducing the chairman of the Amesbury Town Committee of the Free Democracy, to the chairman of the County Committee, Amesbury, 7th, 11th mo., 1853, 1 page, 8vo.

Letter acknowledging receipt of invitation to attend the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the landing of John Endecott and containing a tribute to the memory of the Puritan Governor, West Ossipee, N. H., 14th, 9th mo., 1878.

Galley-proof, corrected by Whittier, of a biographical sketch in "Some notable men," by Andrew J. Symington. From Butler and Tanner, printers, Frome, England.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

PORTRAITS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND PERSONAL
RELICS.*

Oil portrait. Copy by Straine after Hoyt in 1845.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Oil portrait painted by Caliga after a photograph made in 1886.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Daguerreotype made in Philadelphia in the winter of 1844-5.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Sixteen photographs of Whittier and "Oak Knoll."

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Photograph made in 1861, and one made in 1879 with dated autograph signature.

Twenty-six photographs and engravings of houses and localities associated with Whittier.

Photograph of a crayon portrait after a daguerreotype of Whittier's mother.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Twenty-two engraved portraits of Whittier and his mother and sister.

Gift of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Photogravure of a sketch of the Whittier birthplace made in 1849.

Lent by Sidney Perley, Esq.

Lithograph by Tappan and Bradford [Boston], of the Whittier birthplace, after a painting by O. R. Fowler.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

*The property of the Essex Institute when not otherwise designated.

Photograph of the Kitchen at Whittier's Birthplace.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Journal of the Life, Labours, Travels, etc., of Thomas Chalkley, Philadelphia, 1754, Vol. I. only.

Mentioned in Snow-Bound. From the old Whittier home library of twenty volumes.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Davideis. The Life of David, King of Israel, A sacred poem; in five books. [Imperfect but probably the 5th edition, Philadelphia, 1754.]

The only book of poetry in the old Whittier homestead from 1807 to 1820.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

The original Quaker Marriage Certificate of John Greenleaf Whittier's father and mother, dated at Dover, N. H., 3d, 10th mo. 1804.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Whittier's favorite cane.

From the Oak Knoll Collection.

Sundial formerly owned by Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, M. D. of Boston. The inscription around this dial was composed about 1852 by Whittier, for Dr. Bowditch.

"With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From Life's glad morning to its solemn night,
Yet through the dear God's love I also show
There's light above me by the shade below."

Lent by the children of Dr Bowditch.

Genealogical chart of two branches of the Whittier family from 1620 to 1873. Lithograph, 39½ x 56 cm. Boston [1873].

Lent by Sidney Perley, Esq.

University of California Library
Los Angeles

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