

PS 2262

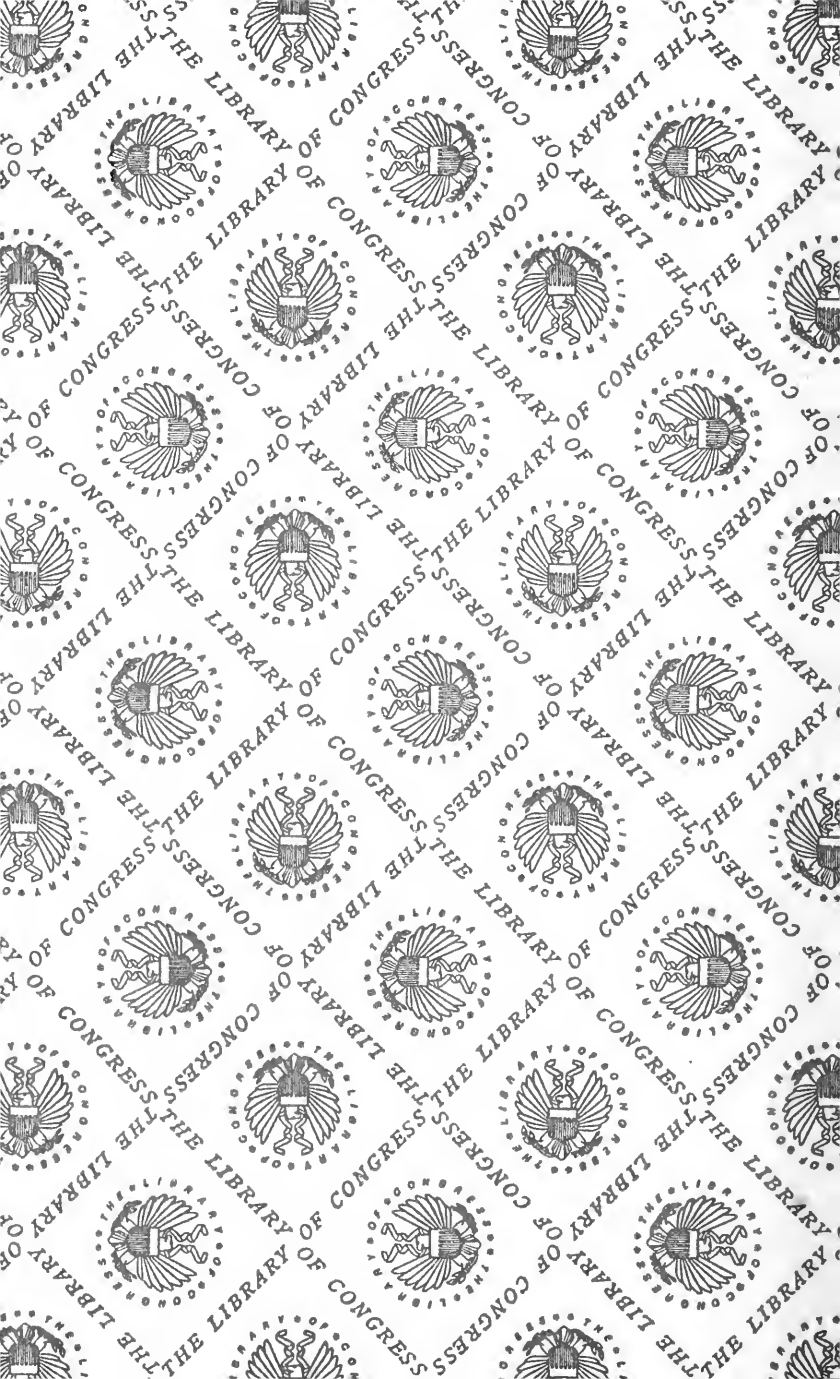
.A1

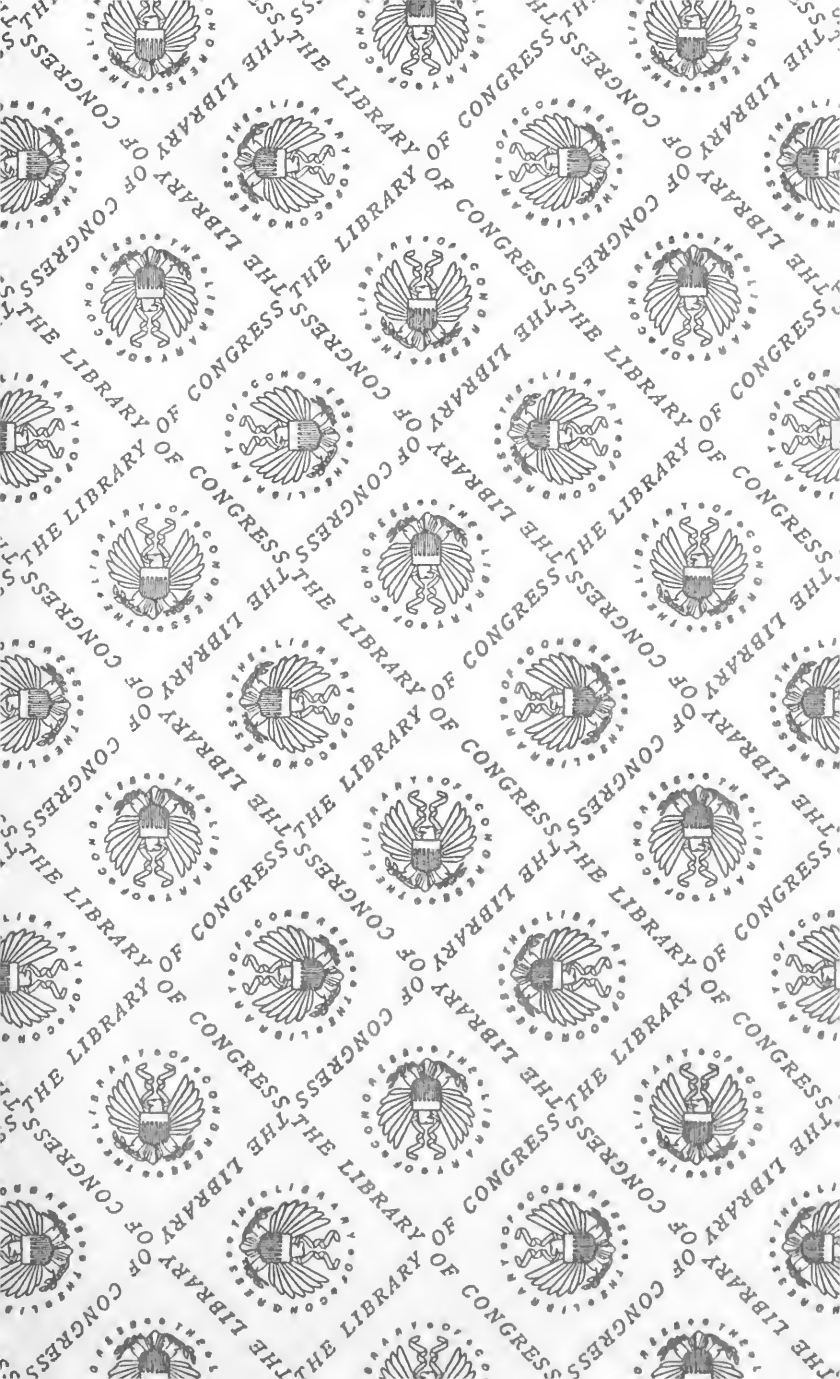
1917

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002968459



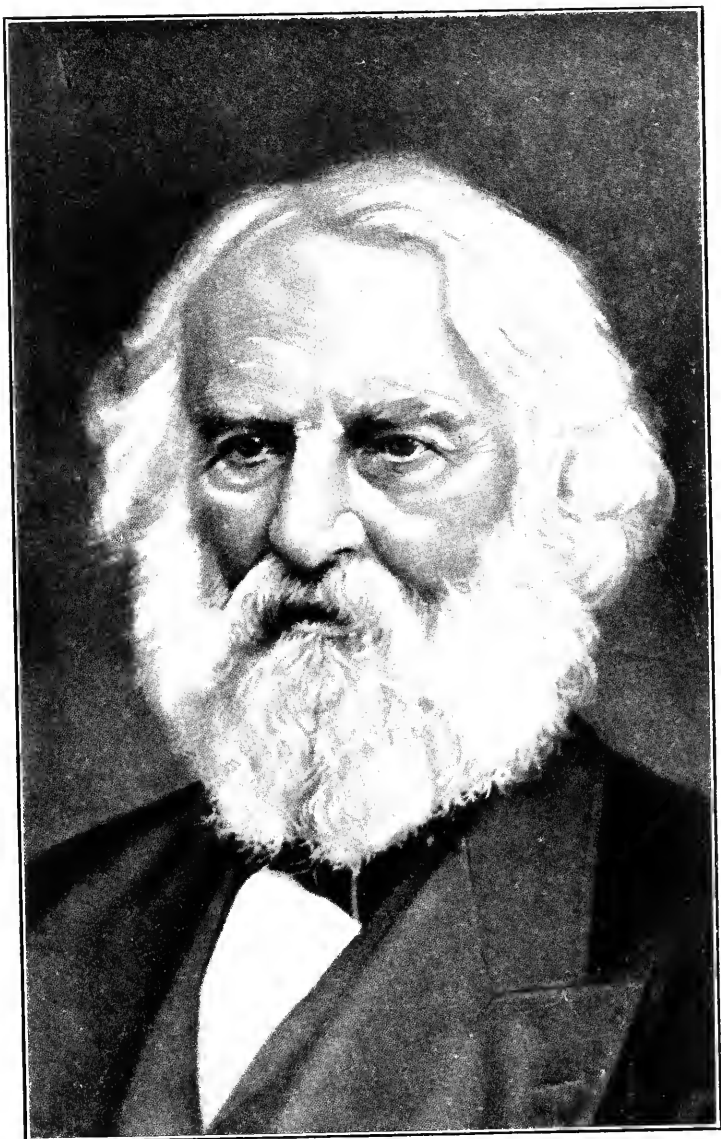






C366

57



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The Hearthstone Series

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

||

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, WITH NOTES, AND
TWENTY SPECIAL LESSONS

BY

WILLIAM A. CAMPBELL

DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
NEW YORK CITY

HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE, INC.
New York Philadelphia Chicago

1917

75 2262
A1
1917

Copyright, 1917, by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc.

U. S. I.

\$ 0.32

APR 16 1917

© Cl. A 457976

No. 1.

PREFACE

Simplicity, clarity, brevity — these have been the editor's watchwords in preparing the Hearthstone Series. This Series is to comprise works, suitably edited and annotated, adapted for three different groups of students: the pupils in high schools who study critically certain of the English classics; the advanced classes in grammar schools whose work is not so exacting; and the younger grammar school pupils for whom should be provided certain classical writings, for appreciative reading.

The information contained in each Introduction will, the editor hopes, assure to the student a more efficient and intelligent study of the book. Though the footnotes are somewhat technical in their application, the endeavor has been to make them as interesting as possible consistent with brevity.

A new feature which the editor is confident that teachers will approve as of pedagogical value, is the Twenty Special Lessons. It is believed that every pupil who thoroughly prepares himself in the work outlined in these Special Lessons, will have gone far toward attaining good taste in literature and a love for the classics. To the pupils who may not yet have read the history of the various countries, it is hoped that the historical comments may convey something of the atmosphere of the period in which the work is laid; and in the hands of a skillful teacher these comments should furnish incentives to conversation and discussion, and even themes for composition. The Questions, which are by no means exhaustive, are designed to stimulate thought. The

lines to be memorized, as well as those to be scanned, have been selected for their especial beauty of thought and expression and for their ethical content. These quotations will familiarize the student with the names and the style of the great writers studied.

From the foregoing it will also appear that an underlying purpose of the Series is to provide, not only for pupils in the schools but for their parents and other adults, appropriate material for the appreciative enjoyment of literary masterpieces.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	vi
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	vi
Some of the Works of Longfellow	vii
A Brief Account of the Pilgrims	viii
The Characters in the Poem	x
History of the Poem	xi
Figures of Speech	xii
The Meter of the Poem	xiii
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH	1
I. Miles Standish	1
II. Love and Friendship	7
III. The Lover's Errand	12
IV. John Alden	21
V. The Sailing of the Mayflower	30
VI. Priscilla	38
VII. The March of Miles Standish	44
VIII. The Spinning-Wheel	50
IX. The Wedding-Day	56
TWENTY SPECIAL LESSONS	65
REFERENCE BOOKS	102

INTRODUCTION

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE quaint old town of Portland, Maine, was the birth-place of Longfellow. Here he received his early education and dreamed the "long, long thoughts" of youth.

One year after completing the course at Bowdoin College, he was elected a professor there, but did not fill that office until he had devoted three years to study in Spain, France, Italy, and Germany. Later he resigned his professorship at Bowdoin in order that he might occupy the chair of modern languages and literature at Harvard University, which position he filled after another year abroad. He was twenty-eight years of age when he began his work at Harvard, and from that time until his death, he lived in the historic old Craigue House at Cambridge. On his last trip to Europe, when he was sixty-one years old, he was welcomed with great enthusiasm by the English people.

For more than twenty-five years he devoted himself exclusively to literature, giving up his classes in college that he might have more time for this congenial work. He was called the "children's poet" both on account of his love for children and because of the number of his poems that appeal to their taste.

The tranquillity of his home life was several times invaded by poignant sorrow, but his poem *Resignation* shows the beautiful spirit in which he accepted his grief.

He died in March, 1882, one month after he had completed his seventy-fifth year; he was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge.

SOME OF THE WORKS OF LONGFELLOW

Prose

Outre-Mer. An account of his travels in Europe.

Hyperion: A Romance. A record in diary form of his travels in Germany.

Poetry

Voices of the Night. A volume containing *A Psalm of Life, The Reaper and the Flowers, Footsteps of Angels, The Beleaguered City,* etc.

Ballads and Other Poems. This contains some of his most popular short poems: *Excelsior, The Village Blacksmith, The Wreck of the Hesperus, The Skeleton in Armor, God's-Acre,* and others.

Poems on Slavery.

The Spanish Student. A drama.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe. Translations from ten different languages.

The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems. Some of his best poems are found in this volume; among them are: *The Day is Done, The Arsenal at Springfield, The Bridge,* etc.

Evangeline. A tale founded on the banishment of the Acadians.

The Seaside and the Fireside. A volume containing among other poems: *Resignation* (in memory of his baby daughter), *The Building of the Ship, The Fire of Driftwood, Twilight.*

The Song of Hiawatha. A long poem based on Indian legends.

The Courtship of Miles Standish. A romance of the Old Colony days in Plymouth.

Birds of Passage. Five groups of poems, each group called a "Flight."

Tales of a Wayside Inn. A number of tales supposed to be told by a group of visitors at an inn. They include *Paul Revere's Ride, The Legend Beautiful, Azrael, The Birds of Killingworth,* and other interesting stories.

Flower-de-Luce. A dozen short poems.

Judas Maccabæus. A drama.

Christus: A Mystery. Part I, *The Divine Tragedy;* Part II, *The Golden Legend;* Part III, *The New England Tragedies.*

The Hanging of the Crane. A companion piece to *The Building of the Ship*.

Morituri Salutamus. Celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Bowdoin.

The Masque of Pandora. A dramatic poem.

A Book of Sonnets.

Ultima Thule. A group of short poems.

In the Harbor. Twenty-four poems first published after the poet's death.

Michael Angelo: A Fragment. A dramatic poem published in 1884.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE PILGRIMS

The desire for religious liberty was the strong motive power that induced the Pilgrims to leave their country and face the terrors of a strange new world. These Puritans, as they were called, did not agree with all the tenets of the Anglican creed, which was that of the Established Church of England. Because they had met in secret and sought to worship God in their own way, they had been spied upon and persecuted until they made up their minds to leave England and settle in some land where freedom of worship was permitted. For this reason they chose Holland as a place of refuge, spending ten years in Leyden with their pastor, John Robinson. But when they saw their children adopting the language and falling into the ways of the Hollanders, they decided to come to America, where they could retain both their religion and their nationality.

After many delays, two ships were fitted out for them by some London merchants. Although the terms were disadvantageous to the Pilgrims, and would oblige them at the end of seven years to divide equally with the merchants, capital and profits (houses, lands, goods), they were so anxious to depart that they assumed the heavy obligations.

Their pastor accompanied them from Leyden to Delft-haven, where he watched them embark for England. As lack of funds prevented the majority of his congregation from leaving Holland at that time, it was deemed best for Pastor Robinson to remain with them. He died in 1625, before he could complete his plans to join the Pilgrims. From England, they started out in the two vessels, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*, but the *Speedwell* proving unseaworthy, both ships were obliged to return, and as many passengers as possible accommodated themselves to the *Mayflower*. Finally, on September 6, 1620, the Pilgrims set sail for America. The privations suffered during the three months' voyage so undermined their health that many of them were unable to withstand the hard conditions of that first winter. Their charter designated the mouth of the Hudson river for the settlement, but adverse winds drove them farther north and they anchored off what is now Provincetown, on Cape Cod.

Before landing, the Pilgrims drew up a solemn agreement in the form of a Compact, which gave them authority to "enact, constitute and frame" the laws, and institute the offices of the colony. Among the forty-one signers of this Compact were Brewster, Carver, Bradford, Standish, and Mullins. On the same day as the signing, John Carver was appointed Governor for the ensuing year. A searching party explored the neighboring coast and, having found a spring of pure water, decided to locate the settlement near it. Here the Pilgrims built their homes, and erected a fort that served the double purpose of fort and church.

During this first winter, which fortunately was less severe than is usual along that coast, they were able to eke out their supplies with fish, game, and hardy winter plants. Nevertheless, they lost one-half their number from disease and hardship. The entries in Bradford's *Journal* show what their

sufferings must have been. When spring came, they improved their homes and planted seeds, so that the next cold weather found them prepared.

In 1621 the *Fortune* brought thirty-five new settlers, and in 1623 about sixty arrived in the *Anne* and the *Little James*. This increase revived the spirits of the colonists, and in a few years they not only had freed themselves from their debt to the London merchants, but had established so thriving a trade in furs and fish as to assure the prosperity of the settlement. In 1691 the colony was incorporated with the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

THE CHARACTERS IN THE POEM

The characters in the poem are found in the old chronicles, but in many instances a brief statement has been enlarged by the poet and transformed into an interesting incident. The lives of the Puritans were tempered by a stern discipline; yet despite the harshness of the Puritan character, Longfellow has invested the people of his poem with a tenderness and loyalty that have endeared them to posterity.

Priscilla came to this country with her father (William Mullins), her mother, brother, and a man-servant. Of this group Priscilla was the only one who survived the first winter. After her marriage, she and John Alden settled in Duxbury, where their eleven children were surrounded by the greater conveniences and comforts made possible in the later years by the industry and progressive spirit of the colonists.

The records of **Miles Standish** are brief. He was born in Lancashire, England, about 1584; the exact date is uncertain. It is thought that he belonged to one of the great families of England; he certainly believed himself defrauded of vast estates. In his last will, he bequeathed these estates to his oldest son, Alexander. As he was not a Puritan, his

reason for joining the Pilgrims is unknown; it may have been admiration for their upright lives, or love of adventure, or perhaps discouragement at the loss of his inheritance. Believing that in Plymouth his children could not have all the benefits of country life, Miles Standish founded the town of Duxbury, near enough to Plymouth to keep him in touch with the interests of that village. His career was that of a useful citizen, and his death, in 1656, meant the loss to the colony of one who had not only guided their councils but had been dear to their hearts.

When the *Mayflower* put in at Southampton for victuals, **John Alden**, a cooper, then about twenty-one years old, decided to embark with the Pilgrims. A young man of vigor and refinement, he made a valuable addition to the little band. He took an active part in the civil affairs of the colony, and for over fifty years occupied the position of magistrate. He died at the age of eighty-eight. Many of his numerous decendants live near the old home.

HISTORY OF THE POEM

The facts forming the basis of the poem are true to history except as to time, the incidents of about three years being crowded into a period short enough to stimulate interest. Moreover, Longfellow has preferred to rearrange the chronological sequences in a manner to enhance the dramatic effect.

Much of the material is taken from Holmes's *Annals of America*, Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, and Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*.

Tenderness and humor were not predominant traits of Puritan character, but in such wholesome natures as those selected by Longfellow for his subjects, the sternly controlled native sweetness has been allowed some freedom, and appears all the more attractive for its grim setting.

The poem is distinctly American in feeling and has engendered greater interest in the early American settlements and deeper love for the Old Colony than would a series of volumes labeled *History of New England*.

FIGURES OF SPEECH

To express his thoughts in a clearer, more vigorous, or more beautiful way, the poet frequently uses figures of speech. Let us study some of the figures of speech in *The Courtship*.

Simile. — In this figure, two unlike things are compared. By the comparison the meaning is made clearer. The word *like* or the word *as* is the one usually employed to denote the comparison.

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as
the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a
moment.

How readily we see the glancing brightness of the smiling look that came into his eyes.

Trying to smile, yet feeling his heart stand still in his
bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by
lightning.

Be careful to find the exact comparison. It is not the *heart* and the *lightning* that are compared. John Alden's heart stops beating when he hears the words of Miles Standish, just as a clock stops in a house that is stricken by lightning.

Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and
relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and
woe of his errand;

The swiftly passing thought of the bitterness of his errand is compared to a keen, cold wind.

Metaphor. — Metaphors are somewhat like similes, but in

a metaphor the term of likeness (e. g., *like* or *as*) is not expressed. The metaphor is more forceful than the simile.

He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment.

If the poet had written "He is *like* a little chimney, which is heated hot in a moment," the simile would have been less forceful than the metaphor.

Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth.
Children lost in the woods the Mayflowers . . .

Personification; Apostrophe. — In attributing to an inanimate object the qualities or actions of a person, we use a figure of speech called personification. This figure is often combined with apostrophe; that is, the thing personified is addressed.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I
heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!

John Alden speaks to the cloud as if it were a person capable of hearing and understanding him.

THE METER OF THE POEM

What is it that makes poetry different from prose? Not the rhyme, because all poetry does not rhyme; *The Courtship of Miles Standish* does not rhyme.

Rhythm; Meter. — Select two lines of prose and read them aloud. Now read aloud two lines of *The Courtship*. Notice the difference. In poetry some of the syllables are accented, and the accents come at regular intervals. This alternation of accented and unaccented syllables is called **rhythm**. When the rhythm of poetry is measured into feet, lines, and stanzas, it is called **meter**. It is the meter of poetry which distinguishes it from prose.

Foot. — Look closely at the following line:

You are a | writer, and | I am a | fighter, but | here is a | fellow . . .

A **foot** is a portion of a line of poetry, consisting of two or three syllables combined according to accent.

Hexameter. — A line containing six feet is called **hexameter**. *The Courtship* is written in hexameter.

Dactyl. — When a foot consists of one accented syllable and two unaccented, it is called a **dactyl** (— ~ ~). In modern dactylic hexameter the fifth foot is regularly a dactyl.

Trochee. — A foot containing one accented and one unaccented syllable is a **trochee** (— ~). The last foot in each line of *The Courtship* is a trochee.

Cæsura. — Toward the middle of nearly every line of poetry there is a pause, which is called a **cæsura**. Varying the location of the cæsura in succeeding lines, makes the rhythm more agreeable.

Scansion. — Dividing a line into feet and indicating the kind and the number of feet, is **scanning** the line, or giving the **scansion**. Lengthy lessons in scansion are apt to induce a sing-song method of reading poetry.

Scan the following lines:

1. Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
2. That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
3. Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,
4. Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted . . .
5. Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better, —



Painting by Boughton

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I

MILES STANDISH

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth¹ the land of the Pilgrims,

To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,²
Clad in doublet and hose,³ and boots of Cordovan leather,⁴
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan
Captain.

Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him,
and pausing⁵

Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber, —
Cutlass and corselet⁵ of steel, and his trusty sword of Da-
mascus,⁶

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic
sentence,⁷

¹ Plymouth, or the Old Colony, was the first settlement of English colonists on the coast of Massachusetts.

² Roughly-built log house.

³ The doublet was a short, tight-fitting coat. Hose are stockings reaching to the knees; they were worn by the men in those days.

⁴ The goatskin which the Spanish of Cordova tanned by a special process received the name of Cordovan leather.

⁵ A cutlass is a short, curved sword. A corselet was a piece of steel armor worn to protect the chest and back.

⁶ Damascus is an ancient city of Syria, which was famous for its finely tempered sword blades.

⁷ A sentence that long baffled interpretation. It was taken from the Koran (the Mohammedan Bible).

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket,
and matchlock.¹ 10

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and
sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was
already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in
November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household
companion, 15

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the
window;

Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the
captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but
Angels."²

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May-
flower. 20

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe inter-
rupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain
of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that
hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspec-
tion!

¹ A form of musket, now out of date. The gunlock contained a piece of cord that served as a match to fire the priming.

² The Angles were early inhabitants of Britain (England). It was unusual at that time to see fair-haired, blue-eyed captives in the Roman slave markets.

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders;¹
this breastplate, 25

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.²

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."³ 30

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:

"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging; 35

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.

¹ Flanders was a large countship of the Low Countries. The territory covered by the provinces of East and West Flanders in modern Belgium was once a part of this ancient county. In the fourteenth century, the city of Bruges, in Flanders, was a commercial center of Europe. In the market place of "that quaint old Flemish city," stands the belfry of which Longfellow has written. Although Flanders was frequently at war, her people nevertheless preserved their habits of thrift and industry and so were able to maintain their industrial prosperity.

² A Spanish word, meaning a soldier whose principal weapon was an arquebus, an ancient hand gun.

³ The marshes of Flanders.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.¹

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army, Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest² and his matchlock, 40

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage, And, like Cæsar,³ I know the name of each of my soldiers!"

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued: 45

"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer⁴ planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic, Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians: 50 Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better, —

¹ The forerunner of the modern inkwell.

² As the matchlock was a heavy weapon, a support, or *rest*, was needed to steady the aim.

³ Julius Cæsar was a great Roman general, statesman, writer, and orator. One of his famous books is the *Commentaries*, an account of his campaigns in Gaul and in the Civil War. His writings were first made public in 51 B. C. The *editio princeps* of Cæsar's works was published about the middle of the fifteenth century; it was, therefore, among the earliest of printed books.

⁴ An old-fashioned cannon.

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or
 pow-wow,¹
 Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the
 landscape,
 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the
 east-wind, 55
 Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the
 ocean,
 Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
 Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the
 landscape,
 Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued
 with emotion,
 Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded: 60
 "Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose
 Standish;²
 Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
 She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
 Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown
 there,
 Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our
 people, 65
 Lest they should count them and see how many already
 have perished!"
 Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was
 thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among
 them

¹ Sachem, great chief; sagamore, chief of lesser rank; pow-wow, one claiming skill in the use of herbs and charms.

² The young wife of Miles Standish. She died February 8, 1621.

Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;

Barriffe's Artillery Guide,¹ and the Commentaries of Cæsar, 70

Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge² of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing
the Bible.

Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as
if doubtful

Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and
comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns
of the Romans, 75

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous
Roman,

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in
silence

Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick
on the margin,

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. 80

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the
stripling,

Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May-
flower,

Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God
willing!

Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible
winter,

¹ The writer of this book was a Puritan, and to a title page of half a score of lines subjoined a text from the Psalms suited to the tone of the book.

² A writer and translator of the sixteenth century.

Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,¹ 85
 Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
 Priscilla!

II

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
 Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
 Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
 After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards, 90
 Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
 You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
 Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"
 Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
 "Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons. 95
 Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
 Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
 "Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
 "Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!

¹ Priscilla Mullins was one of the Pilgrims. Her father, mother, and brother were with her on the Mayflower, but died during the first winter.

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian ¹ village, 100
 Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he
 said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times
 after;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he
 conquered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;²

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!³ 105
 Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in
 Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving
 way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion ⁴ was crowded so closely
 together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield
 from a soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and com-
 manded the captains, 110

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
 Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their
 weapons;

So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.

That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well
 done,

¹ In ancient times, Spain was called Iberia.

² Cæsar's most brilliant victory was the defeat of the Nervii, a barbarous tribe inhabiting that part of Flanders which is now called Belgium.

³ This is Marcus Junius Brutus, a Roman general. He held various offices in the Republic: Senator, City Prætor, Governor of Cisalpine Gaul. Influenced by the other conspirators, he believed that the welfare of his country demanded the death of Cæsar, so he took part in the assassination. "Therefore 'tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes." — Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*.

⁴ A legion was one of the divisions of the Roman army. In the time of Cæsar it consisted of about six thousand men.

"You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

115

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling

Writing epistles important to go next day by the *Mayflower*,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla;

Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,

120

Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of
Priscilla!

Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his
musket,

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain
of Plymouth:

125

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:

"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to
listen,

130

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish." Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:

" 'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.¹ This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it; Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.

135

¹ *Genesis*, ii. 18.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and mother and
brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming, 140
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the
dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if
ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is
Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned. 145

Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared
to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most
part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of
actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier. 150

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings
of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a
maiden." 155

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn
stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with
lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his
bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by
lightning, 160
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than
answered:
"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and
mar it;
If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your
maxim, —
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his
purpose, 165
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of
Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay
it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for
nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to sur-
render, 170
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a
cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of
a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to
confess it!

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar, 175

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:

"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!" 180

Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand, 185

Out of the street ¹ of the village, and into the paths of the forest,

¹ There was but one street in the village. At the time of our story there were only eleven buildings: seven dwelling houses, two store-houses, a common house, and the fort. Miles Standish occupied the house at the end of the street, nearest the fort. Old pictures show the houses arranged on both sides of the street, Governor Bradford's place being slightly more imposing than its neighbors.

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were
 building
 Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of
 verdure,
 Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
 All around him was calm, but within him commotion and
 conflict, 190
 Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous
 impulse.
 To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and
 dashing,
 As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
 Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
 "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamenta-
 tion, — 195
 "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
 Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in
 silence?
 Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the
 shadow
 Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New Eng-
 land?
 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of cor-
 ruption 200
 Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
 Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
 All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
 This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
 For I have followed too much the heart's desires and de-
 vices, 205
 Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.¹
 This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribu-
 tion."

¹ Astaroth was a goddess, and Baal, a god of the Phœnicians.

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his
 errand;
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble
 and shallow,
 Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around
 him, 210
 Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweet-
 ness,
 Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their
 slumber.¹

“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puritan maidens,
 Modest and simple and sweet,² the very type of Priscilla!
 So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of
 Plymouth, 215

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take
 them;
 Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and
 perish,

Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his
 errand;

Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean, 220
 Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the
 east-wind;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla

¹ *The Ballad of the Babes in the Wood* tells of a cruel uncle, who, to obtain the money of his little niece and nephew, hired two ruffians to take the children to a neighboring wood and there murder them. The innocence of the babes touched the heart of one of the men, who thereupon induced the other to leave them. The children died of starvation, and the robins covered them with leaves.

² This is a pretty comparison. The Mayflower, or trailing arbutus, grows close to the ground as if to hide beneath the leaves; it is tinted with pink and is delicately fragrant.

Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
 Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalm-
 ist, 225

Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting
 many.

Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the
 maiden

Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-
 drift

Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous
 spindle,

While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in
 its motion. 230

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of
 Ainsworth,¹

Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a
 churchyard,

Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.

Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan
 anthem, 235

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-
 spun

Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her
 being!

Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and
 relentless,

Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe
 of his errand; 240

¹ Ainsworth was a follower of the teachings of Robert Browne, an English theologian, who was the founder of a religious sect. Ainsworth made a translation of the Psalms.

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had
vanished,

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,

“Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look
backwards;¹ 245

Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its
fountains,

Though it pass o’er the graves of the dead and the hearths
of the living,

It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!”

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and
the singing

Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the
threshold, 250

Rose as he entered and gave him her hand, in signal of
welcome,

Saying, “I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the
passage;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spin-
ning.”

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had
been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the
maiden, 255

Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an
answer,

Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that
day in the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the
village,

¹ Compare *Luke*, ix. 62.

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
 Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house,
 and Priscilla 260
 Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
 Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
 Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
 Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
 So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer. 265

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time;
 Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.
 "I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
 "Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England, —
 They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden; 270
 Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
 Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
 Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
 And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard. 275
 Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old
England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and
wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not con-
demn you; 280
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible
winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean
on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of
marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain
of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of
letters, — 285
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful
phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a
school-boy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more
bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan
maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, 290
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and ren-
dered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous
silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed
me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to
woo me?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the
winning!" 295

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the
matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was
busy, —

Had no time for such things; — such things! the words
grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made
answer:

“Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is
married, 300

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us,
you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this
one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden
avowal, 305

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a
woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have
been climbing.

This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the ask-
ing. 310

When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows
it.

Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved
me,

Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might
 have won me,
 Old ¹ and rough as he is; but now it never can happen.”

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
315
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly ³²⁰
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
 Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,²
 Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent
 Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.³ ³²⁵
 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
 Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during
 the winter
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;

¹ He was about thirty-six years of age at this time.

² The loss of these estates is supposed to have influenced his decision with regard to joining the Pilgrims.

³ Noble families were entitled to use a coat of arms. This was a certain device wrought, at first, in the coat of mail but, at a later period, on the shield. A silver cock with a red comb and wattles, appended to the family shield, was the crest of the Standish family. The word *blazon* means, comprehensively, every part of the design which constitutes a coat of arms.

Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and head-
strong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable
always, 330
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of
stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles
Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent
language, 335
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with
laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for your-
self, John?"

IV

JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the
sea-side; 340
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the
east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within
him.
Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sap-
phire, 345

Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
 Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the
 city.

“Welcome, O wind of the East!” he exclaimed in his wild
 exultation,

“Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty
 Atlantic!

Blowing o’er fields of dulse,¹ and measureless meadows of
 sea-grass, 350

Blowing o’er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of
 ocean!

Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and
 wrap me

Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within
 me!”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and
 tossing,

Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-
 shore. 355

Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions
 contending;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and
 bleeding,

Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of
 duty!

“Is it my fault,” he said, “that the maiden has chosen be-
 tween us?

Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the
 victor?” 360

¹ Dulse is a form of seaweed that grows in long strips; it is red in color. In Nova Scotia and Scotland the people use it as food.

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of
the Prophet:¹

“It hath displeased the Lord!” — and he thought of David’s
transgression,

Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the front of
the battle!

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-
condemnation,

Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest
contrition: 365

“It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of
Satan!”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld
there

Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at
anchor,

Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of
cordage 370

Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors’
“Ay, ay, Sir!”

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the
twilight.

Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the
vessel,

Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning
shadow. 375

“Yes, it is plain to me now,” he murmured; “the hand of
the Lord is

Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of
error,

¹ Nathan, the prophet.

Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around
me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that
pursue me.¹
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will
abandon, 380
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has
offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in
England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kin-
dred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and
dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow
chamber 385
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence
and darkness, —
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong
resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the
twilight, 390
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of
Cæsar, 395

¹ The story of the Israelites' escape from bondage in Egypt and their pursuit by Pharaoh through the Red Sea will be found in *Exodus*, chapters xii-xiv.

Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.¹

“Long have you been on your errand,” he said with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.

“Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;

But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming 400

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.”

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure

From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship, 405

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,

Words so tender and cruel, “Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?”

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor

¹ The former countship of Hainault comprised a part of France as well as the present province in Belgium. Brabant was formerly a large and important district of the Netherlands. Godfrey the Bearded was the first to assume the title of Count of Brabant; this title was changed to Duke by his great-grandson, Henry I, the Warrior (1190–1235). The old duchy is now divided into North Brabant in Holland and the provinces of Antwerp and Brabant in Belgium. For footnote on Flanders see page 3.

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen. 410

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion, E'en as a hand-grenade,¹ that scatters destruction around it. Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors² ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;³ 415

Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret, — 420

You, too, Brutus!⁴ ah, woe to the name of friendship hereafter!

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

¹ A hand-grenade is a sort of bomb thrown by hand into the trenches of the enemy or upon those entering a breach in a fortification. The effective use of the hand-grenade by the soldiers in the trenches has been one of the notable features of modern warfare.

² John Standish, a squire of Richard II.

³ In 1381, during the reign of Richard II, in England, Wat Tyler led the peasants in an unsuccessful revolt.

⁴ These are said to have been the words of Cæsar when he saw his friend Brutus among those who were attacking him.

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in
the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins
on his temples. 425
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the door-
way,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further ques-
tion or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of
iron, 430
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely,
departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the dis-
tance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the dark-
ness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the
insult, 435
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in
childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in
secret.¹

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to
the council,²
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his com-
ing;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deport-
ment, 440

¹ Compare *Matthew*, vi. 6.

² The council was composed of the leading men of the colony.

Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plym-
outh.

God had sifted three kingdoms¹ to find the wheat for this
planting,

Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
people! 445

Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and
defiant,

Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a
Bible,

Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in
Holland,

And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glit-
tered, 450

Filled, like a quiver, with arrows: a signal and challenge of
warfare,²

Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues
of defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them
debating

What were an answer befitting the hostile message and
menace,

Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, object-
ing; 455

One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian
behavior!

¹ The three kingdoms were England, Scotland, and Holland.

² An Indian method of declaring war was to send the enemy a rattle-
snake skin filled with arrows.

Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of
Plymouth,

Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with
anger, 460

“What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water
of roses?

Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of
the cannon!” 465

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Ply-
mouth,

Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
“Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon’s mouth were the tongues of fire¹ they
spake with!”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, 470
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued dis-
coursing:

“Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.²
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the
challenge!”

Then from the rattlesnake’s skin, with a sudden, con-
temptuous gesture, 475
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and
bullets

Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,

¹ Compare *Acts*, ii. 3 and 4.

² As Miles Standish had been appointed the military commander of the colony, the Compact gave him full authority in all matters relating to war.

Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"

Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a
serpent, 480

Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the
forest.

V

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from
the meadows,

There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of
Plymouth;

Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,
"Forward!"

Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then si-
lence. 485

Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous
army,

Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white
men,

Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the
savage.¹

Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King
David; 490

Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the
Bible, —

¹ This expedition of Miles Standish took place in 1623. The uprising of these scattered tribes had been made known to the Pilgrims by Massasoit, chief of the friendly tribe of Wampanoags.

Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.¹

Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated. 495

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village
of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold
labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the
chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of
the weather, 500
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for
the Mayflower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers
that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his
absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the house-
hold. 505
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his
coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the
winter.²

¹ The Midianites were an Arabian tribe. The Philistines were a belligerent people with whom the Hebrews were often at war.

² In accordance with the articles of contract, the Mayflower remained in the harbor until the Pilgrims had established the colony.

Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her
 canvas, 510

Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the
 sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
 Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
 Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the
 echoes

Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of depar-
 ture! ¹ 515

Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
 Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the
 Bible,

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!²
 Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of
 Plymouth,

Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-
 shore, 520

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,
 Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the
 desert.

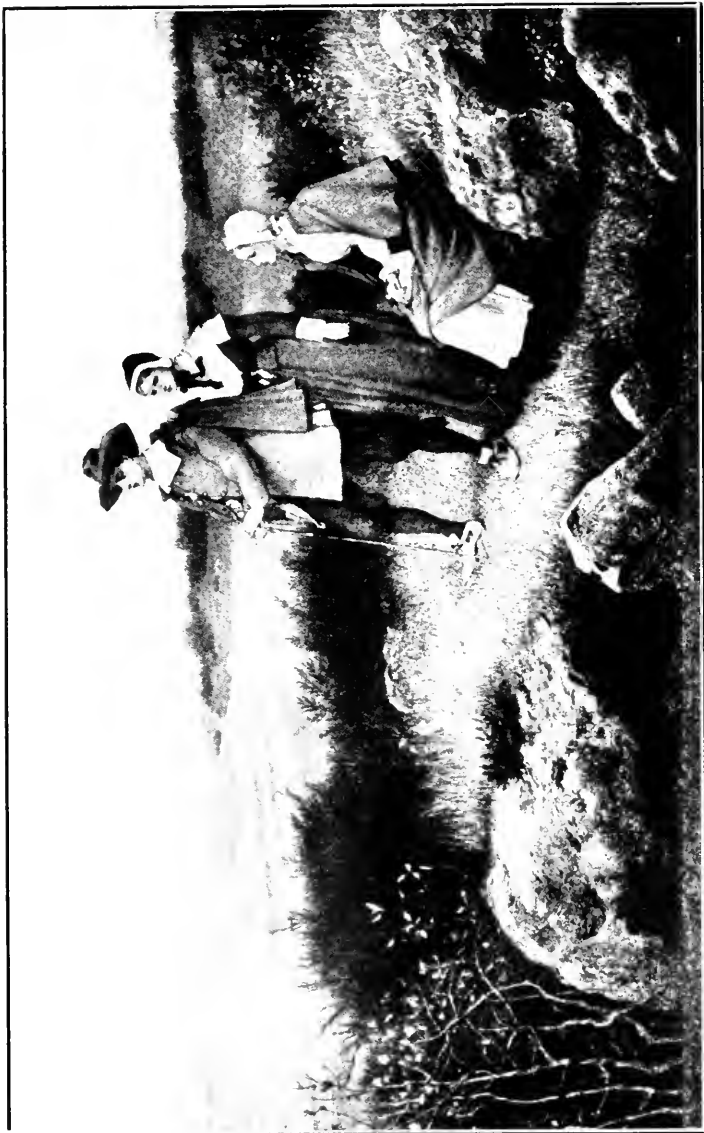
Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain
 without slumber,
 Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his
 fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the
 council, 525

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
 Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded
 like swearing.

¹ April 5, 1621, was the date of the departure of the Mayflower.

² Prayer for strength to continue the struggle in the New World
 and resist the temptation to return to England in the Mayflower.



Painting by Boughton



Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in
silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake
him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more
talking!" 530
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on
his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the
morning, —
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns
in Flanders, —
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac,¹ ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight² Alden beheld
him 535
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the
chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to em-
brace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for par-
don; 540
All the old friendship came back with its tender and grateful
emotions;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him, —
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of
the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake
not! 545

¹ A camp where the soldiers are ready to go into action at the slightest alarm.

² Morning twilight; gray dawn.

He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or
canvas,

Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and
pursue him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was
passing. 565

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and
patient,

That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its
purpose,

As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruc-
tion.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious
instincts! 570

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adaman-
tine!

“Here I remain!” he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens
above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and
the madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering head-
long. 575

“Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above
me,

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the
ocean.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for pro-
tection.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether! 580

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed
not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so whole-
some,

As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her
footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible pres-
ence 585

Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weak-
ness;

Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at
the landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leav-
ing!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and
important,

Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the
weather, 590

Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around
him

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remem-
brance.

Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a
tiller,

Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his
vessel,

Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry, 595

Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and
sorrow,

Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the
Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing! ¹ 600

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors

Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.

Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,

Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward 605

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter, ²

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,

Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,

Much endeared to them all, as something living and human; 610

Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,

¹ Compare *Luke*, ix. 62.

² Before making their final landing the Pilgrims anchored off Cape Cod until they could find a suitable place to start the settlement. While on this search, a party of men had their first skirmish with the Indians.

Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the
Lord and took courage.¹

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and
above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and
their kindred 615

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer
that they uttered.

Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a grave-
yard;

Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.

Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an
Indian, 620

Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with
each other,

Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!"
he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the
billows

Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the
sunshine, 625

Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.²

VI

PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the
ocean,

Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;

¹ Compare *Acts*, xxviii. 15.

² Compare *Genesis*, i. 2.

And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the
loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature, 630
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

“Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?”
said she.

“Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were
pleading

Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and
wayward,

Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of
decorum? 635

Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for
saying

What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay
it;

For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of
emotion,

That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret, 640

Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered to-
gether.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles
Standish,

Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into
virtues,

Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in
Flanders,

As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a
woman, 645

Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your
hero.

Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship
between us,

Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of
Miles Standish: 650

"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was
angry,

Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keep-
ing."

"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and
decisive;

"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and
freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a
woman 655

Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is
speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen,
and unfruitful, 660

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless
murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover
of women:

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me
always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of
Eden,

More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah
flowing, 665

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the
garden!"

“Ah, by these words, I can see,” again interrupted the maiden,

“How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying. When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness, 670

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,

Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level. 675

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,

If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases

Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women, But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting.” 680

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,

Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another, Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined 685
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.

“Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think,
and in all things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of
friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you
always. 690

So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear
you

Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain
Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your
friendship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you
think him.”

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly
grasped it, 695

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleed-
ing so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice
full of feeling:

“Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you
friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!”

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the
Mayflower 700

Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite
feeling,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the
desert.

But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and
smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly: 705
“Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the
Indians,

Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a
household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened
between you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you
found me.”

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of
the story, — 710

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles
Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and
earnest,

“He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!”

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had
suffered, —

How he had even determined to sail that day in the May-
flower, 715

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that
threatened, —

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering
accent,

“Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to
me always!”

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,¹
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly back-
ward, 720

¹ During the Middle Ages, pilgrims went to the Holy Land to visit the sacred places. They practised the greatest austerity on the journey. Kings and noblemen assumed the rough gown of the pilgrim, and traveled in poverty and humility.

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of con-
trition;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his long-
ings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful
misgivings.

VII

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching
steadily northward, 725
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of
the sea-shore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of
powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the
forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his dis-
comfort; 730
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a
maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most
he had trusted!
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed
in his armor!

“I alone am to blame,” he muttered, “for mine was the
folly. 735

What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,¹

Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?

'Twas but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish like so many others!

What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward

740

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers.”
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment

745

Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;

Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;

Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,

Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,

750

Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;

Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,

¹ Grown gray in the tasks of war.

Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of
Bashan; 755

One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wat-
tawamat.

Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards
of wampum,

Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a
needle.

Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
“Welcome, English!” they said, — these words they had
learned from the traders 760

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for
peltries.

Then in their native tongue they began to parley with
Standish,

Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the
white man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets
and powder,

Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the
plague, in his cellars, 765

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them
the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to
bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the
other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the
Captain: 770

“Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Watta-
wamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,

But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him, 775
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wat-tawamat?'"

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle, Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning: "I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle; 780
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"¹

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not! 785
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man;² let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,

¹ The foundation of this incident is a very prosaic account by Winslow. The action has been embellished almost beyond recognition.

² The Indians called Miles Standish the "Little White Captain."

Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-
strings, 790

Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their
ambush.

But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them
smoothly;

So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the
fathers.¹

But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt and
the insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston
de Standish, 795

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his
temples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his
knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon
it.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the
war-whoop, 800

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of Decem-
ber,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the
lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before
it.

Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in
thicket, 805

Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave
Wattawamat,

¹ The Pilgrims who came to America in the *Mayflower* are often referred to as the Pilgrim Fathers.

Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutch-
ing the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his
fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and
above them, 810
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the
white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of
Plymouth:
“Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength
and his stature, —
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man;
but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before
you!” 815

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart
Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of
Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof¹ of the fort, which at once was a
church and a fortress,²

¹ On the Tower of London and other public places in England, the heads of traitors and other malefactors were frequently exposed as a warning.

² This fort was not built until the summer of 1622. “It was strong and comely, made with a flat roof and battlements, on which their ordnance were mounted, . . . It served them also for a meeting-house, and was fitted accordingly for that use.” — Bradford’s *History of Plymouth Plantation*.

All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took
courage. 820

Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles
Standish;

Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his
battles,

He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward
of his valor.

VIII

THE SPINNING-WHEEL

Month after month passed away, and in autumn ¹ the ships
of the merchants 825

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the
Pilgrims.

All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their
labors,

Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with
merestead,²

Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the
meadows,

Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the
forest. 830

All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of war-
fare

Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.

¹ In reality the ships did not arrive until about two years later.

² Each householder fenced in and cultivated the tract of land surrounding his home. This enclosed piece of land, with the home and its adjacent farm buildings, was called a merestead, from the Old English *mere*, meaning boundary, and *stead*, meaning place.

Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with
his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations. 835
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and
contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habita-
tion,¹ 840
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the
forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with
rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of
paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an
orchard: 845
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the
orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from
annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's
allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminant in the nighttime
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet
pennyroyal. 850

¹ This house was at Duxbury. Many of the first settlers built their permanent homes a short distance from the village of Plymouth. Miles Standish founded Duxbury and named it for his old home in England.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the
dreamer

Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house
of Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of
friendship.

Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his
dwelling; 855

Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his
garden;

Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the
Proverbs, —

How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her
always,

How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not
evil, 860

How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with
gladness,

How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the
distaff,

How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her house-
hold,

Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of
her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn, 865
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous
fingers,

As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and
his fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the
spindle.

“Truly, Priscilla,” he said, “when I see you spinning and spinning,

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others, 870

Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;

You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.”

Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;

While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued: 875

“You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;

She whose story I read at a stall ¹ in the streets of Southampton,

Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o’er valley and meadow and mountain,

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.

She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb. 880

So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.

Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!”

¹ The English use the word *stall* as we use the word *stand* (news-stand).

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan
maiden, 885

Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise
was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spin-
ning,

Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases
of Alden :

“Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for house-
wives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of
husbands. 890

Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for
knitting;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed
and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John
Alden!”

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she
adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before
him, 895

She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from
his fingers,

Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,

Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could she
help it? —

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body. 900

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger
entered,

Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the vil-
lage.

Yes; Miles Standish was dead! — an Indian had brought
them the tidings, —
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the
battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his
forces; 905
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the
hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking back-
ward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow 910
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had
sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a cap-
tive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his free-
dom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was
doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Pris-
cilla, 915
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and
exclaiming:
“Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them
asunder!”

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and
pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer, 920
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
 Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing
 asunder,
 Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
 Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other. 925

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple
 and scarlet,
 Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments
 resplendent,
 Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his fore-
 head,
 Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath
 him 930
 Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a
 laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
 Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate
 also
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law
 and the Gospel,
 One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of
 heaven. 935
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of
 Boaz.
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of
 betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,¹

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.

Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth

940

Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,

Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!

Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?

945

Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?

Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion?

Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?

Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;

Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression

950

Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain cloud grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.

¹ They were married in the magistrate's presence so that there could be no dispute on the question of inheritance. Bradford's *Journal* contains the record of their marriage.

Once it had lifted its' hand, and moved its lips, but was
 silent,

As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention. 955

But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last
 benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amaze-
 ment

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of
 Plymouth!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
 "Forgive me!

I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the
 feeling; 960

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
 Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh
 Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
 Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of
 John Alden." ¹

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten
 between us, — 965

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older
 and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
 Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in
 England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of country,
 commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her
 husband. 970

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the
 adage, —

¹ Miles Standish married not long after, and the two families were
 neighbors in Duxbury.

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and
moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christ-
mas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their
rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Cap-
tain, 975
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and
crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of
bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the
other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered
and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment, 980
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been
invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with
the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful
morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the
sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and priva-
tion; 985
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of
the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the mead-
ows;

But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of
Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound
of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of
departure, 990
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of
longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left
uncompleted.

Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of
Priscilla,

Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its
master, 995

Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a
saddle.

She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of
the noonday;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a
peasant.

Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, 1000
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her
husband,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the
distaff;

Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new
habitation, 1005
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in
the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love
through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure
abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his
splendors, 1010
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them
suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine
and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of
Eshcol.¹
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,²
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca
and Isaac,³ 1015
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal
procession.

¹ Compare *Numbers*, xiii. 23 and 24. According to the Bible story, Moses sent spies to view the Promised Land (Canaan) and bring back an account of it. From a grapevine near a brook, they cut off a branch bearing a cluster of grapes so enormous that two men carried it on a staff. They named the brook Eshcol, a Hebrew word meaning cluster of grapes.

² In early times, people lived more in the open. Their flocks and herds were their livelihood, and many used tents instead of houses.

³ The story of Rebecca and Isaac is related in the twenty-fourth chapter of *Genesis*.



TWENTY SPECIAL LESSONS

TWENTY SPECIAL LESSONS

Historical information — Quotations from Historical Sources —
Comments — Words to be Defined — Phrases to be Explained —
Excerpts for Scansion — Figures of Speech to be Interpreted —
Questions forming a Study of the Poem — Excerpts to be
Memorized

TWENTY SPECIAL LESSONS

LESSON 1

Comments

The Courtship of Miles Standish was published in 1858. Longfellow was then fifty-one years of age, and at the best of his literary power.

A pilgrim is one who travels, usually on a religious errand. The Pilgrims in our story were the one hundred and two religious pioneers who came to America in the Mayflower.

Topics for Conversation

1. Longfellow — his life and works.
2. The poem — in what year written — at what part of the poet's career.
3. Form of the poem — dramatic, lyric, or narrative. See if you can still further classify it. How many forms of narrative poem do you know? Name two celebrated narrative poems and give the author of each.
4. What constitutes a plot? Is there a plot in *The Courtship*?
5. The climax of a story is usually the turning-point of the plot. In which chapter of *The Courtship* is the climax reached?
6. The dénouement is the unraveling of the plot. What is the dénouement in *The Courtship*?
7. What do we call the ending of a tragedy? Is it a happy ending?

Questions

1. What was the native land of the Pilgrims? Why did they leave it?
2. Why was Holland selected for their home? Why did they not remain in Holland?
3. How did they obtain funds for their undertaking? What were some of the disadvantages of their bargain? How were they finally freed from the burden?
4. Are the persons named in the poem fictitious or historic? Where can you read some facts about them?
5. What resources in or near the colony could they have developed had they had the means?
6. Are all Puritans *pilgrims*? Distinguish between the Puritans and the Pilgrims.
7. Why were the Pilgrims crowded on to one vessel?
8. Who was their pastor? Why did he not cross the ocean with them?
9. How long did it take them to come from Plymouth in England to Plymouth in America? How long does it take at the present time?
10. Sketch the character of the Pilgrims.

To be Memorized

The breaking waves dashed high,
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

From *The Landing of the Pilgrims* by Felicia Hemans.

to New Jersey and with a cross (x) indicate the actual and the intended destination of the Pilgrims.

3. Describe the costume of a man in the early part of the seventeenth century.
4. How did Miles Standish come to be the *Puritan Captain*?
5. Why did Miles Standish pause to gaze on his weapons?
6. Give a description of the sword of Miles Standish.
7. Name the weapons of Miles Standish, and tell the use of each.
8. What difficulties might be encountered in the use of a matchlock?
9. What was the Compact signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*? How many signers were there?
10. Write a paragraph of not more than three hundred words describing the village of Plymouth and its surroundings; or make a topical outline for a paragraph on this subject.

Memorize Lines 1-10

In the Old Colony days
 and matchlock.

LESSON 3

Lines 11-20

Historical

The Indians called Miles Standish the "Little Captain."

John Alden "was hired for a cooper at Southampton, where the ship [Mayflower] victualled, and being a hopeful young man, was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came here [to Plymouth, that is], but he stayed and married here." — Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*.

John Alden was twenty-one years of age when he came over in the *Mayflower*. He served as magistrate for more than fifty years.

The *Mayflower* was a ship of 180 tons burden.

The Pilgrims grouped themselves into nineteen households, thus reducing the necessary number of dwelling-houses. John Alden, not belonging with any family, lived with Miles Standish as his secretary.

Some fair-haired, blue-eyed captives in a Roman slave-market attracted the attention of St. Gregory the Great. In answer to his inquiry as to their country, he was told that they were Angles from England. "Not Angles, but Angels," said he, "with such angel-like faces!"

To be Defined

Saxon

thereof

Angles

To be Explained

muscles and sinews of iron

the dew of his youth

flaked with patches of snow

To be Scanned

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;

Figure of Speech

Find a simile and a metaphor between lines 11 and 20.

Questions

1. Change the description of Miles Standish from poetry into prose. Do the same with the description of John Alden.

2. How old was John Alden at the time of this story? At what age did he die?
3. How did it happen that John Alden was living with Miles Standish?
4. How old was Miles Standish at this time?
5. Can you think of any reason why Miles Standish's face was "brown as a nut"?
6. Give some suppositions as to why he cast his lot with the Pilgrims.
7. Were John Alden and Miles Standish congenial companions? Why?
8. Of how many famous friendships have you heard in history or literature? (Jonathan and David; Damon and Pythias, etc.)
9. Tell the story of St. Gregory and the captive Angles.
10. Who was king in England at the time the Pilgrims came to America? What was the established religion in England?

Memorize Lines 11-20

Short of stature he was
 came in the Mayflower.

LESSON 4

Lines 21-67

Historical

We find the spelling *Myles* in old records.

Eighteen shillings equals about four and one-half dollars; but at present the purchasing power of a shilling is barely one-fourth as great as it was in those days.

At first, the colony was not annoyed by the Indians,

because a plague had lately destroyed almost every nearby tribe.

To be Defined

landscape intermingled scouts lest

To be Explained

Flemish morasses invincible army
 diet and pillage

“He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our
 weapon!”

“. . . flashing conviction right into the hearts of the
 heathen.”

To be Scanned

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the
 landscape,
 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the
 east-wind,
 Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the
 ocean,
 Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sun-
 shine.

Figure of Speech

Do you find a metaphor in the passage to be com-
 mitted to memory? If you do, write it.

Questions

1. Why was John Alden so busy with his letters? What was the hurry?
2. Prove that the breastplate of Miles Standish was of good quality.
3. What was a favorite maxim of Miles Standish? Find five synonyms for *maxim*.

4. Did Miles Standish neglect his weapons? Why are soldiers in an arsenal required to take scrupulous care of the weapons? Who is the author of *The Arsenal at Springfield*? Read aloud the first stanza.
5. Why did a smile dance in the eyes of Miles Standish as he told about his army?
6. Why did the Pilgrims need an army?
7. Tell some of the advantages of Plymouth as a place of settlement.
8. Who was Rose Standish? Why did she rest in an unmarked grave?
9. Why did the Indians send scouts to the settlement? Explain the feeling of the Indians towards settlers.
10. When Miles Standish mused by the window, do you think the landscape affected his thoughts? Write a paragraph of about three hundred words following what might have been the trend of his thoughts.

Memorize Lines 58-67

Over his countenance
 and was thoughtful.

LESSON 5

Lines 68-145

Historical

By his contract, Captain Jones was obliged to remain off shore until the Pilgrims had settled.

The winter of 1620-1621 was a mild one for the New England coast. Had it been severe, probably none of the colonists could have survived.

“Of a hundred persons scarce fifty remain; the living scarce able to bury the dead; the well not sufficient to tend

the sick, there being, in their time of greatest distress, but six or seven, who spare no pains to help them." — Bradford and Winslow's *Journal in Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims*.

To be Defined

oft	courageous	desolate
patient	strong	abandoned

To be Explained

Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
 won the day grounding his musket

To be Scanned

Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
 Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

Figures of Speech

To what are the thumb-marks on the margin of the leaf compared? Give the whole simile.

Find an example of metaphor in one of Longfellow's poems other than *The Courtship*.

Questions

1. Give a reason for the partiality of Miles Standish for each of the three books mentioned.
2. In which of his books could he read of the wars of the Hebrews? Did he often read the *Commentaries*? How do you know?
3. Why did John Alden mention Priscilla's name so often in his letters?
4. Why did the captain sigh as he read the marvellous words and achievements of Cæsar? What are memoirs?

5. Why did Cæsar order forward the ensigns?
6. Can a good friend soothe all our sadness? How had Miles Standish proved the fact?
7. Why did the Mayflower remain so long in Plymouth harbor?
8. How long was it before John Alden received an answer to his letters? Give a simple word for *epistle*.
9. What made Priscilla attractive in the eyes of Miles Standish?
10. Why did so many of the Pilgrims die during the first winter? Give the causes of death.

Memorize Lines 138-145

“Oft in my lonely hours
 the other abandoned.”

LESSON 6

Lines 146-218

Comments

“Worshipping Astaroth blindly
 and the swift retribution.”

John Alden thought that the Lord was punishing him for letting his affections fix themselves too strongly on the things of this world.

In America, the Mayflower is the trailing arbutus. It is a vine bearing delicate pink and white blossoms, which bloom in the earliest spring, and which peep out from beneath the fallen leaves.

To be Defined

ford

brawled

shallow

type

To be Explained

a man not of words but of actions

taciturn stripling

mask his dismay

To be Scanned

“ I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.”

Figures of Speech

Between lines 145 and 219, find three similes and three metaphors.

Questions

1. Quote the lines telling that the proposal of Miles Standish for Priscilla was not a sudden impulse.
2. Form some conjectures as to why John Alden had not asked Priscilla to marry him.
3. Was Miles Standish correct in his supposition that fine speeches would win Priscilla? Explain.
4. Why was John Alden *surprised, embarrassed, bewildered*, at the words of Miles Standish? Give a reason for each feeling.
5. What did Miles Standish mean when he said that they must use the maxim discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing?
6. Was Miles Standish ever guilty of cowardice?
7. In the conflict of thoughts in the mind of John Alden, tell what each emotion could say for itself: love to friendship, and friendship's reply; self to generous impulses, and the reply.
8. Tell all that John Alden sacrificed when he agreed to go on the errand for Miles Standish. Find the lines.
9. What is meant by a crisis? Do you see any crises in the lines between 145 and 219?

10. What was the book most used by the Puritans? How did it affect their language?

Memorize Lines 208-218

So through the Plymouth woods
 of the giver.

LESSON 7

Lines 219-238

Historical

The Pilgrims lived in Holland for about ten years.

The first wash-day in Plymouth colony was November 13, 1620. The women left the Mayflower and went on shore to attend to the laundry.

To be Defined

beheld	spindle	anthem
carded	treadle	solitude
ravenous	angular	apparel

To be Explained

disk of the ocean	ravenous spindle
the wealth of her being	

To be Scanned

Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
 Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of
 the east-wind;

Figures of Speech

In the simile in which the notes are compared to the stones in a wall overhung by a vine, what corresponds to the vine? Do you see any other simile in the lines to be memorized?

Find an example of personification in one of Longfellow's poems other than *The Courtship*.

Questions

1. Was a "sailless ocean" a novel sight to John Alden? Why?
2. Priscilla sitting alone, spinning and singing contentedly in the "solitude of the forest," confirms our belief that true happiness comes from within. Name some material possessions that Priscilla lacked. Describe Priscilla as she is introduced to us in the poem.
3. Draw a rough model of a spinning-wheel, and indicate: distaff, treadle, spindle. Why is wool carded before it is spun into thread?
4. Describe the costume of a Puritan woman.
5. Show from the lines to be memorized that Priscilla did not always "stop to pray."
6. Who wrote the hundredth Psalm?
7. Did Priscilla often sing the Psalms? Give a reason for your answer.
8. Why was Priscilla's clothing beautiful?
9. What constituted the chief beauty and wealth of Priscilla's home?
10. Write a short paragraph describing John Alden's walk from his own home to the home of Priscilla, when he went on the errand for Miles Standish (tranquil woods — bluebirds and robins — conflict within him — feeling of punishment — the ford — the Mayflowers — the ocean — the end of the walk — the voice of Priscilla).

Memorize Lines 227-238

Then, as he opened the door,
 of her being.

LESSON 8

Lines 239-279

Comments

Who is the author of the following lines?

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

In what poem are these lines found?

The "golden moment" was the moment that was rich with opportunity.

Artists have pictured in various ways the scene of John Alden's visit to Priscilla, with the message from Miles Standish. All show the homelike kitchen with its deep fireplace and plain furniture.

To be Defined

linnet

gossip

ivy

To be Explained

Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths
of the living,

To be Scanned

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house,
and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the
fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the
snow-storm.

Figures of Speech

Find the figures of speech between lines 238 and 249.

Find an example of personification in one of Longfellow's poems other than *The Courtship*.

Questions

1. Draw a fireplace with a crane and kettle such as were used in colonial days.
2. What place in his life did John Alden feel that Priscilla held? What would life be without her?
3. Interpret:
 "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards."
4. What are the "flowers of life"?
5. How did the flowers given to Priscilla by John Alden answer her greeting?
6. What were the chances that Priscilla would have given John Alden a favorable answer, if he had spoken "that day in the winter"?
7. Is there any reason for thinking that Priscilla was homesick? Do you think that the return of the Mayflower caused any of Priscilla's loneliness and longing? Why?
8. Can you think of three reasons why Priscilla wished to remain in the colony?
9. Describe the village of Plymouth in the depths of winter (frozen water — snow-clad trees — low houses almost buried in snow — lack of paths — dreary ocean).
10. Write a paragraph describing an English village in the springtime.

Memorize Lines 268-277

"I have been thinking all day
 Old England."

LESSON 9

Lines 280-334

Comments

Coat of arms, crest, argent, gules, and blazon are terms of heraldry.

“There are at this time in England two ancient families of the name, one of Standish Hall, and the other of Duxbury Park, both in Lancashire, who trace their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Standish, living in 1221. There seems always to have been a military spirit in the family.” — Young’s *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*.

Near Plymouth is the town of Duxbury, founded and named by Miles Standish.

Alexander was a name common in the Standish family. Miles Standish gave this name to his eldest son.

“A rare example and worthy to be remembered were Mr. William Brewster, their reverent elder, and Myles Standish, their captain and military commander, unto whom myself, and many others were much beholden in our low and sick condition; and yet the Lord so upheld these persons, as in this general calamity they were not at all infected either with sickness or lameness.” — Governor Bradford.

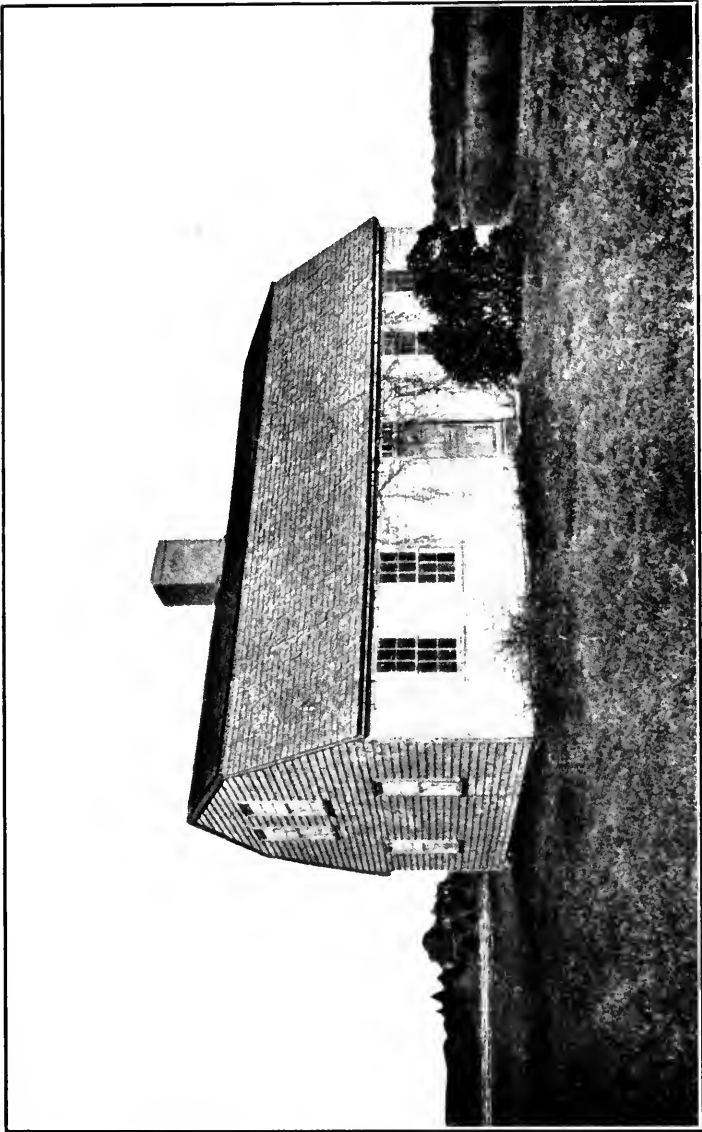
We read also that these men “fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, clothed and unclothed them.”

To be Defined

noble	headstrong	magnanimous
attended	placable	courtly
hasty	scorned	courageous

To be Explained

embellish the theme	ominous silence
---------------------	-----------------



STANDISH HOUSE, DUXBURY, MASS.

Built in 1666 by a son of Miles Standish



To be Scanned

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
 Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —

Figures of Speech

If you find a simile between lines 279 and 335, write it. Find an example of apostrophe in one of Longfellow's poems other than *The Courtship*.

Questions

1. Do you think Priscilla had a stout heart? Do you think she had a strong constitution? What reason have you for thinking as you do?
2. What mistake did John Alden make in giving his message to Priscilla?
3. What caused Priscilla's amazement and sorrow?
4. Why did she feel John Alden's words like a blow?
5. Prove that Priscilla set a high value on her affection.
6. According to Priscilla, what was the chief fault in the method of wooing used by Miles Standish?
7. Why was Priscilla indignant and hurt at the proposal of Miles Standish? How might he have won her?
8. On seeing the result of his blunt proposal, how did John Alden prove his loyalty to Miles Standish?
9. What reasons had John Alden for his loyalty to Miles Standish?
10. Sketch the character of Miles Standish.

Memorize Lines 325-334

He was a man of honor
 wife of Miles Standish.

LESSON 10

Lines 335-423

Comments

In his poem *Elizabeth*, Longfellow tells the story of a Quaker maid who is very like Priscilla in her frankness.

Note the beautiful description of sunset at the beginning of Part IV.

“Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.”

Note in this line the refinement of conscientious reasoning.

Do you envy John Alden his feelings at the following words of Miles Standish?

“Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.”

Wat Tyler was a traitor to his king. One of the ancestors of Miles Standish (John Standish) had been knighted for slaying Wat Tyler.

To be Defined

supplanted	traitor	cherished	henceforward
defrauded	treason	intrusted	implacable

To be Explained

apocalyptic splendors	riding at anchor
mutable sands of the seashore	

To be Scanned

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, “Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?”

Figures of Speech

See how many similes you can find in lines 335 to 423.

Now look for metaphors.

Find a fine example of apostrophe and personification combined. How many lines does it include?

Questions

1. Had John Alden felt sure of Priscilla's love before she spoke? Give a reason for your answer.
2. Do you think John Alden performed the captain's commission honorably? Was it his fault that the captain failed?
3. Why was John Alden perplexed and bewildered?
4. Explain:
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded
and bleeding,
5. The mental conflict through which John Alden passed on the seashore is one of the crises of the poem. What caused this second conflict? What was the result of the conflict?
6. Why did John Alden stop and listen and, after staring at the vessel, go hurriedly on?
7. What was the secret that John Alden proposed taking with him to his grave?
8. What proof have we that Miles Standish was not worried as to the answer to his message?
9. What was the punishment traitors received?
10. Why was Miles Standish so angry with John Alden? Explain how appearances were against John Alden. Was the suspicion of Miles Standish correct?

Memorize Lines 413-423

Wildly he shouted
 hatred."

LESSON 11

Lines 424-505

Comments

When Miles Standish and some of the men went ashore to locate a good place for the Pilgrims to settle, they found ten bushels of corn that had been buried by the Indians. Later, the colonists paid the Indians for the corn.

When he went to quell the insurrection of the Indians, Miles Standish took with him only one-half his army. This army consisted of sixteen splendidly trained men.

The colonists lived in fear whenever Miles Standish was away from the settlement; they had not made treaties with all the Indian tribes, and unfriendly Indians were more likely to attack them during the absence of "the little white captain."

To be Defined

intent	fair	tender
manifold	menaced	consecrated

To be Explained

Without further question or parley Fired along the line

To be Scanned

Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;

Figures of Speech

In lines 441 and 442, what figure of speech?

Explain the figure of speech in lines 494 and 495.

2. In what state was the mind of John Alden when he decided to return to England?
3. What was being enforced on the careful remembrance of the captain? Do you think he made a success of his commission? Give a reason for your answer.
4. Do you think the captain was much interested in the affairs of the Pilgrims? What makes you think as you do?
5. On what day in their history did the Pilgrims show the greatest courage?
6. What feeling had the Pilgrims come to have for the Mayflower?
7. Why did they watch the receding sail *in silence*? Did the elder read their thoughts? Give the reason for your answer.
8. For what did they "thank the Lord"?
9. Why was the Indian on the hill?
10. In imagination, stand on the beach with the Pilgrims, and describe the departure of the vessel. Use the first person.

Memorize Lines 623-626

So they returned
 over the waters.

LESSON 14

Lines 627-675

Comments

Note how often in the poem appositives are used in connection with John Alden; for instance, "the scholar," "the friend of Miles Standish."

Line 643 shows that a friend often sees virtues where others see defects.

To be Defined

prize misgiving straightway ethereal

To be Explained

 the matter I had in my keeping
secret misgiving ethereal level

To be Scanned

“You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship
 between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!”

Figures of Speech

What is compared to water spilt on the ground?
What is compared to a spellbound ghost?
To what is the untold life of suffering women compared?
What simile does John Alden use to give his idea of a woman's life?

Questions

1. What did Priscilla think was John Alden's reason for being offended with her?
2. How had Priscilla failed in decorum? What caused her to fail?
3. Why could not Priscilla take back what she had said? What simile shows the impossibility of so doing?
4. Tell in your own words, briefly, and without figures, Priscilla's belief regarding a woman's fate in life.
5. How did John Alden show his lack of comprehension of the "inner life" of women?
6. In lauding women, do you think John Alden intended to flatter them?
7. In what did Priscilla's common sense and lack of susceptibility to flattery show itself?

8. What trait in Priscilla's character helped her divine John Alden's apparent disloyalty to himself?
9. How did Priscilla feel herself benefited by the friendship of John Alden?
10. Point out some of the many beautiful traits in Priscilla's character that are shown in this chapter.

Memorize Lines 667-675

"Ah, by these words
 ethereal level."

LESSON 15

Lines 676-744

Comments

Miles Standish never became a member of the Puritan church.

Priscilla's last name is spelled in different ways: Mullines, Molines, Mullins.

It was in 1623 that Miles Standish led the expedition against the Indians. Longfellow has grouped into his poem all the interesting events between 1621 and 1623.

Historical

"The governor, on receiving this intelligence, which was confirmed by other evidences, ordered Standish to take with him as many men as he should judge sufficient, and, if a plot should be discovered, to fall on the conspirators. . . . Standish, with eight men, sailed to the Massachusetts, where the natives, suspecting his design, insulted and threatened him." — *Annals of America*.

To be Defined

henceforward

To be Explained

importunate zeal

in the harness

To be Scanned

Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite
feeling,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the
desert.

Figures of Speech

What figure of speech is employed in the following line?

“He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment.”

Do you find any metaphors between lines 676 and 742?

Questions

1. Why was Priscilla offended by the seeming flattery of John Alden?
2. How do “common and complimentary phrases” insult women?
3. Why did Priscilla’s face look so “fair,” so “divine,” while she was chiding John Alden?
4. According to Priscilla, what chance had Miles Standish in his competition with John Alden?
5. How did Priscilla’s candor and good sense smooth out the misunderstanding between her and John Alden?
6. For what had Priscilla seemed ungrateful? (line 709.)
7. Quote the line in which Priscilla shows her appreciation of kindness.
8. Was there any similarity between the losses that Miles Standish and John Alden were suffering?

Questions

1. Why was it that Miles Standish was summoned to the meeting and not John Alden also?
2. Sum up the losses, both actual and imminent, that confronted John Alden on April 4th.
3. Interpret:
 God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
4. By what right did Miles Standish demand charge of the challenge of the Indians?
5. Interpret:
 “. but in the cause that is righteous,
 Sweet is the smell of powder;”
6. Had the Pilgrims a righteous cause with regard to the Indians?
7. What opinion of Indians did Miles Standish hold?
8. Why did Miles Standish take only a part of his army on the expedition against the Indians?
9. How much time elapsed between the reception of the challenge and the march of the army?
10. Mention some of the domestic cares of the Pilgrims that modern progress has lightened.

Memorize Lines 496-505

Many a mile
 of the household.

LESSON 12

Lines 506-572

Comments

The climax, or turning-point, of the poem is the determination of John Alden to remain in the colony. All Pris-

cilla's soul is revealed in her face as she sees John Alden place his foot on the side of the boat. It is this look that withholds him from taking the fatal step.

The captain of a merchant vessel was called the *Master*.

To be Defined

divined
revulsion

recoiled
verge

instincts
adamantine

To be Explained

that swifter than keel is or canvas
divined his intention recoiled from its purpose

To be Scanned

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet
as a doorstep
Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation!

Figures of Speech

Do you find any example of personification in lines 506 to 572?

What figures in the lines for scansion?

Questions

1. How did the Pilgrims begin the day?
2. What warning was contained in the "signal-gun of departure"?
3. For what were the Pilgrims entreating the Lord so fervently?
4. Why did Miles Standish decide not to renew the discussion with John Alden? Do you think it would have been well to renew it?

5. Interpret:

Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise
and pursue him.

6. Why was Priscilla unconscious of all that was passing at such an important moment? Do you think she "divined his [John Alden's] intention"?
7. What made John Alden change his mind about returning in the Mayflower?
8. How would the nature of the poem have been changed, had not John Alden reversed his decision?
9. The happiness of how many lives would have been destroyed, had John Alden failed to see things aright?
10. Write a paragraph describing the Mayflower as she stood ready to depart.

Memorize Lines 564-569

But as he gazed
. destruction.

LESSON 13

Lines 573-626

Historical

"So after we had given God thanks for our deliverance, we took our shallop and went on our journey, and called this place The First Encounter." — Young's *Chronicles*, page 159.

This is the Eastham shore, where the Pilgrims and the Indians first encountered. The Mayflower was still anchored in Provincetown Harbor, and Miles Standish and some of the men had gone ashore to search for a place to start the settlement.

Comments

The return of the *Mayflower* severed the last tie that bound the Pilgrims to their old country, home, and friends.

There is a familiar picture, "The Return of the *Mayflower*," which is popular in America.

Sometimes the whole future of a nation, a business, an enterprise, or a person, rests on the decision of a moment.

Priscilla had no natural protectors; this made John Alden feel that she needed him.

To be Defined

musing

visibly

To be Explained

the yards were braced
 rounded the point of Gurnet
 took the wind on her quarter
 stood for the open Atlantic
 borne on the send of the sea
 wash of the billows

To be Scanned

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the *Mayflower*!

Figures of Speech

Find an example of apostrophe and personification combined in lines 573 to 626.

Do you see a metaphor?

Questions

1. Are all the crises in life met after grave thought? Do you know of any important events that needed quick intuition for their happy settlement? Are grave questions generally dealt with rapidly?

LESSON 18

Lines 926-966

Comments

The marriage of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins took place in 1623.

Shakespeare refers to thin vapor, or flying clouds, as *rack*.

Notice how fully and heartily Miles Standish acknowledged his fault when he found he had been in the wrong.

The friendship did "grow older and dearer." Miles Standish married a lady named Barbara, whose last name is unknown. They had seven children. Their eldest son, Alexander, married Sarah, one of the daughters of John and Priscilla Alden.

To be Defined

troth benediction sensitive thereupon

To be Scanned

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of
betrothal,

Figures of Speech

What is compared to the sun shining through the thin flying clouds?

See if there is any other figure of speech between lines 926 and 967.

Questions

1. Does the wedding day in the poem correspond with the historical date?
2. Why were the Puritans married by a magistrate as well as by an Elder?

3. What was the "fleeting intention" that was mastered by the "iron will"?
4. How had Miles Standish been "cruel and hard"?
5. Do you think that, before appearing at the wedding, Miles Standish had forgiven John Alden?
6. To what did Miles Standish attribute his quick temper?
7. As you compare their feelings and actions throughout the poem, which of the two friends showed a more generous disposition? Cite several instances.
8. Was John Alden sensitive? Do you find any instance of his having conquered an angry retort when his feelings were hurt?
9. Had Miles Standish an affectionate disposition? Find, in different parts of the poem, lines that prove your answer.
10. Why would you call the reconciliation a perfect one?

Memorize Lines 956-966

But when were ended
 older and dearer!"

LESSON 19

Lines 967-1018

Comment

Kent is a county in the southern part of England.

Historical

Miles Standish left a will in which he provided with the most tender care for his "dearly beloved wife, Barbara." To his eldest son, Alexander, he left the English possessions that he felt were rightfully his.

“Barbara” was married to Miles Standish shortly after her arrival in the Anne in 1623.

There are many descendants of both the Standish and the Alden families.

To be Defined

transfigured

Garden of Eden

To be Explained

lauding her husband

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure
abysses.

To be Scanned

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in
the forest,

Figures of Speech

How many metaphors do you find between line 970 and the end of the poem?

Questions

1. Who offered the first congratulations to the bride?
2. Apply to the poem the adage: “No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!”
3. Was Miles Standish a favorite in the colony? How do you know?
4. Why was he questioned? Who did the answering? Why was there so much interrupting?
5. Was the captain in earnest when he stated his preference for an attack on the Indians to an unexpected arrival at a wedding?
6. What transfigured “the land of toil and privation” into a “Garden of Eden”?
7. Did the guests devote the whole wedding day to merry-making?

8. Where was the "new habitation"? Who built it?
9. Describe the picture reflected in the brook.
10. Interpret: "Love immortal and young."

Memorize Lines 982-989

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth
 sound of the ocean.

LESSON 20

Historical

Miles Standish died on October 3, 1656. At Duxbury, a monument has been erected to his memory. The tall shaft, surmounted by a bronze statue of the captain, rises from Captain's Hill.

John Alden died on September 12, 1687, in his eighty-ninth year. He was the last survivor of the signers of the Compact. He had been magistrate for more than fifty years.

Comments

Priscilla is a type of splendid womanhood, as John Alden is of noble manhood.

Longfellow's mother, Zilpah Wadsworth, was a descendant of the Aldens.

Longfellow had at first intended to name the poem *Priscilla*.

The contentment, the earnestness, the happy home life of the little colony, show us that the best things in life are beyond the power of money to buy.

To be Scanned

Scan one line taken from the poem at random.

9. How did Miles Standish think that his proposal had been treated by Priscilla?
10. What was the weed that he mistook for a flower?

Memorize Lines 735-741

“I alone
 of dangers!”

LESSON 16

Lines 745-846

Comments

When preparing for war, the Indians painted their bodies with stripes of bright colors.

A sachem is a principal chief. A sagamore is a chief of lesser rank.

Pecksuot and Wattawamat were leaders among the Indians called the *Massachusetts*.

Some fine specimens of work in wampum may be seen in the Museum of Natural History in New York City. Wampum is made by polishing pieces of shell. It is used as money by the Indians, and also for ornamenting their clothing.

Size, strength, and bravery were the possessions most admired by the Indians.

The Pilgrims made a treaty of peace with the Indian chief, Massasoit, which remained unbroken for fifty years.

The lattice was not put on windows solely as an ornament; it protected the paper. In the time of the Pilgrims, glass windows were a luxury even to the nobility.

To be Defined

habitation	rough-hewn	latticed
------------	------------	----------

To be Explained

breaking the glebe	scouring the land
came to parley with Standish	

To be Scanned

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and
 above them,
 Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the
 white man.

Figure of Speech

To what is the flight of arrows compared? Find each point of similarity.

Questions

1. Why was the hatred towards the white people in the hearts of the chiefs?
2. Why did the chiefs carry no weapons but knives?
3. Did the taunt: "Go and work with the women!" mean more with the Indians than with the white people?
4. When the Indians dared to insult Miles Standish, what can we infer would have been their next move?
5. Explain exactly how the ambush was carried out. Did Miles Standish see the danger?
6. What was the belief of the Indians with regard to a musket (fire-stick)?
7. Why was the head of Wattawamat placed on the church? Why did the people rejoice?
8. In what way would a noble-minded person, after losing his temper, act differently from one of mean disposition? Did Miles Standish ever repent his passionate outbreak?

9. Name some of the ways in which the colonists made a living.
10. Describe John Alden's home.

Memorize Lines 839-846

Meanwhile Alden at home
 and the orchard.

LESSON 17

Lines 847-925

Comments

Helvetia is the old name for Switzerland.

The Indians often dipped the point of the arrow into poison, so that death would result from even a slight wound.

To be Defined

twain
 devious

trysting-place
 swerving

asunder
 barriers

To be Explained

cut off with the whole of his forces

To be Scanned

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
 Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise
 was the sweetest,

Figure of Speech

What figure of speech is the whole passage to be memorized?

Do you find any other figures of speech between lines 847 and 925?

Questions

1. How did each man in the colony come by his share of cattle?
2. Did John Alden think Priscilla a good housekeeper? Read aloud the various lines in the lesson that prove your answer.
3. When John Alden opened the subject of the *beautiful* spinner, do you think Priscilla feared he would relapse into his former transgression?
4. What would mothers reprove in their children? (line 883.)
5. Why was it that Priscilla did not object to Alden's praise of her thrift, when before, she had objected so strongly to his seeming flattery?
6. Why is the hum of the spinning-wheel spoken of as music? Of what use is the distaff in spinning? Draw or describe a reel, and tell its use.
7. Was John Alden a tactful young man?
8. What sensation predominated in the mixed feelings with which John Alden received the news of the death of Miles Standish? Why did he clasp Priscilla "almost with a *groan*"?
9. What effect had the report on Priscilla?
10. Do you think Longfellow selected an opportune moment in the story to report the death of Miles Standish? What is emphasized by this selection of time?

Memorize Lines 918-925

Even as rivulets twain
 the other.

Figures of Speech

Write the simile that you think the most beautiful in the poem.

Give an example of metaphor.

How many examples do you find of apostrophe and personification combined?

Questions

1. Is *The Courtship* a pathetic or a humorous poem?
2. In what has Longfellow deviated from history in writing the poem?
3. Give the qualifications of each of the rival lovers.
4. After John Alden was sure that Priscilla loved him, why did he not marry her?
5. See how many word pictures you can find in the poem.
6. Which part (chapter) of the poem do you like best? Why?
7. Look for the crises in the poem — either in a person's life or in events.
8. Sketch the character of John Alden.
9. In imagination, spend the day with either John Alden or Priscilla Mullins, and join in the work. Tell how the day was passed.
10. Why will the name of Miles Standish live in history?

To be Memorized

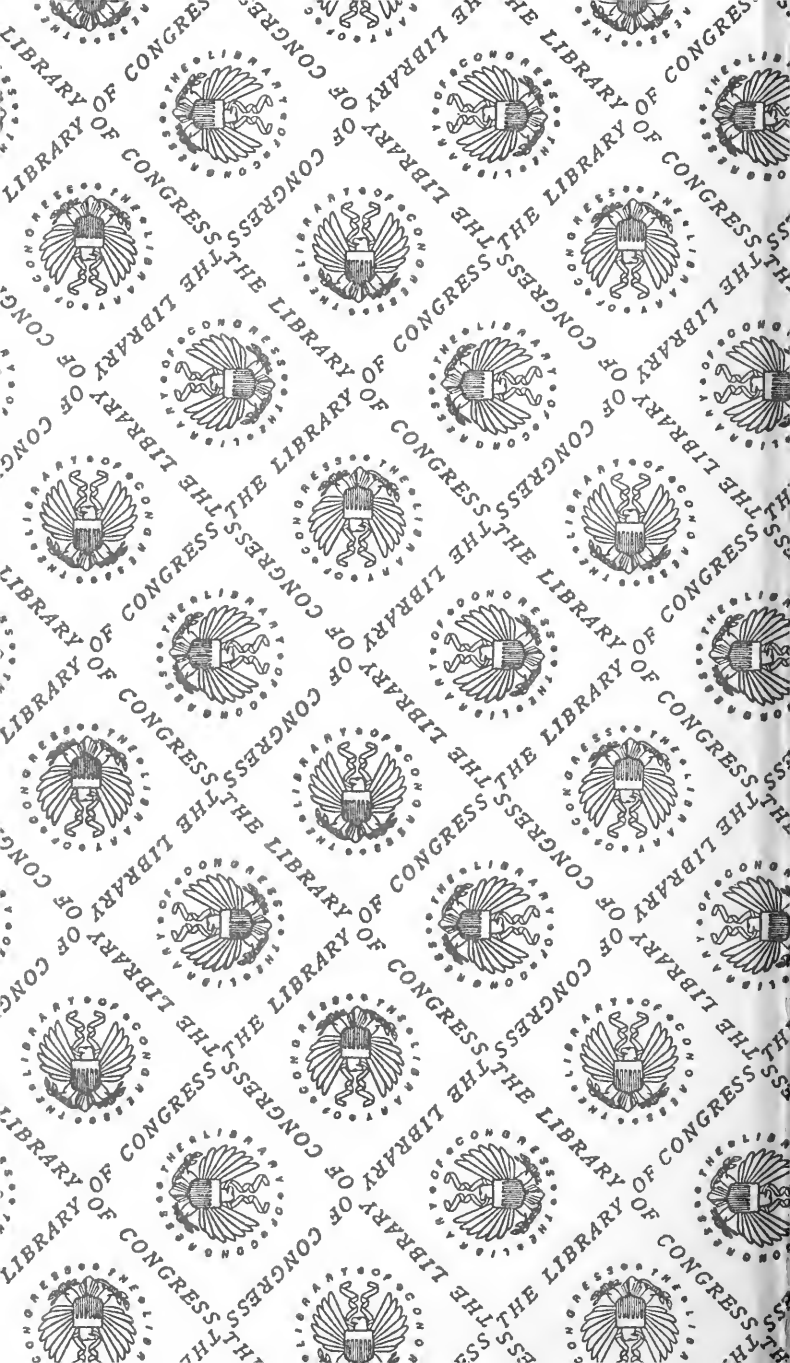
Choose from six to twelve lines that you like, and memorize them.

REFERENCE BOOKS

- Chronicles of the Pilgrims*..... Young
Chronological History of New England..... Prince
New England's Memorial..... Morton
Annals of America..... Holmes
General History of Virginia..... Captain John Smith
New England Plantation..... Higginson
Massachusetts Historical Collections.

C 32 89 441





HECKMAN
INDRY INC.



DEC 88

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

