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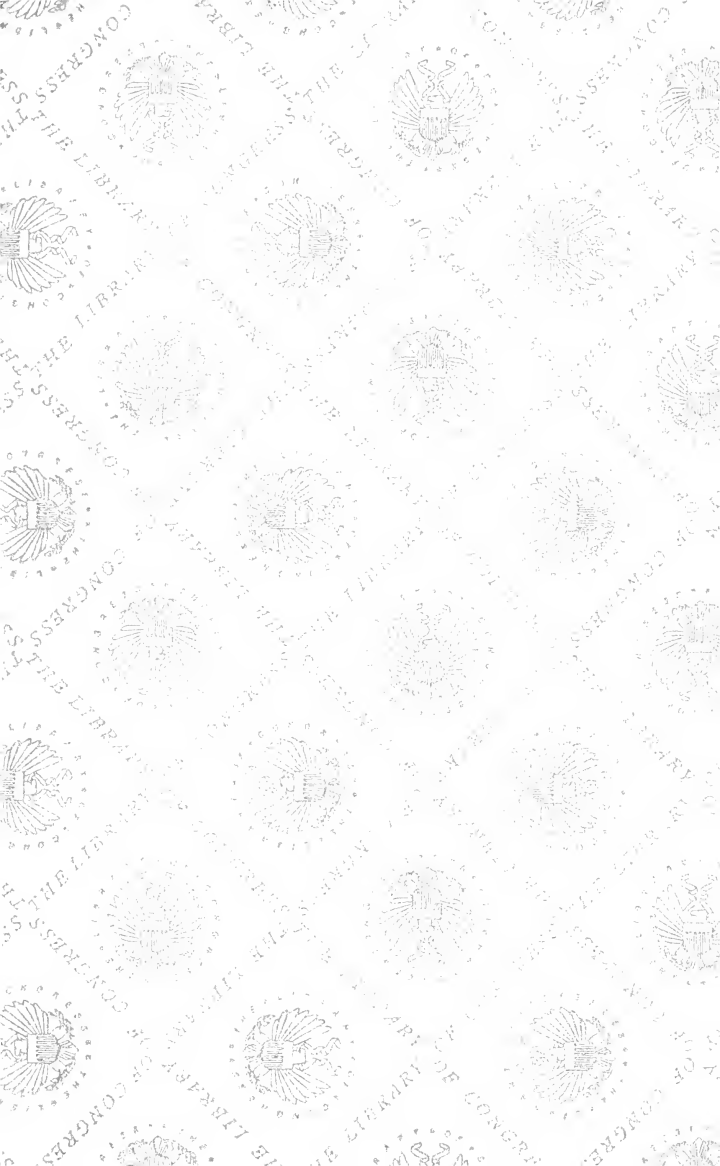


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OF THE







EDGAR ALLAN POE
From an old daguerreotype

Merrill's English Texts

THE RAVEN

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE COURTSHIP OF
MILES STANDISH

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SNOW-BOUND

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND
NOTES BY CHARLES ROBERT GASTON
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NEW YORK
CHARLES E. MERRILL CO.

44-60 EAST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

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GEORGE R. CARPENTER.

THE PRECISE RHETORICIAN, THE CULTURED
CRITIC OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,
THE MAN OF BROAD
SYMPATHIES

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

Merrill's English Texts

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INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF POE, 1809-1849

THE Edgar Allan Poe School of English is one of the six departments of the University of Virginia. Though Poe disgraced the University while he was in attendance, his subsequent literary works have brought him such fame that he is now known as Virginia's most distinguished student. This change in the attitude of his alma mater toward him is similar to the change in the attitude of the world toward so erratic a genius. Poe has been reviled as an atheist, a sot, and a wife-deserter; he has been condemned as a writer possessed of no great message that is worthy of long remembrance, but skilled only in a limited, morbid field of mechanically excellent verse and of ingenious but shallow prose. On the other hand, he has been latterly praised as a good man, to be pitied for his high-strung temperament and his one failing of fondness for drink, and as the greatest American writer in both poetry and prose. The reason for these widely varying estimates is that Poe lived romantically and abnormally from the beginning to the end of his forty variegated years. The proper estimate of his life as a man and his worth as a writer no doubt lies between the two extremes. It is certain that he drank to excess, but it is equally certain that he supported his wife faithfully to the best of his ability. Nearly all the critics now assign to him high rank as the possessor of a brilliant intellect, as the creator of the detective story type, and as the author of a wonderfully fascinating, mysterious poem, "The

Raven." If we depart somewhat from the grouping of even the best biographer of Poe, *i.e.*, George E. Woodberry, we may get the clearest idea of Poe's life by tracing it in two periods. The first period, from 1809 to 1831, started him in literature as a profession. The second period, from 1831 to 1849, was devoted entirely to writing and editorial work. It was during his second period that he composed "The Raven."

His mother, an actress, was, at the time of his birth, January 19, 1809, filling an engagement in Boston. His father, David Poe, a native of Baltimore, had ceased the practice of law and become a mediocre actor. At the age of two, Poe, left an orphan, was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy tobacco merchant of Richmond, Virginia. Though not able to understand the moods and peculiarities of his adopted son, Mr. Allan gave Poe opportunities for a good education. From the age of six to eleven he was in Europe, two years being spent in school at a London suburb, Stoke Newington. His story "William Wilson" relates his Stoke Newington memories. Then he lived for six years in luxury in the large red brick house which was the home of his foster parents in Richmond. Among the boys of his own age, he was a clever boxer, a strong swimmer, a swift runner, and a good jumper, a broad jump of twenty-one feet, six inches, with a running start of twenty yards, being his best record; but his aristocratic Richmond companions made the proud boy feel an outcast by reminding him that his parents had been strolling players.

In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. Here he roomed first on the lawn with a Richmond boy, but, having a fist fight with him, ending in friendship but separation as room-mates, Poe moved to No. 13, West Range. He used to take long solitary walks in the mountains, but was also a leader in hilarious drinking and card-playing, which involved him in such

debt that Allan removed him from the University at the end of a year and put him to work in his counting-room. Chafing under the restraint of a steady life, he ran away to Boston, where in 1827 he obtained a publisher for an anonymous volume of verse, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, and two years later another volume, containing his name on the title page, *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*, was published in Baltimore. Meanwhile he served in the army creditably for two years, after which his foster parent obtained for him a West Point cadetship. He entered the Academy in July, 1830, but, disliking the discipline, he deliberately set out to get himself discharged, which he easily accomplished; he was court-martialed and dismissed in March, 1831. Without hope of any further aid from the rich Mr. Allan, he was now left to make his own way by literature.

From 1831 to his death in 1849, Poe was a hack writer, who fortunately turned out some great literature. During these eighteen years he was employed on numerous papers and magazines as editor and contributor. Whenever he obtained a regular editorial position, Poe chafed under the restraint, just as he had done in his youth in business and in West Point; yet, driven by necessity, he worked conscientiously to hold his positions. He obtained his first editorship, that of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published in Richmond, through the reputation that came to him from his one hundred dollar prize story, "A Ms. Found in a Bottle," printed in a Baltimore paper. In 1836 he was married to Virginia Clemm, a fourteen-year-old Baltimore cousin of his. Leaving Richmond, he was for five years employed in editorial work in Philadelphia on *The Gentleman's Magazine* and on *Graham's Magazine*. Then in 1842 he moved to New York, working there for *The Evening Mirror* and *The Broadway Journal*.

While he was employed editorially on the magazines and newspapers named, he contributed to these and other

papers many critical essays, short stories, and short poems. Among his short stories of mystery and analytical power are "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Masque of the Red Death," "Marie Roget," "Ligeia," "The Black Cat," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Gold Bug," one of the best short stories in the English language. In his stories he shows no particular power in character-drawing, but in supernatural weirdness and horror he is unsurpassed. His critical articles on the literary men of New York and on the poets and poetry of America aroused much bitter feeling, as in the case of his strictures on the poet Rufus W. Griswold, who had been his friend, but who was so irritated by Poe's criticisms that in his biography of Poe he seems to have set out to get even by making untrue or exaggerated statements. In one of his critical works, Poe attacked Longfellow as a plagiarist, and condemned the didactic tone of his earlier poetry, though he acknowledged that Longfellow's poetry possessed some excellent traits. Yet Poe was the first well-known critic to point out the genius of the shy young novelist Hawthorne. A very ingenious general critical study by Poe is the one entitled, "The Philosophy of Composition," which purports to explain the method used in the writing of "The Raven." Among Poe's poems are "To Helen," "To One in Paradise," "Annabel Lee," "Ulalume," "To My Mother," "The Haunted Palace," "The City in the Sea," "Lenore," "Dreamland," "Israfel," "The Conqueror Worm," "The Bells," and "The Raven."

In "The Raven," his most popular poem, there are hints of the style of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Yet Poe's own style is distinct and individual. He had a natural perception of beauty, a finely rhythmical sense. His technical mastery of verse was wonderful. He took the greatest pains to perfect the form of his poetry. He was always conscientious and sincere, but was limited in his

range. He does not treat of the universal themes which are at the basis of the great works of such poets as Milton and Wordsworth. The theme of "The Raven," for instance, is merely the resistless disaster of a man's destiny. The poem is extraordinarily vivid, yet it leaves such indistinct pictures in the mind that artists have the greatest difficulty in illustrating it. It has such a metrical charm that, like "The Bells," it is a favorite of elocutionists.

"The Raven" was originally published in the New York *Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845, copied from advance sheets of *The American Whig Review* for February, 1845. It appeared also in the New York *Broadway Journal*, February 8, 1845, and, revised, in the edition of Poe's poems published in 1845 by Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway, New York. In the copy of the 1845 edition, called the Lorimer Graham copy, Poe made marginal corrections which are recorded by Woodberry and Stedman in their edition.

There are conflicting stories concerning the time and the circumstances of the composition of the poem. In 1842, Poe, then at Saratoga Springs, is said to have mentioned the poem to a lady who had been a contributor to the *Evening Mirror*. Next summer he showed her a draft of the poem. Another story is that he offered the poem in the office of George R. Graham and received fifteen dollars for it to aid his starving wife. Still another story is that he composed the poem after ten o'clock one evening in order to secure medicine for his sick wife. Again, it is said that he composed the poem one day and then declaimed it as was his custom in the hearing of boon companions in a New York tavern when he was drunk. One more story is that he composed the poem stanza by stanza, accepting the criticisms made by his friends. W. F. Gill, in his biography, says that Poe wrote the poem in the winter of 1844 in a plain, old-fashioned frame house

near the corner of Eighty-fourth Street and the Boulevard Avenue, where he and his wife and his wife's mother were then boarding.

All these stories of the time and the circumstances of the writing of "The Raven" give a lively idea of the struggling years of the poor journalist in New York. He had hard work to earn enough to support his family. Occasionally he broke the bounds of sobriety and made it still harder to gain sustenance. Some of those who worked in the editorial offices with him report that he was uniformly courteous and for long periods steady. He lived from 1844 to 1849 in Kingsbridge Road, Fordham, New York, in a cottage preserved now as a Poe museum. In 1847 his wife died. Two years later in the city of Baltimore he was found insensible in the street, was taken to a hospital, and there died on October 7, 1849.

So much seems clear regarding the life of an author whose actions have been the subject of endless controversy. In conclusion it is sufficient to say that the centenary of his birth was marked by enthusiastic gatherings in the various large cities of the United States to do honor to his genius as one of the foremost of American writers.

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW, 1807-1882

In the same way in which many Englishmen get their history from Shakespeare's plays, many Americans learn theirs from Longfellow's poems. Americans' ideas of New England colonial life are, for example, largely obtained from Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*, rather than from the authentic old chronicles or the modern histories. As Shakespeare used the facts to suit himself, so did Longfellow. Longfellow has been as much admired and praised in the United States as Shakespeare in England. Longfellow has for two generations been the most popular American poet. His poetry has been thus

extraordinarily popular because it appeals most to simple tastes that demand concreteness and sympathy in the literature which they praise; and yet it appeals also to the heart of the most cultured scholars. His life was so simple and his character was so amiable that every one who knew anything about him — and every one knew something about him — loved him as if he were a personal friend. The simple, tranquil life of this representative of the best American ideals of his age, as related in the authoritative biography, that by Samuel Longfellow published in 1891 in three volumes, is interesting in spite of its normal, not to say commonplace, happiness. For almost fifty years (from 1807 to 1854), Longfellow lived a scholar's life, and then for nearly thirty years (from 1854 to 1882), he lived as a poet and man of letters. His *Courtship of Miles Standish* was written and published during this second period of his life.

In many schools, the twenty-seventh of February is known as Longfellow day, for that was the birthday of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in 1807 at Portland, Maine. He was the son of a lawyer who could trace his ancestry back for more than a hundred and fifty years to an Edward Longfellow, of Horsforth, England, through a line of sturdy and mostly prosperous colonists — blacksmiths, schoolmasters, judges. His mother's father was General Peleg Wadsworth, a Revolutionary soldier of distinction; his mother was a descendant of Priscilla Alden. Longfellow was named after Henry, one of the brothers of his mother, and was given also the family name, Wadsworth. At General Wadsworth's home, which was the first brick house built in Portland, and which is still standing (admission twenty-five cents), Henry Wadsworth Longfellow spent his boyhood. His delight in the childhood life in Portland is evident in his poem, "My Lost Youth." He had plenty of books to read in his father's library — the poems of Milton, Pope, Dryden, Cowper, Moore; *Don*

Quixote and the successive numbers of Irving's *Sketch-Book*, which began to appear in 1819. He did not read, like Poe, the poems of Shelley, Keats, and Byron, the passionate romanticists of the early nineteenth century. At the private schools which he attended he is spoken of as a handsome schoolboy, thoughtful but not melancholy; not averse to the quieter sports, but more fond of a book under the trees. His home life was idyllic in its charm. At the age of thirteen the boy was made happy by seeing his first poem printed anonymously in the *Portland Gazette*.

When he was fifteen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. Probably the reason why he did not go to his father's college, Harvard, was that his father was a trustee of Bowdoin, which had been opened in 1802. At Bowdoin he knew Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce. His college life simply continued the training he had received at home and in the private schools. He studied faithfully the mathematics, natural sciences, and philosophy of the course. From his study of the classics and his reading in the college library he acquired a perspicuous but balanced English prose style. While at Bowdoin he wrote verses for the newspapers; fourteen of these were published the year after his graduation in a volume entitled *Miscellaneous Poems selected from the United States Literary Gazette*. Of these the best known is "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns." He finished his course at the age of eighteen, and was asked to go abroad to prepare himself for a Bowdoin professorship of modern languages. His father allowed him six hundred dollars a year for a three years' stay in Europe.

Thirsting for the springs of old culture, reverently alert for impressions of European life, the young American scholar took passage for Havre. His youthful enjoyment of all that he saw and felt is evident on every page of the notes which he published several years after his return.

The extent of his travels is indicated by a sentence from the early part of his book:—

“In this my pilgrimage, ‘I have passed many lands and countries, and searched many full strange places.’ I have traversed France from Normandy to Navarre; smoked my pipe in a Flemish inn; floated through Holland in a *Trekschuit*; trimmed my midnight lamp in a German university; wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy; and listened to the gay guitar and merry castanet on the borders of the blue Guadalquivir.” (From *Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea*.) A characteristic passage showing how he relished his European travel is this: “My recollections of Spain are of the most lively and delightful kind. The character of the soil and of its inhabitants, — the stormy mountains and free spirits of the North, — the prodigal luxuriance and gay voluptuousness of the South, — the history and traditions of the past, resembling more the fables of romance than the solemn chronicle of events, — a soft and yet majestic language that falls like martial music on the ear, and a literature rich in the attractive lore of poetry and fiction, — these, but not these alone, are my reminiscences of Spain.”

On his return to the United States, he took up at Bowdoin the wearing work of teaching, yet he entered upon it with enthusiasm in the belief that it would allow him time to write as he might be inclined. Instead of doing original work, however, he made text-books, excellent of their kind and for their purpose. He edited French texts, translated a French grammar, and made French, Spanish, and Italian readers. His recitations and lectures he prepared for painstakingly. The students liked him; he enjoyed them. His influence during his six years of teaching at Bowdoin was of the best. Other colleges tried to secure his services, but he preferred Bowdoin until a call came to follow Ticknor in the chair of modern lan-

guages at Harvard. Longfellow accepted and went abroad for further study, particularly of German, which he never cared for so much as the French and Spanish and Italian languages and literatures; in these he had already become extremely proficient. His acceptance of the Harvard professorship took him in the autumn of 1836 to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, living for the remaining years of his life, he became a quiet but powerful influence for widening culture, and where, having more time to himself than at Bowdoin, he became the chief of the "Cambridge Poets." During his Harvard teaching he published several volumes of prose and poetry: *Hyperion, a Romance*, 1839; *Voices of the Night*, 1839, which contained translations and nine original poems; *Ballads, and Other Poems*, 1841; *Poems on Slavery*, 1842; *The Spanish Student*, a three-act play, 1843; *The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems*, 1845; *Evangeline*, 1847; *Kavanagh, a Tale*, 1849; *The Seaside and the Fireside*, 1849; and *The Golden Legend*, 1851. In the year 1854, he was succeeded at Harvard by his friend James Russell Lowell.

Thus far no mention has been made of Longfellow's domestic affairs. In 1831, at the age of twenty-two, he was married to Mary Storer Potter, of Portland. With her, for four years, he lived a contented, peaceful life. Mrs. Longfellow was beautiful in appearance, happy in disposition, and sympathetic and appreciative in her husband's intellectual work. The shock of her death in Holland while he was studying in preparation for his Harvard professorship changed Longfellow from a youth in spirit to a grown man. At Cambridge he took rooms in the Craigie House. This fine old colonial building is now pointed out to every Cambridge visitor as the Longfellow home, for here Longfellow lived the rest of his life, except for summers on the New England coast and several European journeys. In the hero of *Hyperion* he had

sketched his own bitterness of thought during the year following the death of his first wife, and in the heroine he had sketched the character of Miss Frances Appleton, who became in July, 1843, his second wife. At their marriage, Miss Appleton's father bought for them the Craigie mansion. Here, for some years, their life was like the home life of the best New England families of the day — children at play, fireside reading, entertainments, calls, concerts, plays, enough work to keep the domestic delight from palling by monotony of idleness. In the year 1854 Longfellow and his wife decided that they could afford to live without his salary as professor, and he resigned.

From 1854 till his death in 1882 Longfellow, relieved entirely from professional duties, did some of his best work as poet and man of letters. He continued to dream along in the peaceful existence already started at Cambridge, all the time growing in the affections of the people till the whole nation came to love him. Among the literary men of New England he was the dean. In the gatherings of the Saturday Club, which included Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and Hawthorne among its members, Longfellow took particular joy. He was long a friend of Senator Charles Sumner. The young scholar Andrew D. White visited Longfellow in 1867 at his beautiful summer cottage at Nahant. In his *Autobiography* White speaks of Longfellow as "a most lovely being." As they sat on the veranda looking out over the ocean and discussing political events, the poet turned to the young scholar and statesman and said, "Mr. White, don't you think Horace Greeley a very useless sort of man?" The dreamy poet could not understand at all the point of view of the practical man of affairs, the great editor of the New York *Tribune*. Four years later White dined with the poet at his Cambridge home. The host enjoyed showing the places in this house that were connected

with interesting passages in the life of Washington when he occupied the house. These details given by Dr. White in his recollections afford a characteristic glimpse of the life of the celebrated Cambridge man of letters in this period of poetic ease.

In that curious back-hand of his, not so legible and print-like as Poe's handwriting, Longfellow produced in this second period enough original poetry, translation, and editorial work to make a small library. In narrative poetry he published *The Song of Hiawatha*, 1855, considered by many critics his greatest achievement because it is the nearest approach to an American epic. Narrative also is *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, published in 1858. This seems to me his greatest poem because it dwells with consummate poetical art upon a world-appreciated theme and because it gives with absolute faithfulness the spirit of the early New England Puritanism. *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, 1863, is a popular collection of local pictures and old-world stories in pleasing verse. His most ambitious production was published in 1872 under the heading *Christus, a Mystery*; it consisted of three parts, "The Divine Tragedy," "The Golden Legend," and "The New England Tragedies," and except for the second part, which had been already printed, is practically unread among its author's works. His other principal volumes of poems are "Aftermath," "The Hanging of the Crane," "Masque of Pandora," "Keramos," "Ultima Thule," and "In the Harbor." During this period he composed a group of sonnets which easily rank him as the chief American sonnet writer. The translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, 1870, is the crowning achievement of the scholar, postponed till his time of ease. Though not in every respect a great translation of Dante's epic, it is true to the original and not lacking in Dante's poetic fire. Longfellow's editorial work included the editing of thirty-one volumes of *Poems of*

Places. Such was the extensive work of the man of letters in Cambridge, from 1854 to 1882, in original poetry, in translation, and in compilation.

The life at Cambridge was not all happiness, for, eighteen years after his second marriage, his wife was burned so badly by the upturning of a candle on her dress that she soon died. Thereafter Longfellow lived in the Cambridge home with his children, the care and education of whom occupied his thoughts to the banishment of loneliness. It was only when his distinguished friends died, one by one, that he began to feel the weight of his years. In March, 1882, he died, and was buried in Cambridge. The period of his life in Cambridge was, curiously enough, almost exactly the time of the supremacy of New England as a literary center.

In the sketch of Longfellow's life, little mention has been made of specific short poems, such as "A Psalm of Life," "The Rainy Day" (written in the Portland home), "Excelsior," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Building of the Ship," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Paul Revere's Ride," which every schoolboy knows. It would have been superfluous to discuss these poems, for they have always appealed to the hearts of the American people and have done as much as the longer narrative poems to give their author his extraordinary popularity. But it was by such longer poems as *The Courtship of Miles Standish* that Longfellow established his claim to a place among the poets of world-wide appeal, and it was by such writing that he merited recognition in Westminster Abbey, the temple of fame for the English-speaking nations. There, two years after his death, a bust of Longfellow was placed, with ceremonies which testified to the esteem in which he is held by all who speak the English language.

LIFE OF WHITTIER, 1807-1892

IN *The Appreciation of Literature*, George E. Woodberry speaks of Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and Burns's *The Cotter's Saturday Night* as imperishable monuments to that "home-feeling which is so profound an element in the character as well as the affections of English-speaking people the world over." Inevitably popular are the poets who express this home-feeling. Next to Longfellow, Whittier has come closer to the heart of the nation than any other American poet. Known everywhere as the household Quaker poet, he is celebrated also as the poet who did more than any other to crystallize northern sentiment against slavery. These two phases of his work seem contradictory, but when his life is read in such an interesting and discriminating biography as that by George R. Carpenter in the American Men of Letters series, the contradiction is found to be apparent and not real, for Whittier was a poet appealing all the time to the best instincts of his nation. His life may best be considered in three periods: the first including his boyhood and early efforts at literature; the second, his freedom work; and the third, his life as a mature, tranquil poet. It was in this third period that he wrote his greatest poem, *Snow-Bound*.

The house where he was born on December 17, 1807, is one mile to the northeast of Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts, near Great Pond, known also as Lake Kenozia. This farmhouse is the scene of *Snow-Bound* and is now marked by a bronze tablet. Whittier's great-great-grandfather built the house about 1688; Whittiers had lived there ever since, all of them substantial pioneers and farmers of good repute, all of them husbands of farmers' daughters. The great-grandfather married a Quakeress, whose religion he adopted. The grandfather married Sarah Greenleaf. The poet was given the name of his

father and the family name of his grandmother. John Greenleaf Whittier started in life with a hundred and fifty years of New England independent struggle for existence back of him. In his youth he continued the struggle, but with a weaker body and more sensitive temperament than his ancestors possessed. He worked on the ancestral farm, with intermissions of shoe-making and academy attendance and school-teaching, until he was twenty-one. When he was nearly nineteen his first printed poem appeared in the Newburyport *Free Press*. Whittier had been led early to the writing of poetry by his reading of Burns, Gray, Cowper, Scott, and Mrs. Hemans; then when he was disappointed in love he read Byron. All of his own early poetry was imitative of the poets whom he had read. The Newburyport paper was edited by William Lloyd Garrison who subsequently became the great anti-slavery agitator and who influenced Whittier in this direction. In 1828 Whittier wrote to Garrison a letter commending his views on slavery, intemperance, and war.

Through Garrison's recommendation, Whittier, then just of age, left the farm and became editor, at nine dollars a week, of *The American Manufacturer*, published in Boston. After seven months he was called home to Haverhill by the sickness of his father, who died the next year. During the interval Whittier worked the farm and edited the local paper. A month after his father's death he became editor of *The New England Review*, of Hartford, Connecticut. This position made him conversant with the political events of the time, brought him a wide friendship among editors, and a national reputation through the copying of his Hartford articles in other papers. In his leisure hours in Boston and Hartford "the gay young Quaker" read much in the best English fiction and poetry. His first book, *Legends of New England*, exhibiting a little of the weirdness later character-

istic of Poe, was published in Hartford in 1831. Shortly after his return, in poor health, to Haverhill, he wrote to a friend that he had done with poetry and literature, and would now be a farmer. Yet he hankered for an election to Congress and might perhaps have secured it, through the confidence his neighbors had in his shrewdness and the esteem in which they held him because of his Boston and Hartford editorships, had he not definitely allied himself in 1833 with the abolitionist movement. Thus far, from his youthful prose and poetry, he had gained a reputation in literature second to none of his contemporaries, in spite of which nothing which he early wrote is at the present time much read. Now began the second period of his life.

As a reformer, from 1833 to 1860, striving with Quaker intensity to uphold the principle of the equality of man, Whittier won the respect of the nation and the hootings of particular crowds. This was the time of his greatest effort in life; in these years he accomplished what he considered to be his most valuable service to his country. Not literature, but abolition, was his chief interest. Yet, since slavery is no more, we are now concerned rather with Whittier's literary life than with his life as a reformer and so must pass quickly over this second phase of his career. In June, 1833, influenced by the appeals of his friend Garrison to throw his influence into the cause of abolition, he published, at his own expense, a pamphlet entitled, "Justice and Expediency: or, Slavery Considered with a View to Its Rightful and Effectual Remedy, Abolition." This pamphlet illustrates Whittier's part in the abolition movement; he continued for more than twenty-five years to write essays and poems aiming to appeal to the reason and to bring about the abolition of slavery by public opinion as expressed by votes. He was one of the secretaries of the first national anti-slavery convention in Philadelphia and signed its declaration. In

1835 he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In Concord, New Hampshire, he was mobbed in company with George Thompson, the English anti-slavery agitator. He kept Thompson, whose life was in danger, hidden for two weeks in the farmhouse. Soon after, during the rioting by a mob in Washington Street, Boston, Whittier was threatened with personal violence. A little later he was in New York for several months in the office of the American anti-slavery society, and almost became engaged to a young lady of Brooklyn. In 1838, when he was in Philadelphia editing the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, his office was sacked and burned by a mob, but he saved some of his belongings by disguising himself in a long white coat and a wig so that he could mingle with the mob without being known. He kept on editing the paper till his health failed.

Then he took up his residence with his mother, aunt, and younger sister, Elizabeth, in Amesbury, eight miles from his birthplace, in a house which is now maintained as a memorial of the poet. Here his mother died in 1858. He edited at Lowell, Massachusetts, *The Middlesex Standard* in 1844, and in 1847 became corresponding editor of *The National Era*, published at Washington. In 1849 he received five hundred dollars for the copyright of all his verse thus far published. Next year, he met James T. Fields, the friend of all the New England poets, and hereafter his poems were published by Ticknor and Fields. In 1857 this firm brought out his collected poems. In spite of his numerous reform articles and poems, including the famous poem "Ichabod" and the volumes entitled *Voices of Freedom* and *Songs of Labor*, in spite of his five prose volumes containing wonderfully keen essays analyzing and depicting early New England life and character, and in spite of a number of poems of national reputation, such as "The Barefoot Boy," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," and "Maud Muller," written from 1833

to 1860, he would hardly be assured a permanent place among the best American poets, if he had not in the maturity of his years returned to the themes of his boyhood and written one imperishable poem on the New England life as he knew it when he was a boy.

Since Whittier was a reformer, with his soul on fire for the abolition of slavery, it might be thought that a fitting end to the second period of his life would be the end of the war rather than the beginning. But no! As a Quaker, Whittier had a horror of war; he sympathized with the North, but he believed it would be better to let the South go rather than to fight. Thus he turned from his one absorbing great passion, his contention for freedom, to a tranquil life as a poet, a period of thirty-two years (from 1860 to 1892), in no part of which because of ill health was he able to do a full day's work and in most of which he found it impossible to read or write for more than a half-hour at a time. In these years he grew steadily in the affections of the people. During the war his verses were cries of those who were bereaved and prayers for God to let the right be done. Some of his songs were sung by the northern soldiers, President Lincoln saying that he wanted the soldiers to hear such songs as Whittier's. His ballad of "Barbara Frietchie" and his "Laus Deo" are his best known poems produced in war times.

After the war he wrote a number of religious poems which appear in collections of hymns sung by various denominations. "I have been a member of the Society of Friends by birthright and by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies, while, at the same time, I have a kind feeling towards all who are seeking, in different ways from mine, to serve God and benefit their fellow-men." Thus Whittier wrote regarding his religious faith. It was this breadth of sympathy that made his religious songs acceptable to all true worshipers.

Snow-Bound, which he says he wrote to beguile the weariness of a sick-room, at once became one of the "best sellers" of the day. From the time of its publication in 1866, the surprising profits from its sale made Whittier a well-to-do man. Among the other poems of this period are "The Maids of Attitash," "Among the Hills," "Amy Wentworth," "My Playmate," "The Henchman," and "Sea Dream." But *Snow-Bound* is the poem on which Whittier's fame as a poet most securely rests.

After the death of his sister, in 1864, his brother's daughter, Elizabeth Whittier, kept house for him at Amesbury until her marriage in 1876 to S. T. Pickard, who became his biographer. Whittier continued to vote at Amesbury, but spent much of his time with his cousins, the Misses Johnson, at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Massachusetts. At Amesbury, this kindly old bachelor, famous as he was, used to like to sit in the shop of the village tailor and talk with his neighbors. Occasionally he traveled to Boston to see his publishers and enjoy an evening with the Saturday Club, to which Longfellow also belonged. He spent his summers on Lake Winnepesaukee or at the Isles of Shoals or at Amesbury. The life all the year was easier and quieter than in earlier days. He wrote when he felt inclined; he had an income more than sufficient for his simple needs. He had not many close friends, though numerous acquaintances, among the contemporary men of letters: Bayard Taylor, Holmes, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow; the southern poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne, who was much attracted by his broad spirit; the English writers, Dickens and Kingsley. Much of his time he spent in writing letters to gifted ladies — Lucy Larcom, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Celia Thaxter, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. Fields.

In 1877, when he was seventy years old, he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the publishers of

The Atlantic Monthly to distinguished contributors. Ten years later, on his eightieth birthday, he was congratulated at Oak Knoll by the governor of the state and a committee, for he was nearly the last of the great New England abolitionists and poets. In 1892 he died and was buried in the village cemetery at Amesbury, where the other members of his family had been buried before him.

He was, as one of his biographers says, the last survivor of the circle that gathered about the hearth in the snow-bound homestead. Such was his art in the unique and imperishable poem, *Snow-Bound*, that there is no family in the world whose members are so widely known among the people who speak the English tongue.

CRITICAL COMMENTS

POE, LONGFELLOW, AND WHITTIER

It [the early part of the nineteenth century] was a time of emotionalism in verse. Emotionalism revealed itself in the love of the mediæval and the oriental, — both realms in which conventionalism seemed absent; in the keener sentiments with which scenery was regarded, as if the power of sight had been stimulated and trained; in a fondness for the exquisitely beautiful, for the wild and terrible and extraordinary; in a desire to be thrilled by tales of madness and crime, to be torn with sympathy for the suffering; in religious fervor and in enthusiasm for humanitarian reform. This great quickening of the emotions made Scott and Byron and Shelley and Keats, and just as surely it declared itself [a little later] in Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell, in Hawthorne and Emerson, brother romanticists all.

Whittier's part in this movement was important. Bryant had already produced his noble early poems, inspired by the austere life and austere scenery surrounding him in his childhood; Lowell was a frivolous boy. Brainard, the man of greatest promise, was dead; Willis, although so popular, was of no real importance; and the leaders in the obscure forward march were POE, LONGFELLOW, and WHITTIER. To Poe, as a disciple of Coleridge, belonged the advance on the purely artistic side, the evolution of melody. Longfellow was an avowed scholar, though destined to come back to poetry with the intent of creating a literature on foreign models.

Whittier was the only man of genius who was attacking the problem directly. — *George R. Carpenter*, in *John Greenleaf Whittier*.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

ON the roll of our literature Poe's name is inscribed with the few foremost, and in the world at large his genius is established as valid among all men. Much as he derived nurture from other sources, he was the son of Coleridge by the weird touch of his imagination, by the principles of his analytic criticism, and the speculative bent of his mind. An artist primarily, whose skill, helped by the finest sensitive and perceptive powers in himself, was developed by thought, patience, and endless self-correction into a subtle deftness of hand unsurpassed in its own work, he belonged to the men of culture instead of those of originally perfect power; but being gifted with the dreaming instinct, the myth-making faculty, the allegorizing power, and with no other poetic element of high genius, he exercised his art in a region of vague feeling, symbolic ideas, and fantastic imagery, and wrought his spell largely through sensuous effects of color, sound, and gloom, heightened by lurking but unshaped suggestions of mysterious meanings. Now and then gleams of light and stretches of lovely landscape shine out, but for the most part his mastery was over dismal, superstitious, and waste places. In imagination, as in action, his was an evil genius; and in its realms of revery he dwelt alone. Except the wife who idolized him and the mother who cared for him, no one touched his heart in the years of his manhood, and at no time was love so strong in him as to rule his life. — *George E. Woodberry*, in *The Life of Edgar Allan Poe*.

Without doubt, a distinctive melody is the element in

Poe's verse that first and last has told on every class of readers, — a rhythmical effect which, be it of much or little worth, was its author's own; and to add even one constituent to the resources of an art is what few succeed in doing. He gained hints from other poets toward this contribution, but the *timbre* of his own voice was required for that peculiar music reinforced by the correlative refrain and repetend; a melody, but a monody as well, limited almost to the vibratory recurrence of a single and typical emotion, yet no more palling the ear than palls the constant sound of a falling stream. It haunted rather than irked the senses, so that the poet was recognized by it, — as *Melmoth the Wanderer* by the one delicious strain heard whenever he approached. This brought him, on the other hand, the slight of many compeers, and for this the wisest of them spoke of him as the "jingle-man." Yet there is more than this, one may well conceive, in his station as a poet. — *E. C. Stedman* and *G. E. Woodberry*, in *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*.

Poe has two of the prime qualities of genius: a faculty of vigorous, yet minute, analysis, and a wonderful fecundity of imagination. . . . Besides the merit of conception, Mr. Poe's writings have also that of form. His style is highly finished, graceful, and truly classical. It would be hard to find a living author who had displayed such varied powers. . . . The great masters of imagination have seldom resorted to the vague and the unreal as sources of effect. They have not used dread and horror alone, but only in combination with other qualities, as means of subjugating the fancies of their readers. The loftiest muse has ever a household and fireside charm about her. Mr. Poe's secret lies mainly in the skill with which he has employed the strange fascination of mystery and terror. In this his success is so great and striking as to deserve the name of art, not artifice. We cannot

call his materials the noblest or the purest, but we must concede to him the highest merit of construction. . . . On the whole, it may be considered certain that Mr. Poe has attained an individual eminence in our literature which he will keep. He has given proof of power and originality. He has done that which could only be done once with success or safety, and the imitation or repetition of which would produce weariness. — *James Russell Lowell*, in *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1845.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

His heart was pure, his purpose high,
 His thought serene, his patience vast;
 He put all strifes of passion by,
 And lived to God, from first to last.

William Winter, in *The N. Y. Tribune*.

It is no small thing for a singer to have a heart so pure and simple, an intellect so little isolated by years of foreign travel, of special study, of long association with men of distinction, that there is no barrier between him and the heart and intelligence of the people at large, of nineteen-twentieths of the race. Of American poets, only Whittier approached Longfellow in this respect of wide acceptance, and he was less national in his appeal; of modern British poets, only Scott. And Longfellow must be praised for the uses he made of this high opportunity. He familiarizes his readers with the grace and flow of verse, with its melody and harmony. He introduces them to the beauty of olden times, of remote places, of foreign literature. He reveals to them the glory of the elementary virtues — faith and hope and love, optimism and aspiration. — *George R. Carpenter*, in *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Beacon Biographies).

There was a notable sanity about all Longfellow's mode of life, and his attitude toward books and nature and men. It was the positive which attracted him, the achievement in literature, the large, seasonable gifts of the outer world, the men and women themselves who were behind the deeds and words which made them known. The books which he read, as noted in his journals, were the generous books; he wanted the best wine of thought, and he avoided criticism. He basked in sunshine; he watched the sky, and was alive to the great sights and sounds and to all the tender influences of the seasons. In his intercourse with men, this sanity appeared in the power which he showed of preserving his own individuality in the midst of constant pressure from all sides; he gave of himself freely to his intimate friends, but he dwelt, nevertheless, in a charmed circle, beyond the lines of which men could not penetrate. Praise did not make him arrogant or vain; criticism, though it sometimes wounded him, did not turn him from his course. It is rare that one in our time has been the center of so much admiration, and still rarer that one has preserved in the midst of it all that integrity of nature which never abdicates. -- *Horace E. Scudder, in Men and Letters: Essays in Characterization and Criticism.*

In estimating the life-work of Longfellow as a poet, the personality and the product cannot be separated. The sweet and sympathetic and strong and self-reliant soul, so fully portrayed in the three-volume life by the poet's brother, ever animates the verse. Longfellow looked out upon life and sang his thoughts concerning its joys and its mysteries. His lyrics and idyls and dramatic studies and reflective poems illuminate with catholic sympathy and quiet optimism the procession of human existence: childhood, youth with its loves and hopes, middle-life with its wasting and weariness and patiently

continued work, death as the transition to another stage of progress and experience. His poems lack not thought, nor feeling, nor art, but well combine the three. What he misses in intellectual greatness he possesses in heartfulness. He was the St. John of our American apostles of song. His word was spoken to those who work and win, struggle and lose, love and bury. He ranged from the American hearthstone to the castle-towers of the Rhine. He adorned the simplest thought with spoils of mediæval and continental culture. An American, he was too wise to refuse to learn of Europe. A man of culture, he knew as well as Hawthorne, that mere selfish intellectual wisdom turns the heart to stone. A man of books, he carried his sympathies with him as he entered his library door. His reading was bent toward the betterment and the utterance of his good impulses, and not to their crushing. A lifelong moralizer, he shunned cant as the twin-devil of hypocrisy. He made the most of himself, in life and letters. Neither Providence nor error cut short his earthly service to song. We dare not say that his service shall last

“As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes”;

but it will be until another shall sing the same songs better. — *Charles F. Richardson, in American Literature: 1607-1885.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

HE was not one of the royally endowed, far-shining, “myriad-minded” poets. He was rustic, provincial; a man of his place and time in America. It is doubtful if European readers will ever find him richly suggestive, as they have found Emerson, Poe, and Whitman. But

he had a tenacious hold upon certain realities: first, upon the soil of New England, of whose history and legend he became such a sympathetic interpreter; next, upon "the good old cause" of freedom, not only in his own country but in all places where the age-long and still but half-won battle was being waged; and finally, upon some permanent objects of human emotion, — the hill-top, shore and sky, the fireside, the troubled heart that seeks rest in God. Whittier's poetry has revealed to countless readers the patient continuity of human life, its fundamental unity, and the ultimate peace that hushes its discords. The utter simplicity of his Quaker's creed has helped him to interpret the religious mood of a generation which has grown impatient of formal doctrine. His hymns are sung by almost every body of Christians, the world over. It is unlikely that the plain old man who passed quietly away in a New Hampshire village on September 7, 1892, aged eighty-five, will ever be reckoned one of the world-poets. But he was, in the best sense of the word, a world's man in heart and in action, a sincere and noble soul who hated whatever was evil and helped to make the good prevail; and his verse, fiery and tender and unfeigned, will long be cherished by his countrymen. —*Bliss Perry, in J. G. Whittier: A Sketch of His Life.*

Whittier as a poet is too well known to the American reader to call for any elaborate analysis of his style. As we turn over the collective edition of his poems, we are astonished to see the number of pieces that have become household words. Mogg Megone, Maud Muller, The Angels of Buena Vista, The Vaudois Teacher, My Soul and I, A Dream of Summer, Songs of Labor, The Barefoot Boy, Skipper Ireson's Ride, Barbara Frietchie — what a host of associations the very names evoke! They and their twin brethren have long since passed into the hearts of the poet's countrymen. They are a

part of ourselves. If we seek for the causes of this real popularity, we shall find one cause of it at least in Whittier's intense nationality. Bryant excepted, there is not an American poet who can, in this respect, be compared with Whittier. Setting aside a few, very few, songs on borrowed themes, we may say that everything that Whittier has written comes directly home to the American. What, for instance, can be more beautiful in its genial simplicity and also more characteristic than *Snow-Bound*? It may safely be ranked among the sweetest, most endearing idyls of the language. In it we see the fiery crusader of the *Voices of Freedom* softened and mellowed into the retrospective artist. The period of fermentation has passed, the purification is complete. Harsh numbers are tuned to perfect accord; hatred of oppression has made way for broad humanity. If we read the *Proem* of 1847 side by side with *Snow-Bound* we shall have little difficulty in persuading ourselves that Whittier has not only nothing to fear from a comparison with melodious Spenser and Sidney, but has even surpassed them in artistic reality. — *J. S. Hart.*

The American traveler in England who takes pains to inquire in bookstores as to the comparative standing of his country's poets among English readers, is likely to hear Longfellow ranked at the head, with Whittier a close second. In the same way, if he happens to attend English conventions and popular meetings, he will be pretty sure to hear these two authors quoted oftener than any other poets, British or American. This parallelism in their fame makes it the more interesting to remember that Whittier was born within five miles of the old Longfellow homestead, where the grandfather of his brother poet was born. Always friends, though never intimate, they represented through life two quite different modes of rearing and education. Longfellow

was the most widely traveled author of the Boston circle, Whittier the least so; Longfellow spoke a variety of languages, Whittier only his own; Longfellow had whatever the American college of his time could give him, Whittier had none of it; Longfellow had the habits of a man of the world, Whittier those of a recluse; Longfellow touched reform but lightly, Whittier was essentially involved with it; Longfellow had children and grandchildren, while Whittier led a single life. Yet in certain gifts, apart from poetic quality, they were alike; both being modest, serene, unselfish, brave, industrious, and generous. They either shared, or made up between them, the highest and most estimable qualities that mark poet or man. — *Thomas Wentworth Higginson*, in *John Greenleaf Whittier* (English Men of Letters Series).

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon ¹ a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore —

While I nodded, nearly napping,² suddenly there
came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door,

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my
chamber door —

Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak
December,³

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost⁴
upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had
sought⁵ to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for
the lost Lenore —

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore ¹ —

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain ²

Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
stood repeating,

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
ber door —

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
ber door;

This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then
no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you” — here I
opened wide the door —

Darkness ³ there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams ¹ no mortal ever dared
to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness ²
gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word "Lenore?"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore!" —

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, ³ all my soul within
me burning,

Soon again I heard ⁴ a tapping something louder
than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, ⁵ and this mystery
explore —

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore; —

'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven¹ of the saintly
days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute
stopped or stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door —

Perched upon a bust of Pallas² just above my
chamber door —

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird³ beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I
said, “art sure no craven.

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore —

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s
Plutonian shore!”⁴

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”⁵

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear⁶ dis-
course so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy
bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human ¹
being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door —

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door —

With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust,²
spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then
he fluttered —

Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends
have flown before —

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have
flown before.”

Then the bird said,³ “Nevermore.”

Startled ⁴ at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only
stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerci-
ful Disaster

Followed fast ¹ and followed faster till his songs one
 burden bore —
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
 bore
 Of 'Never — nevermore.'”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul ² into
 smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird
 and bust and door;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
 linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
 of yore —
 What this grim, ungainly, ³ ghastly, gaunt, and
 ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
 expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
 bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
 reclining
 On the cushion's velvet ⁴ lining that the lamp-light
 gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o'er

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censor

Swung by Seraphim¹ whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

“Wretch,”² I cried, “thy God hath lent thee — by
these angels he hath sent thee

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe³ and forget this
lost Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!⁴ — prophet still,
if bird or devil! —

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted —

On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly,
I implore —

Is there — *is there* balm in Gilead?⁵ — tell me —
tell me, I implore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil — prophet still,
if bird or devil! —

By that Heaven that bends above us — by that
God,¹ we both adore —

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the dis-
tant Aidenn,²

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant ³ maiden whom the angels
name Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!”
I shrieked, upstarting —

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust
above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart,⁴ and take thy
form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting

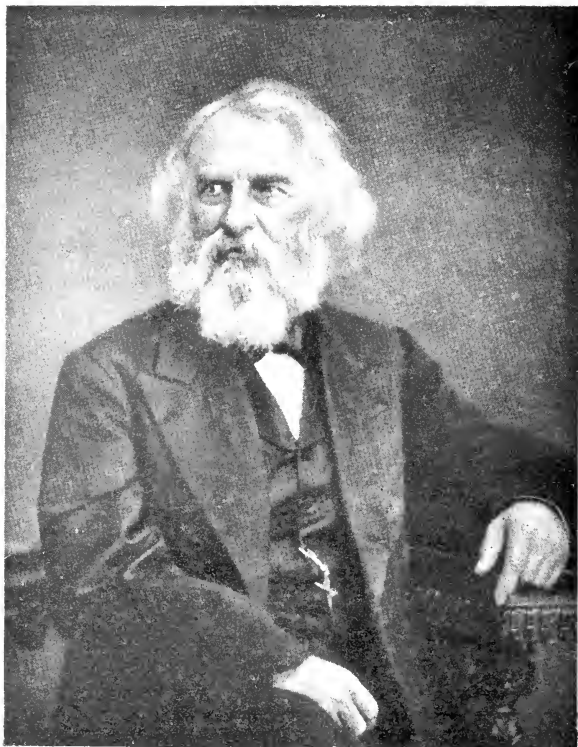
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's¹
that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light² o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I

MILES STANDISH

IN the Old Colony days,¹ in Plymouth the land
of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive
dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan²
leather,
Strode, with martial air, Miles Standish³ the Puritan
Captain.

Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind
him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of
warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of his
chamber, —
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of
Damascus,¹
Curved² at the point and inscribed with its mystical
Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece,
musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and ath-
letic,
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,³ his friend and
household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by
the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon com-
plexion,

Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,
as the captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not
Angles¹ but Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the
Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe²
interrupting,

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
inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in
Flanders;³ this breastplate, —

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 arca-
bucero.⁴

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

Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in
the Flemish morasses."

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

“Truly the breath ¹ 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;

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

Serve yourself,² would you be well served, is an
excellent adage;

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

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invin-
cible army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest ³
and his matchlock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and
pillage,

And, like Cæsar, 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 ¹ as he wrote, and still the Captain
continued:

“Look! you can see from this window my brazen
howitzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher ² who
speaks to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresist-
ible logic,

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts
of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the
Indians:

Let them come if they like, and the sooner they try
it the better, —

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore,³ sachem,
or pow-wow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokama-
hamon!”

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 ⁴ 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 pro-
ceeded:

“Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried
Rose Standish;

Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the
wayside!

She was the first to die of all who came in the May-
flower!

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,

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

Prominent three,¹ distinguished alike for bulk and
for binding;

Barriffe's Artillery Guide,¹ and the Commentaries²
of Cæsar,

Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge 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 conso-
lation and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous cam-
paigns of the Romans,

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent
Christians.

Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponder-
ous Roman,

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

Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-
marks thick³ on the margin,

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

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

Busily writing epistles important, to go by the
Mayflower,

Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest,
God willing!
Homeward bound¹ with the tidings of all that
terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of
Priscilla,
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 marvelous words and achievements
of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his
hand, palm downwards,
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 skillful!"

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the
comely, the youthful:

“Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his
pen and his weapons.

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 this Caius Julius
Cæsar!

‘Better be first,’¹ he said, ‘in a little Iberian vil-
lage,

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;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator
Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occa-
sion in Flanders,

When the rear guard of his army retreated, the
front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion 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
commanded the captains,
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,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his
reading.

Nothing was heard ¹ 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,¹

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 ponder-
ous cover,

Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier ground-
ing his musket,

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

“When you have finished your work, I have some-
thing 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,

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.

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;² her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,

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.

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.
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 ele-
gant 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.”

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired,
taciturn ¹ 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 ¹ stops in a house that is stricken
by lightning,

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 repeat-
ing your maxim,² —

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,

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 surrender,

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 ele-
gant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning
of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluc-
tant 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!"
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 molding
the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on
his errand.

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed,¹ and Alden went on
his errand,

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

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins
were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens²
of verdure,

Peaceful, ærial cities of joy and affection and free-
dom.

All around him was calm, but within him commo-
tion and conflict,

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
lamentation, —

“Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the
illusion?”

Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and wor-
shipped in silence?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet¹ and
the shadow

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New
England?

Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths
of corruption

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 devices,

Worshiping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of
Baal.²

This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift
retribution."

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 bloom-
ing around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonder-
ful sweetness,
Children¹ lost in the woods, and covered with
leaves in their slumber.
“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puri-
tan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of
Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the may-
flower of Plymouth,
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.
Sailless, somber 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
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puri-
tan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the
Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and com-
forting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form
of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool¹ like
a snowdrift
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.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-
book of Ainsworth,
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,²
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,

Making the humble house and the modest apparel
of homespun

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;

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

All his life¹ 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 plow²
look backwards;

Though the plowshare 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!”³

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,
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 spinning."
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,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers
for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remem-
bered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path
from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that
encumbered the doorway,
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.

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.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and
the beautiful springtime;

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;

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 to-
gether,

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.

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 condemn you;
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, —
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beauti-
ful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out
like a schoolboy;

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,

Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and
rendered 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!”

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,

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,

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 to 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 asking.

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

Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he loved me,

Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words
of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuad-
ing, 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
Back to Hugh Standish¹ of Duxbury Hall, in Lan-
cashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of
Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely
defrauded,
Still bore the family arms,² and had for his crest a
cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the
blazon.
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;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it,
and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable
always,
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,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his
rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-
running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak
for yourself, John?"¹

IV

JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air John Alden,¹ perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by
the seaside;
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 apocalyptic
splendors,²
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the
Apostle;
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and
sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets up-
lifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who meas-
ured 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 seagrass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes 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 moan-
ing and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of
the seashore.
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 plead-
ings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has
chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am
the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the
voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!" — and he thought
of David's transgression,²

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:

“It hath displeased the Lord! It is the tempta-
tion 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

Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and
the sailors' “Aye, aye, 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 phan-
tom,

Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the
beckoning shadow.

“Yes, it is plain to me now,” he murmured; “the
hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bond-
age of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its
waters ¹ around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts
that pursue me.
Back will I go o’er the ocean, this dreary land will
abandon,
Her ² whom I may not love, and him whom my heart
has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old church-
yard in England,
Close by my mother’s side, and among the dust
of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame
and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the
narrow chamber
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,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent
and somber,
Till he beheld the lights on the seven houses¹ of
Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of
the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubt-
able Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages
of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Bra-
bant² or Flanders.
“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
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demol-
ished 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 sped¹
in his courtship,
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
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound
of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden ex-
plosion,
E'en as a hand-grenade, 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 ancestors ran his sword through the
heart of Wat Tyler;¹

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, —

You too, Brutus!² 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 im-
placable hatred!"

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.

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at
the doorway,

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 question or parley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its
scabbard of iron,

Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning
fiercely, departed.

Alden was left alone.¹ He heard the clank of the
scabbard

Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in
the distance.

Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into
the darkness,

Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot
with the insult,

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.²

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful
away to the council,

Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting
his coming;

Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in de-
portment,

Only one of them old, the hill¹ that was nearest
to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder
of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat
for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a
nation;
So say the chronicles old,² and such is the faith of
the people!
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 skin³ of a rattle-
snake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows: a signal and
challenge of warfare,
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,
objecting;

One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the
Elder,¹

Judging it wise and well that some at least were
converted,

Rather than any were slain, for this was but Chris-
tian behavior!

Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Cap-
tain of Plymouth,

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

“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!”

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder
of Plymouth,

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 fire they spake with!”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:

“Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.

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, contemptuous gesture,

Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets

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

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,
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 sound¹ in the slumbering
village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imper-
ative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then
silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the
village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valor-
ous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of
the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of
the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men
of King David;²

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

Aye, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and
Philistines.

Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of
morning;

Under them loud on the sands, the serried ¹ billows,
advancing,

Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

•

Many a mile had they marched, when at length
the village of Plymouth

Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its mani-
fold 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,

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
household.

Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows re-
joiced at his coming;

Beautiful were his feet ¹ 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.

Loosely against her masts was hanging and flap-
ping her canvas,

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
departure!

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!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the
Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down
to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the
Mayflower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them
here in the desert.¹

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

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, ready for action.

But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him

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 embrace him,

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon;

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 ¹ not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the
people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and
Richard and Gilbert,²
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading
of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down
to the seashore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock,³ that had been to
their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown, — the corner stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master,⁴ already a
little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might
shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of
ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming
letters and parcels

Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled
together

Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly
bewildered.

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed
on the gunwale,¹

One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with
the sailors,

Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for
starting.

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.

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
destruction.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mys-
terious instincts!

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are
moments,

Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall
adamantine!

“Here I remain!”¹ 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 stagger-
ing headlong.

“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 protection.

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!

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so
wholesome,

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
presence

Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting
her weakness;

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 leaving!"

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

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

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

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful
remembrance.

Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasp-
ing 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,
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 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 ¹ to
this plowing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs
of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the pon-
derous 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,² and leaving far
to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First
Encounter,³
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;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a
vision prophetic,
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
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
graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of
an Indian,

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,
Like the spirit of God,¹ moving visibly over the
waters.

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



From the painting by G. H. Boughton

The Return of the Mayflower

“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?

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,

Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.

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,

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:

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

Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in
my keeping."

"No!"¹ 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

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,

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 rivers¹ that watered the
garden of Eden,

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

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,

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.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it per-
haps the more keenly

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

If you make use of those common and compli-
mentary phrases

Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking
with women,

But which women reject as insipid, if not as in-
sulting."

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

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.

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,

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding 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 e’er the first, the truest, the nearest and
dearest!”

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of
the Mayflower
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:
“Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit
of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be command-
ing a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that
happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how un-
grateful you found me.”
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the
whole of the story, —

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath ¹ of
Miles Standish.

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

“He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a mo-
ment!”

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

How he had even determined to sail that day in the
Mayflower,

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

All her manner was changed,² 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,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly
backward,

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs
of contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever
advancing,

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land ³
of his longings,

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,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the
trend of the seashore,
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 discomfort;
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.

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

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

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

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

Women at work by the tents, and the warriors,
horrid with warpaint,

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 saber
and musket,

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 ¹ in their looks, but in their hearts
there was hatred.

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigan-
tic in stature,

Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og,² king
of Bashan;

One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called
Wattawamat.

Round their necks were suspended their knives in
scabbards of wampum,³

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

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,

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 Wattawamat¹ advanced with a stride in
front of the other,

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

“Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of
the Captain,

Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave
Wattawamat

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,

Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the
brave Wattawamat?'"

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;

By and by they shall marry; and there will be
plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, in-
sulting 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!

This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent
to destroy us!

He is a little man; 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,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
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.
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,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster,¹ 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,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of
December,
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;¹ and death unseen
ran before it.
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp
and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the
brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had
a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both
hands clutching 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
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok,² 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!”

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 Wat-
tawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was
a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord,
and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this specter 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
the ships of the merchants
Came ¹ with kindreds 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,
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.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor
of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of
danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring
the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight ² and defeating the alien
armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the
nations.

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 a while, but making it bitter
 and brackish.

 Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new
 habitation,
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:
Still may be seen to this day ¹ 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 ruminatè in the
night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by
sweet pennyroyal.

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 sem-
blance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls
of his dwelling;
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,¹ —
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,
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
household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet
cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the
autumn,
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 spin-
ning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of
others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed
in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beauti-
ful 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:

“You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;¹

She whose story I read at a stall 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.

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!”

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,

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 spinning,

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

“Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for
housewives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of
husbands.

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,

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.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
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;
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 backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,

Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what
 he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form
 of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own,
 and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man
 put them asunder!"¹

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and sep-
 arate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks,
 and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and
 nearer,
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.

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent
of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun,¹ the great High-Priest, in his gar-
ments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his
forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and
pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor
beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his
feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puri-
tan 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.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth
and of Boaz.²

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the
words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the
Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of
Holland.¹
Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder
of Plymouth
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 somber and sorrowful
figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the
strange apparition?
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 for-
bid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited,
unwelcomed;

Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an
expression

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

As when across the sky the driving rack¹ of the
rain cloud

Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by
its brightness.

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

As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting inten-
tion.

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

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with
amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Cap-
tain 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;

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."

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

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 court, of town and of country, commingled,

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

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

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself, and, moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent¹ at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,

Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,

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,
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 privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
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,
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,
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,
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,

Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image¹ 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,

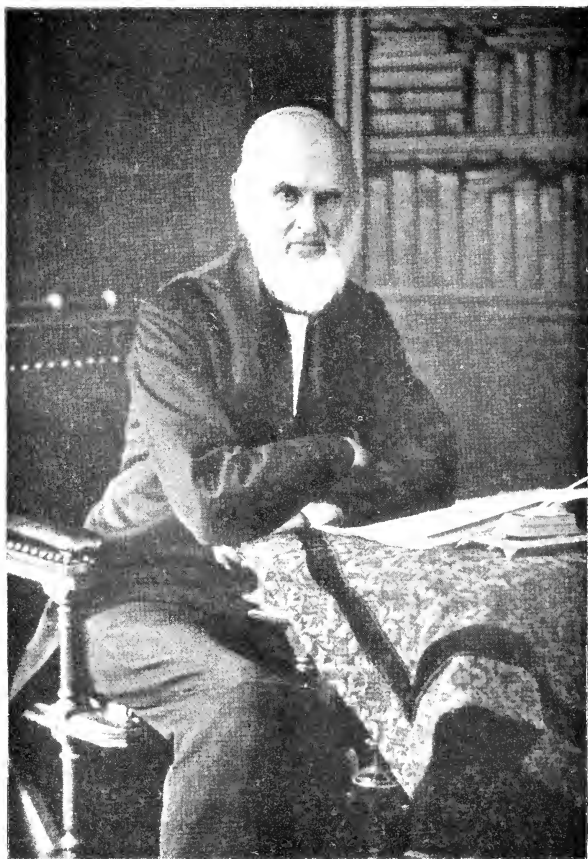
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,

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.²

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,

Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling
 Rebecca and Isaac,¹
Old and yet ever new,² 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.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

SNOW-BOUND A WINTER IDYL¹

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

“As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same.” — COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*,² Book I. ch. v.

“Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.”

EMERSON, *The Snow-Storm*.

The sun that brief December day³
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky

Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff ¹ could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming² of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar ³
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion ⁴ rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested ⁵ helmet bent
And down his querulous ⁶ challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.¹
So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule² traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,

Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound ¹ the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.²

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father ³ wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins ⁴ on our feet we drew;
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through;
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,⁵
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,

And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun¹ roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosened drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell² lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude³ made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth

No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded ¹ that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet ² could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls ³ that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;

While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels ¹ showed,
The Turk's heads on the andirons ² glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness of their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,

We sat the clean-winged hearth ¹ about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line ² back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette ³ on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet, ⁴
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's ⁵wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,

How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou ¹
Are left of all that circle now, —
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still; ²
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees! ³
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day

Across the mournful marbles ¹ play!
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time ² with stories old,
 Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
 Or stammered from our school-book lore
 "The chief of Gambia's ³ golden shore."
 How often since, when all the land
 Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,⁴
 As if a trumpet called, I've heard
 Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word:
 "*Does not the voice of reason cry,*
 Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly
 Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"
 Our father rode again his ride
 On Memphremagog's⁵ wooded side;
 Sat down again to moose and samp ⁶
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
 Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
 Beneath St. Francois' ⁷ hemlock trees;
 Again for him the moonlight shone
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone;⁸

Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl,
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes ¹ spread
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along ²
 The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head, ³
 And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
 The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
 When favoring breezes deigned to blow
 The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.
Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking heel,

Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Coheco town,¹
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free
 (The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days, —
She made us welcome ² to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,³
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave
And soberer tone, some tale she gave¹
From painful Sewel's² ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged³ by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,⁴ —
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint! —
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence, mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered,⁵ if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."⁶

Our uncle,⁷ innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,

The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoued lyceum.¹
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius² of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes,³ who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's⁴ loving view,
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,

The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
 Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt,¹ whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear, —
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home, —

Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance ¹
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who had for such but ² thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside; ³
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise

The secret of self-sacrifice.

O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!

How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never ¹ outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart

Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided ² mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.

Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,

Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago: ³ —

The chill weight of the winter snow

For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow

And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,

I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,¹
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,

And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school ¹
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience ² found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,

The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party,¹ with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Arachthus² took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus³ at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
 But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
 And hostage from the future took
 In trained thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed, — of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be

Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike;
Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible;
The cruel lie of caste refute,
Old forms remold, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
For blind routine, wise-handed skill;
A school-house plant ¹ on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligence;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought,
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labor's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest ² that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.

Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-centered, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
 Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,
 Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
 And under low brows, black with night,
 Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
The sharp heat-lightnings ¹ of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak of feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,²
The raptures of Siena's saint.³

Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Were never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.
Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon ¹
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
 With hope each day renewed and fresh,
 The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!
Where'er her troubled path may be,

The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A lifelong discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,¹
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

At last ¹ the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.
Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,

With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes

From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
 And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost ¹
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
 That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.

For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,¹
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?²
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect³
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;⁴
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,⁵
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper⁶ to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;

In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvel that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
 And daft McGregor on his raids
 In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetus winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
 Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding bell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
 And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel, of the backward look

And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
 Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
 With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
 The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
 And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply in some lull of life,

Some Truce of God ¹ which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
 Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends — the few
Who yet remain — shall pause to view
 These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
 To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced ² to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

NOTES

THE RAVEN

37, 1. Once upon: Though the poem opens with a phrase that reminds one of children's stories, which usually begin with "Once upon a time," the thought immediately shifts to a heavy, solemn tone. Look at the words in the first line suggesting this key-note: *midnight, dreary, pondered, weak, weary*. What later passages, by a whimsical tone of humor, somewhat relieve the intensely melancholy drift of the poem?

2. Napping: Notice the n-sounds beginning successive words. This effect, common in poetry and in the headlines of sensational newspapers, is called alliteration. The word *napping* rhymes with *tapping* at the end of the line. Such rhyme is called internal. Alliteration and internal rhyme are two of the devices used often by Poe in the poem and showing plainly his craftsmanship. There is much to learn about the form of "The Raven." It is a lyric poem, *i.e.*, one that aims not to tell a story but to express the inmost feelings of the author as he is influenced by the world about him. "Snow-Bound" is also personal, while "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is an epic, a poem whose principal object is to tell a story in the form of verse. Poe's poem is written in six-line stanzas, of which the first and third lines have internal rhyme and the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth rhyme. A peculiarity in the rhyme scheme is that the middle of the fourth line rhymes with the end of the third. The sixth line is much the same in each stanza. The meter is unusual, but the lines are not difficult to scan. In each stanza, eight trochaic feet, which are complete or which lack

the last unaccented syllable, make up each line, except the sixth line. The sixth line has four trochaic feet, lacking the last unaccented syllable. What elisions or substitutions do you discover in the one hundred and eight lines of the poem?

3. **Bleak December:** The poet seems to have selected this phrase as being more desolate than the "lonesome October" of "Ulalume," a poem on about the same general theme.

4. **Ghost:** An interesting metaphor. Each stick of wood in the fire, burning almost out, threw a flickering shadow which the poet calls a ghost.

5. **Sought:** The word was "tried" in *The American Whig Review*, February, 1845. Why is "sought" better in this place?

38, 1. **Lenore:** This proper name is a favorite of Poe's. See for instance his poem, "Lenore," a stanza of which is as follows:

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
 Let the bell toll! — a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
 And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear? — weep now or never more!
 See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
 Come! let the burial rite be read — the funeral song be sung! —
 An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young —
 A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

The theme which appealed to this poet most was the idea of sorrow for a lost loved one.

2. **Purple curtain:** There is a strange melodic fascination about the combination of sounds in this line, altogether apart from the sense. Compare a similar line in Mrs. Browning's "The Courtship of Lady Geraldine":

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air, a purple curtain.

3. **Darkness:** The poetical condensation and the inverted word order of the poem cause some difficulty in understanding the ideas. Here the condensation is a source of trouble to some readers. The idea is that when the narrator opened the door, he saw nothing outside. It was entirely dark.

“Darkness” is therefore to be explained as used in an independent phrase, or as part of some such filled out sentence as, “I found darkness there.”

39. 1. Dreaming dreams: Can you imagine what these were?

2. Stillness: Would “darkness,” the word of an early edition, be better here?

3. Turning: This participle modifies “I,” in the next line.

4. Again I heard: In the poem as first printed in *The Evening Mirror* the order was, “I heard again.” Why did the poet change?

5. Thereat is: Did you notice that this rhymes with “lattice,” of the preceding line?

40, 1. A stately Raven: Possibly his reading of Dickens’s *Barnaby Rudge* may have influenced Poe to introduce a raven into a poem, for in reviewing Dickens’s story he explained how Dickens might have made more of the “Grip” of that story. Have you ever heard a raven talk?

2. Bust of Pallas: After he had written the poem, Poe analyzed it most minutely; he explained for instance that the reason he chose a *bust* for the bird to alight on was that this would give the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage; and the reason he chose a bust of *Pallas* in particular was to show the classical scholarship of the lover and to secure a good sonorous sound. *Pallas-Athene*, the Greek goddess corresponding to the Roman *Minerva*, is represented as armed with helmet and spear, wearing on her breast the shield, given to her by *Zeus*, with a border of snakes and the head of *Medusa* in the center. She is often accompanied by an owl, the symbol of wisdom, for she was the goddess of wisdom, war, and the liberal arts.

3. Ebony bird: Poe was a master of epithets. Consider what the word “ebony” suggests to your mind as used here.

4. Plutonian shore: That is, regions of the lower world. *Pluto*, the brother of *Zeus*, was the god of darkness, ruler over the infernal regions.

5. **Nevermore:** Poe asserts that he selected this word after the longest consideration and most thorough search as the one word that best expressed the central idea he wished to convey in the poem. As a matter of fact it is probable that he stumbled on the word by chance as one fitting in well with his general morbid feelings; already before he wrote this poem he had used the expression "no more" a number of times in his poems. If by "theme" is meant some truth which may be stated in an abstract, general phrase, the theme of "The Raven" may be expressed in several ways, as desolation after the blighting of hope, sorrow for a lost loved one, unmerciful disaster of destiny, struggle with the inevitable, utter despair, or, as Poe himself put it, "mournful and never-ending remembrance." In any case, "nevermore," whether chosen deliberately or not, seems to sum up the emotion.

In the history of literature Poe plainly belongs to the romantic school of emotional poets like Coleridge and Shelley; but as is usual in American literature he was a score of years later in his time of production than were the English romantic poets to whom he was spiritually akin. In the particular phase of literature known as American, Poe stands alone, for he is different in tone and manner from the New England school of poets contemporary with him.

6. **To hear:** That is, he wondered much that the raven could so plainly understand what was said to it.

41, 1. **Living human:** "Sublunary" in early text.

2. **Placid bust:** Does the word "placid" help to give significant meaning, or is it merely used to fill up the meter of the line? Compare "pallid bust," page 45, where the adjective gives an idea of dull whiteness in contrast to the ebony black of the bird.

3. **Then the bird said:** "Quoth the raven" in early text.

4. **Startled:** In order to gain the alliterative effect the poet changed "wondering" of the early text to "startled." The word modifies "I" of the next line.

42, 1. Followed fast, etc.: The lines were originally,

Followed fast and followed faster: so, when Hope he would adjure,
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure,
That sad answer, Nevermore.

2. **Sad soul:** The early text read "fancy," changed to "sad soul" for the sake of the alliteration and the added seriousness of the word *sad*.

3. **Grim, ungainly:** There is a weird effect in this line by the heaping up of melancholy, harsh-sounding adjectives.

4. **Velvet:** Whether the width of appeal to the senses on pages 42 and 43 was intentional or accidental no one can tell. Certain it is that the range is extraordinary. The word "velvet" on page 42 gives the sense of touch; "violet" on page 43, the sense of sight; "perfumed," the sense of smell; "tinkled," the sense of hearing; "nepenthe," the sense of taste. Is there anything like this elsewhere in American poetry? How could footfalls *tinkle* on a carpet?

43, 1. Seraphim. The line originally read,

Swung by angels whose faint footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

2. **"Wretch":** The narrator is talking to himself.

3. **Nepenthe:** An ancient drug used to give relief from sorrow or pain.

4. **Evil:** Almost mechanically perfect, the poem shows a flaw or two, as the faulty rhyme in this line.

5. **Balm in Gilead:** A valuable gum of healing properties referred to in *Jeremiah* viii, 22: "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no *balm in Gilead?* is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" As used by Poe, the expression means comfort, healing, relief from distress and desolation.

44, 1. That God, we: That God [whom] we. The omission of the relative pronoun, common in the colloquial style,

is not infrequent in condensed poetry. What other colloquialisms appear in the poem, and what is their effect?

2. **Aidenn:** For *Eden*.

3. **Rare and radiant:** Compare a line in the second stanza.

4. **Beak from out my heart:** Poe speaks of these words as the first metaphorical expression in the poem.

45, 1. **Demon's:** The earlier reading was "demon."

2. **Lamp-light:** In answer to the criticism on this line, that the lamp could not throw the shadow of the bird on the floor, Poe says: "My conception was that of the bracket candelabrum affixed against the wall, high up above the door and bust, as is often seen in the English palaces, and even in some of the better houses of New York "

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

47, 1. **In the Old Colony days:** Beginning with a fairly definite time reference, followed by a definite place reference and the mention of a historical person, Longfellow suggests at once the atmosphere of his poem, and puts the reader in the frame of mind to follow the narrative of events in the life of Captain Miles Standish of Plymouth Colony. The poem, being narrative, is thus seen at the start to belong to the general class called epic, to which belong such poems as Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." Compare note 37, 2.

2. **Cordovan:** In the Spanish town of Cordova the manufacture of goatskin leather was an important industry.

3. **Miles Standish:** The Plymouth captain, a real person of history, though the first character introduced into the poem is not for that reason necessarily the hero, even though the poem takes his name for its title. Yet, if by hero is meant, in the study of literature, the central male character of a story, *i.e.*, the character around whom the action of the narrative centers, surely Standish is the hero of this poem,

for his proxy courtship is the basis for the story and his actions give structure to the poem.

As a matter of history, Captain Standish was thirty-six years old when the *Mayflower* reached Plymouth, but the poet, using history for the purpose of literary art, makes the Puritan captain seem older than thirty-six. Near the site of Standish's house at Duxbury, near Plymouth (in Massachusetts), there has been erected a monument 110 feet high, surmounted by a statue.

The historical basis for the poem can be easily understood from the following extract from Anderson's *Grammar School History of the United States*:

"The first permanent settlement of New England was by a small band of Pilgrims, dissenters from the Church of England, who had fled from their own country to find an asylum from religious persecution. They were known in England as Puritans.

"They at first went to Amsterdam, in Holland, whence they removed to Leyden. At Leyden they lived eleven years in great harmony, under the pastoral care of John Robinson; but, from various causes, they became dissatisfied with their residence, and desired to plant a colony in America, where they might enjoy their civic and religious rights without molestation.

"As many as could be accommodated embarked on board a vessel called the *Speedwell*. The ship sailed to Southampton, England, where she was joined by another ship called the *Mayflower*, with other Pilgrims from London. The two vessels set sail, but had not gone far before the *Speedwell* was found to need repairs, and they entered the port of Dartmouth, England. A second time they started, but again put back — this time to Plymouth, where the *Speedwell* was abandoned as unseaworthy.

"The *Mayflower* finally sailed alone, with about one hundred passengers, the most distinguished of whom were John Carver, William Brewster, Miles Standish, William Bradford,

and Edward Winslow. After a boisterous passage they reached Cape Cod Bay; and there, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, they signed a compact for their government, and unanimously elected Carver Governor for one year.

“Several days were spent in searching for a favorable locality. At length, on the 21st of December, 1620, they landed at a place which they called Plymouth, in memory of the hospitalities which had been bestowed upon them at the last English port from which they had sailed. The winter was severe, and in less than five months nearly half of that Pilgrim band died from the effects of exposure and privations, Carver and his wife being among the number. Bradford was thereupon elected Governor, and he continued during thirty years to be a prominent man in the Colony.”

48, 1. **Sword of Damascus:** Since the poem deals with real and fictitious incidents of nearly three hundred years ago, it is natural that there should be in the descriptions a number of unfamiliar terms. Standish's weapons and armor need explanation: the *cutlass* was a short, curved sword; the *corselet*, a breastplate of armor; *sword of Damascus*, a sword made of the fine steel for which the Syrian city of Damascus was famous — such swords were often inscribed with a sentence from the Koran; *fowling-piece*, a light gun for shooting birds; *musket*, a war gun which was in colonial times fired by means of a slow-match of twisted rope, but which is now fired by a spring lock; *matchlock*, originally the lock of a musket, but later the gun itself. Some of the other peculiar words found in the poem will be defined, but many will be left for the ingenuity and the patience of the student to master in an unabridged dictionary like Webster's International, the Century, the Standard, or, so far as completed, the invaluable *New English Dictionary*, probably the best dictionary ever made in any language.

2. **Curved at the:** There has been much adverse criticism of Longfellow's meter, as being monotonous in its easy swing. Yet it is really this easy motion that makes the poem so

fascinating as it is to persons just learning the pleasures of poetry. The lines have six accents, the number of unaccented syllables varying. In general the feet, except for the sixth, are dactylic; the sixth is trochaic. Yet the variations from dactylic in the first five feet are sufficiently numerous to prevent the poem from being monotonously regular. The ninth line is an example of the normal meter — five dactylic feet followed by one trochaic, six accents in all; but this is the first entirely normal line in the poem, for in each of the first eight lines there are some substitutions for dactylic feet, usually trochaic feet.

3. **John Alden:** Twenty-one years old when the colony was founded.

49, 1. **Not Angles:** The Angles were one of the Germanic tribes that emigrated from the Continent to England; they gave their name to England. English historians are fond of telling the story to which Longfellow alludes. It is entertainingly told in the following extract from Merrill's *English History*:

“ It was in the year 597 that the first missionaries to the Saxons landed in Britain. They were sent by Pope Gregory the Great. Before he became Pope his pity had been moved by the sight of some Saxon children, sold for slaves in the market-place of Rome. ‘ Who are these beautiful boys?’ asked Gregory; ‘ and are they Christian children?’ ‘ No,’ said the slave-merchant; ‘ they are Angles, and come from a heathen land.’ Gregory was grieved and answered, ‘ If they were Christians, they would be angels, not Angles’ (*Non Angli, sed Angeli*).”

2. **scribe:** Frequently Longfellow employs a curiously involved word order which obscures the syntax of his sentence. In cases of doubt about his meaning, put the sentence into natural prose word order, and the difficulty will vanish; as for instance, here: Suddenly breaking the silence, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth, interrupting the diligent scribe, spoke in the pride of his heart. By this

change, it becomes apparent instantly that "scribe" is the object of the participle "interrupting." It would be a pity to spend much time on the grammar of this poem except in such cases as the above, where the solution of the grammatical puzzle at once clears up the meaning.

3. **Flanders:** The Netherlands. Compare the adjective *Flemish*, pages 49 and 159.

4. **Arcabucero:** Spanish word for archer, here meaning musketeer. By scanning the line, you can readily determine the pronunciation of the difficult word.

50, 1. "Truly the breath," etc.: Compare *Psalms* xxxiii, 6 and 20.

2. **Serve yourself:** By Standish's first few speeches the poet conveys a distinct idea of the kind of man the captain was. Vivid characterization is a leading merit of the poem. The early introduction of the famous short, wise saying or adage of Captain Standish produces a humorous effect when the reader comes to what follows. This frolicsome humor shown in the poem is another of its merits, for truly the Pilgrim life was not all gloom.

3. **Rest:** A support for the gun when being fired.

51, 1. **Laughed:** Why did he laugh?

2. **Preacher:** The figure of speech by which the poet speaks of a howitzer, or small cannon, as a preacher is called metaphor. What other implied comparisons do you notice in the poem?

3. **Sagamore:** What is the effect of the introduction of the Indian words and names? A *sagamore* was a leader of one of the subdivisions of a tribe; a *sachem*, the chief of a tribe; a *pow-wow*, a medicine-man or conjuror. *Aspinet*, *Samoset*, etc., were real names mentioned in early chronicles of Plymouth.

4. **Forest:** Syntax?

52, 1. **Three:** The condensation of poetry has already been mentioned, 38, 3. How do you explain the construction of "three"?

53, 1. Barriffe's Artillery Guide: Colonel William Barriffe, a Puritan soldier, wrote a book entitled *Militarie Discipline; or, The Young Artillery Man*.

2. Commentaries of Caesar: Not knowing Latin, the captain read in a translation by an English scholar the commentaries written by Julius Cæsar on his wars with the Gauls. The account of the battle alluded to is in Section 10 of the second book of Cæsar's commentaries.

3. Thumb-marks thick: Alliteration.

54, 1. Homeward bound: The time when the chief events of the poem happened is exactly fixed by this historical reference. The Mayflower sailed homeward April 5, 1621.

55, 1. 'Better be first,' etc.: This is a fact of history, as can be verified by referring to Plutarch's life of Cæsar. *Iberian* means Spanish.

56, 1. Nothing was heard, etc.: Is the repetition of this line a blemish?

57, 1. Priscilla: Can you imagine to whom Alden was writing the letters, and what he said in them about Priscilla? Note the poet's method of introducing the name of the heroine of the poem by intimating that Alden is in love with her.

58, 1. The Scriptures: See *Genesis* ii, 18.

2. Alone in the world: "Mr. Molines, and his wife, his sone and his servant, dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscilla survived and married with John Alden, who are both living and have 11 children." (Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*.)

59, 1. Taciturn: Reserved, silent. Used in its original sense as derived from the Latin.

60, 1. Just as a timepiece: So many comparisons occur in the poem that before the end the effect is tiresome. The poet seems to strain after comparisons. What others do you discover?

2. Maxim: Observe on pages 50 and 124 a word equivalent to "maxim."

62, 1. So the strong will prevailed. Compare page 61.

2. **Hanging gardens:** An allusion to the hanging gardens of Babylon, one of the seven wonders of the world. Does Longfellow's nature description seem to have the real spirit of the woods, or does it seem written from the library?

63, 1. **Followed the flying feet:** Is this a hint that Alden loved Priscilla before the Pilgrims left England?

2. **Astaroth . . . Baal:** Ashtoreth was goddess of love, and Baal the chief god in the Phœnician worship referred to in *Judges* ii, 13, 1 *Samuel* xii, 10, and 1 *Kings* xi, 1-5. Note Alden's Puritanical repression of his own natural emotions.

64, 1. **Children:** Metaphor. The poet speaks of the may-flowers as children lost in the woods.

65, 1. **Carded wool:** In the process of spinning, the wool was first picked clear of specks and burs. Then it was carded, that is, combed out into straight lengths, the card being something like the currycomb used in cleaning horses. After being carded, the wool was pure white.

2. **Old Puritan anthem:** In the picture of colonial life the poet has introduced here a most characteristic touch. The Psalms, strong and rugged in words and music, were what the Pilgrims liked in their meeting-houses and in their home singing. That stirring exhortation to praise the Lord, viz., the hundredth Psalm, with music going back to the time of Luther, the German reformer, was a favorite song as translated by Henry Ainsworth. Persecuted in England, Ainsworth in 1590 fled to Holland. Many of his commentaries and translations were "Imprinted at Amsterdam."

66, 1. **Life:** Syntax?

2. **Hand to the plow:** *Luke* ix, 62.

3. **Mercy endureth forever:** *Jeremiah* xxxiii, 11.

72, 1. **Hugh Standish:** Compare page 123. A paragraph from Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* throws light on Longfellow's allusion to the ancestry of Miles Standish: "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. Froissart, relating in his *Chronicles* the memorable meeting between Richard II and Wat Tyler, says that after the rebel was struck from his horse by William Walworth, 'then a squyer of the kynges alyted, called John Standysshe, and he drewe out his sworde, and put into Wat Tyler's belye, and so he dyed.' For this act Standish was knighted. In 1415 another Sir John Standish fought at the battle of Agincourt. From his giving the name of Duxbury to the town where he settled, near Plymouth, and calling his eldest son Alexander (a common name in the Standish family) I have no doubt that Miles was a scion from this ancient and warlike stock."

2. **Family arms:** Longfellow's description of the Standish family arms is difficult, for the words used in heraldry are strange. The coat of arms consisted of crest, shield, and motto. The *crest* was the ornament worn above the shield on the helmet. In the Standish coat of arms the crest was a cock *argent*, i.e., silver in color except for the *comb*, which was the fleshy tuft growing on the cock's head, and the *wattle*, which was the fleshy wrinkled excrescence growing under the throat of the cock. Both comb and wattle were *gules*, that is, red. The rest of the *blazon*, or coat of arms, is not given.

73, 1. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" This question has been so often quoted that it has become a part of the language and is often used by persons who when they employ it have no consciousness of its source in this poem.

74, 1. **John Alden:** The first character in this part is John Alden. See the similar opening of Parts II, III, and VI. Because of this putting of Alden to the front and letting him win the hand of Priscilla, some critics call him the hero of the poem.

2. **Apocalyptic splendors:** That is, glories described by St. John in the Book of Revelation. See especially *Revelation* xxi, 10, 11, and 15.

75, 1. Dulse: A kind of sea-weed. Other words having the flavor of old New England days are: "merestead" and "glebe," page 113.

2. David's transgression: See 2 *Samuel* xi and xii.

77, 1. Walls of its waters: See the story of the escape of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, *Exodus* xiii and xiv, especially the twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the fourteenth chapter.

2. Her: Syntax?

78, 1. Seven houses: What other details do you notice descriptive of Plymouth? Try to form as distinct a picture as possible.

2. Hainault or Brabant: Counties of the Netherlands.

79, 1. Sped: That is, prospered, succeeded.

80, 1. Wat Tyler: See note **72, 1.** Observe how Standish in his anger contemptuously compares Alden with the traitor Wat Tyler.

2. You, too, Brutus: For this allusion consult Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. What have you observed thus far regarding the nature and range of Longfellow's allusions?

81, 1. Alden was left alone: The sentence length is here skilfully varied. Be observant of such variations.

2. Father who seeth in secret: *Matthew* vi, 4.

82, 1. The hill: Metaphor. Elder Brewster is spoken of as a snow-covered hill near to heaven. Brewster was the ruling elder of the Plymouth church and preached when John Robinson, the teaching elder or pastor, was absent.

2. The chronicles old: In this case the old chronicle containing the sentence about the sifting of three kingdoms is an election sermon of 1668 by Stoughton.

3. The skin: Actually the incident occurred in 1622, when Canonicus, a chief of the Narragansett tribe, sent an Indian named Tisquantum to Governor Bradford with a rattlesnake skin filled with arrows. The latter returned it filled with powder and bullets.

83, 1. Voice of the Elder : John Robinson. The incident is historical.

85, 1. A stir and a sound : The first forty lines of Part V are a general description of the actions of the Plymouth people on the morning of the sailing of the Mayflower; the particular courtship story is resumed on page 88.

2. Mighty men of King David : 2 *Samuel* xxiii, 8.

86, 1. Serried : Are you interested in Longfellow's vivid, specific words?

87, 1. Beautiful were his feet : Adapted from the seventh verse of Chapter lii of *Isaiah*.

88, 1. In the desert : Compare page 103.

90, 1. Spake : Archaic for spoke. What is the purpose in the use of archaic words in the poem?

2. Stephen and Richard and Gilbert : Their last names were Hopkins, Warren, and Winslow.

3. Plymouth Rock : Consult note on the fourth line of the poem. At the present time in Plymouth a fragment of this flat granite rock is enclosed by a railing and protected by a canopy; the rock itself is covered by a wharf.

4. Master : Captain.

91, 1. Gunwale : Are you interested in this and in the other technical nautical words — "thwarts" and "keel," page 91; "windlass," "yards," and "braced," page 94?

92, 1. "Here I remain" : Do you call this the climax of the poem?

94, 1. Set his hand : See note **66, 2.**

2. The Gurnet : Gurnet's Nose is a headland at the entrance of Plymouth harbor.

3. Field of the First Encounter : The poet's appropriation of phrases from old chronicles is well illustrated here. A scouting party of Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower ahead of the rest. In Bradford and Winslow's journal quoted in Young's *Chronicles* there is mention of an engagement between this scouting party and a band of Indians: "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."

95, 1. Took courage: *Acts* xxviii, 15.

96, 1. Spirit of God: *Genesis* i, 2: "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." How do you account for Longfellow's making so many quotations from the Bible?

99, 1. "No!" In reading Part VI aloud, boys and girls seem hugely to enjoy making this "No" very emphatic.

100, 1. Like the beautiful rivers: Adapted from *Genesis* ii, 10.

104, 1. Direful wrath: Compare Homer's *Iliad*, line 1:

Sing, O muse, the direful wrath of Achilles.

2. Manner was changed: In writing on the character of Priscilla, include mention of her fascinating changes in manner.

3. Holy Land: An allusion to the journeyings of the Crusaders to the sepulchre of the Saviour.

107, 1. Friendship was, etc.: An interesting sentence, in which emphasis is gained by the word order.

2. Goliath . . . Og: 1 *Samuel* xvii, 4, and *Deuteronomy* iii, 11.

3. Wampum: Beads made by North American Indians from colored shells.

108, 1. Wattawamat: "Among the rest Wituwamat bragged of the excellency of his knife. On the end of the handle there was pictured a woman's face: 'but,' said he, 'I have another at home wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face on it, and by and by these two must marry.' Further he said of that knife he there had, *Hinnaim namen, hinnaim michen, matta cuts*; that is to say, By and by it should see, and by and by it should eat, but not speak. Also Pecksuot, being a man of greater stature than the captain, told him, though he were a

great captain, yet he was but a little man; and, said he, 'though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great strength and courage.' " (Winslow's *Relation of Standish's Expedition*.)

110, 1. The boaster: That is, Pecksuot.

111, 1. Out of the lightning thunder: Light travels faster than sound.

2. Hobomok: "Hobbamock stood by all this time as a spectator, and meddled not, observing how our men demeaned themselves in this action. All being here ended, smiling, he brake forth into these speeches to the Captain: 'Yesterday Pecksuot, bragging of his own strength and stature, said, though you were a great captain, yet you were but a little man; but to-day I see that you are big enough to lay him on the ground.' " (Winslow's *Relation*.) The poet has shortened the time; in the poem no day intervenes between the insult and the blow.

113, 1. The ships . . . came: This is another definite historical reference dating the time when the imaginary incidents of the poem are supposed to have occurred and helping to determine the amount of time elapsing in the narrative. The ships, Anne and Little James, arrived at Plymouth in August, 1623.

2. Waxing valiant in fight: *Hebrews xi, 34.*

114, 1. To this day: The descendants of John Alden still own the land where his house stood in Duxbury, on the Massachusetts coast, thirty-eight miles southeast of Boston. On the old homestead site the Alden descendants gather from many parts of the country each year for a family reunion.

115, 1. In the Proverbs: See the portion of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs descriptive of the virtuous woman.

117, 1. Bertha . . . Helvetia: Bertha, the housewifely queen of a Burgundian king whose territory included Helvetia (Switzerland), is represented on monuments as seated on her throne in the act of spinning.

120, 1. Put them asunder: Adapted from the Biblical

sentence, "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," found in *Matthew* xix, 6, and *Mark* x, 9.

121, 1. The sun: Compare the description of the sun, page 87. See also the description of the high priest in the Bible — *Exodus* xxviii, 34-36.

2. That of Ruth and of Boaz: *Ruth* iv, 11 and 12.

122, 1. Laudable custom of Holland: Longfellow quotes the phrase from Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*: "May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which, according to the *laudable custome of the Low-Countries*, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civil thing, upon which many questions aboute inheritances doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans, and most consonante to the scripturs, *Ruth* iv, and no wher found in the gospell to be layed on the ministers as a part of their office."

123, 1. Rack: Vapor.

124, 1. Kent: A county in the southern part of England.

127, 1. Pleased with the image: What other instances have you found where the poet has attributed the emotions of men to inanimate objects?

2. Valley of Eshcol: *Numbers* xiii, 23.

128, 1. Rebecca and Isaac: *Genesis* xxiv, 64.

2. Old and yet ever new: The simple themes drawn from the universal experiences of men are the ones that in literature are the most popular. That is one reason why Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish" has been so widely read. It is a true picture of colonial days in New England, but more than this it is a narrative of human experiences that seem true to nature no matter whether the Puritan life is understood by the reader or not.

SNOW-BOUND

129, 1. A Winter Idyl: In form, Whittier's poem, like Poe's and unlike Longfellow's, is personal. It aims not to tell a particular story, but to give a picture of the life of Whittier's family during a winter storm. In presenting this specific picture, the poet has been so true to family life that for two generations men everywhere who have been familiar with rustic scenes and people have exclaimed on the reality of Whittier's description. Aiming to describe just what he knew himself, his own household, he has succeeded in making a description that seems universal. Yet he has chosen to depict his characters in action rather than at rest. Since the family was kept indoors by the snow, it seems natural that the idyl should cover several days, as it does; the main action covers three days with the two intervening nights, but the whole time mentioned is a week. Over four hundred of the seven hundred and fifty-nine lines of the poem are, however, devoted to the characterization of the family gathered about the "clean-winged hearth," one evening. It is an ideal picturing of the life of an old-fashioned country home. This poem, then, called by Whittier a winter idyl and often referred to as a pastoral poem, may be considered lyric in character.

The versification is simple. Most of the lines are regular iambic tetrameter, rhyming in couplets. Occasionally the lines begin with a trochaic instead of with an iambic foot, and there are infrequent substitutions for iambic feet in other parts of a line, as on page 141, where the second foot of the twelfth line is a spondee. Occasionally, too, three lines in succession, as on page 133, rhyme; or there is a line which jumps over a couplet to rhyme with the line that follows the couplet, for instance, *drew, low, snow, and through*, on page 132. The student will discover for himself a few other irregularities in the rhyme scheme. There has been adverse criticism of the nature of the rhymes. The ears of critics are offended by such harsh rhymes as *on* and *sun*, page 131;

breath and *path*, page 132; *mute* and *foot*, page 133. But in both meter and rhyme the poem is for the most part simple and pleasing.

2. **Occult philosophy:** What is the use of introducing the poem by such a quotation as this?

3. **That brief December day:** From this time reference are you misled into thinking that the poem will be a story?

130, 1. Homespun stuff: Compare page 139. The poet explains in a brief autobiographical letter, written in 1882, that his mother, in addition to her ordinary house duties, kept busy spinning and weaving the linen and woolen cloth needed in the family.

2. **Coming:** As in "The Raven" and "The Courtship," when a sentence seems difficult to understand it is well to try turning the words into an ordinary prose order; for example, *told the coming of the snow-storm*. Try this with any sentences that puzzle you at your first reading. After thus re-phrasing the sentences, you will be ready to express an opinion concerning the simplicity or the complexity, the clearness or the obscurity, of Whittier's sentences. You will know whether to call Whittier a smooth, cultured writer or an unpolished, homespun poet.

3. **Heard the roar:** The Whittier home, a short walk from Haverhill on the road to Salisbury, in the northeastern corner of Massachusetts, was within sound of the sea.

4. **Stanchion:** The description of the barn is wonderfully vivid. It strikes so many chords of memory that no matter how many times the person who has seen such places reads the description he thrills with enjoyment of the memories. Are you familiar with all the words used in the description?

5. **Crested:** Compare note 72, 2.

6. **Querulous:** Poets often assign to inanimate objects or to the lower animals the emotions and thoughts of men. Here Whittier has used subjective description in saying that the cock sent a *querulous* challenge. Is the same true of "lusty greeting," on page 133?

131, 1. Like . . . ghosts: Likening the clothes-line posts to ghosts, Whittier has used a simile, while Poe in line 8 of "The Raven," likening the ember to a ghost, used a metaphor. What difference do you notice between simile and metaphor? Some of Whittier's figures of speech, like some of Longfellow's notable sentences, have become a part of the popular language and are used familiarly without consciousness of their origin.

2. Spherule: If you were describing a snow-storm, would you use such words as "spherule," "geometric," "pellicle," and "meteor"? Since Whittier had little schooling, are you not surprised that he knew such words? How do you suppose he learned them, and what do they mean?

132, 1. Mound: Attribute complement of "showed." What difference did the snow make in the appearance of familiar objects near the house?

2. Pisa's leaning miracle: Seven miles from the mouth of the river Arno in Italy, is the city of Pisa, best known the world over for its strange leaning tower built in 1350. The tower, 179 feet high, is 24 feet off the perpendicular; the cause of the leaning was perhaps an earthquake during the building of the tower, but Prof. W. H. Goodyear of Brooklyn declares that it was built originally as it now stands.

3. Our father: The brisk characterization of the father in this poem and the appreciative characterizations of the other members of the household show the absurdity of such sweeping condemnation of Whittier as this by one critic: "His characters, where he introduces such, are commonly abstractions with little of the flesh and blood of real life in them." In "Snow-Bound," at least, Whittier has presented real persons, not abstractions.

4. Buskins: Foot-coverings extending half-way to the knee. Several hundred years before Whittier's time, the word buskin was used to describe the high-heeled, thick-soled shoes worn by tragic actors.

5. Aladdin's wondrous cave: Old and young, school-boys and learned scholars, enjoy the tales of the Arabian nights.

The one referred to by Whittier tells about the wonderful lamp of Aladdin.

133, 1. Amun: Ammon, an Egyptian god often represented as a ram.

2. Church-bell: In his autobiographical letter, Whittier says that the sound of the two church-bells of Haverhill could be heard in the lonely homestead on Sundays.

3. Solitude: Syntax?

134, 1. Minded: Regarded with attention, noticed, observed.

2. Buried brooklet: In his prose works Whittier often refers to the little brook that ran near the farmhouse. Here is one of his descriptions: "Our old homestead nestled under a long range of hills which stretched off to the west. It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound, silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook. This brook in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river [the Merrimac], and the river took up and bore it down to the great sea [the Atlantic Ocean]." (From "The Fish I Didn't Catch.")

3. Wooded knolls: See note **134, 2.**

135, 1. Crane . . . trammels: The "crane" was the horizontal arm to which hooks called "trammels" were attached for holding kettles or other vessels over the fire in the open fireplace.

2. Andirons: Iron horizontal supports on which the sticks or logs rested. "Andirons" were often wrought out into fantastic shapes, such as heads of Turks.

136, 1. Clean-winged hearth: Though familiar to grandfathers of Yankee origin, such expressions as this are entirely

outside the experience of young people of to-day and consequently need explanation. In olden days the wing of a fowl, usually a turkey wing, was placed beside the hearth for brushing back the ashes and keeping the hearth clean.

2. **Frost-line:** Have you ever seen how the fire even in a coal-stove will gradually dissipate the frost on a window-pane?

3. **Silhouette:** In the description of the scene around the hearth, what bookish words and what homely, colloquial words does the poet use? The difficulties of Whittier's vocabulary are caused by the use either of somewhat bookish words or of homely words descriptive of a life fast fading away. It is interesting to collect examples of both kinds of Whittier's words.

4. **Meet:** Suitable. What does this adjective modify?

5. **Brown October's:** A phrase reminiscent of the old ballads of which Whittier was fond.

137, 1. **Thou:** Whittier was a Quaker. See page 21.

2. **Voices of that hearth are still:** Compare note 146, 1. This tone of memory, this expression of long-gathered emotions, this personal element, makes the poem clearly lyric rather than epic.

3. **Cypress-trees:** Symbols of mourning. The lines might be paraphrased thus: That person is to be pitied who in his mourning cannot see hope beyond in heaven.

138, 1. **Marbles:** Marble monuments in a cemetery.

2. **Sped the time:** Pages 138-153 give the stories told around the fire.

3. "**The chief of Gambia's,**" etc. This line is from a poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, which appeared in Caleb Bingham's *The American Preceptor*, a popular school-book of the time.

4. **Slavery's shaping hand:** Compare page 149. Regarding Whittier's part in the anti-slavery movement, see page 22. A few years after the publication of "Snow-Bound," the poet edited the journal of John Woolman, a Quaker who before

the Revolutionary War wrote quaintly but eloquently against slavery. The italicized lines which Whittier says were like a trumpet call are from a poem by Mrs. Mercy Warren, wife of a Revolutionary patriot of Massachusetts.

5. **Memphremagog:** This lake, the name of which means "beautiful water," lies one-fifth in Vermont and four-fifths in Canada. It is described by Baedeker as enclosed by rocky shores and wooded hills.

6. **Samp:** Coarse hominy. A word like this helps to reproduce the atmosphere of the curious stories of travel told by the father.

7. **St. Francois':** Lake St. Francis is an expansion of the St. Lawrence River. At the bottom of page 138 and the top of page 139 are given the father's memories of his Canadian horseback journey, when he camped with trappers and Indians and enjoyed the life in the French-Canadian villages.

8. **Norman cap and bodiced zone:** Descriptions of the head-gear and dresses of the French-Canadian dancers.

139, 1. **Salisbury's level marshes:** The salt marshes of Salisbury are over the New Hampshire line, but are, like the Isles of Shoals where the father fished, near the Massachusetts farm of the Whittiers.

2. **Swept, scythe, etc.:** An alliterative line.

3. **Boar's Head:** A bluff on the New Hampshire coast, not far from the Whittier farm. The *Isles of Shoals* (see page 25) are nine rocky islands off Boar's Head, frequented as summer resorts because of their pure sea-air and freedom from mosquitoes.

140, 1. **Cochecho town:** The city of Dover, New Hampshire, settled in 1623, lies on the Cochecho River.

2. **She made us welcome:** That is, she told the hearth-side group all about her early home. What lines give the mother's contribution to the talk? What idea do you form in your mind of the appearance and characteristics of the mother?

3. **Piscataqua:** A New Hampshire river.

141, 1. **Some tale she gave:** Compare the nature of the tales told by the mother with those told by the father.

2. **Sewel's ancient tome:** William Sewel was a Dutch Quaker whose *History of the Quakers* was translated into English and several times reprinted.

3. **Faith fire-winged:** In the early days of the Quaker faith in England and the colonies, large numbers of its adherents were burned to death or hanged.

4. **Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint:** Thomas Chalkley was a Quaker preacher who was born in 1675. The greater part of his life he spent in traveling about New England and the southern colonies preaching. The quaint character of his *Journal*, published in his seventy-second year, is evident in the following extract: "To stop their murmuring, I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said he would die before he would eat any of me, and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition; and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of till we got into the capes of Delaware."

5. **Offered:** The subject is "Who," six lines above.

6. **Child of Abraham:** Consult *Genesis* xxii, 13.

7. **Our uncle:** How do the tales told by the uncle differ from those told by the mother and father?

142, 1. **Lyceum:** Characteristic of the era in New England was the lyceum, a building or an association for the teaching of the people by public lectures. Many persons who had scanty opportunities for schooling were able to acquire a fair education by attendance at the lyceum and by reading. Whittier himself thus gained much. In his later years he became an enthusiastic patron of the Amesbury Lyceum; there such men as Beecher and Phillips lectured at his invitation. In recognition of his attainments he received, the year of the publication of "Snow-Bound," the Harvard honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and three years later, in 1869, was made a trustee of Brown University.

2. **Apollonius:** Apollonius of Tyana was regarded as a worker of miracles. He lived in the time of Christ.

3. **Hermes:** Compare Milton's lyric, "Il Penseroso." Hermes Trismegistus was an Egyptian philosopher who lived in Alexandria early in the Christian era. He is said to have invented the art of writing in hieroglyphics.

4. **White of Selborne:** Gilbert White, author of *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, is said by the poet to have magnified the Surrey hills of southern England just as the simple, guileless uncle magnified the common features of his immediate neighborhood in northeastern Massachusetts.

143, 1. **The dear aunt:** The verb for this subject is found in the first line of page 144. What was the character of the aunt? How do you picture her personal appearance? Miss Hussey had the reputation of making the best squash pies that were ever baked.

144, 1. **Warp of circumstance:** In "Snow-Bound," Whittier himself weaves through the warp of circumstantial details of his home life something of the woof-thread of poetical romance. The details do not seem merely petty

and commonplace, but through the spirit of the writer become invested with poetic sentiment and charm. In the history of literature, Whittier belongs to the great world-movement spoken of on page 27, his first model being a leader in that movement, Robert Burns. Whittier's particular part in the movement, as exemplified in his "Snow-Bound," is that of the accurate, sensible observer of rustic life. In contrast to Longfellow, who is the cultured library poet, Whittier stands for specifiveness and accuracy of homely observation. Whittier's minuteness of detail is admirably suggested by his own phrase on page 159 when he speaks of his poem as containing "Flemish pictures of old days." The Flemish artists were distinguished by their attention to minute detail. In the particular phase of literature known as American, Whittier is one of the chief writers of the group of New England poets who, about the time of the publication of his first poem, entered upon a long period of literary supremacy in America.

2. **But:** Part of speech?

3. **Beside:** What other examples do you notice of prepositions following their objects?

145, 1. Never outward swings: It is a beautiful, pathetic figure of speech by which the poet thus refers to the death of his elder sister.

2. **Motley-braided:** Braided in many colors, like the old-fashioned rag carpets still to be seen in some country districts. Note that Whittier uses few hyphenated adjectives, in contrast to Tennyson, for instance, in his *Idylls of the King*.

3. **One little year ago:** Whittier's younger sister died in 1864, the year before he wrote the poem.

146, 1. A loss in all familiar things: In his biography of Whittier, George R. Carpenter refers to the memory mood in which the poem was written: "It was an old man, tender-hearted, who thus drew the portraits of the circle of which he and his brother alone survived. The mood was one of wistful and reverential piety—the thoughtful farmer's

mood, in many a land, under many a religion, recalling the ancient scenes more clearly as his memory for recent things grows less secure, living with fond regret the departed days, yearning for friends long vanished. Our changed national life, the passing away of the old agricultural conditions, the breaking up of ancient traditions, has made this wistful and reverential mood a constant element in our recent literature. In poems and novels we have delighted to reconstruct the past, as the Arab-singers before Mohammed began their lays with the contemplation of a deserted camping-ground. It was Whittier that introduced the new theme, best described in the closing lines of his own poem."

147, 1. Master of the district school: Compare Goldsmith's village schoolmaster in "The Deserted Village." It is said that William Haskell, the schoolmaster of Whittier's poem, never knew that he had been described in the poem.

2. Experience: One of the subjects of the verb "made," on page 148.

148, 1. Rustic party: Are the three games mentioned still played at parties?

2. Pindus-born Arachthus: The Arachthus is one of five rivers which rise in Pindus, the great mountain-chain of Greece.

3. Olympus: The Grecian mountain on the top of which the gods were said to dwell. Like Charles Lamb, also lacking college education, Whittier is even fonder of classical allusions than the college trained Longfellow.

149, 1. Plant: This is one of the verbs in the series beginning "shall . . . assail," whose subject is "Who."

2. Another guest: Harriet, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, a woman of great abilities and peculiarities. She was once an independent missionary to the western Indians, whom she believed to be the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. At another time she went about proclaiming the second coming of Christ (see page 151). Her travels are not exaggerated by the poet.

150, 1. Heat-lightnings: A bold metaphor.

2. Petruchio's Kate: In *The Taming of the Shrew* by Shakespeare.

3. Siena's saint: St. Catherine.

151, 1. Crazy Queen of Lebanon: Lady Hester Stanhope, daughter of the third Earl Stanhope. She was the most trusted confidante of her uncle, William Pitt; on his death she received a royal pension of £1200 a year. Becoming disgusted with society life, she retired for a while into Wales, and in 1810 left England to wander about until her death in 1829 among the half savage people of Mount Lebanon. Harriet Livermore lived with her for a time until the two quarreled "in regard to two white horses with red marks on their backs which suggested the idea of saddles," on which Lady Stanhope expected to ride into Jerusalem with the Lord.

152, 1. But He, etc.: The meaning is as follows: But He who understands our physical limitations is just, merciful, and compassionate; and the words, He remembers we are dust, are full of sweet assurances and hope for all of us.

153, 1. At last: Note the transition phrase. Having gathered the family around the hearth and given us their stories and pictures, the poet breaks up his family circle with the dying of the fire, that evening.

156, 1. Quaker matron's inward light: The Quakers believed that within themselves there burned a light from God which should guide each one independently in his daily acts.

2. Calvin's creed: Born in 1509, John Calvin spent most of his life in Geneva, Switzerland, preaching certain specific religious doctrines which came to be called Calvinism: 1. Particular Election; 2. Particular Redemption; 3. Moral inability in a fallen state; 4. Irresistible grace; 5. Final perseverance. The Puritans were rigid Calvinists, stern and austere in their beliefs, but stirred by an intensely ideal, imaginative faith.

3. Acid sect: See page 24 for light on Whittier's breadth of sympathy.

4. **Scarce a score:** Probably no American poet had fewer books in boyhood than Whittier. At home he had access to a few miscellaneous volumes, mostly sermons, tracts, biographies, or journals of famous Quakers. He and his sister read at night by candles one of the Waverley novels. The book of poetry referred to four lines below was an epic poem, *Dauidis*, by the Quaker poet, Thomas Elwood, a friend of John Milton's. In his autobiographical letter Whittier says that as a boy he was a close student of the Bible.

5. **The heathen Nine:** The nine muses.

6. **Village paper:** Whittier's description of the general contents of the village paper of his boyhood needs explanation with regard to several points. The "painted Creeks" referred to on page 157 were the Creek Indians at that time being removed from Georgia and driven beyond the Mississippi. "Daft McGregor" was Sir Gregor McGregor who was attempting to found a colony in Costa Rica. "Taygetus" was a mountain of Greece. "Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks" were inhabitants of the mountainous district of Maina, in the Greek province of Laconia. The Mainotes, pronounced mī-nōts, were a wild, brave people who, under the leadership of Ypsilanti, were prominent in the long war for freedom from the Turks. "Vendue sales," page 157, were sales at auction, still common in the central part of New York state under the name "vadoo." The point of the whole description is in the fifth from the last line on page 157, where the word "embargo" means restraint, and where it is suggested that the village newspaper broke the bounds of the snow and let the thoughts of the household move out across the world.

The interest that Whittier had in the local paper after he was nineteen was often greatly increased by his seeing his poems in print. It is said that the first newspaper containing a poem of his was thrown to him in the field where he was working with his uncle.

159, 1. **Truce of God:** An allusion to a formal cessation of baronial petty warfare in the middle ages. The church

forbade any baron to attack another between sunset on Wednesday and sunrise on the following Monday. The point of the allusion is that the poet hopes that the worldly man's eyes in some reminiscent moment when he has broken loose from the struggle of life shall grow wet with tears as he thinks of his boyhood winter joys.

2. **Thanks untraced:** The last twenty lines of "Snow-Bound" beautifully convey the poet's idea of the mission and the reception of his poem.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

I. THE RAVEN

1. Relate briefly in simple prose the contents of the entire poem.
2. What are the merits of Poe's poetry compared with your prose?
3. Try your hand at imitating Poe in a stanza of your own.
4. Comparison of Poe's "Raven" with Wordsworth's "Green Linnet," Shelley's "To a Skylark," Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," or any other lyric which you particularly enjoy.
5. The circumstances of the composition of "The Raven."
6. Just what were the actions of the person who is in this poem telling his strange experience?
7. What were the actions of the bird?
8. What are your feelings when you finish reading the poem aloud?
9. Knowing something about Poe, Longfellow, and Whittier, could you guess which one of the three must have written "The Raven?" Reasons.
10. What makes the poem fascinating?
11. Strange or uncanny experiences of your own.
12. Contrast the metrical form of this poem with that of the other two poems printed in this book.
13. Poe's place in literature.
14. Comparison of the language and the sentence

structure of Poe, Longfellow, and Whittier as seen in these three representative American poems.

II. THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH .

1. In a common history of the United States or in an encyclopedia, read the account of Massachusetts colonial life, and compare it with Longfellow's poem, in contents and form.

2. Condense the entire poem into a single narrative paragraph of about one hundred and fifty words, using as topic sentence a statement of the theme of the poem.

3. As an exercise in the evaluation of words, add to your paragraph or subtract from it so as to make it precisely one hundred and fifty words long.

4. From what you have read of Longfellow's life and works, do you think he might have made a successful novel out of the material contained in this poem, if he had tried? Give reasons for your answer.

5. The courtship in some novel that you have read contrasted with that related in the poem.

6. A courtship as disclosed in a package of old letters or in a dozen souvenir postal cards.

7. (a.) Character studies in the poem.

(b.) Do Miles Standish, John Alden, and Priscilla seem like real persons?

8. Describe the house in which Standish lived. Supplement by your imagination the details of the poem.

9. Describe the Captain.

10. After reading Part I aloud, would you prefer to read the rest of the story in poetry or in prose? Reasons.

11. The picture that is in your mind of the scene between Alden and Priscilla in Part III.

12. Could you keep your face straight while you were reading of the proposal? Why or why not?

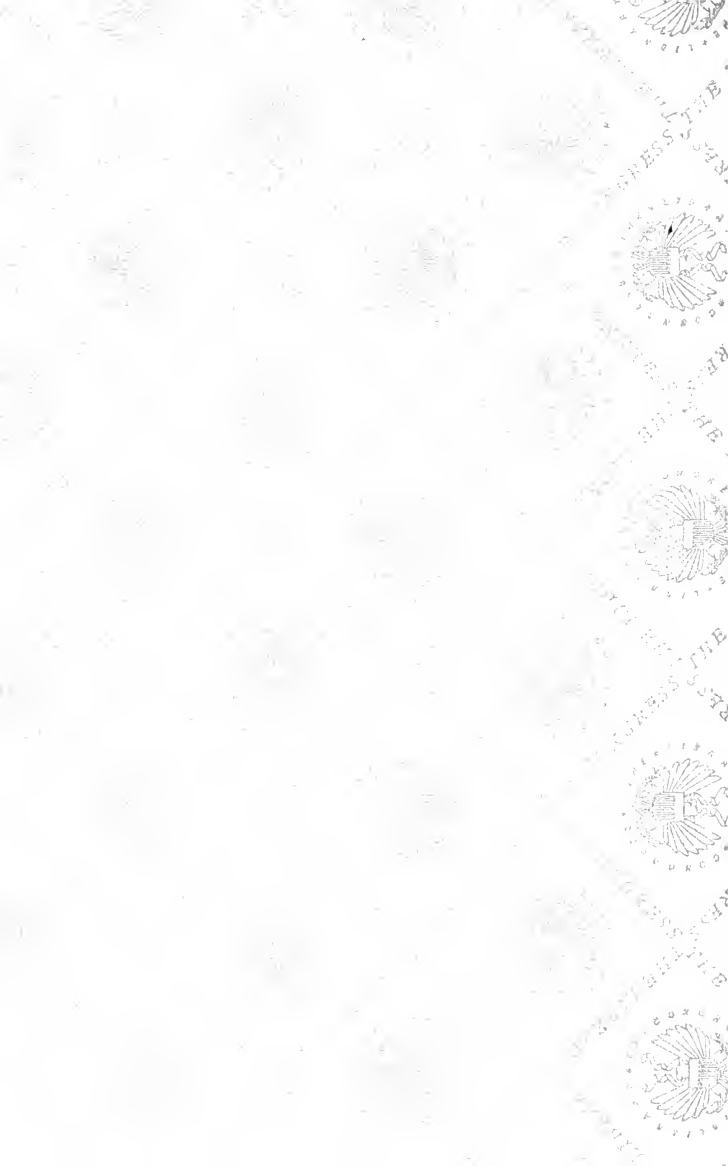
13. Do the girls like this part of the poem best?

14. Do the boys prefer Part IV to Part III?
15. Are you more interested in the descriptions or in the exciting passages? Why?
16. Do you enjoy reading aloud any part of the poem?
17. Describe Alden's new habitation.
18. Would you omit any of the lines of the poem? If so, which?
19. Describe the wedding procession.
20. Write nine sentences each containing in your own words the substance of one of the parts of the poem.
21. Imaginary account of the courtship of Miles Standish and Rose.
22. Indian stories that you know.
23. Narratives of several battles.
24. Accounts of pioneer life.
25. A wedding.
26. What makes Longfellow's poem more interesting than Poe's?
27. The place of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" in the history of literature.

III. SNOW-BOUND

1. Early nineteenth century farm life of New England.
2. What do your grandparents say about the truthfulness of the picture given in Whittier's winter idyl?
3. The meaning of *idyl*.
4. Even though you have never lived on a farm, can you appreciate and enjoy Whittier's poem?
5. If you have lived on a farm, are you prepared to say that the poem seems true to life?
6. The family described in "Snow-Bound."
7. Nine pictures of real persons.
8. Description of the storm, of the barn, of the house, and of the scenes outside the house.

9. Description of a snow-storm that has kept you from school.
10. Experiences sliding down straw-stacks, leaping from beams in the barn into the haymow, trying to milk cows or do other farm chores.
11. Description of a fine new hip-roofed barn.
12. A lonely farmhouse in winter.
13. Summer scenes on a farm that you have visited.
14. Winter and summer in the city.
15. Explain how to build a furnace fire, or how to cut kindling, or how to keep from being run over.
16. The relative advantages of city and country life.
17. Chores of a city boy.
18. Life in a city apartment or flat contrasted with the boyhood life of Whittier.
19. State in a few words the theme of "Snow-Bound," and then in one paragraph write a well-proportioned summary of the entire poem.
20. Whittier's life as a reformer and poet.
21. Whom do you admire the most, — Poe, Longfellow, or Whittier? Why?
22. On comparing Whittier's "Snow-Bound" and Emerson's "Snow-Storm," what difference do you observe in the metrical form and in the contents?
23. Using your imagination to fill out the details, give as vividly as you can, with gestures if they will help, the full picture that is in your mind of the persons gathered around the hearth in the evening. Do not tell any of the conversation, simply describe the scene at some moment.
24. The fireside conversation.
25. Name six American and six English political and literary contemporaries of Whittier.
26. The characteristics of the literary era to which Whittier belonged. (See page 27.)
27. Do you like "Snow-Bound" better than either "The Raven" or "The Courtship of Miles Standish"? Reasons.



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