

*The Pilgrims
and Other Poems*

Nathan Haskell Dole

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AND OTHER POEMS

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BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

AUTHOR OF "THE BUILDING OF THE ORGAN," "THE HAWTHORN
TREE," ETC.

BOSTON

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FOREWORD

THE foundation of a majestic monument on the highest of the hills of Provincetown to commemorate the signing of the famous compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower* and the first tentative landing of the Pilgrims on the shores of Cape Cod might well call for something more than an ordinary perfunctory "occasional poem."

Surely in our annals and national life is a vast field for popular poetry. If, as has been often reiterated of late years, the love for the Muses has grown cold, may it not be largely caused by the fact that writers of verse have chosen subjects alien to our modern thought? Keats was unquestionably a far more poetic writer than Scott, but the appeal to the heart of the people was more potent in "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" than in "Endymion" or "Hyperion"—not only was but is. A homely and perhaps carelessly rimed ballad like Whittier's "Floyd Ireson" will be liked better than a flawless lyric commemorating the great god Pan. The poets of our day are technically

superior to those that wrote in the time of our fathers, but it is noticeable that the lyrics that hold their places in the anthologies and popular reading-books do not fly too high, but are simple, melodious, and sincere. It is remarkable how little of the so-called "magazine" verse of the present day concerns itself with American life, and yet a thousand years from now the poetry likely to interest our descendants will be that which depicts the passions, the sentiments, the life of this epoch.

This is not to argue against poets writing whatever moves them. If a bard feels his heart swell at the mental picture of the great god Pan or any other divinity of "a creed outworn," by all means let him express his genius in his own way. But who doubts that Milton would have been a more popular poet if he had not been so saturated with classical lore and had adopted King Arthur instead of Satan as his hero? Longfellow will be longer remembered for his "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," and "Miles Standish" than for his "Spanish Student" or "Christus." Lowell's "Biglow Papers," "Commemoration Ode," and "Pictures from Appledore" are more frequently read than his "Cathedral."

The voyage of the Pilgrims in that leaky and awkward vessel which bore the popular name of

the English hawthorn; the Pilgrims themselves in their grim poverty and wretchedness, offering such tremendous contrast to the results that flowed from their venture; the compact in its brevity, its curious illiterate spelling, its indefiniteness, at first glance only a trivial document, but unique and significant, so that it has elicited the most eloquent eulogies from historians; our whole modern American civilization: all this would seem a proper subject for a commemoration poem in honor of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The analogy of the musical symphony, as in "The Building of the Organ," seemed to offer scope for considerable variety of treatment, in a series of poems which may be taken also without relation to one another. The passage in the second movement entitled "Land Ho!" was intended to be read at the exercises at laying the cornerstone of the monument on the twentieth of August, 1907. Owing to a too extended program it was omitted, much to the author's relief. A poem delivered out of doors loses much of its effect, as it cannot be heard beyond a very narrow circle, and if it is serious it is inappropriate for a banquet where a lighter and shorter effort is required.

The fact that the poem was written for a Provincetown celebration and that there was a promised

possibility that the author might be called upon at short notice to perform a similar duty as a substitute at Gloucester, where a tablet was this summer erected and dedicated as a memorial to the first hardy settlers of that rock-guarded and beautiful seaport, justifies the comparative length of the passage descriptive of the labors of the fishermen. Fishing, to be sure, is not a characteristically American occupation. Victor Hugo and Pierre Loti have written prose epics of the French *pêcheurs*, and England's seacoast towns are haunted by as pathetic legends of bravery and disaster as those of our own shores. But Provincetown and Gloucester are in a way typical, and the numbers of men engaged in supplying the markets of America with fish are estimated as between two and three hundred thousand. The proportion of those that never return from the adventurous voyages make the annual deathlist of a small city like Gloucester tragically large. Whatever faults the lines may have they are at least drawn from life. The Ogunquit "dory" is famous all along the coast from Labrador to Block Island.

The hymn which serves as a proem to "The Pilgrims" was written in honor of the Provincetown celebration by the author's mother, Caroline Fletcher Dole. The Listener in *The Transcript* in commenting upon it said :

“Mrs. Dole, who lives at Norridgewock, Maine, is ninety, her mother reached eighty-nine, and her mother’s mother more than ninety. Taking hold of hands they could almost reach back to the *Mayflower*. Mrs. Dole’s is one of those rare hymns that have no padding; every line is a vital addition to the whole.”

A number of other poems and odes written for public occasions are gathered into the volume. “The Founders” was read on Old Newbury’s festal day, which was celebrated on the seventeenth of June, 1905, an occasion particularly interesting to the author, whose earliest American ancestor, “Marchant” Richard Dole, settled on Parker River in 1639, being clerk and cousin to the earliest ancestor of James Russell Lowell, and afterwards connected, through the marriage of his children, with Michael Wigglesworth, author of the “Day of Doom,” and with many others of the best known names of that flourishing settlement. His will shows him to have been a man of considerable means and of high standing. He was frequently called upon to settle disputes. He left a number of slaves.

The poem on Lincoln’s Birthday, which finds its place in the last movement of “The Pilgrims,” under the “Songs of Holidays,” was read at a large reception in Brookline, Massachusetts, on the

ninth of February, 1907. The poem in honor of St. Patrick, which was read in New York City on the seventeenth of March of this same year, before a brilliant and distinguished company, might almost have found its place among the "Songs of Holidays," but American patriots might possibly have felt that it intrusively usurped Massachusetts' local holiday, so it stands by itself.

The ode for the two hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston was printed on its festival program, but was not delivered.

In June of the present year occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of De Veaux College at Suspension Bridge, New York. The poem commemorative of that event was read at the dinner of the Alumni. Some of its allusions may be local, but the subject itself, Niagara, on whose beautiful banks the college is situated, gives it more than local interest. The appealed and several times reiterated decisions of the courts that De Veaux College should not be allowed to receive pay pupils, but should confine itself to the charity intentions of its founder, have greatly reduced the usefulness of the institution. Thirty years ago it was a flourishing and popular college; its situation is still unsurpassed for beauty, and its alumni—many of them

now men of great influence—are loyal and cherish the most gracious memories of the halcyon days which they spent under its ample shades.

For a rounded century the Pierian Sodality of Harvard University has cultivated the divine art of music. In its earliest history the balance of wood-wind and of strings was hardly up to the requirements of a modern orchestra, and the flute is said to have borne an undue preponderance in its rehearsals, but the good fellowship which the society stood for has certainly become more than a tradition. The author, who in his own college days industriously, however inharmoniously, scraped the violin under its auspices, and recollects with the liveliest pleasure various excursions to towns within a radius of a hundred miles of Cambridge, sometimes in company with the Glee Club, was asked to write the ode for its one hundredth anniversary. It was intended to be set to music.

The ode for the reunion of the Fletcher family, read at Tremont Temple in August, 1904; the verses for a silver and for a golden wedding, as well as the poem to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of Don Quixote, are included as having a semi-public character.

The ode entitled "The Four Palaces" was written for the dedication of the Berkeley School

in New York in the spring of 1891. It may be interesting to note that here for the first time the symphonic form was applied to English poetry.

This symphonic form implies a certain unity binding the parts or "movements" together, but allowing freedom and flexibility in the themes subordinated to the general conception. In a modern symphony a chaos of cacophonies elaborated with startlingly bold application of assured knowledge and flawless technic may be followed or introduced by the most exquisite and entrancing melodies. A Beethoven or a Strauss challenges his contemporaries by his audacious innovations; but what seems to one age grotesque and inharmonious not seldom becomes the accepted commonplaces of the next.

It may be noticed that in "The Pilgrims" a somewhat Whitmanesque episode is introduced. It was done with no intention of imitating Whitman, but simply because the plan of at least hinting at the vast variety and complexity of American life refused to confine itself to regularity of rhythm and rime. One or two verse-experiments naturally suggested themselves. The roughness of "The Road Builders" was intentional; the "Song of the Journalists," where a phrase-beat to a certain extent takes the place of scansion and yet the lines rime, gets its full effect by being read stormily.

There are examples of rimed hexameters with several forms of verse-endings. The prototype of these with "masculine" rimes was first made popular, if I am not mistaken, in Lord Justice Bowen's admirable translation of the *Æneid*.

Hexameters are justifiable in English only when they cannot help being read as hexameters. If the accents do not fall spontaneously on the frame-syllables they become prose. The genius of the English language inclines more naturally to iambs and anapests than to troches and dactyls. But the whole science of modern verse may be summed up in the one word "accent" or "beat." One might almost say that there is no such thing as long or short. Even the musical analogy of half-notes and quarter-notes, though convenient as illustration, especially when supplemented with the corresponding "rests," may be misleading. The important words must have the stress and the stress must fall on the important words, but the words intervening between the regular beats must have the minimum of stress. If this rule is followed verse cannot help being read as verse, even if it be not poetry.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

BOSTON, December, 1907

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THE PILGRIMS

PROEM

THOU who didst guide beyond the sea
A dear and chosen band,
We bring our praises now to thee
For thy protecting hand.
The winds and waves at thy command
Their precious charge did keep,
And brought the Mayflower safe to land
Through perils of the deep.

We thank thee for the landing here,
Upon this strange, stern shore,
Of those who, midst the scenes most drear,
Triumphant courage wore.
For each heroic soul, O Lord,
We bless thy name this day,
'Twas theirs to listen for thy word,
And then thy word obey!

So they were formed for service great —
Those men of noble mould,
Within their homes — in Church and State,
Mid duties manifold.
In all their praises thee we praise!
Thou wert their God and Guide;
Serene, they marched through thorny ways
Through hardships multiplied!

God of the Nations! still befriend
The country of their love;
From subtle foes of Sin forefend
And guard us from above;
From breaking of thy Holy Day,
From thoughts and words profane,
From vices luring youth astray,
From the wild greed of gain!

Thy name, O Lord our God, we bless;
Glory to thee on high!
Thy rule is all in righteousness,
In earth and sea and sky.
Thy rule is all in righteousness,
Through the wide realms of space;
And we thy glorious name confess
And seek thy shining face! C. F. D.

THE PILGRIMS

I—*The Voyage of the Mayflower*

First Movement

1—THE BEGINNINGS *Andante maestoso*

A THOUSAND years ago, on stony ground,
A tiny acorn, all unnoticed, fell.
The sunshine smiled on it, the rain-clouds frowned ;
At last a rootlet burst its brown smooth shell.

A spear grew upward which a touch might blast,
But still it waxed and strengthened day by day ;
The birds found shelter in it as they passed
In gloomy autumn on their southward way.

The reverent generations of mankind
Took pride in it and fenced it round with care ;
Tradition in its branches was enshrined ;
Each cycle gave it a more royal air.

The tempests wrestled with it, but in vain ;
Their force could not its rooted strength o'er-
throw ;
It triumphed over the summer hurricane ;
It bore in patience winter's weight of snow.

The sultry lightning smote its lofty crest,
And giant limbs tore off to strew the mould ;
Serenely powerful it stood the test,
And bore aloft its ancient crown of gold.

A thousand years the gold-crowned oak has thrived,
And a wide forest from its bloom has grown :
All from one acorn, by God's plan contrived
To germinate where, as by chance, 't was thrown.

Oh wondrous type of vast effect from cause,
So puny, so slow in development !
It teaches that in studying God's laws
You find no small, no meaningless event.

As in the alembic of volcanic powers,
By infinite pressure, gas becomes a gem
Of gorgeous color richer than a flower's,
To sparkle on a sultan's diadem,

So all the scattered dreams and hopes men
cherished,
So vague, so uninformed, so quickly spent,
Condensed by agony, while nations perished,
Made one bright jewel for God's purpose meant.

Who would have dreamed Columbus, pushing west
Across the trackless waste of troubled brine,
Should find the long-lost Islands of the Blest,
A land of beauty full of oil and wine ?

The quivering compass pointed out the path
 Amid the pathless billows unexplored ;
 His faith was firm to brave the tempests' wrath ;
 His face blenched not though thunders round
 him roared.

The smiling island where he planted first
 The purple-broidered banner of Castile
 Seemed by his haughty cruel conquest curst,
 But in the end the woe was turned to weal.

God leads the way by labyrinthine turns ;
 The desert must reveal the Promised Land ;
 By varied discipline man slowly learns
 His part in what the Master Mind has planned.

2—THE CONTRAST *Presto agitato*

VIEWED with a sceptical eye what more insignifi-
 cant sight
 Offered itself to the world than the *Mayflower* ready
 for flight
 Over the barren main to a land where savages prowled.
 Such an unseaworthy vessel — so small, so cramped,
 so befouled,
 Leaky, exposed to the weather, slow and cumbrous
 in form,
 Most ill-fashioned to sail, unfitted to cope with the
 storm !

Then such a hireling crew, gathered in from Londonian slums,
 Ready for any emprise, no matter what obloquy comes ;
 Such a cargo of motley equipment for households uptorn,
 Such a cabin of passengers meet for derision and scorn,
 Wet, bedraggled, and ill, cold, homesick, hungry, forlorn ;
 Yet with steadfast courage, that rather would die than turn back ;
 Heroes of history, martyrs who'd welcome the thumbscrew and rack
 Ere they would yield an iota of truth at the threat of hell's might.
 Viewed with an eye for results, what more significant sight !

3—THE VOYAGE

Meno mosso

OH that long tempestuous voyage,
 Through the weary summer's waning,
 Through the day-devouring autumn,
 Week on week and still no gaining !
 Still the circling hard horizon
 Seemed a prison of crystal hollowed,
 And their ship, chained to its center,
 Only rocked and pitched and wallowed.

Suns and moons passed over slowly,
Rising in the sea and sinking;
Winds came hurrying o'er the billows —
Still they held their course unshrinking.

Oh that long tempestuous voyage!
Can you image the devotion
That would make a band of Pilgrims
Cross “a vast and furious ocean,”

Leaving kith and kin and country,
Where their grandsires had been thrifty —
Sevenscore exiles in one cabin
Scarce commodious for fifty;

Men and girls and boys and women,
Hungry for the mess of pottage,
Which at home in Merrie England
They would find in humblest cottage?

Then those babies born on shipboard!
Mothers, think of them! What anguish,
Lacking leech and all else needful
For the hours when spirits languish!

Looking forward to what country?
Fertile Canaan? desert sterile?
To what welcome? in what harbor?
All unknown, but full of peril!

THE PILGRIMS

How those days of prison lengthened,
 Four long months from London city,
 Held by calms and headstrong tempests
 And the fog that knows no pity,
 Ere they saw the heights of Truro
 Looming in the misty distance,
 And they sang to God their praises
 For upholding their persistence.

4—LAND IN SIGHT *Allegro con brio*

YES, there was land once more,
 Tree-crowned and autumn-tinted,
 Where they might stand once more
 With room unstinted.

There lay the sandy shore,
 Far-off, stormbeat by ocean;
 Never men scanned a shore
 With keener emotion.

Chart there was none to guide,
 Yet well the master reckoned,
 Having the sun to guide,
 That Cape Cod beckoned.

Mariners had told of it,
 Explorers full of venture
 Tracing each fold of it,
 Each curved indenture.

“ This is Cape Cod ? ” they cried,
 “ We want the Hudson, the river.”
Trusting in God they cried,
 “ He will deliver !

“ South, to the south it lies,
 The Canaan we ’re here for ;
At the flood’s mouth it lies —
 That we will steer for ! ”

Southward the captain turns,
 To their desire obedient ;
Shrewd is he, apt in turns,
 Sly in expedient.

“ Deangerous shoulds ” he made,
 Monomoy’s “ roaring breakers ” ;
So these poor souls he made
 Southland forsakers.

Sagadahoc had failed,
 Settlers were sadly needed ;
Only one flock had failed,
 If these succeeded !

Gorges had bid for them —
 Wily Sir Ferdinando !
Captain Jones did for them
 All a man can do ;

THE PILGRIMS

Saved them from foundering,
With the wind almost dying,
Tidebound and floundering,
Land-longing, sighing.

Glad, they put round again,
Escaping the dangers
They thought they had found again,
Weary sea-rangers.

Then they off shore (all night
Stars clear, of storm no warning)
Back and forth bore all night
Till broke the morning.

From all Time's olden dates,
This eleventh of November
Stands with the golden dates,
Day to remember.

Then first was signed the pact
That made a mighty nation ;
God was behind the pact
In new creation.

Yes, then Democracy,
Star-crowned and freedom-dowered,
Child of Theocracy,
Splendidly flowered.

II — *The Signing of the Compact*

Second Movement

1—EVOLUTION

Adagio

WHEN God creates new worlds in his immensities
He hides his laboratory from man's eyes,
Where light or darkness covers, so intense it is,
And countless eons ripen the surprise.

He shows no haste in trying his experiments,
A million times he makes, remakes, destroys ;
In living forms he weaves the cast-off cerements,
To mould the new he uses old alloys.

Upon this earth of ours what endless mysteries !
What mighty monsters battling all in vain,
Left in their fossil graves naught of their histories,
Save that they lived and battled and were slain !

What haughty empires, kingdoms, principalities
Rose, boasted in their strength, decayed !
By what strange and not seldom mean fatalities
Their pride was darkened by oblivion's shade !

Most are forgotten like the waves that thundrously
Poise to fall foaming on a rugged shore ;
Yet all the while the will of God is wondrously
Evolving his vast plan forevermore.

The crags are undermined, and slowly tottering
Crash into boulders that in turn are crushed
By impact, wave-beat, and the storm-cloud's watering,
Till into microscopic sands they 're hushed.

The tiny fountain-head, mid glacier-cherishing
And solemn mountain heights unvisited,
Fed by the melting ice and rain-clouds perishing,
Sends down the valley its clear silver thread.

Rill, brook, and stream, with tributaries numberless,
Down giddy precipices, through wide lands,
It glides, leaps, loiters, hastes, in progress slumberless,
Turns mills, bears ships, and still its life expands.

No eye may see when cataclysms furious
Throw up new islands or destroy vast stars ;
Time's birth-throes are cloud-hidden from the curious,
Only conjecture peoples red-lined Mars.

God gives small heed to human ceremonial,
The pageantries of fields of Cloth of Gold
With all their splendors royal and baronial
Are naught ; from them no wide results unfold.

But in some hidden corner unnotorious,
Unmarked at first by History's casual glance,
Begins the event that makes for man such glorious,
Prodigious, never-to-be-checked advance.

There on that awkward, mean, and leaky coracle
A band of young enthusiasts (such they were),
As in obedience to Religion's oracle,
Put forth their hands a solemn oath to swear.

That compact — visual symbol of soul-bravery,
The Magna Charta of free government—
Was sworn in solemn awe in that unsavory,
Dark, dingy hull, unfit for such event.

Master and servant, scholar and illiterate
Alike subscribed to that momentous deed,
Which men in coming ages should reiterate
Through mighty growth of freedom's planted
seed.

All Europe might have paused for that brief hour
of Fate
From wars and persecutions, to behold
The lumbering hulk of that hired bark, *Mayflower*
(of Fate
Strange instrument), as on the waves it rolled.

This meant the doom of autocrats and tyrannies,
The limitation of the will of kings.
(Oh wonderful are Evolution's ironies!
Who dares to throw contempt on trivial things?)

It meant that peasants of alien nationalities,
 The weak, the persecuted, the opprest,
 Might here find refuge, learn sweet idealities,
 And 'neath the Tree of Liberty be blest.

Oh motley band! dissension-torn, disconsolate,
 With cramped hands clutching the unusual pen,
 The sun of freedom, which on others shone so late,
 For you and us, your kin, was dawning then.

How little did ye see its wide beneficence?
 By stern necessity ye seemed coerced,
 Facing the wilderness, the winter's maleficence,
 The savages, wild beasts, dearth, hunger, thirst.

Forgetting faction, calming animosities
 Born of the narrow room, the clash of will,
 Each said, "I yield, how great soe'er the loss it is;
 I sink myself my duty to fulfil!"

Oh motley band of Pilgrims, all unwittingly
 Ye posed for Art, ye stood for Poesy,
 Ye lived for Eloquence — all too unfittingly
 Depicting this crown fact of history.

Ye stood there in your rugged rough simplicity,
 Silent and solemn, waiting each your turn,
 Not realizing your supreme felicity
 In founding this new empire grand and stern.

An empire, a republic, a democracy,
Where yeomen should with all have equal
right
And manhood form the only aristocracy
And justice rule with even-handed might.

Ye gave new hope, new courage to humanity ;
Ye broke new paths where men might safely
go ;
Ye smote old feudal prejudice and vanity ;
Ye gave ecclesiastic pride its blow.

Such was your lofty service to posterity,
Ye pilgrim founders of a splendid state,
And hence in all your Puritan austerity
The world acclaim's you as supremely great.

2—LAND HO!

Allegretto

I

AFTER months of weary laboring through the
endless ocean swells,
Where nor sky nor circling sea-rim of the land so
longed for tells,
Where not once a blur of canvas, near or distant,
ever spells

Messages of human kinship, rival voyage or home-
ward run,
And the eye can mark no progress, not an ell of
sea-room won,
Where the heaving waste is storm-wracked or
a-glitter with the sun,

Living only in white billows curled by blasts of
viewless gales,
Scarred by flying fish or dolphin or a school of
spouting whales,
But no land bird screams a welcome or rests,
weary, on the rails.

Then the sudden cry of "Land-ho!" from the
watchman on the mast
Fills the hearts of all with anguish for a joy too
keen, too vast ;
For the endless toil is ended, for the log is closed
at last!

Though the land be barren desert, treeless rock, or
island bare,
Still it seems a perfect Eden, sweet and exquisitely
fair,
Where the feet may rest securely and the earth
breath scent the air.

Savages may lurk in ambush, fierce wild beasts
 may haunt the shores,
Yet what eagerness to anchor, to exchange the
 shifting floors
Of the vessel and the ocean for the firm land that
 restores.

So the Pilgrims, when the low line of Cape Cod
 arose in sight,
Gazed in rapture at the prospect, felt their heavy
 hearts grow light,
Seeing such a goodly country, wooded down to
 cove and bight.

Then they all rejoiced together, giving God
 Almighty praise
That had granted them in safety, after months of
 weary days,
To behold the solid mainland where their feet
 should find new ways.

II

Bravely broke the tardy morning of that crisp
 November tide —
Was it Indian Summer loitering in her beauty
 russet-dyed? —
When those eager Pilgrims gathered on the leaning
 larboard side,

Straining tear-dewed eyes to question what the new
land was to bring.
Should they flourish, should they perish, ere the
bright capricious spring
Woke the fairies of the forest, brought the birds
on fluttering wing?

They had left their homes in England, left the old
tyrannic sway
Of the bigoted Church-mother who would force
them to her way,
Though it went against their conscience such a
rubric to obey ;

They were satisfied to perish in a wilderness untrod
Rather than one moment falter in the faith they
owed to God.
So they sang their hearts' thanksgiving, off the
sand dunes of Cape Cod,

That from perils he had saved them, set their feet
on stable earth,
Where by malice unmolested his new Canaan
might have birth,
And a Scripture rule of living might determine
human worth.

Here, without or priest or bishop, without incense,
organs, stoles,
Scorning abbey and cathedral, a democracy of
souls
Might erect their simple altars, read the Word from
primal scrolls,

Live in peace like early Christians, with a blithe-
fulness austere,
Bringing up industrious children in Jehovah's holy
fear :
They would plant the sacred cornseed ; God should
bring it to full ear.

So conceive the desperate yearning for this land so
promise bright
Rising in their raptured vision, like the morning
after night,
Bathed in autumn's pallid sunshine, in its sylvan
beauty dight,

Waiting for them while they skirted, weary-slow,
the curving strand,
Searching for the sheltered harbor. At the master's
quick command,
“ Down the anchor ! ” what their hearts felt can we
moderns understand ?

III

When at last the Cape was doubled, there before
 them far and wide,
All a welter of bright waters, stretched a bay in
 lonely pride,
And at land the Cape's safe haven, where a thousand
 ships might ride.

Yet before the boats were lowered, while they
 sought for anchorage,
In the *Mayflower's* humble cabin, lay that pact's
 portentous page,
Era-marking, history-making, Freedom's primal
 priceless gauge,

Signed by all the Pilgrim Fathers — every name
 fair-written down,
From the learned courtly Carver to the coarse
 unlettered clown
Who could only make his crossmark, yet who thus
 attained a crown.

All that men of prophet vision, rare idealists, had
 dreamed
During long unnumbered ages, when the darkness
 darkest seemed,
Here in prototype was fashioned, like a sunrise
 softly streamed.

Mother-draft of constitutions, bodying equal rights
for men,
Embryon of future freedom for each humblest
citizen,
Most momentous Magna Charta e'er subscribed by
human pen!

IV

As the Christ-child in the manger mid the wonder-
ing cattle lay
With the halo o'er him hovering, symbol of the
dawning day,
Promising new life to all men who should his safe
rule obey,

So that compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower* surely
glowed
With a lambence supernatural, lighting up the
mean abode
Of those poor home-seeking Pilgrims, driven far
by Freedom's goad.

True, their eyes may not have seen it; they per-
chance were darkness blind,
Could not realize the marvel that all after ages find
In that document portentous by their rough hands
glory-signed.

Somewhere, in some unseen covert, wafted thence
by a mystic gale,
It is held and safely treasured, like a holier Holy
Grail.
When the hour comes men will seek it and the
quest shall nowise fail.

Pilgrims now in other purport skirt these shores,
these sacred scenes,
Bare their heads in reverent memory, knowing what
that compact means,
For their peace, their joy, their welfare, for Time's
uncrowned kings and queens.

Here the *Mayflower* earliest anchored ; here the
Pilgrims disembarked ;
Here their hearts with hope were quickened at the
prospect round them arct —
Wooded slopes and sparkling waters and the harbor
hillock-marked.

Well it is to raise the column, granite-firm and
zenith-high,
In memorial of those heroes whose renown shall
never die ;
Art and Poesy and Music shall in praises of them vie.

Waving banners, booming cannon, shouts of multi-
tudes shall fill
Heaven's unclouded empyrean with a universal
thrill
At the promise of world freedom, peace, humanity,
good-will.

3—THE COMPACT

Recitativo :
Adagio maestoso

JOHN MILTON was a boy then, with long locks
Which shaded his as yet unclouded eyes,
Doomed to be blinded by too daring gaze—
Rapt gaze, heav'n-turned toward God's effulgent
throne ;
A boy of twelve, with serious beautiful face,
With promise of rare genius, who should sing
The epic of God's dealings with mankind—
Creation, Paradise, Sin, Punishment,
The battles of the Cherubim, and Hell—
The great blind Puritan poet-laureate.
Oh would that he had in sonorous verse
Enshrined the *Mayflower* compact for all time !

And yet it were impossible to improve
Upon the terse quaint phraseology,
Beginning, IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN !
Proceeding, WE WHOSE NAMES ARE UNDERWRITEN,

THE LOYALL SUBJECTS OF OUR DREAD SOVERAIGNE LORD,
 KING JAMES, BY YE GRACE OF GOD, OF GREAT BRITAIN, —
 OF FRANCE AND IRELAND, KING, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH —
 WE, HAVEING UNDERTAKEN, FOR YE GLORIE
 OF GOD, ADVANCEMENTE OF YE CHRISTIAN FAITH,
 AND HONOUR OF OUR KING AND OUR COUNTRIE,
 A VOYAGE TO PLANT YE FIRST NEW COLONIE
 HERE IN YE NORTHERN PARTS OF VIRGINIA,
 DOE BY THESE PRESENTS, SOLEMNLY AND MUTUALY
 HERE IN YE PRESENCE OF GOD AND ONE OF ANOTHER,
 MAKE COVENANT AND COMBINE OURSELVES TOGEATHER
 INTO A CIVILL BODY POLITICK
 FOR OUR BETTER ORDERING AND OUR PRESERVATION
 AND FOR THE FURTHERANCE OF YE ENDS AFORESAID,
 AND SO BY VERTUE HEREOF TO ENACTE,
 TO CONSTITUTE AND FRAME SUCH EQUAL LAWES
 AND JUST, SUCH ORDINANCES, CONSTITUTIONS,
 SUCH ACTS AND OFFICES FROM TIME TO TIME,
 AS SHALL BE THOUGHT MOST MEETE AND MOST CONVENIENT,
 FOR YE GENERALL GOOD OF THIS OUR COLONIE.
 UNTO WHICH ALL DUE SUBMISSION AND OBEDIENCE
 WE PROMISE. IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HEREUNDER
 HAVE VOLUNTARILY SUBSCRIBED OUR NAMES.

The place-name CAP CODD follows and the date —
 That memorable date — forget it not !
 NOVEMBER YE ELEVENTH IN SIXTEEN-TWENTY.

Their "Sovereigne Lord king James" being on
the throne
Of England, France and Ireland eighteen years,
And on the throne of Scotland fifty-four.

Thus word for word, scarce changed, the
document
Runs, fluent into the mould of poetry.

4— ON DECK

Allegretto

THUS grew order out of chaos ;
Thus were quenched the fires of faction
Ere they spread in conflagration ;
Thus "agreement" by this action,
And a just "association,"
Gave them government, a ruler
(By their own free will elected),
So that passions might be cooler,
Reconciled the disaffected.

Those who would have fain proceeded
To the southland home that lured them
Yielded when the others pleaded,
Acquiesced, for they were needed,
Seeing equal rights secured them.

They had signed the great debenture ;
 All were in one quest united,
 All committed to one venture,
 To one faith their hearts were plighted.
 Now the promised land was sighted.

On the deck behold them standing,
 Full of awe and expectation,
 Waiting for the longed-for landing —
 These new fathers of a nation —
 Clad in seaworn tattered raiment,
 Steeple-hat and coat of leather,
 Facing the new world together,
 Each and every one a claimant
 For the Scripture promised payment
 Due for life's renunciation.

And those women, frail and weary —
 (Not for them emancipation,
 Neither for their daughters' daughters,
 But true-hearted sisters, mothers,
 Merging self in care for others),
 Weary of the waste of waters,
 Of the seafare coarse and dreary,
 Seeing in imagination
 Hearth and roof-tree firmly founded,
 Home and sanctuary grounded,

Round the rough rail pushing, thronging
In dun groups, like seafowl clustered,
Sobbed for joy and dread and longing,
While the captain swore and blustered
And the sailors peered and sounded.

5—EMIGRATION

Allegro moderato

DOWN through the vistas of time we may see a
thousand communities
Settled in mountain gorge, on seacoast or island
or prairie,
Growing too dense for the fields to support, with
scant opportunities
Granted the young to found homes, to prosper,
since Nature is chary.

Then with the sword-gift from sires, the blessing
of mothers, audaciously
Facing the fortune of war, the peril of shipwreck,
starvation,
Forth have the youths adventured bravely where
sea or land spaciously
Lured to the voyage or the march to establish a
rivalrous nation.

They were the sons of the homeland, they took the
 language and lore with them,
 Customs ancestral they cherished, the cult of the
 gods they transplanted,
 Memories sweet and mighty traditions and songs
 they bore with them,
 New poems also they made and thus in their
 exile they chanted :

6—SONGS OF THE EMIGRANTS

Andante con moto

SONG OF THE PHOENICIAN EMIGRANTS

SING to the praise of our gods,
 Sing unto Baal and Ashtaroth —
 Baal whose mighty right hand
 Hurls the red hurtling thunderbolts ;
 Ashtaroth, kindler of hope,
 Queen of the heaven of holiness.
 Give us your aid in our need,
 Guard us, preserve us, go forth with us !

Infinite God of the Sea,
 Leasher of wild-roaring hurricanes,
 Send us the favoring gale,
 Tame the wild billow untamable !

Home-cities where we were born,
 Rich and abounding in palaces,
 Fair with palm-shaded fanes
 Gazing down from your citadels,
 Sidon and Tyre, farewell!

We, the young and adventurous,
 Girt with the sword and the sling,
 Raising the purple-dyed canvas high,
 Bound on the venturous quest —
 Cities to found on Trinacria.
 Men of our blood and our faith
 Often have sailed to Britannia,
 Out on the wide ocean stream.

Tin from Cornwall they brought with them,
 Filling their ship with the ore ;
 On their return what a jubilee!
 We have a different task.
 Baal, O Baal, we pray to thee,
 Give us thine aid in our quest!

SONG OF THE IONIAN EXILES

Grazioso

SAPPHICS

THIN was the soil our mountain-vale offered,
 Sloping down sharply where the sea-margin
 Curved in and out with numberless islets
 Smiling in sunshine.

Here lived our fathers, peaceful and happy ;
Here stood the temples carved of white marble,
Facing the sea, the azure Ægean,
Home of Poseidon.

Room has grown scanty, forth we must wander,
Seeking new lands where cities may flourish,
Building new shrines for Zeus, Aphrodite,
Pallas, Apollo.

Farewell, Ionia, marble-rich homeland !
We from Sikelia, gazing with homesick
Hearts, full of longing, oft will remember
All the old legends.

We will remember streamlet and mountain,
Unto the new land bear the old place-names,
Build us like temples, white-marble-columned,
Carve us like statues.

Farewell, Ionia ! Farewell, Olympos,
Snow-glittering peak, the seat of the Immortals !
Farewell, O Helicon, fount of the Muses !
Farewell, Parnassos !

Gods of our fathers, favor our passage
Over the blue main, treacherous-smiling !
Grant us your favor, hoary Poseidon !
Hear us, Apollo !

When on Sikelia's beckoning mainland
 First we set foot, erecting an altar,
 Zeus, unto thee, and Hera thy consort,
 Worship we'll render.

SONG OF THE ROMAN EXILES

Con fuoco

MAN the lofty galley,
 Push away from shore ;
 Ave atque vale,
 Rome, forevermore !

Down the yellow Tiber,
 Leaving the Seven Hills,
 In us every fiber
 At the parting thrills.

Nevermore the Forum
 Shall our eyes behold.
 O templa deorum,
 Worshipped here of old,

Jupiter, fire-flinger,
 Venus, Paphian queen,
 Juno, the child-bringer,
 Minerva, stern of mien,

Mercury, the soarer,
 Fierce heart-stirrer Mars,
 Neptune, tempest-pourer.
 Gods that rule the stars,

THE PILGRIMS

Throned in temples glorious,
Heed our parting prayer,
Make our arms victorious
Wheresoe'er we fare!

Far Cimmerian stretches,
On the Euxine shore,
Roamed by gaunt, starved wretches,
Call us to explore.

There we mean to settle,
In those fertile lands,
Proving our keen mettle,
Winning by our hands

What the Scythian rangers
Have no sense to prize,
We not baulked by dangers,
We not half their size!

Our Penates guard us
On uncharted seas,
Where in vain had barred us
Dark Symplegades!

Thence the good ship *Argo*
Bore the Golden Fleece;
Richer be our cargo
Ere our fighting cease!

With the Roman valor,
That never met disgrace,
Paint a deathly pallor
On each foeman's face!

Our imperial story
Shall our children tell:
Rome, renowned in glory,
Hail and thrice farewell!

SONG OF THE VARIAG LEADER

Andante

FORTH from the Northland,
Frozen and silent,
Where the long winter
Wraps us in darkness,
Save when the witch-fires
Of the Aurora
Dance neath the zenith,
Or the pale moonbeams
Silver the forest,

Come, my companions,
Seek we new countries
Over the ocean.
Follow the sunset
Trailing its splendors
Down the horizon,
Crimson and gold.

THE PILGRIMS

Thor, the high Thunderer,
 Odin and Freya,
 Heed our libations !

We have traditions
 Ancestor-ancient
 That happy islands,
 Fragrant and fertile,
 Copious in cattle,
 Wait for our coming.
 There we may battle,
 There we may conquer.

But if we perish,
 Valiantly fighting,
 May the Valkyrior
 Take on the tempest
 Back to Valhalla,
 Joyous, our souls !

THE PILGRIMS

Recitativo

AN equal, yea a better bravery,
 A lofty heaven-supported constancy
 Did those old Pilgrim-Englishmen display
 Ere they had safely passed
 Across the ocean vast ;
 And while they lived through all the perils of the
 deep,

The miseries of the leaking craft,
 Where they could keep
 No moment dry or warm, where sleep
 At best could only waft
 Their spirits in bright dreams away
 From all the wretchedness that smote them night
 and day.
 No friendly face was there to welcome them.
 There stood the forest : what might lurk
 Behind each tree's majestic stem,
 Within the twilight-murk —
 Savage barbarians ready to discharge
 Keen flinty arrows as they ventured on the marge!
 " A hideous and desolate wilderness "

Full of wild beasts and wilder men,
 And winter coming to add to their distress,
 And all chance gone to see the dear old home again!
 They all faced death (how many had to die !),
 And yet with courage high
 With one accord they fell upon their knees and
 blessed the Lord :

HYMN OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS *Solenne*

GREAT God of Heaven, thy name we praise !
 Thou 'st led us through the ocean ways,
 As Israel's hosts from Egypt's king
 Safe through the desert thou didst bring.

The days seemed lengthened into years,
Yet thou hast treasured up our tears.
Thou heardst our prayers ; thy mighty hand
Has brought us to the Promised Land !

Here on this shore we consecrate
The first beginning of our state.
Thou art our only God ; thy name
Is writ upon our hearts in flame !

Our children's children shall observe
Thy holy laws, nor from them swerve,
And evermore their souls shall bless
The beauty of thy righteousness !

Great God on high, stretch forth thine arm
To shield thy servants from all harm ;
As thou hast sworn in days of yore,
Grant us thy peace, our strength restore !

Thou'st looked on our adversity,
Thou heardest when we cried to thee ;
Thy word is good, thy love secure,
Thy mercies ever shall endure.

VERILY we, the descendants of Pilgrims (the first
come or later),

Well might "pause half-amazed" seeing "that
poore people's" plight.

They in their poverty dire, their homesickness,
praised their Creator;

Ready to die for a cause, ready for justice to
fight,

We, their descendants by blood, or who claim their
race by adoption,

Monuments raise to their fame, take them as
patterns of worth —

Those poor disconsolate Pilgrims, seeking harsh
exile by option,

Thus winning death and a name, ranking the
princes of earth.

III—*The Landing*

Third Movement

SCHERZO DRAMMATICO

1—SWEET IS MEMORY

Allegro

WHEN a man has once resolved
On a course with risk involved,
He accepts what Fortune sends,
Not complaining though he spends
Years of life or life indeed
In endeavor to succeed.

Every desperate chance he takes,
Still toward his goal he makes :
Through the jungle tiger-haunted,
Cobra-slimy, death-enchanted,
With the upas-poisoned damps
Lighted with miasmic lamps ;
Or through wastes where water lacks
And with thirst the salt ground cracks,
Where 'neath fierce unclouded suns
Gleam the ghastly skeletons
Of adventurers treasure-lured
Hellward by Hell's treasure-steward,
Crossing ocean's chartless tracts,
Forcing mist-wreathed cataracts ;

Undisturbed by Nature's wrath,
 Who would hurl him from his path ;
 Bearing hardships night and day ;
 Slaying lest the foeman slay,
 Still he holds his courage firm
 Through his quest's unmeasured term.

Round the campfire's blazing cheer
 Sound the old songs ever dear
 Of the distant homeland. Trials,
 Dangers, cruel self-denials,
 Sufferings, torments, cannot quell
 Joy which comes from battling well.
 And when all the course is run,
 When the battle has been won,
 When the conquest and its glory
 Live again in graphic story,
 Can there ever be regret
 At the difficulties met?
 No, the worse the burdens borne
 Richer is the quest crown worn !

2—SAINT LAUNDRY'S DAY

Trio: allegro alla burla

OF the Mayflower-Pilgrims those
 That were spared by illness, foes,
 Cold, privations, until Age
 Turned and filled life's final page ;

Sitting by the winter's fire
Blazing high, would never tire
Of recalling the past days
And the labyrinthine ways
Through which God had guided them
To their new Jerusalem.

Two or three old men would meet
In quaint Plymouth's crooked street.
One would say: "Dost thou remember
How, that Monday in November,
Sixty years ago, we landed
On the Cape? The pinnacle stranded
Half a bowshot from the shore—
'T was as level as a floor
And the water was like ice!
Yet the women in a trice
Took their stockings off and waded,
Reaching land all wet and jaded—"

"Yes," another said, "we found
Running water on that ground,
And the women, though they froze,
Washed two months of 'lothsome' clothes.
Everyone of them caught cold,
But the cleanliness consoled."

"Ever since they've kept the Monday,"
Said a third; "it follows Sunday,

Just as cleanliness comes next
After godliness ; the text
Of the proverb tells us that,
To the wise man *verbum sat*.
We're not Papists, but I say
We observe Saint Laundry's day."

3—THE FIRST INDIAN

Allegro

"CHILDREN," some old man would say,
"I shall not forget the day
When we first caught sight of land.
Oh how eagerly we scanned
Every hillock, every tree,
Skirting near enough to see,
Wondering what the shore contained.
One whole night a man remained
In a shelter that we made
There at Eastham where we stayed
Studying the oceanside.
There the first Indian we espied.
Would you know how he was drest ?
On his head an eagle's crest ;
On his cheekbones, high and dark,
Livid ran the mystic mark
Of the warpaint red and black.
Down his muscular broad back
Hung a cloak of woven bark ;

On his feet skin-moccasins
Crossed with thongs about his shins,
And he carried in his hand
A tall ash bow ready spanned.
A furred quiver, stuffed with arrows,
Flint-tipt, feathered not for sparrows,
Strapped across his shoulder hung.
Like red bronze he stood there long,
Silent, sullen, motionless,
Hawk-eyes flashing hate's excess.
At his feet a lean dog crouched
With his wolf-jaws leathern-pouched,
And his white teeth as if snarling—
He was no sweet maiden's darling,
I assure you! As he gazed
From the hill a musket blazed
On the beach. As quick as light
Dog and Redskin slipped from sight,
And we never saw them more
On that oak-crowned, sandy shore.

On the curved end of the cape
Never once a human shape
Met our scouts as back and forth
They explored toward the north
All that boisterous wintry season.
Afterwards we learned the reason:
A fierce pestilence of measles

Through their land had swept, as weasels
Raid a henyard. Thousands died.
So Jehovah might provide
For his people to expand
And to occupy the land.
Oh, but had the Redskins known
Our condition! Like seed sown
On a stony soil were we.
All those long months secrecy
Wrapped us like a garment round
In the *Mayflower*, winter-bound,
Cold and wretched, starved and stifled,
Living on the corn we rifled
From a chance Indian's hidden store.
Oh, what sufferings we bore!
Then the elder men all died.
Every death we had to hide
From such eyes as might detect
How our fortunes were nigh wrecked.

One by one they forth were borne
By the others, anguish-torn,
Coffinless, with sheet for shroud,
While the snow-wind bellowed loud.
Yonder Rock then served to mark
Where they lay so cold and stark;
In that wild stern winter's gloom
It appeared like Joseph's tomb.

Yet the Lord was on our side
 Howsoe'er our faith he tried,
 And he saved us from our foes,
 Changed to joy and strength our woes.
 Children, ye must in your turn,
 When life's fires less briskly burn
 And old age your thinned hair snows,
 Tell the children at your knee
 This eventful history
 Which from one who saw ye learn.

I am weary, now, and sleep
 Fain would o'er my eyelids creep.
 Prithee, children, run away
 To your quiet evening play!

4—THE PATHWAY OF GOLD

Allegro cantabile

AT the close of the long summer day when the
 sun, swinging low,
 Cast its last level ray o'er the mirror-like bay, and
 the glow
 Of the clouds' molten gold and the crimson of
 opaline fire
 Bathed the green of the wold and each stately old
 pine's graceful spire,

On the rustic oak bench by the door of their
cottage, alone,
Hand in hand, sat a husband and wife. Bent their
backs were now grown
'Neath the burden of life and the strife; yet serene
were their eyes,
And their faces were calm with the balm that is
sent from the skies
On a lifetime well spent and a mutual love that is
wise!

“Oh, how like a strange dream do those vanished
days seem,” says the one,
“When we left the dear home to follow the
westering sun
Far across the sea-foam to this land which not one
of us knew.
Sure my heart would have fainted for fear had it
not been for you!”

There was silence a moment and then in a voice
like a croon,
“I shall never forget,” said the other, “that night
when the moon
At its full o'er the rim of the ocean arose; not a
cloud,
Not a mist in the magical east hung to dim or to
shroud,

And we sat in the bow, just as now, hand in hand,
girl and boy,

With our hearts overflowing with deep, inexpressible joy.

For the love that was ours, like the perfume of flowers, on that night

Seemed to rise to the skies, filling all the sweet air with delight.

“ And I thought,” said the other, in joyous antiphonal strain,

“ How we two moved along in a pathway of gold o’er the main

To a palace of love such as heaven above offers those

Who have fought the good faith, who have finished the course. ‘ How it grows,

How it broadens and brightens!’ I cried, ‘ My treasure, my bride!

There is no one alive in the world but we two.

We abide

Through our love which is life, through our love which shall ever endure

Like the moon, full of light, like the light which is holy and pure.’ ”

“ From that hour until now,” said the first, “ the moon of our love

Has not waned, has not paled, has not set ; it has
hung there above
As the full moon that night ! 'T was a symbol, a
God-given sign,
That as long as we lived and forever thou 'rt mine,
I am thine ! ”

As the man and the woman thus sat at the close of
the day,
As the sun sank from sight and the pyre died in
ashes away,
From the rim of the bay, like a silvery fire, rose the
bright,
Rose the friendly old face of the moon to encourage
the night ;
And its rays, like a radiance sweet, like a halo, a
crown,
Rested bright on the roofs of quaint Plymouth, the
Puritan town.

5—HUMAN NATURE

Allegro scherzando

HUMAN nature 's human nature.

There 's no change,
Whatso'er the nomenclature,
If you range

THE PILGRIMS

Back to Eden and its Adam.
Everywhere,
Though in skins or silks you clad 'em,
Dark or fair,
You will find the same great passions
Primitive ;
Find recurring tailors' fashions
That will live,
As they've lived from the beginning,
Ages hence.

No new-fangled mode of sinning,
Penitence,
Penance, punishment, or pleasure
Livens earth ;
We cannot increase the measure
Of our mirth.
There is no new form of sorrow,
No new pain ;
As to-day, mankind to-morrow
Will remain.

Those old Pilgrims, stern and formal,
Had their faults ;
Some were peevish, some abnormal.
The assaults

Of the fiendish adversary
 On their souls
Often smote them when unwary.
 Flowing bowls
Of hot flip or fragrant toddy
 Made some reel ;
Charm of too seductive body
 Melted seal
On strict vows not safely guarded ;
 Virtue's white
For a rose-red vice discarded
 Lost its right.

Some through thought becoming doubters,
 Heretics,
Boldly called themselves " Come-outers,"
 Would not mix
With the faithful they berated.
 Such were tried,
Punished, excommunicated,
 Were denied
Name of citizen and banished.

 Visions bright
Of those days forever vanished
 Fill the sight

THE PILGRIMS

When the telescope of history,
 Magic-glassed,
 Is turned back towards the mystery
 Of the Past.

6—PURITAN PECULIARITIES

Un poco meno mosso

THOSE from whom we boast descent,
 In whose name we found societies,
 Raise the massive monument,
 Praise the prim and primitive pieties,
 Whom we fain would emulate
 In their grand granitic qualities,
 Whom we patronize as great
 (We, whose lives are half frivolities)—
 Should those ancestors austere
 Gabriel's trump anticipate,
 And before our gates appear,
 Where we feast and dissipate,
 Might we not discount our pride,
 Feel some shame at such "race-filaments,"
 Drest in homespun, oil-nut dyed,
 Most unfashionable habiliments?

They were coopers, cobblers, tanners,
 Coarse adepts in arts mechanical,
 Farmers lacking gracious manners,
 Zealots fearing craft satanical.

History's glass upon them turned
Shows the women weaving, spinning,
With their household tasks concerned ;
Sometimes too obstreperous-dinning
Judgment for their husband's rule,
So condemned by that community
To the useful ducking-stool.

Nor could husbands with impunity
Demonstrate their deep affection
To their wives by fist or rope's end—
Stocks were raised for their correction !
Quakers saw their drab-winged hopes end
When, tied fast to lumbering carts,
Stript by pious beadles who beat them,
They were driven to distant parts
Where gaunt wolves and bears might eat them !

Worldly lusts, in Faith's disguises,
Ravened in the congregation :
Envy haled before the assizes
Dames of spotless reputation,
Charging them with being witches,
And scale-blinded superstition
Saw in one of brain and riches
Dangerous sorcerer and magician.

Ghastly fruit the gallows-tree
 Bore if guilty they confessed they were ;
 If *Nolo contendere*
 Any pleaded, to death pressed they were!

This was ancient British law,
 And unjuster never yet was codified.
 Its harsh working Burroughs saw
 Ere 't was done away or modified.

Yet not all unlovely they.
 Dame Anne Bradstreet was a cynosure
 In that unpoetic day.
 Had she lived in our time I know sure
 She had been the President
 Of a Woman's Club. So womanly,
 Cultured, wise, intelligent,
 Witty, modern ; writing humanly,
 Unaffected ; recognized
 By the great men of Old England
 As their equal ; poet prized
 By two continents, not a single land !

Then that stern and solemn seer,
 Michael Wigglesworth—Dante's follower—
 Picturing in terms of fear
 (Never was theology hollower!)

Punishment for earthly sins,
Sinners grilling in Hell's flames of fire,
Devils plucking off their skins,
God reproaching them with names of ire.
Yet because he could not place
Souls of infants to be martyred there,
He was almost forced to face
Church-tribunals solemn-chartered there.

7—EDUCATION

Allegro

HOW deep-laid was the foundation
Of the Pilgrims' education!
First the meeting-house was built,
Lest the plant of Grace should wilt.
There the learned Cushing expounded
In long periods logic-rounded,
And the listeners were warmed
By the terrors at them stormed,
Though the powdery snow was sifted
Through the cracks and round them drifted
And their quickened breath congealed
In the bare room where they kneeled.

Here town-meetings were assembled,
Here caught malefactors trembled
When before the magistrate
They were brought to learn their fate.

Soon the low-rooft schoolhouse beckoned
 Where the children read and reckoned,
 And the brightest boys were drilled
 With the lore the teacher skilled,
 That they might be sent to college
 To acquire the needed knowledge—
 Latin, Hebrew, Greek, Theology,
 Fluent use of terminology,
 And be shepherds of the people—
 One for each new-rising steeple!
 So the college, like the Ark
 Shining in the desert dark,
 By their fostering wisdom shielded,
 Light beneficent soon yielded.

 All were proud to give a share
 Of their labor to its care :
 Farmers brought their maize and barley,
 Cut the firewood knobbed and gnarly,
 Gave it not as sacrifice,
 But as their religion's price.
 So his linen gave the weaver,
 And the trapper hunting beaver,
 Mink and otter, gave his furs
 To increase the ministers.

Harvard, this was thy beginning,
 Seed of farming, hunting, spinning !

What a marvellous knowledge-fruit
Grew from that portentous shoot.
Such, O Yale, was thy foundation —
Pride and glory of our nation !
Yet our nation is not loath
All the cost of centuries' growth,
Of all kindred institutions,
Built on countless contributions
From the unselfish and the wise,
Oft at heart's-blood sacrifice,
To expend on steel-clad cruisers !

Answer ! Are we gainers, losers,
By this mobile walls of forts
Costing more than Wisdom's courts,
By these lightning-charged defences
Whose omnivorous expenses
Swallow wealth which mines and soil,
Which unceasing human toil,
As by Fate it strives and wrestles,
Pour ungrudging down each vessel's
Never-satiated maw
That we may break Christ's sane law ?

Was 't for this the *Mayflower* staggered
O'er the Atlantic with that haggard
Homesick, heart-wrung, humble, grand
Half-fanatic Pilgrim Band,

Whose self-sacrifice courageous
 Lives for centuries,— contagious,
 Stirring men to higher things,
 Lifting them as if on wings,
 Wings of Faith and of Devotion
 Over Duty's stormy ocean?

Was 't for this a continent
 Of immeasurable extent,
 Virgin, uncontaminated,
 For her spouse and master waited,
 With an unexampled dower
 Of wealth, beauty, glory, power?
 Must she like a slave be ravished?
 Must her riches vast be lavished
 For the ruin of the earth,
 That Time's brightest, holiest birth
 Should inherit desolation,
 When by peace, by education
 Our America might lay
 Evermore the sword away?

8—THE MAYFLOWER *Allegro grazioso*

MAYFLOWER! *Mayflower!* Where didst thou
 vanish?
 Borne on what gale didst thou breast the wild
 seas?

Wert thou destroyed by the guns of the Spanish ?
Or wert thou wrecked on the bleak Hebrides ?
Or, having finished thy voyages allotted,
Rest didst thou find in a kelp-tangled grave,
Gnawed by teredos, old, broken and rotted,
Dropping away in the tide's glaucous wave ?

Wert thou engulfed in the shoals of Cape Sable,
Covered from sight and preserved in the
sand ?

Dost thou emerge, like the ship of the fable,
Ghostlike, at midnight, approaching the land,
Bearing the spirits of emigrants perished,
Fain to behold the shores that they sought —
Splendid fruition of hopes that they cherished,
Marvellous miracle mightily wrought ?

When the ship *Argo* had ended her mission,
Bringing the apples of gold from afar,
Zeus the high Thunderer (says the tradition)
Set her in Heaven — each cross-tree a star.
So should the *Mayflower*, sacred in story,
Live in the sight of our children though late ;
She should be pictured — our History's glory —
Carved on the legend-bright seal of the
State.

Mayflower ! Mayflower ! awkward and cumbrous,
Still thou 'rt the symbol of freedom and truth !
When too great luxury makes our eyes slumbrous,
When high ideals are hid from our youth,
Bring to our hearts to wake us and chide us
What our sires bore for the sake of the right.
Be thou our aegis to guard us and guide us,
Flame evermore like a beacon of night !

IV — *The Fruition*

Fourth Movement

FREE FANTASIA

1—HOW INADEQUATE IS ART!

Adagio

IF Sculpture fain would typify our land
In dark memorial bronze, it puts on high
A woman's form, with awe-compelling eye;
With straight, full brow beneficent and bland,
And waving locks restrained by a circling band;
With parted lips to welcome or defy;
With bosom where the Christ-child's head should
lie;
A half-sheathed sword grasped in her shapely hand.

Around each graciously-proportioned limb
Curve bracelet and anklet like an Amazon's;
A shield with pointed boss and figured rim
Rests by her knee; her daughters and her sons
Cluster about her, clean and muscular-slim,
Living as Life may live in plastic bronze.

Symbolic of her conquests and her powers,
The slaughtered bison and bear lie at her feet;
A captive Indian, strong and antelope-fleet,
With eagle-crest and in his war-gear cowers;

Fierce hatred 'neath his brow contracted glowers.
 Symbol of wealth and plenty, joy replete,
 Behold the sheaves of barley, corn and wheat ;
 Symbol of beauty, lo ! the wreath of flowers.

Justice, with blinded eyes and even scales ;
 Truth, with calm face and keen Ithurial spear ;
 Religion, with the censer, cross and nails,
 And Freedom, with open book and broken gyves,
 At the four angles in grave garb appear
 As angels of the stars that rule our lives.

Yet how inadequate are all the arts
 This vast and varied empire to convey
 To eye or ear or mind in plastic play
 Of lights and shades and shapes and blended
 parts
 Harmonious, majestic ! Can guns and darts,
 Though signs, an army's mighty force portray,
 A candle teach the beauty of the day,
 Song more than hint the marriage of two
 hearts ?

How then can Poesy, though fired with fervor,
 Intoxicate with dreams, with eagle vision,
 With rapt imagination quick to serve her,

Wise to select the word with sure decision
Winged with the plumes of Genius, dare
attempt
A task which only Madness might have dreamt ?

Should I who rank of poet would not claim,
Because it is so lofty, so divine,
That those whom Time calls worthy of it shine
Down through the ages evermore the same,
Without a diminution of the flame —
The great stars in the firmament benign —
Should I whose light is nebulous and pine
At such a task impossible dare aim ?

Could even the greatest make a small beginning
Of such portrayal it were all in vain ;
The web is far too vast for human spinning,
The plan too infinite for Art to attain.
What prize then can I win that is worth the
winning ?
Will joy of trial pay for failure's pain ?

The columned prose of figures and statistics
Piled up to show our country's huge resources ;
Lakes, rivers, mountains converted into forces ;
The crops in all their divers characteristics

In bushels (facts detestable to mystics !);
 Output of mines, census of kine and horses,
 Balance of trade in all its myriad courses —
 Can these outrival Art or Apollo's distychs ?

Scholars in schools and studios and colleges,
 Workmen in factories toiling, proletarians,
 The adepts in a score of learned "ologies,"
 Our soldiers, sailors, engineers, agrarians —
 Do they thus marshalled better represent
 What in the word COLUMBIA is meant ?

'T would need a book large as the universe
 To picture adequately all the life,
 The comedy, the tragedy, the strife,
 The passion, the enormous labor ; to rehearse
 The daily history ; to show in terse
 Dramatic narrative three centuries rife
 With infinite growth, Life personal, World-Life.
 What marvellous choice for poet's triumph-verse!

Only a segment of the circle grand,
 Only one billow from the boundless Main,
 From off the beach only one grain of sand ;
 Yet in that segment, billow, crystal grain,
 Somewhat of the beauty one can understand,
 And so the labor is not wholly vain !

2 — THE EMIGRANTS

GAVE SLAVERY ALSO

L'istesso tempo como di II. 2

WHEN the *Mayflower* steering westward heard
the Stormwind's wild ha! ha!
Westward sailed another vessel from the coast of
Africa,
Bearing as its living cargo Negroes for Virginia.

Torn from kraals 'neath slender palm-trees, where
the jungled Tropics burn,
Naked, terror-speechless, they were fated never to
return,
Whether sold as slaves or flung half-dying to the
sharks astern.

Men and women, shackled, herded, in the filthy
noisome hold,
Undergoing fiendish torments (one more crime, oh
cursed Gold!),
They too bore the virgin country seeds whose fruitage
should unfold.

With the great white rose of Freedom came this
black and poisonous weed,
Destined death to spread, and ruin, through man's
too insatiate greed ;
Yet at first it seemed a blessing made to answer
human need.

Then there rose no Jeremiah to foretell the cataclysm
That should burst in coming ages with a brother-
parting schism,
To engulf a prosperous country in War's hell-disrupt
abysm.

So those ignorant thick-lipped Negroes landed on
Virginia soil,
Held in bondage, cowed and sullen, superstitious,
doomed to toil,
Helped to weave the mingled fabric, helped com-
pound the cursed coil.

Ev'n the Pilgrim Fathers, reading Scripture blindly,
saw no ill
Taking pattern from the Hebrews, purchased Blacks
their lands to till —
“ Marchant Richard ” of Old Newbury left his
children slaves by will!

CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

JEW too came as ever, fleeing from the burden of
the curse,
Still obedient to the mandate that compelled them
to disperse,
As if room for them were nowhere in the mundane
universe.

At New Amsterdam among the Dutchmen they were
earliest seen,
With their oriental gestures and the broidered
gaberdine,
With thick curling beard, keen eyes, hook nose, and
face sun-tanned and lean.

Little didst thou dream, Manahatta, that before three
centuries sped
Three times Palestine's population should along thy
crest be spread,
Or, compared to their possessions, Solomon's wealth
were paste and lead!

Newport, in thy cemetery Israel's weary tribesmen
sleep
That here found, like Noah's dove, shelter after
wandering o'er the deep;
Quakers felt no jealousy of them; Quaker eyes were
wont to weep!

ALIEN COLONIES SMITTEN

SPANIARDS, Hollanders and Frenchmen—they
too swept across the seas,
But the jealous Saxon smote them, crushed their
prosperous colonies.

This great country should be his and God's—he
swore it on his knees!

For a time his force succeeded; Knickerbocker had
to yield.

Up the palisaded Hudson grave Patroon lost house
and field,

Lost the scepter of dominion which his hand had
learned to wield.

Saxon soldiers stormed thy walls, coquina-built
Saint Augustine,

Massacred the swarthy Spaniards swaggering with
haughty mien;

On our coast Castilian peacocks never should their
feathers preen!

Feuds age-ripened must be settled on the heights of
Montreal

And the green imperial River must not be allowed
to call

Any Louis King and Master; Canada should be no
Gaul!

French nets should not rob the waters surging round
Newfoundland reefs;
Hence what bloodshed, what destruction, what
unmitigated griefs,
What descents on farm or village by fierce Abenaki
chiefs!

Names are hieroglyphs of History; the interpreter
can spell
By their meaning or occurrence what occult event
befell,
Leaving here and there the symbol for Kalliope to
tell.

Here a Dutch hill, here a Spanish, here a French
saint's pious claim,
Here a mountain-circled water with a liquid Indian
name.
How we prize these appellations lambent with an
aural flame!

WELCOME THE KELT

WHEN by war and revolution thirteen States
became one realm,
And the danger ceased of Conquest swooping down
to overwhelm,
When the Nation past the breakers rode obedient to
its helm,

When on deck and in the rigging there was mighty
work to do,
Men were welcomed from all nations to be partners
with the crew ;
At the masthead like a comet Freedom's starry
banner flew.

Leaving famine-tortured Erin came the witty care-
less Kelt
With his gay and sunny nature, with his songs the
heart to melt,
With the love of battle in him to strike hard when
blows are dealt.

Quick to rise from low condition, politician ready-
made,
At his best a boon companion, wielding gavel, club
or spade,
What should we in war or council have become
without his aid ?

Kearney punishing Apaches, Cass with stars superbly
won,
Sheridan whose name in glory shines with bright-
ness like a sun,
And a score of Irish patriots famous for their great
deeds done ;

Strong, self-sacrificing Churchmen, through whom
charity increast :

Gibbons, Baltimore's cardinal-statesman ; Williams,
Boston's saintly priest ;

Ireland scholar and apostle, well-beloved from West
to East,

Boyle O'Reilly, gallant exile, passionate lover of his
race,

Freedom's champion, fiery poet, finding joy in
Nature's face ;

Joyce who sang the song of Deirdré, dwelling here
too short a space !

Erin, these and countless others worthy Fame's high-
panelled Hall

Looked upon thee as their homeland, proud thy
history to recall,

Though so vanquished, so maltreated, yet so brave
as chief or thrall !

GERMANY GIVES US HEROES

WHEN through Europe Revolution like regen-
erating fire

Shook the peoples from age-slumber, kindled in
them new desire ;

When the serfs, once dull as oxen, dared to man-
hood to aspire ;

When the mighty bell of Freedom boomed from
Time's majestic clock,
And the jeweled thrones of tyrants based, they
dreamed, as on a rock
On the bent backs of their subjects, shook as if by
earthquake shock,

Then the kings with desperation sought their forces
to combine
To crush down the rising spirit, to recork the
spilling wine.
Hence the brutal executions, hence the crimes of
Forty-nine!

Men of genius, men of virtue, born to exercise
command,
Forced to choose 'twixt death and exile, fled their
dear-loved Fatherland.
Some escaped from loathsome dungeons, hither
came, a welcome band;

Some took part in our great struggle, bravely fought
and bled and died;
German soldiers won their laurels 'neath the ban-
ner of our pride;
Men like Sigel, gallant, noble, with our glory were
allied.

German sentiment and science, music, poetry and
art,

Genial fellowship and feeling, clever mind and
tender heart,

With these heroes from her bosom weakened
Europe saw depart.

Loss to thee was our gain, Prussia, when Carl
Schurz, that prince of men,

Gallant general, keen-eyed statesman, eloquent
wielder of the pen,

Came to battle, blazed in Congress, lived a foremost
citizen !

THE FLOOD-GATES WIDE-OPEN

THESE were only the beginnings : since the flood-
gates opened wide

Came the emigrants of Fortune in an ever-swelling
tide,

Spreading over hill and prairie, pushing, settling
far and wide.

Fair-haired, friendly Scandinavians, seeking homes
in Michigan,

Serious-minded and industrious, massed together
like a clan,

Raised the grape and pear and apple on a new and
ampler plan.

Short, dark-eyed and swart Sicilians, organ-men
from Napoli,
Hardy laborers on the railways, with ambitious
industry,
Quick to smile, vendetta-nursing, came in swarms
across the sea.

Moody Greeks, like old Silenus laden down with
luscious fruits,
Captured basements, chartered wagons, drove the
Italians from their routes.
To this modern siege of Troy arrived unflinching fresh
recruits.

Hordes of Huns, the kin of Etzel, brisk Bohemians
and Poles,
With long tongue-entangling surnames changed to
numbers on the rolls,
Delved in Appalachian coal-mines, ill-paid but
enfranchised "Souls."

Suomi men, skilled granite-hewers, sought the rock-
ribbed isles of Maine,
Sleek Armenians, Turks and Arabs sold embroid-
eries for gain.
Every year came alien myriads: are they blessing?
are they bane?

Even the poppy-slumbrous Orient shook his limbs
and woke once more;
Long-cued, quiet Chinese coolies like a flood began
to pour,
Unassimilable heathen, over the Pacific shore.

Labor's jealous eyes were angered ; men, themselves
of alien brood,
Who unmoved had seen Protection tax their clothes,
their homes, their food,
Clamored madly : " Shut the portals ! these cheap
rival hosts exclude ! "

Boasted land of Freedom ! Boasted refuge of the
world's opprest,
Must thou shut the hand of welcome to the East or
to the West ?
Or is thy grand claim a failure when confronted
with the test ?

Who may tell ? The path of Progress, winding
like a mountain trail,
Dips to valleys, crosses gulches, in the tangle
seems to fail,
Yet it climbs however slowly and the climber must
not quail.

3—THE SOCIALIST'S DREAM

Rondo capriccioso

WHO are the owners of the soil?
Those that shirk or those that toil?

To-day if some new continent
Illimitable in extent,
'Neath smiling skies inviting-fair,
Were found awaiting the event
Of ultimate man's development—
A virgin land where never share
Had forced its fertile soil to bear;
Where uncut forests stretched away
From sun-dawn to the death of day,
Where mines of silver, coal and gold
Should offer stores of wealth untold,
Where rivers of pent energy
Swep swerving to the circling sea,
And strong men seizing it should say,
“ This soil, these mines, these splendid powers
By first discovery's right are ours.
Now no one man or mutual band
Shall claim an acre of this land.
The wealth these ore-brimmed mountains offer
Shall never glut a private coffer,
But as the people may command

Shall build their bridges, lay their roads,
Maintain their colleges and schools,
Shall furnish workmen with their tools,
Shall heat their houses, bear their loads,
Adorn museums with the treasures
Whose worth no money-figure measures ;
Shall give old age its ample pension,
Reward of labor or intention ;
For every able man shall labor,
No idle drone shall harm his neighbor.

The alien who may cross the seas
To share these vast advantages,
A realm unvest by brute taxation,
Must first acquire an education,
Must ply a useful occupation,
Must swear this order to maintain
Or else his coming is in vain." —

Would men be happy in this State ?
Can they attain the high ideal
And make it actual and real,
Crush out ambition, avarice, hate,
Crime, discord ; outmaneuve Fate
And find Life's satisfying chrysm
In an all-leveling Socialism ?

Who knows? As things are now we see
Vast universal misery ;
The few unhappy with their wealth,
Seeking pleasure, seeking health ;
The many wretched in the slums
And fighting even for the crumbs
Which (as we read in ancient Fable)
Fall to them from the Rich Man's table.
Unrest and covetous discontent
Explosive in men's hearts are pent ;
Who have, their riches loudly flaunt ;
Who have not, know not what they want.
The laborer strikes at hopeless times,
And desperate takes to dastard crimes,
And Wealth, unjust, unsympathetic,
Crushes nor reads the signs prophetic !

Alas ! we never wisely learn.
Experience profits not ; we burn
In the same fierce consuming fires
As burnt our grandsires and our sires.
The Pilgrims brought the habitudes,
The feelings, thoughts, ideas, moods
Which ruled them in far distant Kent.
How then could they know what was meant
By this new country unexplored ?

The forest where the panther roared
Was hateful to them. Recklessly
They chopt and burnt the noble tree
And wasted the inheritance
Wide as the continent's expanse.
The splendid rivers broad and free,
The cataracts dark with gloom and dread,
The lakes where wild birds dived and bred,
The mountains clothed in majesty,
Were obstacles : they could not know
What wealth from Nature's breasts should flow.
They could not know that Lightning's flame
A modern wizard should entame,
That Fire and Steam's light-bridled forces
Should do the work of myriad horses.
That fountains of subterranean oil
Should from the Earth's veins gush and boil,
Enriching fortunate few with spoil
Which Croesus in his wildest flight
Of avarice never could have craved ;
They could not know that men enslaved
Should crown the white-lockt Cotton king,
And on their despot-masters bring
Destruction and a weight of woe
That through the centuries should grow.
They could not know that Liberty
Should be assailed by Anarchy,

And mighty questions should arise
Beyond the wisdom of the Wise.

They were but simple Englishmen,
And lived as we should have lived then.
The great Chance offered: they did not know!
We also should have let it go.
The web of Life age-since begun
With strange unravelings is spun
Like Queen Penelope's, undone
'Twixt sunset and the rising sun.
Its woof is crossed with human souls,
Slow its development unrolls.

We vainly hope and pray may come
The Scriptural Millennium.
The signs and wonders that portend
The Age of Satan soon to end—
The wars and rumors of new wars,
The firmament raining fiery stars,
The rivers into wormwood changed,
The prophets wandering deranged,
The recrudescence of great crimes—
They have been seen a hundred times.
Yet who dares claim we have not progressed?
The slow long way may be the best,
The day may come when men will see
The perfect Soul-democracy.

4—WHO ARE AMERICANS?

Andantino

WE who from the Pilgrims are descended,
We who reckon Puritans our sires,
We of ancient English stock unblended,
From or Fenian huts or Scottish byres,
Can we vaunt ourselves for any reason
Worthy to indulge in livelier pride
Than the Pole's or German's who last season
Came unnoticed in the exile-tide?

Twenty years from now his sons and daughters
Will be thoroughbred Americans,
Proud because their parents crossed the waters
Like our ancestors the Puritans.
They like us will thrill to see Old Glory
Shake its stars and stripes athwart the sky;
They will learn to love the inspiring story
How for Freedom patriots chose to die.

Mayhap some of them will lead the forces
Marshaled in the war with civic greed;
Some may multiply the world's resources
By inventions fitted to a need.
One may write a poem men will cherish
As the richest treasure of an age;
Some upon the battlefield may perish
Battling to preserve our heritage.

All who will may count themselves our brothers,
 Sharing in the liberty that is ours ;
 Europe's exiled daughters shall be mothers,
 Blest in fruitage like the peach-tree-flowers.
 Such is the potency of assimilation,
 Welding all these variants into one
 Glorious, never-to-be-sundered nation,
 Freedom-shining like a new-born sun !

5—APOSTROPHE TO AMERICA

Grandioso

OH Native Land ! dear Native Land !
 Magnificent art thou,
 Throned with the sea on either hand,
 The stars upon thy brow.

For thee there is no task too great ;
 Thou hast the imperial power.
 The nations for thy guidance wait
 When storm-clouds darkly lower.

The earth her wealth for ages stored —
 Her treasures manifold —
 Before thy feet has proudly poured
 In lavish streams of gold.

Millions of men from foreign shores,
With youth and courage blest,
Have come with hope to share thy stores,
Great Mistress of the West.

Thou takest them, thou mouldst them,
They win life at thy board ;
Their virtue is thy diadem,
Their vigor is thy sword.

Thou art the loftiest child of Time,
Most fortunate in thy birth ;
Thy crowned head strikes the stars sublime,
Thy footstep shakes the earth.

Thy strength is match for any strife,
Thy seas are undisturbed ;
Yet there are threatening dangers rife
Born of thy power uncurbed.

May God deliver thee from pride,
From arrogance unjust,
From luxury's ever-mounting tide,
From lawless wealth and lust.

Make us thy children pure and true,
Let righteousness prevail ;
Purge from our midst the shameless crew
That our fair fame assail.

THE PILGRIMS

Oh, let unselfishness control
 The motives of our laws ;
 Let peace and union be thy goal,
 And love thy holiest cause.

Learn from the past what paths to shun,
 Preserve the eternal right,
 And thou shalt prosper till the sun
 Is quenched in endless night.

6 — INVOCATION

Moderato

SPIRIT of Poesy, lift me, inspire me,
 Bear me away on the spread of thy wings,
 Fill me with passion to thrill me, to fire me,
 Till all my being with ecstasy sings !
 Show me the beauty in strength and devotion,
 Teach me to tell it in crystalline verse :
 Sailors and fishermen braving the ocean,
 Farmers who conquer the primitive curse,
 Miners who delve in the veins of the mountains,
 Stokers whose lives feed the Steam's jealous
 power,
 Pioncers pouring the rain-nourished fountains
 Over the desert that bursts into flower.

Oh! I would chant the triumph of Labor,
Celebrate fitly Democracy's worth,
Sing, like the Psalmist with harp and with tabor,
Songs of the splendors that glorify earth!
Spirit of Poesy, take me and sway me,
Aid me to show how Truth maketh free,
Humble me, chasten me, ruthlessly slay me,
Should I prove false to the truth that I see!

7—THE FISHERMEN TEND THEIR NETS

Assai vivace

THE SHORE-MEN

THE night is dark; the morning still is distant;
Silent are the cottages near the cove;
Suddenly a window in a gable is lighted—
Another and another! the village is awake!

One by one the low side-doors are opened
And, like conspirators, dim forms emerge;
It is the fishermen who are early faring
To drop their lines, pull nets, set trawls.

They go silently with slow deliberate motion
Down to the margin of the ebbing tide.
There is a sound of softly-gurgling water
As slips among the pebbles a refluent wave.

Each pushes off his clumsy punt, and rowing
 With short quick strokes, as if by instinct sure
Reaches the moorings where the rocking dory
 Lies as if eagerly waiting to dart forth.

One pauses and without a thought of baiting
 Throws over the red-painted six-pronged hook,
Where in the depths with phosphorescent sparkle
 Moves wavering the greedy dragon-squid.

A quick jerk! and with a squush and flopping
 Comes squirming up the leathery evil thing
With angry squirt of black and inky fluid,
 Small kinsman of the giant devil-fish.

The fresh seabreeze comes ruffling the glassy
 surface ;
 Ceases the sound of rhythmically clicking oars ;
The thick short mast is stept ; the mildewed
 mainsail,
 With whiter patches, the sheet secured, fills out ;
The jib, unrolled, catches the gathering impulse.

Taking the middle thwart the man, alert,
 Holding the tiller-ropes with skilful action,
Beats up against the wind, the sail close-hauled,
 And out, far out the leaning dory bears him !

How can he tell where lie fish-haunted rocks,
When the low shore even from the lifting billow
Can scarcely be distinguished from a cloud?

He has his signs, his marks ; he watches
Until a hollow aligns an inland hill

Or some hotel or house a tree eclipses —
You would not know 't was hill or house or tree !

With noisy splash the weighted wooden killock
Goes plunging down with thirty fathoms of rope ;
Then the great reels give off their twisted cod-lines,
The keen hooks loaded with the clustering clams
And the well-fastened heavy leaden sinkers.

The man stands watchful, sawing with both hands,
The rough lines cutting channels in the gun-
wales.

A sudden twitch and, sprinkling the cold brine,
Hand over hand, he pulls the struggling victim.
It may be a splashing cod of forty pounds
Speckled with trout-like spots, or a violet
haddock

With monstrous jaws wide-gaping to grasp the
hook,

Or a swift gamey sharp-nosed giant pollock,
Or the reputed night-prowler of the seas — the hake,
Perhaps a purple-blue fierce-looking cat-fish,
Or a huge sluggish gray-white halibut.

Among the pile of cobbles used for ballast
The fish are flung and gasping, quivering die !

Meantime the aspect of the ocean changes :

Above the horizon's shifting rim appears
A faint mysterious glow ; it widens, brightens,
And like a flame the moon's thin scimitar,
Distorted, tall and weird, climbs up the sky ;
The multitudinous waves that build the billows
Are gilded by its pallid golden light.

But soon the Old Moon and her star-attendant

And all the morning constellations fade.

A streak of vivid pink begins to broaden ;

The clouds take myriad contrasting hues ;

The great dark curling menacing billows

Become alive with gleams like changeable silk ;

And then the Sun's round face o'erpeers the
horizon —

Glory to God ! he brings the gracious day !

Down near the lighthouse on the foam-fringed
Nubble,

Like screaming children just let loose from school,

Circle the clamoring terns above some booty ;

From all directions others speed with flight

Ludicrous for its headlong obstinacy.

Far in the offing spouts a playful whale ;

A phalanx of porpoises with round backs passes ;
The puh! puh! of a distant motor-boat
Comes swiftly nearer; it exchanges greeting
And over the salt hills hastens to the shore.

The fisherman now with his finny haul contented
Pulls up the killock and rows off to the buoys
Which with the taut-stretched trawls are nodding,
dancing.

Ah! but what robber has been here at work ?
It is the fierce horde of voracious dogfish
Who snap the mackerel from the swinging hooks,
Leaving the mangled heads to tell the story
Of hours of precious labor gone to waste.

If chance of sudden squall overturn the dory,
And for the surf-swept rocks the man must swim,
Like ravening wolves these keen sharks rend him
And in an instant the green wave is red!

THE BANKS MEN

FORTH from your beautiful sheltered harbors,
Bucksport, New Bedford, Gloucester, Provincetown,
Gallantly riding the long ocean ridges,
Sail full-equipt the white-winged fishing-fleet.

Each of the sharp-cut, graceful-built schooners
 Bearing away to the fog-haunted Banks
Carries its crew of twelve or of twenty
 Hardy, good-tempered, courageous, alert.
Storms will sweep down on them, drive them and
 wreck them,
 Some of the men will be lost in the boats,
Drifting for hours with the scud flying round them,
 Swamp't by the crash of a huge curling wave.

Women of Gloucester, wives of brave seamen,
 How can ye bear the sight of the sea,
Knowing that sooner or later your husbands
 Surely will pay the tribute it wreaks?
Yet must the city be fed by their faring,
 Never will men weakly fear for their lives;
They will go forth in their vigorous manhood
 Doing their lifework till the last call is heard.

Out on the Banks tall icebergs are drifting,
 Lifting on high their crystalline spires;
Treacherous beauty and Frost's deadly vapor
 Girdle them round; they roll and they crash.
See! from the schooner the great boats are
 lowered;
 Clad in their oilskins the fishermen strive,
Emulous-eager to get first to the fishing-grounds.

Far on the horizon with pearl-tinted wall
Stretches the Fog, their redoubtable enemy.

While they are busy in pulling the lines,
Suddenly, swiftly, like clouds of gray horsemen
Swoops the dread vapor and wraps them in night.

Back to the city with barrels of codfish
Salted, fat halibut frozen in layers,
Thousands of mackerel, luckily-netted,
Sails the deep schooner ; but lo ! on the mast
Midway the halliards, sign of disaster,
Mournfully floats the storm-tattered flag.
Then as the vessel, reeking of fish-oil,
Noisy with bustle, warps into her berth,
Spreads the sad news ; in the journals a paragraph—
“ Lost in the fog, cut down by a liner,
Perished a boatload of Provincetown fishermen.”
We who read of it quickly forget it.
Ah ! but the homes where the young widows mourn,
Where the young children their fathers will
weep for !

Nevertheless all the length of our coast,
Even from the desolate ice-mantled Labrador,
Up and down the sea-like Saint Lawrence,
From every cove on the crag-bastioned New-
foundland,

Out of the spruce-bordered inlets of Maine,
 (Eastport's gray haven where the tide falling
Leaves the lank wharves suspended in air ;
 Calais, Mount Desert whose hills nest the white
 mist-wraiths ;
Deer Isle whose captains have circled the world
 Sailing trim yachts for the winning of prizes ;
Portland, Queen of the many-isled Bay ;
 Kittery echoing the strokes of great hammers,
War's guarded post, yet the mother of peace),
 Out of the mouths of the swift-swirling
 rivers,
Portsmouth's Piscataqua, Newbury's Merrimac ;
 (Not alone Gloucester where earliest flourished,
Still holding its banner, this venturesome industry),
 Out from the bays, Delaware, Chesapeake,
Chincoteague, Albemarle, numberless-named,
 Where in the spring the shad seek the
 rivers ;
Forth from hamlets perched on the Keys,
Lone on thy sounds and bayous, Alabama,
 Casting the net in the Gulf for the mullet,
Sweeping the Lakes where the white-fish grow
 scarce,
 Facing the swells of the gale-swept Pacific,
Careless of dangers, heedless of death,
 Hundreds of thousands of brawny-armed sailors,

Sun-tanned, storm-hardened, honest, keen-eyed,
 Live on the waters that bound and adorn us,
 Feeding the hosts of the children of men.

So when ye pass the city's great markets,
 Pause for a space at the fishermen's stalls,
 Where half-buried in glittering ice lie
 Rigid in rows, with their glassy eyes staring,
 Wide mouths gaping as if in surprise,
 Brilliantly-colored with green and vermilion,
 Yellow or spotted with stripes or with bars,
 Fishes of all the varied sea-families,
 Snatched from their homes in the depths of the
 waters ;
 Then oh remember the labor involved,
 The infinite perils, the heart-pangs of partings —
 Pause, breathe a prayer for those men and pass
 on !

8—THE ROAD MAKERS

Con brio

OVER the hilltops of New England the first rough
 roads,
 Well-called highways, ran,
 Dotted here and there with the settlers' unpainted
 abodes.
 Built on a primitive plan ;

Everywhere commanding the country in case of
 surprise
 By wolf or Indian.

Rocky here, or crossing a ledge, and here deep in
 sand,
 Gullied by torrents of rain,
 White, unshaded, with dangerous gulches on either
 hand,
 Narrower than a lane,
 So that if two wagons met the drivers would angrily
 argue —
 To pass without thrust were in vain.

Here the farmer by working a day once a month
 could pay
 The bulk of his county tax ;
 With his cart and his horse he would fill with sods
 or with clay
 The damaged and rutted tracks,
 Or in winter with his ox-team force a way
 Through the deep snow's drifted packs.

Now when a road must be built they invoke the
 assistance of Science ;
 Surveyors, with compass and chain,

Putting the bulwark of hills or the river's vast width
to defiance,
Conquering forest and plain,
Joining with the forces of Nature in splendid and
fertile alliance
Human genius and brain.

Follow the fellers of forests and diggers of ditches
and dykes,
Levelling hills, filling sloughs ;
Gangs with their bullying bosses who quell incipient
strikes,
Swarming with sweat-streaming brows,
Giuseppes, Giovannis, Sicilians, harsh-treated by
Patricks and Mikes,
Always ready for rows.

Cough-racked cutters of granite for culverts and
pile-founded piers,
Workers of iron and steel,
Hammering rivets to bind the poised cantilever's
huge tiers
Over chasms where heads reel ;
Settlers of sleepers, rail-layers, wielders of steel-
cutting shears,
Working with feverish zeal.

Straight through the bowels of mountains, starting
from opposite points,
Swiftly the tunnel bores.

There's the thud of compressed-air drills, the crash
of the blast, the joints,
Where meet the hollowed cores
Under the central peak, are microscopic— at ceiling,
Curving sides and floors!

Traffic must enter the city; whole squares for
the station are taken,

Lofty buildings are razed,
Marble-rich waiting halls take the place of houses
forsaken;

Where once the engine-fires blazed
Now the tracks by the electrical locomotive are
shaken,
Sunk deep in pits or upraised.

Depths cannot stop or any height block the makers
of roads;

Rivers and estuaries
May interpose, but beneath them they dive; great
trains with their loads

Far below (where the ferries
Hampered by fog stagger blindly) arrive and depart
undelayed—

Trade's endless tributaries.

Hail, oh ye makers of highways, wielders of pick
and of shovel,

Hail, ye surveyors so skilled!

Hail, ye levellers living for months in tent or in
hovel!

Hail, ye mechanics who build!

Ye are the men that steel-bind the land into intimate
union.

Hail to your epochal Guild!

9—A SONG OF LABOR

*Al piacere**Fortunate they that labor : creators they are of wealth!*

THE NEW ENGLAND FARM

THE Sun in his wheeling flight looks down on a
myriad farms.

Behold the farmer awake and beginning his mani-
fold duties.

Winter and summer alike he must build the fire in
the stove;

The pungent-smelling pine is kindled; the maple
burns with merry crackling.

Then to the barn he goes; he shakes down the
spicy hay;

He gives the horses their grain; the chains clank on
the stanchions.

There is a musical ring from the milk-pail, as the
white milk foams from the udders.
When he brings the rich warm milk to the house
the hearty breakfast is ready.
Then through the dewy field he proceeds to the
plowing,
Turning the deep dark soil in long and parallel
furrows ;
Or in the season he mounts his well-oiled mowing-
machine
And with monotonous rattling sweeps through the
clover-red meadow,
Laying low the tall grass which billows as the
breeze sweeps over it,
Scaring the meadow-lark or the sweet-voiced voluble
bobolink.
The sunrise hears the musical duet of the scythe
and the whetstone.
Soon the hay is teddered and dried and piled into
white-capped haycocks,
That stand like the tents of a horde of Scythian
dwarfs.
Next day with dread of the threat of the thunder-
heads piling up in the west,
He and his sons and his hired man load the great
broad-tired cart ;

The little girls help tread it down and laugh and shout in their glee.

The deep bays of the barn are stuff with the aromatic timothy.

So fall the corn and the other grain—the oats and the barley,

Either by sickle in hand or by swift-cutting reaper.

The tall stalks are garnered from the hills so carefully filled and weeded :

The full ripe ears are husked and piled on the barn-floor ;

In the olden days with the merry festival of the husking-bee,

When all the neighbors came to help and the red ear had its significance,

Shown by the stifled cry and the stolen kiss and the shouts of rollicking laughter,

And the supper and dance at the end and the moonlight walk home,

Those were “the good old times,” on the dear home-farms—how many of them deserted!

The prodigious pumpkins which had grown scarcely-noticed between the rows

Heaped up glow in the autumn sun, red and orange ; one of them

Stands proudly apart, sure to win the prize at the
County Fair.

The hens wait to be fed ; with a rush and flapping
of wings

They follow the farmer's wife to the yard and cluck
as she scatters the seed.

To-day the potatoes are dug ; they lie like eggs in a
nest,

Six or ten in each hill, brown and big and earth-
stained ;

They must be harvested too and carefully nailed up
in barrels.

All this produce, the manifold fruit of sown seeds,
To-morrow goes to the railway and is borne to the
great city markets.

Winter comes and the woodland lot must be thinned
out.

All day ring the strokes of the ax in the sharp
frosty air ;

There's a cracking of white gashed boles and a
crashing of branches ;

The logs are split with wedges and stacked in long
measured rows,

Cord upon cord—the golden-barked birch, the
rock-maple, the black shagbark hickory.

This wealth of wood must be piled on wide-shoed
sledges

And dragged by the slow big-eyed oxen down the
creaking deep-rutted snow-road.

In March, as the days grow longer and in the
morning the crust

Formed on the dwindling heaps of snow will bear
the weight of a man,

The maples on the hill-slope must be tapped and the
sweet sap collected :

It drops from the wooden spiles and fills the shining
pail ;

It is poured into the great iron boiler and reduced
into amber syrup.

In the long winter evenings or in summer's opaline
twilight

Contented the farmer sits by the fire, or on the
porch overlooking the valley,

And reviews the work of the day and plans for the
morrow's campaign.

These are the scenes that the sun and the stars look
down on in ten thousand New England farms,
Which in the Puritan days were stript of the timber,

Laboriously freed of the barkless stumps which
were lined into grotesque fences,
Cleared of the boulders and rocks that were dropt
by the Ice-age glaciers,
And now are heaped into boundary walls spotted
with green-gray lichens,
Overgrown with blackberry vines and wild roses
and scarlet pagodaed sumach.

PRAIRIE AND RANCH

OUT on the prairies of Indiana, on a vast and
magnificent scale,
The fields of wheat stretch far away into the ocean-
like distance,
Rolled into arrested billows and fertile beyond belief.
Here and in many another Western state the harvests
are garnered
By the strong hand of Steam or the tamed Jinn
Electricity—
Billions of bushels to be sent to the flour-mills of
Minnesota
And ground into creamy meal for the bread of the
world.

Here, too, on the plains of Kansas, Colorado,
Idaho, range
Herds in countless thousands, seeking their forage.

The cowboys, riders better than Sioux chieftains,
clad in buckskin and tattered sombrero,
Armed with sinuous snake-like lariats, gallop forth
to the round-up.

Here the fierce bulls are branded; there's a thun-
derous snorting and bellowing;

A pistol shot rings out; an unruly wide-horned
champion falls to his knees,

Then slowly topples; a last gasp; a trembling of
mighty limbs; death!

'T is winter; the wild wind sweeps down from the
desolate Rockies,

Laden with fine stinging snow; the sheep on the
ranch seek for shelter;

Huddled together and shivering they wait for
deliverance.

Mindless of the bitter cold, guided by instinct and
the sense of their bronchos,

The ranchmen hasten forth in search of the
perishing flock.

They themselves sometimes succumb to the terrible
blizzard;

Utterly lost in the whirling blasts from the awful
Sierras,

Frozen, they fall in the heaping drifts and sleep
there till spring comes.

Fortunate they that labor : creators they are of wealth!

THE QUARRIES

THE outcroppings of granite on a lonely wood-covered height like Dodlin,
The snowy ledges on the storm-swept shoulders of Equinox,
Catch the eye of the knowing explorer. Time passes ; one sees a forest of derricks ;
The clicking of chisels is heard, the rhythmical thud of hammers ; a puff of blue smoke rises,
Followed by a dying echo : a white horse, oblivious of the splendid outlook —
The far-away line of the gorge-scalloped range of cloud-haunted mountains,
The checkered farms in the valley — turns round and around in a beaten path ;
The guy-ropes creak and strain ; the pulleys slowly revolve ;
The chains clasp and lift the enormous slabs of fresh-cleaved stone ;
The tram is loaded and surely, not swiftly, borne on the endless cable,
Glides down the side of the mountain and delivers its load at the shed

Where a hundred men are at work, shaping, splitting,
polishing
Columns and cubes and figures for buildings from
Eastport to Tacoma.

Yonder, where once a river flowed, is a bed of
slippery clay,
Inexhaustible, ready for human use; the local
requirements filled,
With clumsy tools unimproved, yet sufficient to
accomplish the purpose,
Wider calls must be met; huge sheds are built; the
unburnt bricks,
Slimy and blue, are cut out by the jaws of machines,
Hundreds at once, and carefully stacked for the
burning.
The smoke of the slow well-regulated fires curls
from the roofs.
Then when the bricks are burnt and cooled and
show a smooth and rich warm red,
They are loaded on flat cars and borne away to the
city,
There to be laid one by one in the soft bed of mortar,
Tapped into perfect line with the clinking edge of
the trowel
As the great building rises plumb-straight to stand,
if need were, for centuries,

Or cunningly curved into a tapering chimney hundreds of feet in the air,
Whence huge volumes of pitch-black smoke borne aloft by the draft
Ever and anon will spread like a banner across the sky,
To settle down and enwrap the town in a gloomy breath-choking pall.

THE FACTORIES

IN the factory is a rattling and clacking of apparatus;
Bobbins are gliding back and forth; spools wound with colored silks, woolen or cotton
Whirl to deliver the thread; the fabric grows as by magic.
Machines with almost human intelligence shift the combinations;
Marvellous patterns are followed — flowers and symmetrical designs.
Colors, such as the Greeks never imagined could be transferred from the sunset,
Are woven into the costly rolls and splendidly blended.
Weary-eyed children kept alert by fear tend the tireless machines;

They deftly tie the broken thread, replace the empty
spools on the instant.

A vast manufactory of watches turns out a million
a year,

With specially-individualized machinery to manipu-
late, to create.

Ribbons of steel run through cylinders and come
forth microscopic screws,

Cut and chipped and grooved and polished and
ready for service ;

Plates of solid nickel are seized by miraculous arms
and shaped ;

Dials of every size are cooked and enamelled or
painted ;

Delicate hair-springs are poised and carefully tested ;
Jewels are sorted and bored for pinions ; hands are
put into place,

And the watch goes forth so perfect as scarcely to
vary a second,

To count the pulse of the dying by, to start the
train for its journey,

To measure the speed of the trotting stallions on the
crowded race-course

When a thousand wagers depend on the accurate
instant,

Or for the eager yachts to start on their dash for an
international prize.

Here is the vast spreading foundry of the Steel
Trust,
Where thousands of brawny men are day and night
in relays
Engaged in puddling the great rough bars of crude
iron,
Turning it into steel by some miraculous
process,
To be cast into myriad forms, — thick armor plates
for warships,
For fire-vomiting guns to salute or destroy
with,
Framework of buildings to rise forty stories above
the street-pavement,
Straight heavy rails for continent-girdling roads,
Or huge polished shafts for the propellers of ocean-
racing liners.
The white metal, glowing like the incandescent
surface of the sun,
Pours into the moulds, lighting the dark rafters
with an unearthly glow,
Threatening to burn the hurrying workmen into
cinders.
There is a rumble and deafening clangor of mighty
hammers ;
A roar, as if a volcano had emptied its fiery lava
into the ocean.

Far below into the furnaces, conjuring steam, the
soot-dingied stokers
Incessantly shovel the anthracite or the crumbling
heaps of bituminous coal ;
The grimy sweat pours from their foreheads, but
the fires must not cease devouring.

The engines are going at full speed ; the engineer
walks up and down
With his long-nosed oil-can ; he watches each
motion,
Studies the pressure-gauge, turns a screw, eases a
tension ;
Wheels revolve noiselessly ;
The dynamo snaps with green sparks ; the electric
bulbs glow.

As the great siren with its sonorous chromatic finale,
Or the full choir of multitudinous whistles like a
vast organ
With all its stops playing with powerful bellows,
Or the clanging bell in the cupola high above the
factory sounds at noon,
Suddenly the machinery ceases ; the hands pour
out for the rest-hour ;
At early morning, likewise at the closing-time, the
streets

Fill with a human tide; there is laughter and
chatter ;
Young men seek the maidens ; in pairs they linger
behind ;
Hands are blissfully claspt ; men unhappily wedded,
Dreading the termagant tongue at home, drift to
the gaudy saloons ;
There with foaming stein, with elbows leaning on
the bright brass railing,
Cronies gossip and relate broad stories ; the laugh
goes round.

Thus every day, year in, year out, the picture repeats
itself ;
Faces may change as the old drop away, but new
take their places.

THE STRIKE

AT last some morning, as the signal sounds, not a
workman responds ;
Groups of sullen men or scowling women halt on
the corners ;
The Labor Union delegates harangue in the central
hall.
Substitutes unused to the work, unskilled strike-
breakers are hired,

Shouts of "Scab" are heard; threats of violence
break into acts;
Stones and bricks fly hurtling; there's a crashing
of glass;
Fire breaks out; costly machines are ruined;
Labor exults in the damage.
Half-hearted come the police; a shot stings the air;
an innocent spectator,
Struck in the head, falls backward; the ambulance
with clanging gong dashes up.
At home the children are crying for bread, but the
stern-eyed parents,
Feeling that they have a cause to stand for, listen
unmoved.

COÖPERATION

ACROSS the way another establishment has tried
coöperation.
Every hand has his share in the profits, his voice in
the management.
This is true Democracy. Great questions are brought
up and discussed;
Blunders are made and blunders, as well as sins,
bring retribution.
Wisdom comes from experience; pride is a mighty
force.

There is every incentive to work unremittingly, for
 all success
 Brings its speedy reward. The strike is unknown;
 red-handed Anarchy,
 Waving the incendiary torch, hurling the dynamite
 bomb,
 All-levelling Socialism which would give all men
 front seats in the synagogue,
 Here find no foothold; as a man labors,
 As his genius lifts him, he wins more and more.

SHALL BEAUTY YIELD TO UTILITY?

FOR unnumbered ages the green water has poured
 over the limestone cliff,
 The pallid spray has risen in wavering columns,
 Where, at full moon, has hovered the ghostly circle
 of evanescent colors,
 Caught in winter in diamond-hued petals of hoar-
 frost
 Bending the swaying boughs of the murmuring
 spruces.

The eternal cycle has been repeated a thousand
 times;
 The rain and the melting snow have swelled the
 level of the lake;

The cold green water has swept irresistibly on-
ward ;
Down with a desperate plunge it has dashed into
the abyss ;
Then after whirling as if bewildered in glaucous
depths,
Feeling the gravitating urge, it swept on in its new
swift course
Amid innumerable islands, over boulders and
rapids,
Onward and ever onward till it met the salt kiss of
the ocean.
Then after myriad adventures—frozen in icebergs
for ages,
Reflecting the weird lights of the Aurora under the
Arctic circle,
At last snapt off in some mighty frost-convulsion
and driven southward,
Skirting the Tropic atolls, where rooted in coral tall
palms bend their feathery fronds,
And once more lifted up to the skies and changed
into rain-laden clouds—
Began the cycle anew in the wide blue plain of the
Lakes.

Never once in these ages has the stream of the
water failed ;

Billions on billions of tons have plunged from heights
into depths,
Viewed only by the solitary eagle who watched from
his seat on the pine
To spy the stunned fish rise and float on the swirl-
ing wave,
Or with dumb wonder by the passing Algonquin,
Who well might worship the Great Spirit dwelling
in the mist-column
Presiding over the roar and the might and the
marvel.

Now what a change!
Shall Poesy unreconciled shed tears of chagrin,
Seeing this beautiful, this awe-compelling spectacle,
This divine manifestation of Nature's august
majesty,
Made into a slave by the wealth-craving hordes of
Commercialism,
Shorn of its splendor, compelled to labor like an
Arabian Afrit?
Are Science and Poesy here at odds?
Must Poesy recognize the inevitable
And see in the marvellous, far-reaching results
The glory of power translated into accomplishment?
Is beauty for beauty's sake a fiction of barbarous
ages?

The scales of Science have measured the "wasted"
power.

Every drop of the plunging river is counted and
reckoned in dynams:

Led into steel-lined tubes the waters dash into
turbines

Top-like poised and whirling with inconceivable
swiftness;

Weight is converted to might; the energy stored
Leaps at a chance of escape and flies on metal
conductors.

Here it is caught once more and made to work like
a slave,

Grinding to pulp the light white spruce
Which only the day before

Sighed in the summer wind on the banks of its
river beloved.

The pulp, bleached and prest and dried, is made
into paper,

Ponderous rolls upon rolls, which in turn,
Lifted on waiting cars, are rushed by the same
enslaved Jinn to the city.

The enormous rolls come to the commodious well-
lighted pressroom

And are swiftly hoisted into place ready for the
word.

THE NEWS-GATHERING

MEANTIME the newsmen in all parts of the world
are alert,
Sifting and straining the currents of life for every
event.

In Nevada a new rich mine has been opened :
A stampede of treasure-seekers rushes to stake
claims,
Where was a wild forest, or only a bare cactus-
hedge desert,
Suddenly springs into life a new city
With a multitude of saloons, electric lights, dance-
halls, gambling-hells ;
The old California days of "Forty-nine" are
recalled ;
Fortunes are made and lost in a day.

A fierce storm sweeping up the coast wrecks on the
sands of Cape Cod
A six-masted schooner laden with coal ;
The fearless, death-defying coast patrol, launching
the surf-boat, are driven back ;
One of their number is caught in the surf and
perishes ;
The breeches-buoy is sent out to the ship and the
captain,

Half frozen to death, clasping the dead form of his
wife in his arms,
Is brought back to the shore and restored.

There is news of the downfall of a dignified bank-
president
Who used for his own private pleasure the funds
of widows intrusted to him,
Paying the cost of a double life ;
The terrible exposure of one who had been a pillar
in the church,
Admired and respected, philanthropic and perhaps
Puritanic ;
His confession and the story of his temptation
Are printed in full with their sorrowful lesson.

A break in the stock-market portends a panic ;
Abundantly-watered securities are tested
And discovered to be fraudulent.
Ambitious clerks who had bought on a margin,
Summoned to cover, find themselves stript of their
savings ;
Merchants and speculating widows are ruined.
Wall Street and State Street and the ganglionic
centers of all cities
Are filled with apprehensions ; the rate of interest
On call-loans is suddenly doubled ;

Will the United States Treasury come to the aid of
the market ?

Billions of loss are reckoned on paper ; financial
prophets declaim.

A city tightly-swathed in the coils of a wily ring,
Which for years has passively allowed herself to be
robbed by her mayor and his minions,
Who brazenly exult in their crimes and flaunt their
ill-got wealth,
Suddenly awakes and shakes off the insolent hands,
Splendidly arising in might,
Sets an example of what a true democratic spirit,
The noble spirit of the Founders, may do when
aroused.

An express-train rushing along,
Making its seventy miles an hour, to redeem lost
time,
Meets in a narrow cut a freight train puffing slowly
up a steep grade
Allowed passage by signals mistaken ;
The engines leap at each other
Like furious prehistoric monsters, like iron-clad
mastodons.
Great head-lines chronicle the disaster ;

The names of the dead and the wounded are flashed
over the wires.

Deeds of heroism are recorded ;
Not a detail is past unchronicled.

MEN DELIGHT IN SPORTS AND GAMES

THE baseball editor outdoes himself in describing
a crucial match.

He depicts the "bleachers" crowded to suffocation,
The "Fans" shouting themselves hoarse
As a great double-play brings in two to score for
the home-team ;

An epic description follows.

When the nine innings are ended the crowd hastily
disperses ;

The long line of tram-cars packed to the running-
boards creeps down the avenue.

Full reports come in telling of the latest champion-
ship of the golf-links,

A gigantically-contested tennis-match, between a
Lord-Bishop and a President,

An enthusiastically-applauded game of that never-
as-yet acclimated exotic,

The Englishman's favorite cricket, on the German-
town grounds,

A fierce tussle between the Yale and Harvard football teams :

Stories of slugging are told ; the strongest man is disabled,

Causing the balance of betting to be readjusted ;

All the varied amusements of a great people, —

German picnics, Scotch curling-matches, Irish jig-dancing,

Are brought vividly with clever use of slang,

With laugh-compelling use of shrewd American wit,

Into the vast net of the newsmongers.

All the insignificant doings of the “ Smart Set ” are related :

The lavish entertainments of the Western millionaire
Who for the sake of his wife and his ambitious daughters

Has taken a Fifth Avenue mansion or a Newport villa for a season ;

The gowns and jewels displayed at the Opera are fully described ;

The flippant marriages uniting two colossal inheritances

Or a questionably-acquired fortune with a proud but impoverished family ;

The malodorous details of a hastily procured Wyoming divorce ;

The departure for Europe of an ill-bred and ignorant mine-owner

Eager to buy a title (albeit with wretchedness) for his heiress ;

The names of those that patronize a charity entertainment—

Fill columns and columns, for “ Society ” also is Life.

The humorist here finds field for his witticisms.

Münchhausen’s exaggerations are thrown into the shade ;

Comic poems with ingenious and acrobatic rimes are printed ;

Crisp and epigrammatic dialogs embody cutting satire ;

A jest is started in one “ daily ” and is quoted with accretion,

Becoming ever funnier until it crosses the continent.

Articles are learnedly written on American humor.

Its characteristics are analyzed and extracts are given From Franklin and Artemus Ward and Lowell and dozens of others.

Journals are widely known by the wit of their editors.

Many a cause is won or lost by a rapier-thrust of Fun!

THE CIRCUS COMES

THE circus pitches its tents, the three rings under
one immense canvas.
This year new marvels of contortion, acrobatism,
horseback riding ;
A man in a moto darts down an inclined plane,
turning a summersault in the air ;
Japanese jugglers, with absolute self-possession,
perform miracles with knives ;
A man jumps in waltz-time on a slack wire, never
making a false step ;
Elephants, fanning themselves with their broad ears,
their tiny eyes twinkling,
Lumberingly dance and stand on their gigantic
heads ;
Monkeys drest like jockeys gallop in races on superb
horses ;
Trained dogs show supercanine intelligence ;
Seals and cats fire off cannon and play musical
instruments.
The clown, clad in a dozen suits of ridiculous
clothing,
Proves that he is an acrobat in disguise ; he hangs
by one toe
And lifts three girls tenuously drest and with rose-
painted faces.

A fake policeman arrests a man in evening-clothes ;
It causes excitement turned into a laugh when the
“ swallow-tail ”

Slipping off and the tall silk hat tumbling,
Displays the absurd habiliments of a clown.
Peanut shells crack in every row ; the venders of
pink lemonade
Hawk their villainous mixture.

Reporters visit the circus between times and describe
graphically
The life led by the performers. They inspect the
kitchens,
They procure interesting stories from the Circassian
Queen in the side-show ;
She tells of her early life on the shores of Lake
Killarney
And how she happened to cast her fortunes with
“ the Aggregation.”
The dog-headed man is a wit ; he understands the
foibles of humanity.
The immense system of feeding and clothing and
paying the people,
Of setting up and taking down the tents, of trans-
porting them,
Of settling their disputes and difficulties, is made
clear.

The clown comes in; he has made the audience
laugh by his antics;
His face is infinitely sad; his wife is dying of
consumption;
What little he earns by making a fool of himself
goes for her comfort.
The slender équestrienne who rode the white
Arabian bareback,
Poising on one toe and leaping through the paper
hoop,
Is mother of three little children, and she loves
them.
All these myriad segments of life woven into the
reporters' story
Are read with a moment's amusement.

A new play is produced in an Indiana theatre.
The plot is outlined, its originality is praised;
A great run for it is predicted when it reaches the
metropolis.
The writer is a young girl, never before heard of;
Her fortune is made; stories about her career are
invented.
A disquisition on the American stage follows;
Its early origins are recalled;
Much is said about the great stock companies;

The star-system is unfavorably compared with them ;

The famous old Museum company is brought to mind—the courtliness of William Warren,

The staid gentility of Mrs. Vincent ;

Something about Joe Jefferson's hard struggles is mentioned ;

A story is told of his kindness, his wit ;

It is questioned whether we shall ever produce a Shakespeare ;

It is pointed out sapiently and with conviction

What a splendid contrast offers between the North and the South,

As personified in the haughty daughter of slave-holding Virginians,

Much wooed and at last won by the handsome gallant young wounded Yankee.

There is a romance for the New York heiress who has never beheld a bison

And the rough long-haired drawling broncho-buster,

Who can while galloping in a circle infallibly hit a "two-bit" piece

Flung into the air at forty rods' distance.

A whole world of romance and history is waiting for the drama!

All this comes over the copper wires, and a myriad things besides.

THE EDITORS DECIDE

THE news editor sits at his desk; he must decide
on the instant

What must be used, what thrown away.

A new theory is advanced by a famous scientist

Who claims to subvert all our notions of matter—

He must be interviewed and his notions submitted
to local authorities ;

A new source of radium is discovered

Which will make it cheaper than platinum ;

A new cure for cancer is announced by an
unknown doctor ;

A new flying machine is invented which will do
away with express-trains ;

A new record has been made by a newly-launched
turbine-steamship ;

An impecunious foreign prince or count arrives

Eager to find an American heiress

Ready to pay his debts in exchange for a title.

Thousands of strange, unaccountable, terrible,
humorous incidents,

All going to make up the history of our times,

Are swept into the drag-net by eager correspondents ;

Nothing escapes their hawk-like eyes ; some are
lies, some exaggerations.

The telegraphs reel out the dots and lines incessantly,

Instantly translated by quick hands and transcribed
on the yellow slips.

In the editor's sanctum all the great questions of
the day

Come into his jurisdiction and are food for comment.

The President makes a great speech at Provincetown

As he assists in laying the corner-stone of the

Pilgrim Monument,

Or as he travels down the great waterways from

Keokuk to Memphis

Enthusiastically advocating the use of this tremen-

dous means of intercommunication,

Or prophetically showing the benefits to be derived

When the Atlantic and Pacific shall be eternally

wedded.

Not a word that falls from his lips but is caught

And sent as on wings to be read by the people.

The editor weighs his utterances; if opposed trying

to pick flaws,

But if fair-minded or of the same party, praising

his views.

THE ENTRANCING GAME OF POLITICS

THE mighty game of politics, most entrancing of
all games,

Finds its reflection in every county and town.

The struggle to obtain control of the Primaries,
To secure the regular party papers for nomination,
The mysterious manipulations, the play of hidden
wires,
The sudden enforced retirement of some excellent
candidate,
The bombastical speech of some ward politician
Charged by a Good Government Association with
crooked dealings,
The appointment of a literary man as a foreign
ambassador,
The rumored retirement of a Cabinet Minister,
The journey of a high official to the Philippines
To soothe the perturbed spirits of the Tagalos
With promises of independence when they shall
have earned it ;
The outbreak of race-hatred in San Francisco,
The contemplated dispatch of a fleet of warships
to the Pacific,
The secret reasons for the failure of the Hague
Congress
To provide for a permanent Court of enforced
arbitration.
Ten thousand matters of state or national or city
moment
Absorb the best powers of the wide-cultured wise
editorial writers.

ADVERTISEMENTS MIRROR LIFE

THE counting-room sends up its classified advertisements.

All the complicated life of our age can be read in these columns, —

Chances for making a fortune; land for sale; new publications;

Coming and going of steamboats and trains;

Lectures and concerts and theatrical attractions;

Excursions; trips at startling reductions;

Chances to visit the Yosemite Valley, the Yellowstone Park,

To see the giant trees, the sequoia,

Even to the glacier-lined coasts of Alaska,

Or up the Great Lakes through the ore-charged
“Soo” canal,

Up to Duluth once half-ridiculed, now fully
recognized,

As the “Zenith city of the unsalted seas.”

Nothing that human mind can desire or devise

Fails to find publicity in the advertisement-column.

The linotypes click; the molten metal forms into
slugs;

The columns are swiftly built up and the forms
are sent to the press.

Then the mighty machine begins its wonderful
work ;

The rolled paper unwinds ; it receives its burden
of ink ;

It is cut and folded and counted and ready to bear
to the world

Joy and sorrow, amusement and information and
profit.

When the merchant or the scholar sits at his
table

Awaiting the maid to bring in the breakfast,

The morning paper, still damp, is placed at his
elbow,

Or as he rides in the train it whiles away the long
hour.

Then it is thrown aside like the shell of a nut —

Marvellous compend of knowledge — and sold for
a song.

Now it will kindle a kitchen fire or wrap up a
bundle,

So ephemeral and flimsy and yet such an engine
of power !

10—A SONG OF THE JOURNALISTS

Prestissimo

TREMENDOUS, immeasurable, unimaginable is
the power of the press ;
It controls, it incites, it evokes, it strikes, it
creates !
It works for ruin, for passion, for crime, for
righteousness ;
It decides the destinies of nations, like the Fates.
It mirrors the epoch we live in with accuracy
photographic ;
It multiplies the interest of existence a thousand
times ;
It traces the currents of migration, the sweep and
volume of traffic ;
It runs down the criminal and records his grue-
some crimes.
It fills men with prejudice and plays on their
meanest and lowest natures ;
It stirs them to the white heat of patriotism and
sacrifice ;
It sways the deliberations of weak and venal
legislatures ;
It generously bestows the most self-sacrificing
advice.

It laughs at things which ridicule only can do away
with ;

It smashes idols, frustrates bigotry, ventilates
superstitions ;

It tells the stranger what he can best fill his holiday
with ;

It points out the fraud of false Rembrandts,
Corots and Titians.

Weigh the influence of such a journalist as Greeley.

How much to him is due the wealth of the West.

All his magnanimity, his wisdom, granted freely,

Rousing in men the impulse to do their best.

Then the keen wit of Dana, clever and polished-
incisive,

Shrivelling shams with a touch as a bubble is
burst,

Killing an undeserved reputation with sarcasm
derisive ;

Sometimes damning the best as if 'twere the
worst.

Not soon will the world forget the perfervid English-
man Godkin,

Attacking the Scripture-intrenched institution
slavery,

Driving truth home as with the thrust of a merci-
less bodkin,
Standing on the side of the oppressed with
simple-hearted bravery.

Nor must we forget that benevolent-minded Phila-
delphian, Child,
Whose *Ledger* was for years the bulwark of
propriety,
Conservative as suited the Quaker City, trustworthy,
mild,
Giving a pattern of the journalism of sobriety.

There was that lofty-hearted Springfield Republican,
Bowles,
Provincial, but winning a far-spread reputation ;
Whose words of patriotic wisdom glowed like living
coals
To kindle public spirit throughout the nation.

Not by any means are all the editors of the old
school dead and gone.
Here is one quoted from ocean to ocean, with his
sane wit ;
Here another whose prophetic utterances even oppo-
nents con,
Finding sound sense and honest opinion in many
a hit.

There are dozens more whose names might deserve
to be mentioned,
Whose high efforts have created a reputable
journalism,
With vast energy for upbuilding, public-spirited,
pure-intentioned,
Stirring their readers to good citizenship and
patriotism.

Worthy of interest too as a part of life are the
new founders—
A capitalist editing his journal by cable from
Europe;
A wonderful Hebrew sprung from poverty, foremost
of the hounders
Of corruption and graft, with vast ideas and sure
hope.

Even Yellow Journalism has its high mission and
sane good side;
If it disseminates bane, its antidote is also
there.
The inch-tall scarehead letters too many times may
have lied,
But the editorial is medicine, high, wholesome
and fair.

On all the great questions these metropolitan journals
are found

Taking generally the side of the people, the
Democracy;

When safe currency is threatened their arguments
and lessons are sound;

They oppose crime and political rottenness and
plutocracy.

They are a part of our modern life; they take the
place of colleges

For millions of citizens; they give whatever is
wanted;

For their failures or mistakes let those that support
them make apologies;

Truth will prevail at the last, for Truth is
undaunted.

11—SONGS OF HOLIDAYS *Allegro giocoso*

SUNDAY

SOME would bring back the Puritan Sunday,

Call it the Sabbath as if we were Jews,

Make it illegal to laugh on that one day,

Force all the people to flock to the pews,

Saturday night put secular things aside,

Stop all the wheels of carriage and train.

Such narrow bigotry recklessly flings aside
 Much of three centuries' marvellous gain.

Read how the Puritans, gloomy and canting,
 Hounded gay Morton of Wollaston Height,
 Who Merrie England's good custom transplanting
 Fain had made May-day a festival rite.
 Music and dancing were works of the Devil,
 Acting a play was sin beyond cure ;
 Joy must not rise above Piety's level,
 Else would the Church of God never endure.

Spite of fanatics a sweet liberality
 Blooms from the tough-fibered old Pilgrim roots,
 Giving us freedom in place of formality,
 Promising richer and joyfuller fruits.
 Sunday men now as a holiday reckon
 When cheerful pleasures may lure to the fields:
 Mountain and beach and park and grove beckon ;
 Millions drink deep from the joy Nature yields.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Tempo di Yankee Doodle

THE Pilgrims who had never dreamt
 Of breaking their allegiance,
 Or thought that seas made them exempt
 From loyalty's obedience,

Kept dear old England in their prayers
And paid their taxes yearly,
Feared treason worse than wolves and bears
And loved their king sincerely.

But in their offspring there had sprung
The seeds of Independence,
Which grew in vigor as the young
Saw Liberty's resplendence
Spread like a sunrise o'er the land;
And so when George opprest them
They rose and took a mighty stand
And he could not arrest them.

He tried his best at Bunker Hill,
At Yorktown, Saratoga ;
And then the Rebels had their will
At Fort Ticonderoga.
For six years they had stoutly fought
With Washington to lead them ;
The war with loss and sorrow fraught
Had tried them, joined them, freed them.

Thirteen disjointed scattered States
Were welded in one nation.
By death and ruin God creates ;
Destruction brings salvation.

So on the Fourth of each July
We celebrate this wonder ;
From every schoolhouse banners fly,
The deep-voiced cannon thunder.

Bells ring and noisy squibs explode ;
We read the Declaration ;
The fervid bard declaims his ode,
Hearts swell with true elation.
At night the sky 's with rockets gay,
The crowd with rapture gazes ;
Hurrah for Independence Day,
When Patriotism blazes !

No wonder men whose ancestors
Fought for the Revolution,
That most legitimate of wars
That wrought our Constitution,
Are proud to claim that right of birth
As founders of the nation.
But let them prove their special worth
By special consecration.

Those who have lately crossed the main
Clasp hands with hearts united,
And swear the Union to maintain,
By those great deeds incited.

Give true democracy the chance
 Through work and education
 And who can measure the advance
 Toward Soul-emancipation?

The Civil War wrought costliest test
 Of theories and actions:
 The North and South, the East and West,
 Divided into factions
 We found could never stand alone;
 So discords are compounded.
 From *are* to *is* our name has grown
 Since July Fourth was founded.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

February 22, 1732

CALM, aloof, self-poised and serious,
 Awe-inspiring, stern, imperious,
 Draped in Legend's roseate mystery,
 On the Brocken-haze of History
 Looms, colossal, Washington.
 Muster names of heroes, sages,
 Kings and vikings from the pages
 Of the chronicles wisdom-treasured
 Who with him can e'er be measured?
 They are stars — he is the sun!

Brave, unwearied, self-forgetful,
 Risking fortune, unregretful,
 Royal crown and scepter spurning,
 For life's tranquil pleasures yearning
 Still he bore the patriot-part.

When the war-storm darkest lowered
 He refused to play the coward ;
 All serene, with trust unbroken,
 He accepted Freedom's token ;
 Faith sublime sustained his heart.

Since that day his hand has beckoned
 Freedom-hungry souls unreckoned.
 They have flocked across the ocean
 With a marvellous devotion

To ideals his name inspires.
 Some were serfs forlorn, forsaken ;
 In the new home they have taken
 Manhood's crown, the freeman's burden,
 And they share the priceless guerdon
 Won for all men by our sires.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Grave

February 12, 1809

AS back we look across the ages
 A few great figures meet the eye—
 Kings, prophets, warriors, poets, sages—
 Whose names and deeds will never die.

The rest are all forgotten, perished
Like trees in trackless forests vast,
But those whose memory men have cherished
Seem living still and have no past.

Not always of high race or royal
These messengers of God to men,
But lowly-born, true-hearted, loyal,
They wielded sword or brush or pen.

Such was our Lincoln, who forever
Is hailed as Freer of the Slave,
Whose lofty purpose and endeavor
New hope to hopeless bondsmen gave,

Gaunt, hewed as if from rugged boulders,
He bore a world of care and woe,
Which creased his brow and bent his shoulders,
And as a martyr laid him low.

And so we tell our sons his story,
We celebrate his humble birth,
And crown his deeds with all the glory
That men can offer on this earth.

Hail, Lincoln! As the swift years lengthen
Still more majestic grows thy fame ;
The ties that bind us to thee strengthen ;
Starlike-immortal shines thy name !

THE iron-muscled men of toil,
Who strive all day from morn till night
To force subsistence from the soil,
To keep the furnace-fires alight,
Who hammer brass or rivet steel,
Who bind the book or twist the rope,
Have in their breast the heart to feel
And cheer their lives with rosy hope.

They know that work ennobles man,
Though wealth be won by Fortune's stroke,
That Union was the master plan
Which high ambition first awoke
In downcast Labor's long distress
And gave the sluggish tongue a voice
Their cherished grievances to express
And offered boundless fields for choice.

And so to prove their new-won powers
They quit their work and think it play
To march through dusty streets for hours
On summer's final holiday.
Their banners bear their mottoes proud,
They hold their heads exultant-high ;
Their strides are long, their cheers are loud,
The lures of leisure they defy.

THE PILGRIMS

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Who grudges Labor what he's won?
His triumph is a land's increase!
'T is his to make it that the sun
Bring in the universal peace.
Oh may that power be wielded well;
May friendliness, good-will, content
All evil elements dispel
Throughout the western continent!

12—A SONG OF LIGHT

Vivace

THE TALLOW DIPS

WHEN first the Pilgrims came,
They burnt tallow dips,
Which held a pallid flame
Easy to eclipse.
Sometimes the housewives themselves
Skilfully moulded them
Four at a time or six,
Twisting the flimsy wicks
Easy to spin.
The melted lard enfolded them,
Cooling in the tin;
Then were they laid on shelves
Or set in candlesticks.
And as the wild wind sougled

THE PILGRIMS

And through the crevices puffed,
 The candles guttered
 And choked and sputtered,
 They had to be carefully snuffed.

THE GREEN BAYBERRY CANDLES

Now as I write
 Ogunquit's craggy shores,
 Where tempestuous Ocean pours
 His curling breakers
 Capt with foamy white,
 Are crimson-bright
 With splendid acres
 Of the bayberry's ripened leaves.
 In ancient days
 The Indians learned,
 Tradition says,
 To mould its natural wax
 On twisted flax,
 And, as it burned,
 When autumn eves
 Began to freeze
 And nights were dark
 Within their painted skin tepees
 They stood them up in bark —
 Pale, green, sweet-scented, tall,
 Of graceful pattern aboriginal.

So did our Pilgrims find
This aromatic wax, refined
(Or beeswax, when from hollows of old trees
They routed out the swarming bees
And took the honey's liquid gold),
Far sweeter than to mould
Or else laboriously to dip
The crude ill-smelling tallow.
In either case the flame upon the tip
Was feeble, faint and fallow.

NANTUCKET'S WEALTH IN OIL

BUT after the first ship
Came into Provincetown
With costly spoil
Of spermaceti and the viscous oil
Tried from the blubbered whales
That plowed the cold coast waters up and down
With powerful fluked tails,
The wealthier Pilgrims used tall lamps
Of curiously-hammered brass
Or quaint old-fashioned glass
To stand upon their tables or their stairway ramps.
In time Nantucket made
Most comfortable fortunes in the trade
Of sending home-built vessels to the far Pacific.

The merchant-laurels then acquired
 Shall never fade ;
 For all our coast-towns were prolific
 In men whose hearts with patriotic pride
 were fired.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

THE streets were long ill-lighted
 Or lighted not at all —
 A gloomy prospect to the traveller benighted
 Unless he saw the silvery moonbeams fall
 Making the midnight shadows small.
 But in due time there came
 That wonder-working innovation —
 The change of blackness into flame,
 The elemental disintegration
 Of black coal, as 't were Vulcan's hoard
 Beneath the Appalachian mountains stored
 For countless eons, since the tree-ferns tall,
 A Tropic jungle perishing
 Almost as speedily as grown
 And crushed by pressure of volcanic stone,
 Oft in its cleavage cherishing
 The fossil forms of frond or animal.
 Laboriously mined,
 With submontaneous aisles
 And corridors excavated miles on miles,

The coal consigned
 To cities near or distant
 By modern alchemy
 Is robbed of that invisible spirit thin,
 The vegetation's life persistent,
 Which is again set free
 Like Sheykh Abu-'l Muzaffar's ape —
 The Fire-created Jinn,
 And ready to begin
 Its further flight,
 Uprising in more evanescent shape,
 In self-existent
 Wondrous realms of light.

THE MINER'S LAMP EXPLODES

SOMETIMES the miners' carelessly
 unguarded lamps
 Ignite the dangerous damp
 And with a roar and shock
 The force explosive kills a hundred.
 Above, the wives and mothers flock
 About the mine's black entrance, stand
 All pale by one dread.

 A hero, taking life in hand,
 Unmoved by craven fears,
 Unshrinking volunteers

THE PILGRIMS

To make the perilous descent,
 And if 'tis possible to save
 Some gasping fellow-being pent
 Within that poisoned grave.

When riding through those smoke-soiled gorges
 Upon the swiftly-gliding train,
 You peer at midnight from the Pullman pane,
 You see the flaring flames, as if from Vulcan's forges,
 Of myriads of ovens where the sullen coke
 Gives forth its charge of fire and smoke,
 And brings to man a most prodigious gain.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COAL

OH, 'tis a marvellous land!
 Down in the ever-calorifying deeps
 Of Mother Earth's productive womb,
 Comprest and eager to expand,
 The black coal's spirit sleeps —
 Potential light wrapt in Tartarean gloom.
 A million years it has been there enchained
 As in the mystic jar
 The rebel Marid 'neath the sea remained
 Until the fisherman broke the seal
 And loosed him forth with fiery scimeter.

As in that Arab tale,
So here, the magic power regained,
The viewless gas, confined in tubes of steel,
Suffers its sacrificial doom,
And though its pent-up energy begins to fail
Each winter's night,
It has accomplished by its might
Unnumbered multiples of candle light ;
It has created heat
And wrought vast deeds like Sindbad's lamp-
compelled Afrî.

RIVERS OF PETROLEUM

WHAT rivers, too, of oil still rush
With mighty upward gush
Impelled by some imperious force,
Crude, heavy, dull, and coarse.
Along a thousand miles of pipe it foams
Till in the laboratory by the sea
By man's ingenious alchemy
Grown safe and kind,
Translucently-refined
It serves the gentler uses of mankind,
Spending itself to light a myriad homes
And heaping fortunes for the few
Who had the wisdom and who knew

Our Mother Nature's mystic clew,
 And took it as their appanage and share !
 Alas ! like water and the air
 The people should have claimed
 The sovereignty of this great power entamed.

THE LIGHTNING SUBJECTED

HOW little Franklin, science-famed,
 What time he played unwitting
 With that sky-darting and fire-spitting
 Strange lightning-snake
 Whose forked tongue above him redly flamed
 (As the infant Herakles with those that Hera sent)
 Dreamed that before two generations should be
 wholly spent
 This mighty brood of dragons,
 Whose will it seemed
 Impossible to break,
 Should be taught docilely to take
 The draught of heavy-laden wagons,
 Or bear their conquerors
 In flight as swift
 As tempest-charioted Thor's
 And be compelled to slave for human thrift,
 The burdens of a hurrying world to lift !

Should he behold Columbus' star-arched street
Or all the splendors of illumination
That nightly turn the dark to day
Along Manhattan's white arterial way,
The flashing, changing, dazzling signs that greet
The eye in every city of the nation,
And see the veriest child repeat
The master-marvel of Creation —
Jehovah's word "Let there be light" —
And by a swivelled button flood
A house with radiance pure and white
Like that which played around the izba of the Yaga-
ogress
To frighten off the little Russian maid,
Back from his heart would flow the startled blood.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

FROM tallow dip to lightning leashed to man's
desire
Measures the vastness of man's progress,
His strides toward enlightenment.
Lo! what the legend of the liberated Titan
meant —
Prometheus, bringer of the sacred Fire,
Once chained by will of timid Zeus
(A will made damnable by power's abuse),

Now freed by a will more splendid, higher,
Descends once more to give his life to human
use!

13—A SONG OF THE FLEET

Allegro cantabile

THOUGH we hope that the Epoch of Peace will
arrive

When no war may disturb the immense human
hive,

Yet can heart ever fail to beat fast with delight
When the fleet of the battleships breaks on the sight?

Those huge floating fortresses bristling with guns
That can hurl instant broadsides of tons upon tons
Of explosive steel shells with precision so swift
That not one fails the mark howe'er it may shift ;

Their white painted walls and their turrets that turn,
Their curved simple lines from beaked prow round
to stern,

Their invincible strength and their purpose make
plain

As they lie in their grace on the breast of the main.

The absolute discipline wielding their crews
And making each man a machine meant to use

Like the screws on the deck or the winches and
pawls
Is a gauge to assure when the country's voice calls.

When in splendid alignment the White Squadron
moves
Or anchors in port as the mission behooves,
And the cannon announce with their deafening roar
The official salute to the forts on the shore ;

When the ships are all drest in their flags gayly
strung
And the banner, star-sown, from the masthead is
flung ;
When the National Yacht, the new *Mayflower*, files
In majestic pride down the armor-safe aisles ;

When the decks with the gallant marines are full-
manned
In blue blouses, white ducks and with musket in
hand ;
When the twenty-one guns from each ship iterate
The respect of the Sea for the Head of the State—

Then indeed every patriot submits to the spell,
His eyes fill with tears, he feels his heart swell
At such engines of war, such defenders superb,
Alive and alert all aggression to curb.

Should a woman or man of American birth
Or a naturalized alien, wherever on earth,
Be opprest by a shah or borne off in a raid,
All the might of this fleet would be sent to his aid.

If through madness or malice the hand of a foe
Should aim at our country a desperate blow,
Not a man on those ships but would sacrifice life
And fire his last gun in the patriot strife.

Such a man was Paul Jones of The *Bonhomme*
Richard,
Who first bore our flag into waters afar,
Who urged the young Congress a navy to build
And perished in France with his hopes unfulfilled.

In our first war with England our fisherman ships
Compelled the "I yield" from the proud British
lips,
And the prowess of Perry on Erie's blue lake
Gave the new States the crown in the glory at stake.

There was Stephen Decatur whose deeds at Algiers
Filled the Barbary pirates with well-founded fears,
Who swept through the Mediterranean Sea
And made the Dey quake in his walled Tripoli.

We see Farragut lashed to the mast at Mobile
And watching the enemy stagger and reel ;
On leveed Mississippi great actions were fought
And at Hampton the *Monitor* miracles wrought.

For the sake of poor Cuba oppressed like a slave
Chastisement to Spain our battleships gave ;
Santiago beheld a titanic defeat ;
Manila was won by a dash of our fleet ;

And the *Oregon's* rush like an arrow of Fate
From the fog-shrouded capes of the far Golden
Gate
Round the tempest-beat Horn up to Jupiter bay
Told the world what a will in our proud navy
lay.

On the walls of the halls of the Temple of Fame
In letters of fire should flash many a name :
The great *Constellation* which less than an hour
Took in bringing *La Guerrière* into her power ;

The *Wasp* and the *Hornet* and *Old Ironsides*,
Which, restored and rebuilt, at her anchor still
rides ;
And the frigates and sloops and ships of the line
Which in full-rigged magnificence plowed the dark
brine.

Oh, would that the need of the navy might cease,
 That the Powers might unite in a grand League of
 Peace ;
 But the deeds that our Army and Navy have done
 Are gold in the web by History spun.

14—THE UNITY OF THE COUNTRY

Moderato

THE massive monument to crown the Cape
 Betwixt the ocean and the bay shall tower
 Emblem sublime of Faith's transcendent power.
 The passing ship, with alien crew agape,
 Shall mark with joy its lofty imposing shape ;
 Its presence shall commemorate Freedom's
 flower ;
 'T will stand serene in Tempest's darkest hour,
 While chilling fogs its granite apex drape.

The whole wide land its heritage shall claim
 In quaint old Provincetown's memorial shaft,
 Because from those first pioneers who came
 Virginia-seeking in that Pilgrim craft
 Millions have proudly borne the blood or name
 And from the generous fount of Freedom
 quaffed.

VIRGINIA ALSO

'T IS therefore no provincial celebration,
Nor would I sing alone New England's birth.
We honor equally Virginia's worth—
The brightest star in all the constellation,
Who twice through Duty's sacred consecration
Within a century endured the pangs of dearth.
Her statesmen ranked the princes of the earth
And made her primate leader of the nation.

For Washington and Jefferson and Lee
Were hers, and others in the halls of state
Famous to rule, shape policies, debate;
Through her Louisiana came in fee
And Oregon, washed by the sunset sea;
Through her alone our country had been great!

THE POETS

NEW ENGLAND had her poets by the score:
Bryant, the classic, cold and crystalline;
Holmes of the wit that sparkled clear like wine;
The delphic Emerson uttering wisdom's lore;
Quaint Whittier, who to Burns close kinship bore;
The well-loved Longfellow, whose jewels shine
With light serene; shrewd Lowell chaste and fine
And Aldrich working unalloyed rich ore.

The South may claim as hers that genius, Poe,
 Whose somber tales in France made earliest stir,
 And Simms, whose works with Southern color
 glow,
 And musical Lanier, whose numbers flow
 With haunting beauty — Nature's minister —
 And those that wrought the *Southern Messenger*.

ONE LAND IS OURS

AH! dear New England, where my sires were
 clanned,
 Thou art so small! Our country is so vast!
 While thou art dwelling on thy glorious past
 Lo! with new life thy scarce-known peers expand.
 The Muses seek the far Pacific strand;
 The population's center shifts so fast
 That soon 'twill face the Rockies' icy blast.
 Oh, what a wonderful inspiring land!

And 't is all one! The South and North with gore
 Once shed in combat fierce are now cemented;
 The Stars and Stripes shall float forevermore
 Above a people prosperous and contented;
 The same skies arch from ocean's shore to shore;
 The winds blow free with breath of roses scented.

ONE is the language, the hope, the prosperity.
If Boston is burnt to the ground, or Chicago,
If Charleston is ruined by earth-shock, San
Francisco

Razed from the earth by a double calamity,
Pennsylvania give herself up to her ravishers,
All of the land must suffer the consequence.

Virtue is needed, the grace of unselfishness,
Honesty, purity, truth, generosity.
Hew away prejudice, cultivate sympathy,
Mingle and try to understand perfectly;
West come to East and East travel westward,
South and North learn to cherish each other.

Visit the lakes and follow the rivers;
See and admire the wonders of Nature:
Caverns of Luray, Falls of Niagara,
Yellowstone Park, portentous Yosemite,
Cañons gnawed out by insatiate waters,
Cloud-piercing Redwoods and glaciers Alaskan,
Mesas of Idaho, snow-capt Sierras,
Rice-fields of Texas, mines of New Mexico,
Forests of Oregon, farms of Dakota,
New-settled ranches in far Oklohoma.

Talk with your fellow-men, come to have faith in
them,

Strive to be humble and modest and optimate ;
Then reaching home, wherever that home be,
You will rejoice that you are American.

15—COLUMBIA

Tempo di America

OH, glory-founded States !
Your Union firm-creates
An empire's power.
For those that seek your gates
A freedom-charter waits.
A world's new era dates
From that first hour.

Ore-wombed the mountains stand ;
Gold glitters in the sand ;
Stintless the soil ;
Wealth cloyes the lavish hand,
Lo ! how the towers expand !
Throughout the sea-walled land
Success crowns toil.

Columbia ! hail thy name !
Praise God the Pilgrims came
To found their State !

Sublime as rose their aim
Has grown their deathless fame ;
Their virtues' altar-flame
Has made us great.

Then must our sons enhance
The fair inheritance
That they shall find,
To wider views advance,
Enlighten ignorance,
Chasten all arrogance
And serve mankind.

16—THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

Con fuoco

WOVEN into the wonderful fabric we know as
our land
Numberless varying threads have come to the great
Weaver's hand.
All have their part in enlacing the pattern and
blending the hues ;
Infinite Wisdom alone has the knowledge the texture
to choose.
Richer because of the contrast, though Time shall
ripen and soften

Crude inharmonious warp and woof, shall unravel
and often
Seemingly start anew with a different, finer design,
So shall the vast web grow and serve for its purpose
divine.

Since we have drawn from the whole wide world
and made as our own
Millions of noble men who into our substance have
grown,
Surely then must we be forever at peace with the
world ;
Banners of war must not wave, the threat of
defiance not hurled !

All of the kingdoms of earth as one great sisterhood
stand ;
Good or evil for one affects the rest of the band.
Much as we love our country far more should our
deepest elation
Stir in the heart at the splendid dream of the
World's Federation —
Dream that is sure to come true, though it may not
dawn in our day.
Prejudice, slowly, and hatred and jealousy vanish
away.

More than a cycle of years elapsed ere our Mother
we pardoned ;
Bitterness rankled ; tradition of war held fast ; hearts
were hardened.
Now once more we are one ; in a splendid past
both have part,
Holding a mutual glory of letters and science and
art.
Chaucer is ours, and Shakespeare and all the bright
constellation
Throned in Elizabeth's sky—the cynosure of a
nation.

Shelley the bard of revolt and Keats the nightingale-
souled,
Wordsworth the Lakes' laureate and Byron the
demon-controlled,
Burns, Caledonia's joy, Carlyle the stern crabbed
teacher,
Gladstone the many-sided and grand, keen Newman
the preacher,
Arnold the lofty-lyred, FitzGerald, old Omar's high
priest,
Rousing the drowsy mind with the sceptic thought
of the East,
Landor the stately of style and Tennyson lord of
sweet song,

Browning the strong, are ours and all the planet-
bright throug
Marking Victoria's reign the noblest on History's
pages.

Ours, too, are all the great names of Europe's
goldenest ages —
Dante, Cervantes, Hugo, Groot, Goethe, Jokai,
Tolstoi —
Multitudes more whose words are a never-diminish-
ing joy.

All the world is one and all men are brothers in
heart,
Loving the same ideals, thrilled by the marvels of
art,
Worshipping all the same Father, though under a
different name,
Varying only in trifles, but all in essentials the
same.
Barrier-space and slow-crawling Time are conquered
by Science,
Steam and the wingèd Lightning have knit all the
realms in alliance ;
Loss of wealth in the West is felt in the marts of
the East ;

Freedom of travel and traffic has ever man's profit
increased ;
Famine, Pestilence, War, though confined to one
zone, threaten all ;
All of the nations prosper if one rise, droop if one
fall.

Let us be true to our home, to our town, to our
state, to our land,
Humble in all success, unspoiled by our heritage
grand,
Yet to the whole wide world extend the brotherly
hand !

17—EPILOG

Allegro penseroso

THE poem is ended :
Its song-wings weak
For flight so splendid
To earth descended
Surcease must seek.

Over centuries flying
To cull out days
For never-dying,
Amaranth-vying
Coronals of bays ;

THE PILGRIMS

To picture duly

 This continent,
States settled newly
(Miracles, truly!),
 Its vast extent;

To tell the story

 Of daily life,
Its beauty and glory,
The legends hoary,
 The conquest and strife;

To show the beginning

 And what it meant,
The vast web spinning,
The struggle and winning,
 The crucial event—

My song audacious

 This flight has essayed,
Over regions spacious,
Over landscapes gracious,
 Through light and shade.

It may hap Derision

 Will mock its attempt
To use prophet-vision,
To reach heights Elysian,
 From earth-weight exempt.

Alas, the endeavor
Was foredoomed to fail!
A poet may never
From self dissever.
Still hides the Grail!

The essay is ended:
Take only its best
As a tribute intended,
O my Land marvel-blended,
North, South, East, and West!

POEMS FOR PUBLIC OCCASIONS

THE FOUNDERS

ODE FOR OLD NEWBURY

I

HOWEVER far we roam

Our hearts are filled with longing for the home
Where all our old associations center :

The tiny village by the placid river,

The weather-beaten farmhouse on the hill
Which we can never enter

Without a joyous thrill,
Or think of now without an eyelid's quiver.

How dear those ne'er-forgotten places :
The room where first we saw the light,
The fireplace where each bitter winter's night
The great logs, blazing, brightened the fond faces
Of loved ones now forever vanished ;
The cheerful father who all trouble banished ;
The brave, unselfish mother, crowned with holy
graces,

Whose hand and thought ne'er rested
From care for those that 'neath her roof-tree
nested ;

The sisters and the brothers full of life
In eager emulation free from strife.

We seek the attic where on rainy days
 We used to find delight in simple plays
 Drest as actors drest
 In quaint garb of the long ago
 Dragged out from some deep cedarn chest :
 A revolutionary uniform that would make glow
 Keen military ardor in the young lad's breast ;
 A bridal costume of rich silk brocade
 To deck the merry little maid,
 Who—God be praised ! —should never know
 The heart-break it bore silent witness of—
 The ruptured wedding, the forgotten love !

There stood the well-carved spinning-wheel
 With twisted strands of flax
 Like maiden's hair.
 With what untiring zeal
 We spun it round ; how strong to bear
 Our manifold barbarian attacks !

Oh how the rafters echoed to our capers !
 What rumbly rocking-chairs we liked to drive !
 What joy to dive
 Deep into barrels with their musty papers,
 Ill-printed century-old almanacks
 With words of wisdom mingled with predictions—
 Poor Richard's proverbs, Thomas' racy fictions,

And yellow journals—yellow with old age,
With bits of history on each page.
And all the time the rain upon the roof
Would patter tinkling monotones for our behoof.

Or mindless of the downpour, older grown,
We found a pleasure tramping through the fields
Tracing the crystal brook. Those days have flown;
No modern trout-stream yields
Such specked beauties as we used to catch!
The fish and our young appetites were made to
match!

And shall we pass without a word
The low, unpainted schoolhouse? How absurd
That all the mighty river of our knowledge,
Swelled full by years at college,
Took its first rise within that tiny hall!
Yet we recall
That there we earliest heard
The royal accents of our English tongue—
Creation's hymn by Milton sung,
The scenic splendors Shakespeare wrought.
There were we taught
True pride in liberty to feel
For which our grandsires fought.

And so those seats, rough, hard, knife-hacked,
 Those narrow walls, that ceiling blacked,
 Seem like a sacred shrine
 Whence streams a glory national and divine
 That makes us kneel.

II

Ev'n as we to our childhood's home return,
 So come the scattered clans
 To visit the ancestral seat where burn
 The altar-fires of man's
 Unquenched devotion to his race,
 And ancient Newbury is such a sacred place.

Here in the early days, when danger lurked
 At every turn ;
 When bush or boulder ruthless worked
 Its fatal spell
 And tomahawk or flint-sharp arrow fell
 On pious Pilgrims unaware ;
 When every forest covert was the lair
 Of prowling wolf or sneaking bear,
 Along the pleasant reaches of this stream
 Where now, as then, the sunbeams love to gleam,
 And sweet reflections dream,
 Settled the sturdy Founders, men of mark,

Undaunted, howe'er dark
The storm might threaten, whate'er doom
Might strike them from its purple gloom.

God-serving Pilgrims, full of grave intent,
Accepting, solemn glad, their banishment
From England's unmaternal heart,
Here planted they the seed
From which should start
A mighty race to vanquish and to lead.
It were a welcome need
To ring out in strong lines each yeoman name
Of those high souls who hither came.

From them, by intermarriage, through long years
A thousand thousand woven ties,
The links of mingled destinies,
Cemented by the alchemy of tears
For common sorrows, common fears,
Bind us their children's children subtly clanned.

From all the cities of our splendid land,
From sleepy village and from upland farm
Drawn by a magic charm,
We come to shake the proffered hand
Of brotherhood.

Ah! It is good
 To pledge the friendship that shall hold
 Our hearts in union pure as gold.

We come to honor the departed,
 The great-hearted,
 The Founders whose low, mossgrown graves
 The quiet river laves.

Silent they lie ; but mayhap around us nōw
 Unseen, unheard, a solemn host they bow,
 Participating in these festal rites,
 Rejoicing in this day and its serene delights.

Hail to you, honored Dead,
 Who once with stately tread
 Passed these fair streets along!
 Ye little knew what strange
 Portentous mighty change
 Should work to make a pygmy grow into a giant
 godlike-strong!
 How from the feeble fringe
 Of white that scarce could tinge
 The vast, wide continent
 Should spread a nation grand
 To occupy the land
 In all the length and breadth of its magnificent
 unknown extent :

That all the tribes of earth
Should here obtain new birth
In liberty and peace ;
That wealth beyond compute
Should wax as waxed the fruit
On yonder fields in year to year's ten-million-fold
increase.

Hail to you, honored Sires !
A hymn of praise to you shall rise,
Accompanied by a thousand tuneful lyres,
To you the Faithful, you the Pious, you the Good
and Wise !

NIAGARA

ODE

For the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of De Veaux College

MUCH water has flowed down yon haunted chasm,
Bright-green, wave-capt with foam
Of rainbow-glittering white,
Wild, frenzied, boulder-gored,
Uttering deep cries from each fierce spasm,
And dashing onward day and night
Toward its compelling ocean-home;
Much water our Niagara has poured
Down this vast chasm, from lake to lake,
Since fifty years ago
When public-spirited De Veaux
This lofty college founded,
By ample fields surrounded,
To stand a monument for pious Learning's sake.

Through its wide halls each year have rushed,
Their youthful mad exuberance not wholly hushed,
An ever-gathering horde
Of eager youths with hearts and minds awake.
'T is like a river widening as it flows,
A river of beneficent influence

Whose full extent undying and immense
No mortal man or even angel knows.

We who were once a part of it,
And nourished in the quickening heart of it,
We realize with mingled feelings
The beauty and the splendor
Of its tremendous incomplete revealings,
And lively thanks we render.

The early were the great days of De Veaux,
For not as yet the narrowing hand of Fate
Had moved the stern conservative judges of the
State

To say: "Thus far, no farther shall ye go!"

Then from all regions of our land
Came students, not because the course was free,
But more because they could command
That balanced training of the mind, the heart,
the hand,

Which gives men o'er themselves the empery.

Here then we gathered in those ample halls ;

Here on the campus met for martial drill
That makes men ready when the trumpet calls
Their country's ultimate mandate to fulfil.

There in the parlor did Mieczyslaw Lasko teach
The waltz and polka to the awkward squad ;
I hear his " *Bend-two-three,*" his broken speech ;

I see his figure dignified but odd.
 A thousand scenes diversified arise
 Before my vision when I shut my eyes :
 Those maples which stood drest in vivid dyes
 Adown the fair domain
 When first I drove
 Along the level plain
 And saw thy splendid grove,
 Thy stone-built mansion, O De Veaux,
 That not-to-be-forgotten cool September day,
 Now three-and-thirty years ago—
 How are they amplified or past away !

I see the Whirlpool and the winding path
 That led down to it through the cool and hush ;
 Its weird uncanny aspect as if Nature's wrath
 Restrained yet manifest were in the rush
 Of heaving waters trying to escape
 Yet ever whirling round the curve and cape.
 No boat, no swimmer ever dared to trust
 Those treacherous boiling vortices
 Where oft the watcher sees
 The tortured trunks of forest-trees
 Suddenly and violently thrust
 Forth from the surface as by hidden Powers
 Or drawn end-downward with a quivering,
 A shuddering, a shivering

To disappear for hours
 And then, all stript of bark,
 As if by teeth that gnashed
 By cruel jaws that clashed
 Of monsters quarrelling in the slime and dark,
 Rise far below
 Where gleam thy tranquil miles, Ontario!

 Once I remember—
 'T was in the drear November —
 The rough escarpment of the cliffs
 With all its bushes, trees and vines
 Leafless, or hung with dry leaves faded
 By sudden conflagration was invaded.
 'T was night! How strange the red light shines
 Upon the Whirlpool in its mystery surprised.
 One would have thought that hippogriffs
 Were riding, or red Indians disguised
 In paint and feathers, through the blazing pines.
 Then as the wind-swept fire increased and
 spread,
 Its widening ruins lurid red
 Seemed like a city with its towers and shrines
 Bright-lighted for some festival of the dead.

What of the Falls? No visitor e'er could know it,
 Though painter, Nature-seer or poet,
 As we knew all its miracles of glory.

We saw it in manacles of ice enchained,
 Its prison-house sustained
 By glittering columns vast and hoary.
 How many times we safely crost
 That tumbled floe made rough by force and frost;
 Stood underneath where every whirling drop that
 fell

Changed into diamonds Genie-tost
 To build a citadel

Of crystal for a winter's moon!
 We saw the moon-bow floating in the mist
 That rises like pale incense night and noon,
 A hovering halo of dim colors — amethyst
 And pink and dying green —
 As in a vision seen.

How have they changed and chained thee,
 Niagara, king of cataracts!

Oh, could no laws or pacts
 Keep thee from sordid traffic? Men profaned
 thee

When thou wert bent to labor day and night,
 Compelled to fashion fire and light,
 To build and draw and forge by thy eternal might.

Yet naught can spoil thy majesty!
 Methinks I stand again upon that lofty hight
 Wherefrom the gaze drops to thy morrised flood

Where tender emerald green and creamy white
In changeless changing pattern mingle ;
I hear the enormous plunge and thud
Of desperate waters striving to be free ;
The ear is full of jargons and the jingles
Of silver chains, of oceanic roars
Where the unconquered Horseshoe pours
Its prodigal largess from the Great Lakes' boundless
stores.

Once more I fain would see
That beautiful landscape where thy seat,
Benign De Veaux, is fortunately placed.
Once more how gladly would I now repeat
Dear memories not-to-be-effaced
And stand with old friends in the sacred shades
And wander down the grassy glades
And lift mine eyes where wonder never fades
Up to the eddying vapor-column
That rises exquisite and solemn
Above the mighty caldron of Niagara's cascades.
But nay !
My wandering feet
Are led by Destiny another way.
I send my Spirit forth to greet
Old friends, old scholars. I must stay
And only voice the memories of a vanished day.

THE FLETCHER CLAN

HURRAH for the Fletcher Clan !

The original makers of arrows,
And for Robert from whom we began,
For there's always a very first man
To whom one's ancestry narrows.

The Fletchers were heroes of war
In the days of dim tradition,
Caring naught whom their arrows were for,
And they probably worshipped Thor
As they stoutly fulfilled their mission.

But the Robert who came to this land
Was a peaceful and pious old Pilgrim,
And he was one of the band
By whom fair Concord was planned
When the primitive forests were still grim.

I wonder what kind of a fellow
This ultra-great-grandsire of ours was :
If his hair was black or corn-yellow,
If his temper was rigid or mellow
And what the trend of his powers was.

He probably liked to discuss
On politics, morals, theology ;
For I have discovered in us
A similar habit which thus
Requires no special apology.

He may have been obstinate also
(Sometimes an excellent quality ;
Persistency men always call so).
Men rise, as likewise they fall so ;
I hope he knew something of jollity.

He was honest like all that community,
Paid every note at maturity,
Loved justice, found comfort in unity,
Made the most of each opportunity
And believed in virtue and purity.

He must have been handsome and dignified,
Was fond of fair ladies' society,
His heart being easily ignifed ;
Good traits that are frequently signified
In many of us—with propriety.

I wonder, too, what his wife was,
And how he wooed her and won her,
And what their habit of life was
(In Concord of course there no strife was !)
Her tongue perchance was a runner.

How proud they would feel to be here now
 And witness this wondrous assembly.
 Oh, Robert and — Susan ? — appear now,
 Come and share in our festival cheer now.
 I reckon your limbs would be trembly!

To think of the wise and the witty,
 The rich and the grand and the famous,
 From hamlet, farm, village and city,
 Men elegant, ladies, yes, pretty,
 John, Stoughton, Jane, William, Ruth, Amos!

It is a most marvellous story :
 One pair's branching out in descendants,
 The weaving a name in a glory,
 Going back to antiquity hoary
 And dazzling with complex resplendence.

And so, Father Robert, we're proud of you,
 A worthy old sire to look back to,
 And proud of the whole worthy crowd of you,
 Who trafficked, who preached and who plowed
 of you,
 For whatever you did you'd the knack to.

Even we who bear strange appellations
 Claim the tie by consanguinity ;

Our mothers make us 'relations
And we take our relative stations
By love and blood and affinity.

So hurrah for the Fletcher Clan !
May it ever prosper and flourish,
May it lead in humanity's van,
Accomplishing all that men can
A noble nation to nourish !

ODE

FOR THE 265TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANCIENT AND
HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON

ON the rosary of Time
Golden years are hung.
Each one marks some deed sublime
Worthy to be sung
Through the coming ages,
Writ in flame on History's pages.

Back we look with glowing pride
To the noble days
When young heroes fought and died,
Not for fame or praise,
But that Freedom's glory
Might star-crown our country's story.

Men of peace for war prepared,
Did our Fathers gain
By the strife wherein they shared
Honor without stain,
Left a nation founded
On a liberty unbounded.

Former foes are hearty friends ;
War's red flag is furled ;

Culture's grand harmonious ends
Seek we round the world,
In a peace-league banded,
Carrying blessings, generous-handed.

Now we have a splendid task,
Empires we must build.
When poor hungry peoples ask,
Hoping to be filled,
It must be our pleasure
To relieve them from our treasure.

We must make the wilderness
Blossom like the rose,
By sweet waters' soft caress
Brought from marble snows,
Melting into fountains
Mid the far-off cloud-capt mountains.

We must make the two great seas
One forevermore,
So that Commerce may with ease
All her riches pour
For the world's advancement,
For all progress and enhancement.

Now let peace her triumphs show,
Civic virtues spread,
Broader public spirit grow,

Lofty words be said,
Honor's pure devotion
Find new field on land and ocean.

Gold that once was set apart
For the waste of strife
Shall create a higher art
For the joy of life,
So that every nation
Shall awake with exultation.

'Tis a wondrous age we face,
We must lead the van!
Saxon, Teuton, Slavic race,
For the good of man,
Eagle-eyed and lion-hearted,
Guard the empire God has started.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

WHEN other lands are parched and dry
Old Erin smiles in vivid green,
And soft and dreamy is the sky
That arches o'er the lovely scene.

'Tis Blarney O, Killarney O
In lower land and higher land,
And here's to good Saint Patrick
Who loved the folks of Ireland!

In other lands roam beasts of prey,
With claws and jaws that pierce and rend;
But Erin has her goats that play,
And every creature is a friend.

'Tis Finnegan and Minnegan
In lower land and higher land,
And here preached kind Saint Patrick
Who drove the beasts from Ireland.

In India crawl great poisonous snakes
That make no bones of eating "nigs,"
But Erin with her wakes and lakes
Has nothing worse than juicy pigs.

'T was Patrick O did that trick O
In wetter land and drier land ;
He was the man that did the job—
He drove the snakes from Ireland !

So let Saint Patrick's name be sung
Where'er an Irish voice is found,
By man or woman old or young,
Who loves the dear old Irish ground.
Though far we wander our hearts grow fonder,
In farther land or nigher land,
Of generous kind Saint Patrick O
Who did all this for Ireland.

“DON QUIXOTE”

MDGV—MDGDV

An Impromptu

POOR Don Quixote's wits were sadly jangled !
(Atravesado is Cervantes' word —
“Mixt fat and lean ” the term is disentangled)
And so his deeds have seemed to men absurd.

They played all sorts of scurvy tricks to grieve him ;
They made his nose bleed and they blacked his
eyes ;
Wise men and fools united to deceive him,
And Nature too conspired to tell him lies.

Three hundred years have passed and still the
gambols
Of that mad Knight and his reluctant Squire
Convulse us. Rozinante gayly ambles
And Dapple charges with undying fire.

We see the Giants with their weapons levelled ;
We see the wine-blood gushing from the skins ;
We watch Dulcinea shamelessly bedevilled ;
We hear the yarn the passing traveller spins.

We rule with Sancho his immortal Island
 (We 'd like his like sometime for President !);
We quote his proverbs; at his wit we smile and
 Laugh at his folly with such wisdom blent.

'Tis a great book, Cervantes, though you wrote it
 In such grim poverty in Sixteen Five.
A masterpiece of Art we gladly vote it,
 And we would crown you if you were alive.

FOR A SILVER WEDDING

THE Gardens of the Hesperides,
Beyond the ocean stream,
Were rich with rare and radiant trees
And flowers whereof men dream.

There, in the midst, a tree of gold
With golden fruit gleamed bright,
Round which a dragon, fold on fold,
Kept guard both day and night.

Great Herakles slew that dragon-guard
And robbed the golden boughs,
And full of joy and fortune-starred
Returned to home and spouse.

He gave to man the royal fruit
That grows in sunny climes;
Its fragrant blossoms we salute
In epithalamial rimes.

Around the bride's unclouded brow
The orange-wreath we twine
And drink her health, as low we bow,
In sacramental wine.

So for the love of heart and soul
Held pure mid smiles and tears,
While suns their checkered cycles roll
Through five and twenty years,

The silver tokens shining bright
Regale the nuptial feast
Like marriage-torches kept alight
By Hymen's faithful priest.

FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING

ACROSS the upward-sloping vale of years,
Narrow for most, for you, dear friends, how wide,

Where suns have poured their golden tide,
Though sometimes, also, fell the rain of tears —
Across the valley you have come and stand
On Pisgah heights where still the sunshine lies,

And calm and steadfast cast your eyes
Along the path that led you through the land.

'Tis half a century since the jocund day
When first you clasped your hands as man and wife

And mid the joys and griefs of life,
Your feet have trod the self-same honored way
The way was often long and hard and steep,
The burden often wearisome and sore,

But faithfully its weight you bore
With mutual comfort and affection deep.

Still, for the most part, pleasant was the vale,
With peaceful waters shaded from the heat,

Congenial friends for converse sweet,
And blessings hidden e'en when joy might fail.

Children and children's children call you blest,
Three generations look into your face,
 Respect and honor shed their grace
As on you journey toward life's wondrous west.

And now around you in a happy throng
Gather your friends and kin from every side
 To offer joy to groom and bride,
To celebrate the day with feast and song.
My verses only voice the wish of all :
God grant your lives be opulent and long,
 Stout hearts be yours, faith firm, hands strong,
Though Winter follow on the changing Fall !

KING'S CHAPEL

ON the brink of the swirling tide of the street
Where traffic and pleasure and poverty meet,
And never is silent the echo of feet,

There stands an old chapel of blackened stone
With a solemn stateliness all its own.
Ah, what a drama of life it has known !

The ancient grounds are filled with the dead
Who once passed by with hurrying tread
And saw the same sky arch overhead.

The gravestones are dark and mossed with age
Where they mark the rest of maiden and sage —
Of those that have turned Life's final page.

They soundly sleep who are laid away
From the glamor and glare of pitiless day.
Ah, would we were all as wise as they !

In the solemn chapel one hears from afar
The tramp of feet and the wagon's jar
And the whir and rumble of van and car.

Subdued like the roar of a distant sea,
Those earthly sounds come murmurously
To the worshipper there on bended knee.

The old square family-pews are filled
With a throng of spirits rapt and stilled,
As if by the same expectance thrilled.

Suddenly through the twilight — hark !
Rises a melody winged like a lark
And circles around in the throbbing dark.

The voices of angels seem to descend
To meet that bird-like carol and blend.
Would that its rapture might never end !

Out from the shadowy organ-loft,
Now loud and clear, now sweet and soft,
Oft like a hymn, like a choral oft,

Are borne the tones that thrill the heart,
Where the solemn darkness keeps apart
Man and the world ; and the warm tears start.

Holy the chapel old and gray
To those that seek its shrine by day ;
'Tis a sacred spot where to kneel and pray,

But still more solemn its shrine by night,
When through the windows gleams the light
Of the winter moonbeams cold and white.

Oh, bid each earthly thought be subdued,
Bow down in worshipful attitude,
Let the deep, mysterious awe be renewed !

And then come away from that chapel old
With freshened strength and heart consoled
And courage to meet what the future may hold.

PROLOG FOR A NEW THEATER

IF from their Paradise in starry spaces
Where with their friends, the Muses and the Graces,
Our Gentle Will and Rare Ben blissful dwell,
We might compel them by a potent spell,
'Gainst which in spite of thought-devouring distance
No spirit could assert his will's resistance,
To leave those haunts and visit earth again
And mingle with the hosts of mortal men,
Where think you their bewildered steps would
wander,
On what strange scenes would first their memories
ponder?
What wild expression of intense surprise
Would quick-dilate their long oblivious eyes
At seeing London city's boundless bounty
Spread splendid over more than half a county?

But where's the "Globe" and where that narrow
stage
Which yet contained the glory of an age?
And where's the "Mermaid," where that jolly
tavern
Too full of light to be misnamed "a cavern"?
All, all the ancient landmarks are destroyed;

The very fulness seems to make a void.
 But through their hearts might run a tender quiver :
 It is the Thames, it is the dear old river !

Yet that is changed ; its crystal stream is plowed
 By puffing steamboats and a motley crowd
 Of monstrous buildings dress the stone embank-
 ment,
 Once smiling meadows for the eyes of rank meant.

But while the charms of London could not pall,
 A mightier wonder would their hearts enthrall :
 A distant land beyond the boundless ocean
 Would stir them to a new and sweet emotion —
 A land once settled by bright Pleasure's foes,
 By Puritans in whose veins the thin blood froze.
 Here is the El Dorado of the actor ;
 The Stage is still Reform's most potent factor,
 And Shakespeare's plays retain their pristine
 power
 To sway Imagination for an hour.

Hither they come, those visitants from far lands,
 Decked with bright asphodel for living garlands,
 And by our spell's coercion seek the town
 Whereof the golden dome's the glittering crown.
 And hastening to the great theatric center,
 The brightly-lighted palace playhouse enter.

Here they will pause to see how art of man
 Had skill to decorate, had power to plan,
 The purest taste combined with blazoned splendor,
 The rich and bright, the contrast soft and tender ;
 Each panelled wall, each ceiling archèd high,
 Where all the colors satisfy the eye ;
 The gilded lobbies with their decorations,
 The softened lights with myriad scintillations,
 And then the auditorium's lofty grace,
 Where every comfort finds its fitting place ;
 And last the stage, behind the picture-curtain
 Eager to rise, to win its victory certain.

Shakespeare should speak a prolog for this night ;
 Jonson should follow to our keen delight.
 What would they say ? What utterance immortal
 To stir the theater to its utmost portal ?
 To praise the enterprise, to place the crown
 Upon this benefaction of the town ;
 To lift the voice against Art's prostitution,
 To ask a home for highest Elocution
 That stirs in Tragedy the seeds of worth,
 In Comedy awakens harmless mirth ;
 That sends its darts of satire through the vitals
 Of Vice audacious, making just requitals ;
 That punctures shams and castigates the Age ;
 For it is the mission of the honest Stage

To teach, chastise, amuse, and banish sadness.
Here is the home for such a Muse of gladness!

We cannot summon Shakespeare from the skies,
Nor any of the vanished Great and Wise,
But here's a promise in our first fulfilment:
Our wish to do has done what our best will meant,
And now our house a welcome warm extends
To our kind patrons, to our generous friends.

THE THREE PALACES

A Poem Symphony

I

THE PALACE OF PLEASURE

Allegro grazioso

WE have read in legends of old
Of palaces built in a night,
With walls of glittering gold
And roofs of crystalline light,
With stores of treasures untold
Collected from deep and from hight.

At sunset the site is a waste
Of tangled unfructified ground,
By fens and quagmires defaced,
Where reptiles and serpents abound —
A paradise spoiled and debased;
No rose sheds its fragrance around.

At midnight assemble the powers —
The gnomes and the jinns from the earth,
The fairies that lurk in the flowers
The Titans the forgers of worth,
The weavers of magical bowers —
To build the beautiful birth.

In silent and cheerful array,
In orderly cohort and line,
The workers their master obey
By his will, without order or sign ;
The wizard exhibits the way
With wisdom and foresight divine.

The briars and brambles are banned ;
The marsh is transformed to a lake ;
Tall trees on the avenues stand ;
Bright fountains in jewel-stars break ;
A new Eden blooms in the land
Ere the birds to the sunrise awake.

Foundations of marble are laid ;
Like visions arise the fair walls ;
Silken tapestries fine are displayed ;
Tall mirrors show gem-adorned halls ;
The chambers richly-arrayed
Are thronged with obedient thralls.

And so when the magical car
Brings home the prince and his bride,
There 's nothing unlovely to mar
Their welcome as onward they ride,
And music swells, echoing far,
And banners and pennants float wide.

The Palace of Pleasure is done!
 In a night it is built. In the day
 It will vie with the might of the sun;
 In an hour it may vanish away.
 So joy like a cobweb is spun;
 As the genii build so they slay.

II

THE PALACE OF LEARNING

Andante maestoso

ONCE more with Fancy's mystic eyes
 We see a palace fair arise.
 Its vast cyclopean groundwork tells
 Of eons' work, not magic spells.
 Roll back the curtain and its plan
 Is seen to be as old as man.

On Asia's plain it was begun
 By Magians, children of the sun,
 When o'er the skies serenely arched
 The hosts of stars at midnight marched.
 They built the towers, they toiled by night,
 Men gifted with an inner sight.
 They knew the powers of numbers then;
 They cast the horoscopes of men.

Beside the flood of turbid Nile
The priests of Isis spread the pile
And in the dusky inner rooms
Worked hieroglyphics for their tombs.
In curious lines, in solemn scrolls,
They traced the mystery of souls.

Their names are lost, but what they wrought
Is kept in treasuries of thought.
In Palestine a thousand years
Saw swift succession of holy seers
From him who, filled with speechless awe,
Wrote down the thunders of the Law
On tables of enduring stone
To him who sat on Salem's throne
And sang the wonders of God's grace
With rapture on his beauteous face ;
From those who coming woes foretold
To him who saw the heavens unrolled ;
They too helped build the palace vast
Whose every stone was set to last.

And Hellas, as the ages went,
Her long procession proudly sent
To hew the column, carve the frieze,
To stablish new philosophies,
To sing of Ilion's fateful strife,
To write high tragedies of life.

What list of grander names is found
With Time's eternal triumph crowned,
Each art her representative
To hold as long as nations live ?
Here Sappho showed that woman's power
Might add to Poesy's shining dower ;
Here Plato with his master mind
Gave new ideals to mankind ;
Here Aristotle touched the keys
Of all the human sciences.
A hundred names illumine the walls
Of those undying classic halls,
Each giving to the mighty whole
The value of a human soul.

And so we pass from land to land,
Each age, to find its noblest band
Still building up that edifice
Whose culmination lies in this.
Nor need we blush for that good band
Who took the torch in our own land :
Our Hawthorne, flowering like a rose
Amid New England's rocks and snows ;
And Irving with his fancy fine,
And Bryant, bard of sturdy line ;
Our Franklin with his golden sense ;
Our Webster's stirring eloquence ;

Our Lincoln, saviour of the slave,
And scores of others true and brave.

This palace, whose foundations stand
Upon the peers of every land,
Is filled with gems of every kind
Which human intellect has mined.
'Tis truly called the House of Knowledge
Whose every window is a college.
And into it all sons of earth
May enter if they prove their worth.

III

SCHERZO

Allegro cantabile

COSTLY was the House of Pleasure,
Though it vanished swift away.
What was left of all the treasure
That within its chambers lay?
And the labor who may measure,
Though 't was done by gnome and fay?

Years of practice make musicians,
Though their music last an hour ;
And the mightiest magicians,
Who can form from clay a flower,
Take from life the stern conditions
That transmute their secret power.

We who call ourselves enlightened
And enjoy the fruits of Time
Prize too humbly what has brightened
Life amid this century's prime,
Else its value would be hightened
To an estimate sublime.

Not so long ago our Science
Held that sun and stars revolved
Round the earth, whose vast defiance
Kept attraction's forces solved,
Though for basis her reliance
A huge tortoise' back involved.

Not so long ago the leeches
Bled for every human ill ;
Men who uttered liberal speeches
On the fire were forced to grill ;
For a fierce law's slightest breaches
Scaffolds frowned on every hill.

Now the very boor is polished
And we sit with Turk and Hun ;
Yet is caste not quite demolished,
Nor Millennium begun ;
Serfdom is not all abolished,
Freedom is not wholly won.

Grand the House of Knowledge rises,
 Yet it has unfinished halls,
 Still has medieval guises
 Where the light of learning palls ;
 Yet it offers boundless prizes
 In its decorated halls.

IV

THE PALACE OF CHARACTER *Finale : presto*

BEAUTIFUL type of the Palace of Knowledge,
 Here is a building that fills with amaze.
 Perfect in structure, a triumph of sciences,
 Worthy to last till the crowning of days.
 Yet it were wasted with all its appliances,
 Were there not built in each diligent youth—
 Type of the school—a palace of character
 Grounded in purity, founded in truth.
 Foolish is learning, vain are the ologies,
 Empty the promise if culture is all.
 Men we must have, not empty apologies,
 Loud ringeth out Humanity's call !
 Modesty, temperance, virtue, unselfishness—
 These are the marbles to build in the wall.
 Noble, true-hearted, gallant and loyal,
 Decked with the spoils of ages gone by.
 Come forth, ye kings of men, genuine-royal,
 Rulers whose glory never shall die !

MUSIC

A SONG OF FELLOWSHIP

Ode for the Pierian Sodality of Harvard University

1808-1908

I

“THE WIND IS A LUSTY FELLOW”

THE Wind is a lusty fellow,
And his lungs are full of song;
Round the roof he loves to bellow
Defiance fierce and strong.
His harp is the somber forest
Of its emerald foliage bare,
And he smites the strings and
recklessly sings,
This minstrel of the air.

And a love-lay he can gently
Breathe out to the sighing reeds,
While the lilies listen intently
And the passionate white swan heeds.
He can kiss the crimson petals
Of the fiery-hearted rose
And scarcely stir the gossamer
Which under the sunbeam glows.

If a man be sad and lonely

 He will hear in the wail of the wind
Heart-breaking dirges only

 And regrets of a soul unresigned.

Or if he be wild and daring

 He will shout to the Wind on the hill
And challenge the Fates unsparing

 To conquer his desperate will.

A king once over his palace

 The chords of a great harp strung,
And he drained to his Love a chalice
 As the Wind its melody sung.

'T was a wild æolian music,

 And it swelled and rose and fell
As the woe and the mirth of the
 children of earth

Were twined in its masterful spell.

The Wind is as old as the mountains,

 And over the world he roams ;

He drinks fresh life at the fountains

 Where the storm-clouds have their
 homes.

Oh he is a lusty fellow,

 With his old heart fired with youth,
And as he leaps down mountain-steeps
 He's the Spirit of Joy, in sooth !

II

SYRINX AND HORN

FROM the Wind clever Hermes learned
To discourse on the mated reeds,
And the hearts of the Olympians burned
As they yearned
For sweet love or the passion of deeds.

On the syrinx the shepherds played
As they rested at noon with their sheep
Underneath the plane-tree's shade
In the glade
Mid the mountain-silences deep.

And the Wind as he shepherded
The unresting flocks of the sky
Tost them tunes from far overhead
As he sped
And they learned from him rivalry.

Then a youth took the twisted horn
Which a ram had lost as he fought,
And the blast that he blew on that morn
Rang to warn
Of the prowling wolf that they sought.

And 't was blown for a battle-call
 When the shepherds went forth to fight,
 And it shook the trophy-hung hall
 To appall
 The tyrant's insolent might.

And the Wind as he hastened past
 Laughed with glee, for his was the breath
 In the small as well as the vast
 Trumpet-blast
 Waking Life or summoning Death.

III

HORNS AND DRUMS AND STRINGS

THE syrinx, the flute and the horn,
 The trumpet, the flageolet,
 The mellow clarionet
 And the sylvan hautboy were born
 Of the Wind in the ancient days,
 And the tortoise gave his shell
 That the tight strings chorded well
 Might thrum to Homeric lays.

The voluptuous nightingale
 Taught heart-thrilling melody
 As he trilled by the violet sea
 In the rose-scented Asian vale.

And the rain-bird's rhythmic tap
 On the hollow olive-tree stump
 Gave birth to the drum with its thump
 Like the rumbling thunder-clap.

And out of these Nature-sounds
 In the slow evolution of Time
 Grew Harmony's complicate chime
 And its freedom in law-defined bounds.
 The orchestra grouped on the stage
 With its brass and wood-wind and strings,
 Its precision which discipline brings,
 Traces back to a primitive age.

IV

“MUSIC ALL DELIGHT EXPRESSES”

MUSIC all delight expresses,
 Lifts to utmost height of pleasure;
 When the glad heart effervesces,
 Makes the gay feet dance in measure.

When the pulse of love beats hotly,
 And the moon of bliss is rising,
 Music clad in silk or motley
 Sings the joy there's no disguising.

When a victory stirs a nation,
And the towns are mad with glory,
Music voices exultation,
Song immortalizes story.

When a festival enraptures
With its histrionic splendor,
Then all spirits music captures
With her pæans wild or tender.

V

ASSUAGER OF SORROWS

AND when the Death-fate stern and tragic
Astounds men with a vast disaster,
Then Music with her balmy magic
The desolate hearts of men can master.

Her strains sublime in measures solemn
Of organ-pompous funeral-marches
Entwine the minster's loftiest column
And echo down the vaulted arches.

She sings the requiem of departed
Heroic souls their country cherished ;
She brings hope to the broken-hearted,
Restores ideals that had perished.

The gamut of all human passions
 Her power divine controls and covers ;
 She sways, inspires, consoles, melts, fashions,
 Fires warriors, poets, artists, lovers.

VI

MUSIC LADY OF FELLOWSHIP

BUT Music also is ready for frolicking ;
 She can descend from her height sublime,
 She likes clinking of glasses and rollicking,
 Revelling, dancing in rowdy time.

Banjo and zither and songs uproarious,
 Twanging of mandolins, guitars,
 All good-fellowship fine and glorious
 In the tavern or under the stars.

She in the students' haunts hilarious
 Leads the chorus in gay refrains,
 Bangs the piano with fervor vicarious
 And helps to rattle the window-panes.

Winds may be northerly, winds may be southerly,
 Music cares not how the winds may blow,
 So be the hearts that beat true-brotherly,
 So be the eyes with affection aglow .

Hail, Music, Lady of Springs Pierian,
Hail the mistress we all adore
Long as the sun, the bright Hyperion,
Shines in the sky, and forevermore.

NOTES

Page ix

RICHARD DOLE, the only person of the name who came to Old Newbury, Mass., was a native of Bristol, England. Among the papers on file in the Salem Court House is a note of hand dated Bristol, June, 1639, and signed by John Lowle and witnessed by Richard Dole. He was then fifteen years old. As he emigrated to America with this early Lowell, it is supposed he was his clerk. On coming of age he began business as a merchant a few rods north of Parker River on a spot still occupied by his descendants. He conducted a tanning-industry and a still. His first wife was Hannah Rolfe, by whom he had ten children. He afterwards married in succession the widows Hannah Brocklebank and Patience Walker (of Haverhill). To the heirs of his oldest son John, besides considerable real estate in Newbury and Haverhill, he left his "negro boy Tom." To his second son Richard, besides considerable money and lands, he left his "negro boy Mingo." To his youngest son, Abner, he left woodlands, islands, and other real estate, oxen, cows, sheep, hides and leather, fowling-piece and musket, and the following provision: "Further, my will is that whereas for my negro servant Grace that at my death she shall have her freedom, if she will accept of it, and for my negro servant named Betty, my will is that she shall

serve faithfully and truly with my son Abner Dole two years after my decease and then she shall be free." Ample provision was also made for his other living children and their heirs, and the three sons above-mentioned were the residuary legatees and executors of his estate.

Page 5

FROM Governor Bradford's History misnamed "The Log of the Mayflower":

"After they had enjoyed faire winds and weather for a season, they were incountred many times with crosse winds, and met with many feirce stormes, with which ye shipe was shroudly shaken and her upper works made very leakie; and one of the maine beames in ye midd ships was bowed and craked, which put them in some fear that ye shipe could not be able to performe ye vioage." For further account of the experiences of the Pilgrims see "The Mayflower and Her Log," by Azel Ames (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1907), and also "The Pilgrims," by the Rev. Frederick A. Noble, who has gathered into one convenient octavo all that can be regarded as historical concerning the *Mayflower* and its passengers (Boston: The Pilgrim Press, 1907).

Pages 6, 7, 9

AFTER long beating at sea they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod, the which being made & certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyfull.

After some deliberation had amongst themselves & with ye mr of ye ship, they tacked aboute and resolved to stande for ye southward (ye wind & weather being faire) to find some place about Hudsons river for their habitation. But after they had ye course aboute halfe ye day, they fell amongst deangerous shoulds and roring breakers and they were so farr intangled ther with as they conceived themselves in great danger; & ye wind shrinking upon them withall, they resolved to bear up againe for the Cape, and thought themselves hapy to gett out of those dangers before night overtooke them, as by Gods providence they did. And ye next day they gott into ye Cape-harbor when they ridd in saftie. . . .

Page 17

BEING thus arived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees & blessed ye God of heaven, who had brought them over ye vast & furious ocean, and delivered them from all ye periles & miseries therof, againe to set their feete on ye firme and stable earth, their proper elemente. . . .

Page 24

THE compact in modernized spelling and with the signatories is subjoined.

COMPACT

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

WE, WHOSE NAMES ARE UNDERWRITTEN, THE LOYAL SUBJECTS OF OUR DREAD SOVEREIGN LORD KING JAMES, BY

THE GRACE OF GOD, OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, KING, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, ETC., HAVING UNDERTAKEN FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND ADVANCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH AND THE HONOR OF OUR KING AND COUNTRY, A VOYAGE TO PLANT THE FIRST COLONY IN THE NORTHERN PARTS OF VIRGINIA, DO BY THESE PRESENTS SOLEMNLY AND MUTUALLY IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD, AND ONE ANOTHER, COVENANT AND COMBINE OURSELVES TOGETHER INTO A CIVIL BODY POLITIC, FOR OUR BETTER ORDERING AND PRESERVATION AND FURTHERANCE OF THE ENDS AFORESAID AND BY VIRTUE HEREOF DO ENACT, CONSTITUTE, AND FRAME SUCH JUST AND EQUAL LAWS, ORDINANCES, ACTS, CONSTITUTIONS, AND OFFICES FROM TIME TO TIME AS SHALL BE THOUGHT MOST MEET AND CONVENIENT FOR THE GENERAL GOOD OF THE COLONY: UNTO WHICH WE PROMISE ALL DUE SUBMISSION AND OBEDIENCE. IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE HEREUNTO SUBSCRIBED OUR NAMES AT CAPE COD, THE 11TH OF NOVEMBER, IN THE YEAR OF THE REIGN OF OUR SOVEREIGN, LORD KING JAMES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, THE EIGHTEENTH, AND OF SCOTLAND THE FIFTY-FOURTH, ANNO DOMINI, 1620.

MR. JOHN CARVER	JOHN TURNER
WILLIAM BRADFORD	FRANCIS EATON
MR. EDWARD WINSLOW	JAMES CHILTON
MR. WILLIAM BREWSTER	JOHN CRACKSTON
MR. ISAAC ALLERTON	JOHN BILLINGTON
CAPT. MILES STANDISH	MOSES FLETCHER
JOHN ALDEN	JOHN GOODMAN
MR. SAMUEL FULLER	DEGORY PRIEST
MR. CHRISTOPHER MARTIN	THOMAS WILLIAMS

MR. WILLIAM MULLINS
 MR. WILLIAM WHITE
 MR. RICHARD WARREN
 JOHN HOWLAND
 MR. STEPHEN HOPKINS
 EDWARD TILLY
 JOHN TILLY
 FRANCIS COOKE
 THOMAS ROGERS
 THOMAS TINKER
 JOHN RIDGDALE
 EDWARD FULLER

GILBERT WINSLOW
 EDMUND MARGESON
 PETER BROWN
 RICHARD BRITTERIDGE
 GEORGE SOULE
 RICHARD CLARKE
 RICHARD GARDINER
 JOHN ALLERTON
 THOMAS ENGLISH
 EDWARD DOTEY
 EDWARD LEISTER

The names of the servants on the *Mayflower* were Carter, Coper, Ely, Holbeck, Hooke, Langemore, Latham, Minter, Moore, Prower, Sampson, Story, Thompson, Trevore, and Wilder.

Pages 35, 37

AND here I cannot but stay and make a pause and stand half amased at this poore peoples presente condition. . . . They had now no freinds to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to reparaire too, to seek for succoure. . . . These savage barbarians, when they mette with them (as after will appeare) were readier to fill their sids full of arrows than otherwise. . . . Besides, what could they see but a hidious & desolate wildernes, full of wild beasts & willd men? and what multitudes ther might be of them they knew not. . . . What could now sustaine them but ye spirite

of God & his grace? May not & ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: *Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this willdernes; but they cried unto ye Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie &c. Let them therfore praise ye Lord, because he is good, & his mercies endure for ever! &c.*

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BUT that which was most sadd & lamentable was, that in 2. or 3. moneths time halfe of their Company dyed, espetially in Jan: & February, being ye depth of winter, and wanting houses & other comforts . . . of 100. & odd persons, scarce 50. remained.

Page 45

THIS was not the ancient pair of which Bradford writes:

“Another lay cursing his wife, saing if it had not ben for her he had never come this unlucky viage.”

Page 52

THE Rev. John Perkins of Portland kindly furnishes the following information regarding the Rev. George Burroughs, who was “pressed” to death because he refused to plead guilty.

“The Rev. George Burroughs was born in 1652, perhaps in Scituate. He graduated from Harvard

College with the class of 1670. Four years later he became the first minister in Falmouth, now Portland, Maine. In 1676 Falmouth was destroyed by the Indians. Burroughs and thirty of the people fled to an island in the harbor, whence they were later rescued and taken to Boston. Burroughs became the minister in Salem Village in November, 1680. Here he had a pastorate attended with much difficulty and had unmerited persecution for three years, owing to dissensions in the parish that began before his coming. In 1683 he went back to Falmouth, where the people again gathered after peace with the Indians, and had a quiet, uneventful pastorate. He was of a simple, genuine nature, generous and just, and in all ways acceptable to his people. In 1690 the settlement of Falmouth was again destroyed by the French, assisted by Indians. Mr. Burroughs was with the church of Wells when the Salem witchcraft delusion broke out. The child Ann Putnam, whose family had been hostile to Burroughs's ministry in Salem Village, singled him out as one who 'tormented' her. The officer of the law went to Wells, arrested the innocent minister, and without giving him the cause carried him to Salem jail. He was tried after the manner of that strange delusion and sentenced to death. 'When upon the ladder,' so we read in Calef's 'More Wonders of the Invisible World,' 'he made a speech for the clearing of his innocency with such solemn and serious expressions as were the admiration of all present.' Cotton Mather sat upon his horse and called him 'no ordained minister,' adding that 'the Devil often had

been transformed into an angel of light.' Mr. Burroughs's body with two others, a man and a woman, was dragged by a halter to a hole so shallow that the limbs of the buried remained for some time uncovered. His execution was on August 19, 1692. He was the most conspicuous of the sufferers of that New England tragedy, being the only minister who thus suffered."

Page 134

IT is to be hoped that the "Song of Sundays" will not be taken too seriously. The old-fashioned Sunday when all secular things were laid aside and the whole family went to church to morning, afternoon, and evening service, staying also to "Sabbath School," had much to recommend it in days when conditions were simpler than they are now. But in our complicated life, when most laborers are pretty closely confined to indoor occupations throughout the week, the benefit of communion with Nature can certainly be balanced with that to be obtained from attending church. Many compromise by following the religious service in the morning and spending the rest of the day in harmless amusements and other occupations. The Golden Rule seems to obtain here as well as elsewhere.

As to the Puritans hounding gay Morton, that is meant to be symbolic rather than strictly historic. I suspect Morton allowed liberty to degenerate into license and probably they were quite justified in putting an end to his May-day fêtes, where strong drink may have flowed with disastrous effects.

Page 169

"THE Founders" was read at the dedication of a memorial to the early settlers of Old Newbury, Massachusetts, June 17, 1905.

Page 176

THE fiftieth anniversary of the founding of De Veaux College, Suspension Bridge, New York, was celebrated on Founder's Day, June 22, 1907. The memorial poem was read at the Alumni dinner by Major Mighells B. Butler. The estate on which the College is situated embraces the American side of the Whirlpool. Repeated lawsuits and appeals have failed to shake the determination of the Courts that pay students shall be excluded. This has redounded to the immense injury of the College, which, before this blow at its prosperity was hurled, attracted a large clientèle of excellent students whose attrition with those who were educated as recipients of charity was most beneficial.

Page 182

THIS poem was read at the biennial meeting of the Fletcher Family at Tremont Temple, August 31, 1904. There are supposed to be living not less than five thousand descendants of Robert Fletcher who came to this country and settled in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1630.

Page 189

THIS poem was written for a brilliant gathering in a private house in New York on March 17, 1907. Among those present were Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," George S. Viereck, author of "Nineveh," Mrs. Elsa Barker, Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Smith (both poets) and many others.

Page 197

BENJAMIN J. LANG, the organist of King's Chapel, has done more for the cause of Music in Boston than any one else, unless an exception be made in favor of Major Henry L. Higginson, who founded the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It has been Mr. Lang's pleasing and gracious custom several times during the winter season to issue cards of invitation to an hour of organ music in this beautiful and dignified church. Sometimes a violin or a singer is added to the charm of the organ. There is no light other than that which filters in from the street.

After hearing Mr. Lang play at one of these beautiful and inspiring services where the auditors, so quiet and touched, seemed in the dusk like spirits come forth to mingle in the solemn aisles, the author wrote these lines and sent them to the organist.

Page 204

THIS poem — the only one of all in this volume which the author himself publicly delivered, though the newspapers in chronicling the event stated that it was read

by Charlton H. Lewis, Esq. — was written for the dedication of the Berkeley School Building in New York, May 9, 1891. The occasion was memorable from the fact that George William Curtis, who delivered the oration, appeared then in public, if the author is not mistaken, for the last time.

Page 212

THE Pierian Sodality is the orchestra which, though changing each year as new elements enter, represents Harvard University in the practical use of instrumental music. When it was first founded in 1808 the flute was the predominant instrument, and the range of scores within its capacity was pitifully small. It is the hope of the Society, with the beginning of its new century, to provide the University with a suitable building for the musical activities of the University, as they assume more and more importance in the field of education. The ode was written at the request of the Committee who had the anniversary festivities in charge. As it is intended (in part at least) to be set to music, its publication in advance seemed to be permissible. It is now for the first time published.

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