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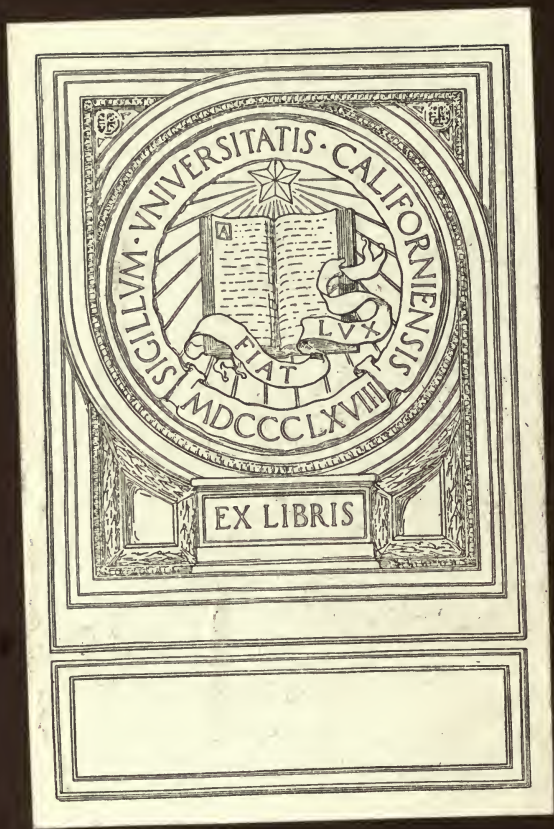
# MABEL MARTIN

BY



J. Q. WHITTIER

ILLUSTRATED



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# MABEL MARTIN

A HARVEST IDYL

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

//

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*



BOSTON  
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY

LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS OSGOOD & Co.

1876

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## NOTE

THE substance of this poem, under the name of The Witch's Daughter, was published some years ago in the volume entitled "Home Ballads." For reproducing it in its present form with some additions to its original text, the author hopes to find an excuse in the beauty of the illustrations which the change has suggested.







[The engravings are by A. V. S. ANTHONY, under whose supervision the book is prepared.]

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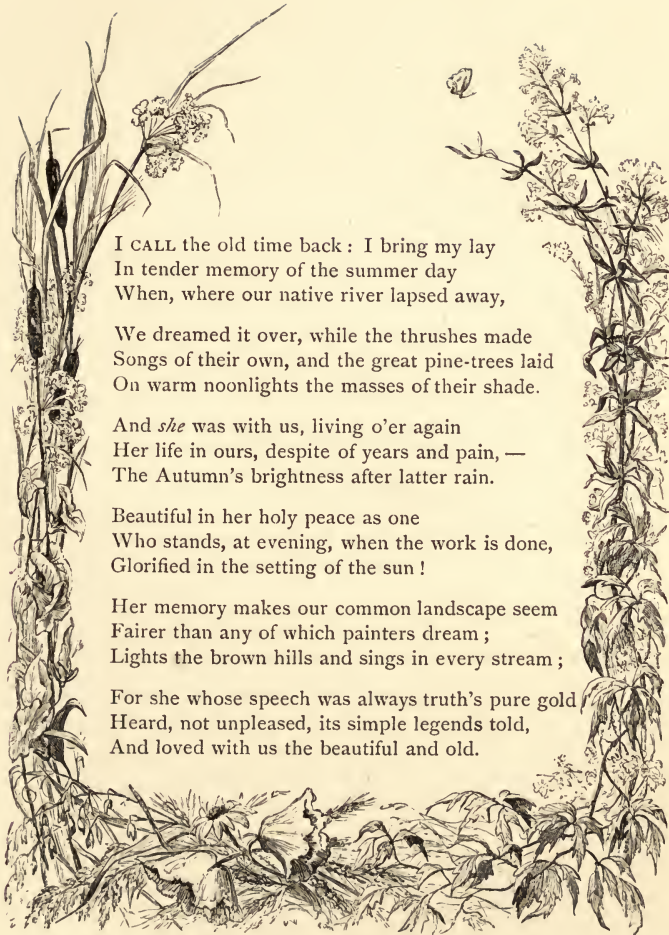
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MABEL MARTIN





I CALL the old time back : I bring my lay  
In tender memory of the summer day  
When, where our native river lapsed away,

We dreamed it over, while the thrushes made  
Songs of their own, and the great pine-trees laid  
On warm noonlights the masses of their shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again  
Her life in ours, despite of years and pain, —  
The Autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one  
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,  
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common landscape seem  
Fairer than any of which painters dream ;  
Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream ;

For she whose speech was always truth's pure gold,  
Heard, not unpleased, its simple legends told,  
And loved with us the beautiful and old.







MABEL MARTIN.

ACROSS the level tableland,

A grassy, rarely trodden way,

With thinnest skirt of birchen spray

And stunted growth of cedar, leads

To where you see the dull plain fall

Sheer off, steep-slanted, ploughed by all



PART I

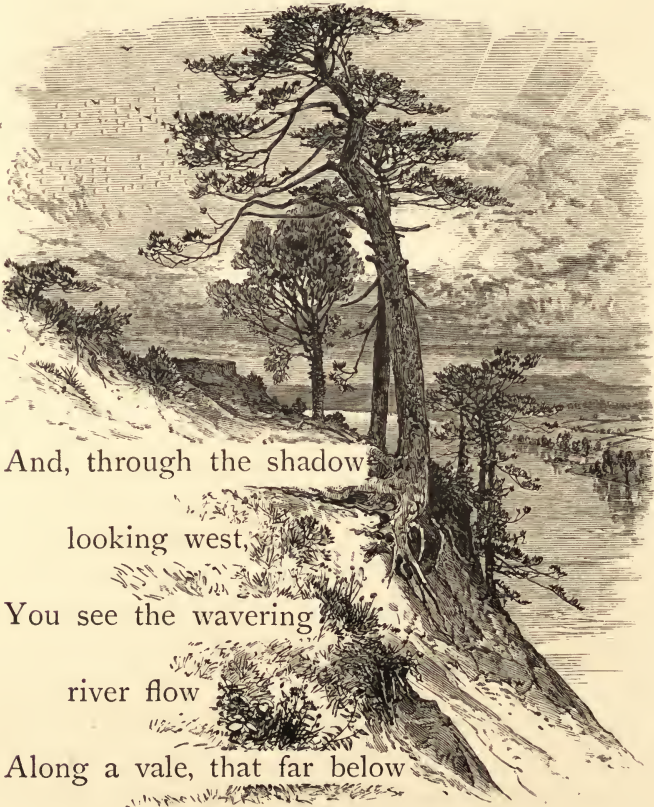


*THE RIVER VALLEY*

*Mabel Martin.*

The seasons' rainfalls. On its brink  
The over-leaning harebells swing,  
With roots half bare the pine-trees cling ;

And, through the shadow  
looking west,  
You see the wavering  
river flow  
Along a vale, that far below



*Mabel Martin.*

Holds to the sun, the sheltering hills,  
And glimmering water-line between,  
Broad fields of corn and meadows green,  
And fruit-bent orchards grouped around  
The low brown roofs and painted eaves,  
And chimney-tops half hid in leaves.



No warmer valley hides behind  
Yon wind-scoured sand-dunes, cold and bleak ;  
No fairer river comes to seek

*Mabel Martin.*

The wave-sung welcome of the sea,  
Or mark the northmost border line  
Of sun-loved growths of nut and vine.

Here, ground-fast in their native fields,  
Untempted by the city's gain,  
The quiet farmer folk remain

Who bear the pleasant name of Friends,  
And keep their fathers' gentle ways  
And simple speech of Bible days;

In whose neat homesteads woman holds  
With modest ease her equal place,  
And wears upon her tranquil face



*Mabel Martin.*

The look of one who, merging not  
Her self-hood in another's will,  
Is love's and duty's handmaid still.

Pass with me down the path that winds  
Through birches to the open land,  
Where, close upon the river strand



*Mabel Martin.*

You mark a cellar, vine o'errun,  
Above whose wall of loosened stones  
The sumach lifts its reddening cones,



And the black nightshade's berries shine,  
And broad, unsightly burdocks fold  
The household ruin, century-old.

*Mabel Martin.*

Here, in the dim colonial time  
Of sterner lives and gloomier faith,  
A woman lived, tradition saith,  
Who wrought her neighbors foul annoy,  
And witched and plagued the country-side,  
Till at the hangman's hand she died.



Sit with me while the westering day  
Falls slantwise down the quiet vale,  
And, haply, ere yon loitering sail,

*Mabel Martin.*

That rounds the upper headland, falls  
Below Deer Island's pines, or sees  
Behind it Hawkswood's belt of trees

Rise black against the sinking sun,  
My idyl of its days of old,  
The valley's legend shall be told.





PART II

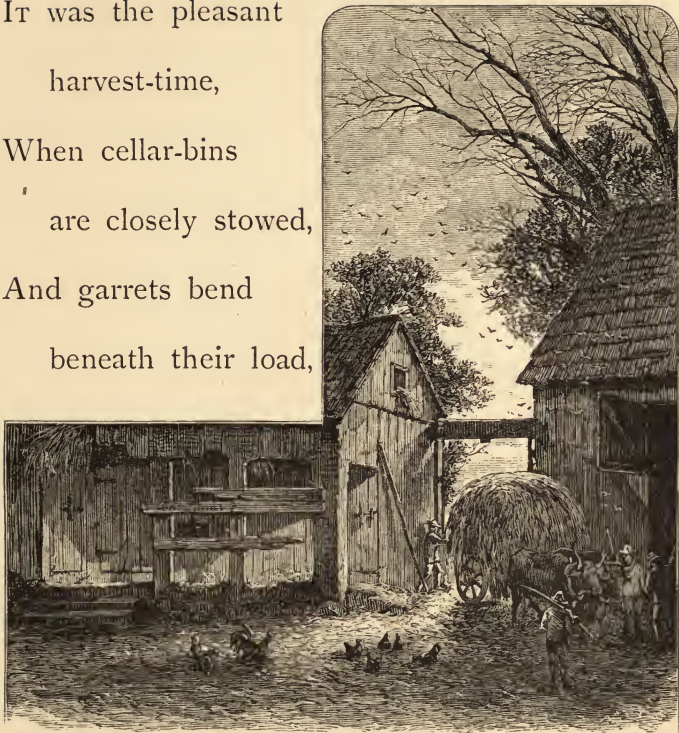


*THE HUSKING*





It was the pleasant  
harvest-time,  
When cellar-bins  
are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend  
beneath their load,



And the old swallow-haunted barns, —  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams  
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

*Mabel Martin.*

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks, —  
Are filled with summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.



On Esek Harden's oaken floor,  
With many an autumn threshing worn,  
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

*Mabel Martin.*

And thither came young men and maids,  
Beneath a moon that, large and low,  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.



They took their places; some by chance,  
And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

*Mabel Martin.*

How pleasantly the rising moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!



On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,  
On girlhood with its solid curves  
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!  
And jests went round, and laughs that made  
The house-dog answer with his howl,  
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;



*Mabel Martin.*



And quaint old songs their fathers sung  
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,  
Ere Norman William trod their shores ;

And tales, whose merry license shook  
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,  
Forgetful of the hovering Dane,—

*Mabel Martin.*

Rude plays to Celt and Cimbri known,  
The charms and riddles that beguiled  
On Oxus' banks the young world's child,—  
  
That primal picture-speech wherein  
Have youth and maid the story told,  
So new in each, so dateless old,  
  
Recalling pastoral Ruth in her  
Who waited, blushing and demure,  
The red-ear's kiss of forfeiture.



PART III



*THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER*







BUT still the sweetest voice was mute  
That river-valley ever heard  
From lips of maid or throat of bird ;  
For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall  
Upon the loveliest face of all.

*Mabel Martin.*

She sat apart, as one forbid,  
Who knew that none would condescend  
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.



The seasons scarce had  
gone their round,  
Since curious thousands  
thronged to see  
Her mother at  
the gallows-tree ;

*Mabel Martin.*

And mocked the prison-palsied limbs  
That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
And wan lip trembling with its prayers!

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,  
Or, when they saw the mother die,  
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,  
As men and Christians justified:  
God willed it, and the wretch had died!

Dear God and Father of us all,  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies, —  
Forgive the blindness that denies!

*Mabel Martin.*

Forgive thy creature when he takes,  
For the all-perfect love thou art,  
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn  
Our bloody altars; let us see  
Thyself in thy humanity!

Young Mabel from her mother's grave  
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,  
And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,  
The phantoms of disordered sense,  
The awful doubts of Providence!

*Mabel Martin.*



O, dreary broke the winter days,  
And dreary fell the winter nights  
When, one by one, the neighboring lights



*Mabel Martin.*

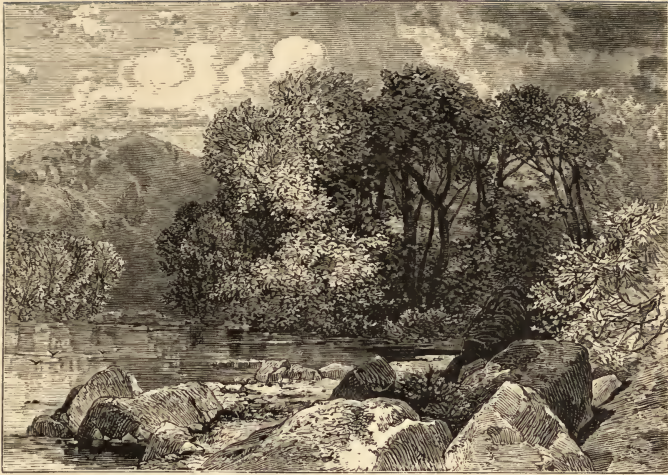


Went out, and human sounds grew still,  
And all the phantom-peopled dark  
Closed round her hearth-fire's dying spark.

And summer days were sad and long,  
And sad the uncompanioned eyes,  
And sadder sunset-tinted leaves,



*Mabel Martin.*



And Indian Summer's airs of balm ;

She scarcely felt the soft caress,

The beauty died of loneliness !

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,

And, when she sought the house of prayer,

Her mother's curse pursued her there.

*Mabel Martin.*

And still o'er many a neighboring door  
She saw the horseshoe's curvéd charm,  
To guard against her mother's harm :



That mother, poor and sick and lame,  
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,  
Folded her withered hands in prayer ;—

*Mabel Martin.*

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,  
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,  
When her dim eyes could read no more!



*Mabel Martin.*

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept  
Her faith, and trusted that her way,  
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round  
Day after day, with no relief:  
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

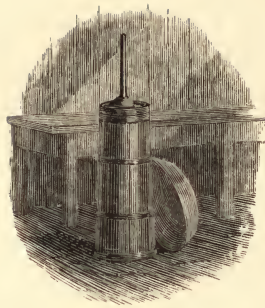




PART IV



*THE CHAMPION*





So in the shadow Mabel sits ;

Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,

Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,

And cruel lips repeat her name,

And taunt her with her mother's shame.



*Mabel Martin.*

She answered not with railing words,  
But drew her apron o'er her face,  
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,  
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze  
Of one who, in her better days,



*Mabel Martin.*

Had been her warm and steady friend,  
Ere yet her mother's doom had made  
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,  
And, starting, with an angry frown,  
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

“Good neighbors mine,” he sternly said,  
“This passes harmless mirth or jest ;  
I brook no insult to my guest.

“She is indeed her mother's child ;  
But God's sweet pity ministers  
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

*Mabel Martin.*

“ Let Goody Martin rest in peace ;  
I never knew her harm a fly,  
And witch or not, God knows — not I.



“ I know who swore her life away ;  
And as God lives, I 'd not condemn  
An Indian dog on word of them.”

*Mabel Martin.*

The broadest lands in all the town,  
The skill to guide, the power to awe,  
Were Harden's; and his word was law.



None dared withstand him to his face,  
But one sly maiden spake aside:  
“The little witch is evil-eyed!

*Mabel Martin.*

“ Her mother only killed a cow,  
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan ;  
But she, forsooth, must charm a man ! ”





PART V



*IN THE SHADOW*







Poor Mabel, homeward turning, passed

The nameless terrors of the wood,

And saw, as if a ghost pursued,

Her shadow gliding in the moon ;

The soft breath of the west-wind gave

A chill as from her mother's grave.

*Mabel Martin.*

How dreary seemed the silent house!

Wide in the moonbeams' ghastly glare

Its windows had a dead man's stare!

And, like a gaunt and spectral hand,

The tremulous shadow of a birch

Reached out and touched the door's low porch,

As if to lift its latch: hard by,

A sudden warning call she heard,

The night-cry of a boding bird.

She leaned against the door; her face,

So fair, so young, so full of pain,

White in the moonlight's silver rain.

*Mabel Martin.*



The river, on its pebbled rim,  
Made music such as childhood knew;  
The door-yard tree was whispered through

*Mabel Martin.*

By voices such as childhood's ear  
Had heard in moonlights long ago ;  
And through the willow-boughs below



She saw the rippled waters shine ;  
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,  
The hills rolled off into the night.



*Mabel Martin.*

She saw and heard, but over all  
A sense of some transforming spell,  
The shadow of her sick heart fell.



And still across the wooded space  
The harvest lights of Harden shone,  
And song and jest and laugh went on.  
  
And he, so gentle, true, and strong,  
Of men the bravest and the best,  
Had he, too, scorned her with the rest?

*Mabel Martin.*

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,  
And, in her old and simple way,  
To teach her bitter heart to pray.



Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,  
Grew to a low, despairing cry  
Of utter misery: "Let me die!"



*Mabel Martin.*

“Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,  
And hide me where the cruel speech  
And mocking finger may not reach!

“I dare not breathe my mother's name:  
A daughter's right I dare not crave  
To weep above her unblest grave!

“Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone.

“O God! have mercy on thy child,  
Whose faith in thee grows weak and small,  
And take me ere I lose it all!”

*Mabel Martin.*

A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave became  
A voice whose burden was her name.



PART VI



*THE BETROTHAL*





HAD then God heard her? Had he sent  
His angel down? In flesh and blood,  
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:

“Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;  
Who scoffs at you must scoff at me.

*Mabel Martin.*

“You know rough Esek Harden well;  
And if he seems no suitor gay,  
And if his hair is touched with gray,



“The maiden grown shall never find  
His heart less warm than when she smiled,  
Upon his knees, a little child!”



*Mabel Martin.*

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,  
As, folded in his strong embrace,  
She looked in Esek Harden's face.



*Mabel Martin.*

“O, truest friend of all!” she said,  
“God bless you for your kindly thought,  
And make me worthy of my lot!”



He led her forth, and, blent in one,  
Beside their happy pathway ran  
The shadows of the maid and man.

*Mabel Martin.*

He led her through his dewy fields,  
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,  
And through the doors the huskers showed.



*Mabel Martin.*

“Good friends and neighbors!” Esek said,

“I’m weary of this lonely life ;

In Mabel see my chosen wife !

“She greets you kindly, one and all ;

The past is past, and all offence

Falls harmless from her innocence.

“Henceforth she stands no more alone ;

You know what Esek Harden is ;—

He brooks no wrong to him or his.

“Now let the merriest tales be told,

And let the sweetest songs be sung

That ever made the old heart young !



*Mabel Martin.*

“For now the lost has found a home;  
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,  
As all the household joys return!”



O, pleasantly the harvest-moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

*Mabel Martin.*

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,  
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell ;  
And the wind whispered, " It is well ! "











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