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From Volume I., The Works of Whittier: Narrative and Legendary Poems  
#5 in our series by John Greenleaf Whittier

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NARRATIVE AND LEGENDARY

POEMS

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT

The Standard Library Edition of Mr. Whittier's writings comprises his poetical and prose works as re-arranged and thoroughly revised by himself or with his cooperation. Mr. Whittier has supplied such additional information regarding the subject and occasion of certain poems as may be stated in brief head-notes, and this edition has been much enriched by the poet's personal comment. So far as practicable the dates of publication of the various articles have been given, and since these were originally published soon after composition, the dates of their first appearance have been taken as determining the time at which they were written. At the request of the Publishers, Mr. Whittier has allowed his early poems, discarded from previous collections, to be placed, in the general order of their appearance, in an appendix to the final volume of poems. By this means the present edition is made so complete and retrospective that students of the poet's career will always find the most abundant material for their purpose. The Publishers congratulate themselves and the public that the careful attention which Mr. Whittier has been able to give to this revision of his works has resulted in so comprehensive and well-adjusted a collection.

The portraits prefixed to the several volumes have been chosen with a view to illustrating successive periods in the poet's life. The original sources and dates are indicated in each case.

NARRATIVE AND LEGENDARY POEMS

CONTENTS:

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER

THE FEMALE MARTYR

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND"

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY

THE FOUNTAIN

PENTUCKET

THE NORSEMEN

FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS  
ST JOHN  
THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON  
THE EXILES  
THE KNIGHT OF ST JOHN  
CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK  
THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK  
I. THE MERRIMAC  
II. THE BASHABA  
III. THE DAUGHTER  
IV. THE WEDDING  
V. THE NEW HOME  
VI. AT PENNACOOK  
VII. THE DEPARTURE  
VIII. SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN

BARCLAY OF URY  
THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA  
THE LEGEND OF ST MARK  
KATHLEEN  
THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE  
THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS  
TAULER  
THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID  
THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN  
THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS  
SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE  
THE SYCAMORES  
THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW  
TELLING THE BEES  
THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY  
THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY

MABEL MARTIN: A HARVEST IDYL  
PROEM  
I. THE RIVER VALLEY  
II. THE HUSKING  
III. THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER  
IV. THE CHAMPION  
V. IN THE SHADOW  
VI. THE BETROTHAL

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL  
THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR  
THE PREACHER  
THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA  
MY PLAYMATE  
COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION  
AMY WENTWORTH  
THE COUNTESS

AMONG THE HILLS  
PRELUDE  
AMONG THE HILLS

THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL  
THE TWO RABBINS  
NOREMBEGA  
MIRIAM  
MAUD MULLER  
MARY GARVIN  
THE RANGER  
NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON  
THE SISTERS  
MARGUERITE  
THE ROBIN

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM  
INTRODUCTORY NOTE  
PRELUDE  
THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE  
THE THREE BELLS  
JOHN UNDERHILL  
CONDUCTOR BRADLEY  
THE WITCH OF WENHAM  
KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS  
IN THE "OLD SOUTH"  
THE HENCHMAN  
THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK  
THE KHAN'S DEVIL  
THE KING'S MISSIVE  
VALUATION  
RABBI ISHMAEL  
THE ROCK-TOMB OF BRADORE

THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS  
To H P S  
THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS

THE WISHING BRIDGE  
HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER  
ST GREGORY'S GUEST  
CONTENTS  
BIRCHBROOK MILL  
THE TWO ELIZABETHS  
REQUITAL  
THE HOMESTEAD  
HOW THE ROBIN CAME  
BANISHED FROM MASSACHUSETTS  
THE BROWN DWARF OF RUGEN

NOTES

NOTE.-The portrait prefixed to this volume was etched by  
S. A. Schoff, in 1888, after a painting by Bass Otis, a pupil of  
Gilbert Stuart, made in the winter of 1836-1837.

#### PROEM

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine.

AMESBURY, 11th mo., 1847.

## INTRODUCTION

The edition of my poems published in 1857 contained the following note by way of preface:--

"In these volumes, for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made. While it is satisfactory to know that these scattered children of my brain have found a home, I cannot but regret that I have been unable, by reason of illness, to give that attention to their revision and arrangement, which respect for the opinions of others and my own afterthought and experience demand.

"That there are pieces in this collection which I would 'willingly let die,' I am free to confess. But it is now too late to disown them, and I must submit to the inevitable penalty of poetical as well as other sins. There are others, intimately connected with the author's life and times, which owe their tenacity of vitality to the circumstances under which they were written, and the events by which they were suggested.

"The long poem of Mogg Megone was in a great measure composed in early life; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period."

After a lapse of thirty years since the above was written, I have been requested by my publishers to make some preparation for a new and revised edition of my poems. I cannot flatter myself that I have added much to the interest of the work beyond the correction of my own errors and those of the press, with the addition of a few heretofore unpublished pieces, and occasional notes of explanation which seemed necessary. I have made an attempt to classify the poems under a few general heads, and have transferred the long poem of Mogg Megone to the Appendix, with other specimens of my earlier writings. I have endeavored to affix the dates of composition or publication as far as possible.

In looking over these poems I have not been unmindful of occasional prosaic lines and verbal infelicities, but at this late day I have neither strength nor patience to undertake their correction.

Perhaps a word of explanation may be needed in regard to a class of poems written between the years 1832 and 1865. Of their defects from an artistic point of view it is not necessary to speak. They were the earnest and often vehement expression of the writer's thought and feeling at critical periods in the great conflict between Freedom and Slavery. They were written with no expectation that they would survive the occasions which called them forth: they were protests, alarm signals, trumpet-calls to action, words wrung from the writer's heart, forged at white heat, and of course lacking the finish and careful word-selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might

have given. Such as they are, they belong to the history of the Anti-Slavery movement, and may serve as way-marks of its progress. If their language at times seems severe and harsh, the monstrous wrong of Slavery which provoked it must be its excuse, if any is needed. In attacking it, we did not measure our words. "It is," said Garrison, "a waste of politeness to be courteous to the devil." But in truth the contest was, in a great measure, an impersonal one,--hatred of slavery and not of slave-masters.

"No common wrong provoked our zeal,  
The silken gauntlet which is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel."

Even Thomas Jefferson, in his terrible denunciation of Slavery in the Notes on Virginia, says "It is impossible to be temperate and pursue the subject of Slavery." After the great contest was over, no class of the American people were more ready, with kind words and deprecation of harsh retaliation, to welcome back the revolted States than the Abolitionists; and none have since more heartily rejoiced at the fast increasing prosperity of the South.

Grateful for the measure of favor which has been accorded to my writings, I leave this edition with the public. It contains all that I care to re-publish, and some things which, had the matter of choice been left solely to myself, I should have omitted.

J. G. W.

## NARRATIVE AND LEGENDARY POEMS

### THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

This poem was suggested by the account given of the manner which the Waldenses disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry. They gained access to the house through their occupation as peddlers of silks, jewels, and trinkets. "Having disposed of some of their goods," it is said by a writer who quotes the inquisitor Rainerus Sacco, "they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these, inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy." The poem, under the title *Le Colporteur Vaudois*, was translated into French by Professor G. de Felice, of Montauban, and further naturalized by Professor Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet, who quoted it in his lectures on French literature, afterwards published. It became familiar in this form to the Waldenses, who adopted it as a household poem. An American clergyman, J. C. Fletcher, frequently heard it when he was a student, about the year 1850, in the theological seminary at Geneva, Switzerland, but the authorship of the poem was unknown to those who used it. Twenty-five years later, Mr. Fletcher, learning the name of the author,

wrote to the moderator of the Waldensian synod at La Tour, giving the information. At the banquet which closed the meeting of the synod, the moderator announced the fact, and was instructed in the name of the Waldensian church to write to me a letter of thanks. My letter, written in reply, was translated into Italian and printed throughout Italy.

"O LADY fair, these silks of mine  
are beautiful and rare,--  
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's  
queen might wear;  
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose  
radiant light they vie;  
I have brought them with me a weary way,--will my  
gentle lady buy?"

The lady smiled on the worn old man through the  
dark and clustering curls  
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view his  
silks and glittering pearls;  
And she placed their price in the old man's hand  
and lightly turned away,  
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,--  
"My gentle lady, stay!

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer  
lustre flings,  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on  
the lofty brow of kings;  
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue  
shall not decay,  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a  
blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her  
form of grace was seen,  
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks  
waved their clasping pearls between;  
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou  
traveller gray and old,  
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my  
page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a  
small and meagre book,  
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his  
folding robe he took!  
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove  
as such to thee  
Nay, keep thy gold--I ask it not, for the word of  
God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he  
left behind



Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-  
born maiden's mind,  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the  
lowliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful  
hour of youth

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil  
faith had power,  
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the  
maidens of her bower;  
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly  
feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the  
perfect love of God!  
1830.

#### THE FEMALE MARTYR.

Mary G-----, aged eighteen, a "Sister of Charity," died in one of our  
Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while  
in voluntary attendance upon the sick.

"BRING out your dead!" The midnight street  
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;  
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,  
Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet,  
Her coffin and her pall.  
"What--only one!" the brutal hack-man said,  
As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,  
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!  
The dying turned him to the wall,  
To hear it and to die!  
Onward it rolled; while oft its driver stayed,  
And hoarsely clamored, "Ho! bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;  
"Toss in your load!" and it was done.  
With quick hand and averted face,  
Hastily to the grave's embrace  
They cast them, one by one,  
Stranger and friend, the evil and the just,  
Together trodden in the churchyard dust.

And thou, young martyr! thou wast there;  
No white-robed sisters round thee trod,

Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer  
Rose through the damp and noisome air,  
Giving thee to thy God;  
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave  
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer! there shall be,  
In every heart of kindly feeling,  
A rite as holy paid to thee  
As if beneath the convent-tree  
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,  
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping  
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light  
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well;  
Enduring with a martyr's might,  
Through weary day and wakeful night,  
Far more than words may tell  
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,  
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing, where  
The throngful street grew foul with death,  
O high-souled martyr! thou wast there,  
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,  
Poison with every breath.  
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread  
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed  
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,  
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,  
A new Electra by the bed  
Of suffering human-kind!  
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,  
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high  
And holy mysteries of Heaven!  
How turned to thee each glazing eye,  
In mute and awful sympathy,  
As thy low prayers were given;  
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,  
An angel's features, a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task! and worthy one  
Who, turning from the world, as thou,  
Before life's pathway had begun  
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,  
Had sealed her early vow;  
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,  
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here  
Could be for thee a meet reward;  
Thine is a treasure far more dear  
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
Of living mortal heard  
The joys prepared, the promised bliss above,  
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not  
A nobler name than thine shall be.  
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,  
The lofty energies of thought,  
The fire of poesy,  
These have but frail and fading honors; thine  
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,  
And human pride and grandeur fall,  
The herald's line of long renown,  
The mitre and the kingly crown,--  
Perishing glories all!  
The pure devotion of thy generous heart  
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part.  
1833.

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND."  
(Originally a part of the author's Moll Pitcher.)

How has New England's romance fled,  
Even as a vision of the morning!  
Its rites foredone, its guardians dead,  
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning!  
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
And fire-dance round the magic rock,  
Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
At moonrise by his holy oak!  
No more along the shadowy glen  
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men;  
No more the unquiet churchyard dead  
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
Startling the traveller, late and lone;  
As, on some night of starless weather,  
They silently commune together,  
Each sitting on his own head-stone  
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
Its living tenants all departed,  
No longer rings with midnight revel  
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil;

No pale blue flame sends out its flashes  
Through creviced roof and shattered sashes!  
The witch-grass round the hazel spring  
May sharply to the night-air sing,  
But there no more shall withered hags  
Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,  
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
As beverage meet for Satan's daughters;  
No more their mimic tones be heard,  
The mew of cat, the chirp of bird,  
Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter  
Of the fell demon following after!  
The cautious goodman nails no more  
A horseshoe on his outer door,  
Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
To his own mouth her bridle-bit;  
The goodwife's churn no more refuses  
Its wonted culinary uses  
Until, with heated needle burned,  
The witch has to her place returned!  
Our witches are no longer old  
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
But young and gay and laughing creatures,  
With the heart's sunshine on their features;  
Their sorcery--the light which dances  
Where the raised lid unveils its glances;  
Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,  
The music of Love's twilight hours,  
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan  
Above her nightly closing flowers,  
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore  
Along the charmed Ausonian shore!  
Even she, our own weird heroine,  
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,  
Sleeps calmly where the living laid her;  
And the wide realm of sorcery,  
Left by its latest mistress free,  
Hath found no gray and skilled invader.  
So--perished Albion's "glammarye,"  
With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,  
His charmed torch beside his knee,  
That even the dead himself might see  
The magic scroll within his keeping.  
And now our modern Yankee sees  
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;  
And naught above, below, around,  
Of life or death, of sight or sound,  
Whate'er its nature, form, or look,  
Excites his terror or surprise,  
All seeming to his knowing eyes  
Familiar as his "catechise,"  
Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

1833.

## THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,  
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,  
And beats the maid with her unused broom,  
And the lazy lout with his idle flail;  
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,  
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,  
And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-loft cheer,  
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,  
And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him  
Who seven times crossed the deep,  
Twined closely each lean and withered limb,  
Like the nightmare in one's sleep.  
But he drank of the wine, and Sindbad cast  
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day  
To my quiet room and fireside nook,  
Where the casement light falls dim and gray  
On faded painting and ancient book,  
Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
Are chronicled well by good King James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,  
No runner of errands like Ariel,  
He comes in the shape of a fat old man,  
Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell;  
And whence he comes, or whither he goes,  
I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat  
Slouched heavily down to his dark, red nose,  
And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,  
Looking through glasses with iron bows.  
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,  
Guard well your doors from that old man!

He comes with a careless "How d' ye do?"  
And seats himself in my elbow-chair;  
And my morning paper and pamphlet new  
Fall forthwith under his special care,  
And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,

And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,  
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
With the stolid sameness of posture and look  
Of one who reads to himself alone;  
And hour after hour on my senses come  
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
The poet's song and the lover's glee,  
The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,  
The marriage list, and the jeu d'esprit,  
All reach my ear in the self-same tone,--  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on!

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,  
Or the low soft music, perchance, which seems  
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,  
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns, from the self-same book,  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,  
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,--  
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low  
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar;  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,  
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,  
And when the tale is of war and wrong,  
A trumpet's summons is in her words,  
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,  
And see the tossing of plume and spear!

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,  
The stout fiend darkens my parlor door;  
And reads me perchance the self-same lay  
Which melted in music, the night before,  
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,  
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet!

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,  
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,

I flourish my cane above his head,  
And stir up the fire to roast him out;  
I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,  
And press my hands on my ears, in vain!

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,  
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat  
Of demons of every name and size  
Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,  
But never a hint and never a line  
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,  
And laid the Primer above them all,  
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,  
And hung a wig to my parlor wall  
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,  
At Salem court in the witchcraft day!

"Conjuro te, sceleratissime,  
Abire ad tuum locum!"--still  
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me,--  
The exorcism has lost its skill;  
And I hear again in my haunted room  
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum!

Ah! commend me to Mary Magdalen  
With her sevenfold plagues, to the wandering Jew,  
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when  
The furies his midnight curtains drew,  
But charm him off, ye who charm him can,  
That reading demon, that fat old man!  
1835.

#### THE FOUNTAIN.

On the declivity of a hill in Salisbury, Essex County, is a fountain of  
clear water, gushing from the very roots of a venerable oak. It is about  
two miles from the junction of the Powow River with the Merrimac.

TRAVELLER! on thy journey toiling  
By the swift Powow,  
With the summer sunshine falling  
On thy heated brow,  
Listen, while all else is still,  
To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing  
By that streamlet's side,  
And a greener verdure showing

Where its waters glide,  
Down the hill-slope murmuring on,  
Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth  
O'er the sloping hill,  
Beautiful and freshly springeth  
That soft-flowing rill,  
Through its dark roots wreathed and bare,  
Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never  
In that magic well,  
Of whose gift of life forever  
Ancient legends tell,  
In the lonely desert wasted,  
And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian  
Sought with longing eyes,  
Underneath the bright pavilion  
Of the Indian skies,  
Where his forest pathway lay  
Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,  
With the dusky brow  
Of the outcast forest-ranger,  
Crossed the swift Powow,  
And betook him to the rill  
And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness  
For an instant shone  
Something like a gleam of gladness,  
As he stooped him down  
To the fountain's grassy side,  
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing  
O'er his mossy seat,  
And the cool, sweet waters flowing  
Softly at his feet,  
Closely by the fountain's rim  
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given  
To the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as heaven  
Lendeth to its bow;  
And the soft breeze from the west  
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.



Far behind was Ocean striving  
With his chains of sand;  
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,  
'Twi' the swells of land,  
Of its calm and silvery track,  
Rolled the tranquil Merrimac.

Over village, wood, and meadow  
Gazed that stranger man,  
Sadly, till the twilight shadow  
Over all things ran,  
Save where spire and westward pane  
Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
Of his warrior sires,  
Where no lingering trace was telling  
Of their wigwam fires,  
Who the gloomy thoughts might know  
Of that wandering child of woe?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,  
Hills that once had stood  
Down their sides the shadows throwing  
Of a mighty wood,  
Where the deer his covert kept,  
And the eagle's pinion swept!

Where the birch canoe had glided  
Down the swift Powow,  
Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
Those clear waters now;  
And where once the beaver swam,  
Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,  
And the hunter's cheer,  
Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
Smote upon his ear;  
And the thick and sullen smoke  
From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever  
Loved to linger here?  
These bare hills, this conquered river,--  
Could they hold them dear,  
With their native loveliness  
Tamed and tortured into this?

Sadly, as the shades of even  
Gathered o'er the hill,  
While the western half of heaven  
Blushed with sunset still,

From the fountain's mossy seat  
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown forever,  
But he came no more  
To the hillside on the river  
Where he came before.  
But the villager can tell  
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden  
With their fruits or flowers,  
Roving boy and laughing maiden,  
In their school-day hours,  
Love the simple tale to tell  
Of the Indian and his well.  
1837

#### PENTUCKET.

The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventeen years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Chaillons, and Hertel de Rouville, the famous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which at that time contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, among them Hertel de Rouville. The minister of the place, Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a shot through his own door. In a paper entitled The Border War of 1708, published in my collection of Recreations and Miscellanies, I have given a prose narrative of the surprise of Haverhill.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone!  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless west,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretched up and down on either hand,  
With corn-leaves waving freshly green

The thick and blackened stumps between.  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravelled forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm without a fear,  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary laborer left his plough,  
The milkmaid carolled by her cow;  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.

At length the murmur died away,  
And silence on that village lay.  
--So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate.

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimac along his bed.  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hushed grouping of a dream.  
Yet on the still air crept a sound,  
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,  
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hillside beat?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood?--  
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?  
No,--through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,  
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress.

A yell the dead might wake to hear  
Swelled on the night air, far and clear;  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock;

Then rang the rifle-shot, and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken men,--  
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain.

Bursting through roof and window came,  
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame,  
And blended fire and moonlight glared  
On still dead men and scalp-knives bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through  
The river willows, wet with dew.  
No sound of combat filled the air,  
No shout was heard, nor gunshot there;  
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;  
And on the greensward many a stain,  
And, here and there, the mangled slain,  
Told how that midnight bolt had sped  
Pentucket, on thy fated head.

Even now the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,  
Still show the door of wasting oak,  
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare;  
Whose hideous head, in death still feared,  
Bore not a trace of hair or beard;  
And still, within the churchyard ground,  
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
The victims of that sacrifice.  
1838.

#### THE NORSEMEN.

In the early part of the present century, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimac. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited the north-east coast of North America and probably New England, some centuries before the discovery of the western world by Columbus, is very generally admitted.

GIFT from the cold and silent Past!  
A relic to the present cast,  
Left on the ever-changing strand  
Of shifting and unstable sand,  
Which wastes beneath the steady chime  
And beating of the waves of Time!  
Who from its bed of primal rock  
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?  
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,  
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

The waters of my native stream  
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam;  
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar  
The circles widen to its shore;  
And cultured field and peopled town  
Slope to its willowed margin down.  
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing  
The home-life sound of school-bells ringing,  
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,  
And voices from the wayside near  
Come quick and blended on my ear,--  
A spell is in this old gray stone,  
My thoughts are with the Past alone!

A change!--The steeped town no more  
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;  
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud  
Spectrally rising where they stood,  
I see the old, primeval wood;  
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
I see its solemn waste expand;  
It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
It arches o'er the valley's rill,  
And leans from cliff and crag to throw  
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river  
Flows on, as it will flow forever  
I listen, and I hear the low  
Soft ripple where its waters go;  
I hear behind the panther's cry,  
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,  
And shyly on the river's brink  
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark!--from wood and rock flung back,  
What sound comes up the Merrimac?  
What sea-worn barks are those which throw  
The light spray from each rushing prow?  
Have they not in the North Sea's blast  
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?  
Their frozen sails the low, pale sun  
Of Thule's night has shone upon;  
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep  
Round icy drift, and headland steep.  
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters  
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,  
Lessening through driving mist and spray,  
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide,--and now I view  
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;

Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
Turned to green earth and summer sky.  
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside  
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;  
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,  
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.  
I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
The sound of smitten shields I hear,  
Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;  
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,  
His gray and naked isles among;  
Or muttered low at midnight hour  
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon  
Has answered to that startling rune;  
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,  
The light Frank knows its summons well;  
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,  
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,  
His altar's foot in trembling prayer.

'T is past,--the 'wilderer vision dies  
In darkness on my dreaming eyes  
The forest vanishes in air,  
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;  
I hear the common tread of men,  
And hum of work-day life again;

The mystic relic seems alone  
A broken mass of common stone;  
And if it be the chiselled limb  
Of Berserker or idol grim,  
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
The stormy Viking's god of War,  
Or Praga of the Runic lay,  
Or love-awakening Siona,  
I know not,--for no graven line,  
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
Is left me here, by which to trace  
Its name, or origin, or place.  
Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
This glance upon its darkness cast,  
My spirit bows in gratitude  
Before the Giver of all good,  
Who fashioned so the human mind,  
That, from the waste of Time behind,  
A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
Can summon the departed forth;  
Quicken the Past to life again,  
The Present lose in what hath been,  
And in their primal freshness show

The buried forms of long ago.  
As if a portion of that Thought  
By which the Eternal will is wrought,  
Whose impulse fills anew with breath  
The frozen solitude of Death,  
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,  
To mortal musings sometimes sent,  
To whisper-even when it seems  
But Memory's fantasy of dreams--  
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,  
Of an immortal origin!  
1841.

#### FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

Polan, chief of the Sokokis Indians of the country between Agamenticus and Casco Bay, was killed at Windham on Sebago Lake in the spring of 1756. After the whites had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were upturned, placed the body of their chief beneath it, then released the tree, which, in springing back to its old position, covered the grave. The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. Francois.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show,  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks

The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reek the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side;

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide,--  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done: the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,  
The Indian's fitting monument!

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place,  
Which knew them once, retains no trace;

Oh, long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head,  
A green memorial of the dead!



There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake  
A solemn undertone shall make!

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers blow,  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,--  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer.

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,--  
And they have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O peeled and hunted and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!  
Great Nature owns her simple child!

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known,--  
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,  
The spirit of our brother man!  
1841.

## ST. JOHN.

The fierce rivalry between Charles de La Tour, a Protestant, and D'Aulnay Charnasy, a Catholic, for the possession of Acadia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. La Tour received aid in several instances from the Puritan colony of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by D'Aulnay, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack however followed in the fourth month, 1647, when D'Aulnay was successful, and the garrison was put to the sword. Lady La Tour languished a few days in the hands of her enemy, and then died of grief.

"To the winds give our banner!  
Bear homeward again!"  
Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne;  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour had looked  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell;  
But the men of Monhegan,  
Of Papists abhorred,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.  
Pemaquid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone,  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided,  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
Oh, well sped La Tour  
For, in peril and pain,  
His lady kept watch,  
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane-trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.  
"Now, why from yon battlements  
Speaks not my love!  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above?"

Dark and wild, from his deck  
St. Estienne gazed about,  
On fire-wasted dwellings,  
And silent redoubt;  
From the low, shattered walls  
Which the flame had o'errun,  
There floated no banner,  
There thundered no gun!

But beneath the low arch  
Of its doorway there stood  
A pale priest of Rome,  
In his cloak and his hood.  
With the bound of a lion,  
La Tour sprang to land,  
On the throat of the Papist  
He fastened his hand.

"Speak, son of the Woman  
Of scarlet and sin!  
What wolf has been prowling  
My castle within?"  
From the grasp of the soldier  
The Jesuit broke,  
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
He smiled as he spoke:

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
Has ravaged thy hall,  
But thy red-handed rival,  
With fire, steel, and ball!  
On an errand of mercy  
I hitherward came,  
While the walls of thy castle

Yet spouted with flame.

"Pentagoet's dark vessels  
Were moored in the bay,  
Grim sea-lions, roaring  
Aloud for their prey."

"But what of my lady?"  
Cried Charles of Estienne.  
"On the shot-crumbled turret  
Thy lady was seen:

"Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
Her hand grasped thy pennon,  
While her dark tresses swayed  
In the hot breath of cannon!  
But woe to the heretic,  
Evermore woe!  
When the son of the church  
And the cross is his foe!

"In the track of the shell,  
In the path of the ball,  
Pentagoet swept over  
The breach of the wall!  
Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
One moment,--and then  
Alone stood the victor,  
Alone with his men!

"Of its sturdy defenders,  
Thy lady alone  
Saw the cross-blazoned banner  
Float over St. John."  
"Let the dastard look to it!"  
Cried fiery Estienne,  
"Were D'Aulnay King Louis,  
I'd free her again!"

"Alas for thy lady!  
No service from thee  
Is needed by her  
Whom the Lord hath set free;  
Nine days, in stern silence,  
Her thraldom she bore,  
But the tenth morning came,  
And Death opened her door!"

As if suddenly smitten  
La Tour staggered back;  
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,  
His forehead grew black.  
He sprang on the deck  
Of his shallop again.

"We cruise now for vengeance!  
Give way!" cried Estienne.

"Massachusetts shall hear  
Of the Huguenot's wrong,  
And from island and creekside  
Her fishers shall throng!  
Pentagoet shall rue  
What his Papists have done,  
When his palisades echo  
The Puritan's gun!"

Oh, the loveliest of heavens  
Hung tenderly o'er him,  
There were waves in the sunshine,  
And green isles before him:  
But a pale hand was beckoning  
The Huguenot on;  
And in blackness and ashes  
Behind was St. John!  
1841

#### THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogeas, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
The sacred cypress-tree about,  
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,  
Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there  
Through weary night and lingering day,--  
Grim as the idols at their side,  
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;  
Unseen of them the island flowers  
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,  
The thunder crashed on rock and hill;  
The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,

Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?  
The Moslem's sunset-call, the dance  
Of Ceylon's maids, the passing gleam  
Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf  
Of which the wandering Jogeess sing:  
Which lends once more to wintry age  
The greenness of its spring.

Oh, if these poor and blinded ones  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed,  
In answer to the breath of prayer,  
Upon the waiting head;

Not to restore our failing forms,  
And build the spirit's broken shrine,  
But on the fainting soul to shed  
A light and life divine--

Shall we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay?  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And His appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,  
When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong,--  
And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer.  
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,

From waters which alone can save;

And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of Thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee!  
1841

#### THE EXILES.

The incidents upon which the following ballad has its foundation about the year 1660. Thomas Macy was one of the first, if not the first white settler of Nantucket. The career of Macy is briefly but carefully outlined in James S. Pike's *The New Puritan*.

THE goodman sat beside his door  
One sultry afternoon,  
With his young wife singing at his side  
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air,--  
The dark green woods were still;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud  
Above the wilderness,

As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air  
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,  
A weary stranger came,  
And stood before the farmer's door,  
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope

Was in his quiet glance,  
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed  
His tranquil countenance,--

A look, like that his Master wore  
In Pilate's council-hall:  
It told of wrongs, but of a love  
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"  
The stranger meekly said;  
And, leaning on his oaken staff,  
The goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted,--evil men  
Are following in my track;  
The traces of the torturer's whip  
Are on my aged back;

"And much, I fear, 't will peril thee  
Within thy doors to take  
A hunted seeker of the Truth,  
Oppressed for conscience' sake."

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,  
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,  
"We will not leave thee to the storm,  
Whoever thou mayst be."

Then came the aged wanderer in,  
And silent sat him down;  
While all within grew dark as night  
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze  
Filled every cottage nook,  
And with the jarring thunder-roll  
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet  
Came sounding up the lane,  
And half a score of horse, or more,  
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macy, ope thy door,--  
We would not be house-breakers;  
A rueful deed thou'st done this day,  
In harboring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,  
With much of fear and awe,  
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain  
The parish priest he saw.



Open thy door, thou wicked man,  
And let thy pastor in,  
And give God thanks, if forty stripes  
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman;  
"The stranger is my guest;  
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong,--  
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"  
And strong hands shook the door.  
"Believe me, Macy," quoth the priest,  
"Thou 'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macy's eye of fire  
"No priest who walks the earth,  
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest  
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught  
The matchlock, hotly tried  
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,  
By fiery Ireton's side;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,  
With shout and psalm contended;  
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,  
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then  
"My spirit is not free  
To bring the wrath and violence  
Of evil men on thee;

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,  
Bethink thee of thy Lord,  
Who healed again the smitten ear,  
And sheathed His follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led.  
Friends of the poor, farewell!"  
Beneath his hand the oaken door  
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old graybeard, yea and nay,"  
The reckless scoffers cried,  
As to a horseman's saddle-bow  
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long  
In Boston's crowded jail,

Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,  
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell;  
Those scenes have passed away;  
Let the dim shadows of the past  
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent priest,  
"Take Goodman Macy too;  
The sin of this day's heresy  
His back or purse shall rue."

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!" Macy cried.  
She caught his manly arm;  
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,  
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Macys, neck or naught,--  
The river-course was near;  
The plashing on its pebbled shore  
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch,  
Above the waters hung,  
And at its base, with every wave,  
A small light wherry swung.

A leap--they gain the boat--and there  
The goodman wields his oar;  
"Ill luck betide them all," he cried,  
"The laggards on the shore."

Down through the crashing underwood,  
The burly sheriff came:--  
"Stand, Goodman Macy, yield thyself;  
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face!"  
Bold Macy answered then,--  
"Whip women, on the village green,  
But meddle not with men."

The priest came panting to the shore,  
His grave cocked hat was gone;  
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung  
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back,--come back!" the parson cried,  
"The church's curse beware."  
"Curse, an' thou wilt," said Macy, "but  
Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled priest,  
"Thou 'lt yet the gallows see."  
"Who's born to be hanged will not be drowned,"  
Quoth Macy, merrily;

"And so, sir sheriff and priest, good-by!"  
He bent him to his oar,  
And the small boat glided quietly  
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds  
Scattered and fell asunder,  
While feebler came the rush of rain,  
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun  
Looked out serene and warm,  
Painting its holy symbol-light  
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span,  
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended;  
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,  
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern'slope  
The small boat glided fast;  
The watchers of the Block-house saw  
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison  
Sat shaking in their shoes,  
To hear the dip of Indian oars,  
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury--  
The men were all away--  
Looked out to see the stranger oar  
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw  
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,  
And Newbury's spire and weathercock  
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,  
The marsh lay broad and green;  
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs crowned,  
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye  
The harbor-bar was crossed;  
A plaything of the restless wave,

The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
On land and water lay;  
On the steep hills of Agawam,  
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
And Gloucester's harbor-bar;  
The watch-fire of the garrison  
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning  
On Massachusetts Bay!  
Blue wave, and bright green island,  
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety  
Round isle and headland steep;  
No tempest broke above them,  
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape  
The venturesome Macy passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle  
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
They braved the rough sea-weather;  
And there, in peace and quietness,  
Went down life's vale together;

How others drew around them,  
And how their fishing sped,  
Until to every wind of heaven  
Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale Want alternated  
With Plenty's golden smile;  
Behold, is it not written  
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth  
A refuge of the free,  
As when true-hearted Macy  
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
Her shrubless hills of sand,  
Free as the waves that batter  
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,

No loftier spirit stirs,  
Nor falls o'er human suffering  
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!  
And grant forevermore,  
That charity and freedom dwell  
As now upon her shore!  
1841.

#### THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills  
The sun shall sink again,  
Farewell to life and all its ills,  
Farewell to cell and chain!

These prison shades are dark and cold,  
But, darker far than they,  
The shadow of a sorrow old  
Is on my heart always.

For since the day when Warkworth wood  
Closed o'er my steed, and I,  
An alien from my name and blood,  
A weed cast out to die,--

When, looking back in sunset light,  
I saw her turret gleam,  
And from its casement, far and white,  
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,  
Doth home's green isles descry,  
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er  
The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate  
I gaze across the past;  
Forever on life's dial-plate  
The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,  
I've knelt at many a shrine;  
And bowed me to the rocky floor  
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

And by the Holy Sepulchre  
I've pledged my knightly sword  
To Christ, His blessed Church, and her,

The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife!  
How vain do all things seem!  
My soul is in the past, and life  
To-day is but a dream.

In vain the penance strange and long,  
And hard for flesh to bear;  
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,  
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,  
Its ears are open still;  
And vigils with the past they keep  
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old  
Do evermore uprise;  
I see the flow of locks of gold,  
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah me! upon another's breast  
Those golden locks recline;  
I see upon another rest  
The glance that once was mine.

"O faithless priest! O perjured knight!"  
I hear the Master cry;  
"Shut out the vision from thy sight,  
Let Earth and Nature die.

"The Church of God is now thy spouse,  
And thou the bridegroom art;  
Then let the burden of thy vows  
Crush down thy human heart!"

In vain! This heart its grief must know,  
Till life itself hath ceased,  
And falls beneath the self-same blow  
The lover and the priest!

O pitying Mother! souls of light,  
And saints and martyrs old!  
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,  
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,  
And death unbind my chain,  
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill  
The sun shall fall again.

1843

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

In 1658 two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Smithwick of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of nearly all his property for having entertained Quakers at his house, were fined for non-attendance at church. They being unable to pay the fine, the General Court issued an order empowering "the Treasurer of the County to sell the said persons to any of the English nation of Virginia or Barbadoes, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise  
to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked  
the spoil away;  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful  
three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His hand-  
maid free!  
Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison  
bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale  
gleam of stars;  
In the coldness and the darkness all through the  
long night-time,  
My grated casement whitened with autumn's early  
rime.  
Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept  
by;  
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown  
the sky;  
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which  
seemed to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the  
morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in  
my sorrow,  
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained  
for and sold,  
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer  
from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there, the  
shrinking and the shame;  
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to  
me came:  
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly," the wicked  
murmur said,  
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy

maiden bed?

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and  
sweet,  
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant  
street?  
Where be the youths whose glances, the summer  
Sabbath through,  
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?-Bethink  
thee with what mirth  
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm  
bright hearth;  
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads  
white and fair,  
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for  
thee kind words are spoken,  
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing  
boys are broken;  
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are  
laid,  
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful hunters  
braid.

"O weak, deluded maiden!--by crazy fancies  
led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure  
and sound,  
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and  
sackcloth bound,--

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood; who mock at  
things divine,  
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and  
wine;  
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the  
pillory lame,  
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in  
their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee!--a sadly toiling  
slave,  
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage  
to the grave!  
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless  
thrall,  
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"



Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's  
fears  
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing  
tears,  
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in  
silent prayer,  
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed  
wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,  
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison  
shackles fell,  
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's  
robe of white,  
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies!--for the peace  
and love I felt,  
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit  
melt;  
When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language  
of my heart,  
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts  
depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sunshine  
fell,  
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within  
my lonely cell;  
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward  
from the street  
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of  
passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was  
open cast,  
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street  
I passed;  
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared  
not see,  
How, from every door and window, the people  
gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon  
my cheek,  
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling  
limbs grew weak:  
"O Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her  
soul cast out  
The fear of man, which brings a snare, the weakness  
and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a cloud in

morning's breeze,  
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering  
words like these:  
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven  
a brazen wall,  
Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over  
all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit  
waters broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly  
wall of rock;  
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear  
lines on high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network  
on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped  
and grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed  
and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at  
hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the  
land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready  
ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and  
scoff and jeer;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of  
silence broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit  
spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the  
meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of  
the weak!  
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones,--go turn  
the prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf  
amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a  
deeper red  
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of  
anger spread;  
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest,  
"heed not her words so wild,  
Her Master speaks within her,--the Devil owns  
his child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the  
while the sheriff read  
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have  
made,  
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood  
bring  
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff, turning,  
said,--

"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this  
Quaker maid?  
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's  
shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian  
girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when  
again he cried,  
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"--no voice, no  
sign replied;  
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind  
words met my ear,--  
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl  
and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a pitying  
friend was nigh,--  
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his  
eye;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so  
kind to me,  
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring  
of the sea,--

"Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with coins  
of Spanish gold,  
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of  
her hold,  
By the living God who made me!--I would sooner  
in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child  
away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their  
cruel laws!"  
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's  
just applause.  
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for  
silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-

way drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate  
and scorn;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in  
silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode  
murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of  
soul;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and  
crushed his parchment roll.  
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled,  
the ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well  
released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept  
round the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me  
go my way;  
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of  
the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned the  
hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed  
beneath my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of  
the sky,  
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream and  
woodland lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of  
the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! to Him all  
praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his hand-  
maid free;  
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty  
are afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the  
poor is laid!

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight  
calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth the grateful  
psalm;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the  
saints of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter  
told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty  
men of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay His hand  
upon the strong.  
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!  
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven  
and devour!

But let the humble ones arise, the poor in heart  
be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with robes of  
praise be clad.  
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the  
stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to  
save!  
1843.

#### THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

The following ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends  
connected with the famous General ----, of Hampton, New Hampshire,  
who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with  
the adversary. I give the story, as I heard it when a child, from a  
venerable family visitant.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,  
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest.  
All is over, all is done,  
Twain of yesterday are one!  
Blooming girl and manhood gray,  
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,  
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;  
Dies the bonfire on the hill;  
All is dark and all is still,  
Save the starlight, save the breeze  
Moaning through the graveyard trees,  
And the great sea-waves below,  
Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride  
She hath wakened, at his side.  
With half-uttered shriek and start,--  
Feels she not his beating heart?  
And the pressure of his arm,  
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed  
Sings that fair dishevelled head,  
And a feeling, new, intense,  
Half of shame, half innocence,  
Maiden fear and wonder speaks  
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing,  
Faintest light the lamp is throwing  
On the mirror's antique mould,  
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,  
And, through faded curtains stealing,  
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,  
Silver-streaked his careless hair;  
Lips of love have left no trace  
On that hard and haughty face;  
And that forehead's knitted thought  
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,  
More than these calm lips will tell.  
Stooping to my lowly state,  
He hath made me rich and great,  
And I bless him, though he be  
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh, falls the light  
O'er her fingers small and white;  
Gold and gem, and costly ring  
Back the timid lustre fling,--  
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,  
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow  
From those tapering lines of snow;  
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending  
His black hair with golden blending,  
In her soft and light caress,  
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!--that start of horror! why  
That wild stare and wilder cry,  
Full of terror, full of pain?  
Is there madness in her brain?  
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low,  
"Spare me,--spare me,--let me go!"

God have mercy!--icy cold  
Spectral hands her own enfold,  
Drawing silently from them  
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem.

"Waken! save me!" still as death  
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,  
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;  
But she hears a murmur low,  
Full of sweetness, full of woe,  
Half a sigh and half a moan  
"Fear not! give the dead her own!"

Ah!--the dead wife's voice she knows!  
That cold hand whose pressure froze,  
Once in warmest life had borne  
Gem and band her own hath worn.  
"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes  
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,  
Closer to his breast he holds her;  
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,  
And he feels her heart's quick beating  
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"  
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream,--an idle dream."  
But before the lamp's pale gleam  
Tremblingly her hand she raises.  
There no more the diamond blazes,  
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,--  
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,  
But his dark lip quivereth,  
And as o'er the past he thinketh,  
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;  
Can those soft arms round him lie,  
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest  
Soothed and childlike on his breast,  
And in trustful innocence  
Draw new strength and courage thence;  
He, the proud man, feels within  
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought  
Simple prayers her mother taught,  
And His blessed angels call,  
Whose great love is over all;  
He, alone, in prayerless pride,  
Meets the dark Past at her side!

One, who living shrank with dread

From his look, or word, or tread,  
Unto whom her early grave  
Was as freedom to the slave,  
Moves him at this midnight hour,  
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!  
From their solemn homes of thought,  
Where the cypress shadows blend  
Darkly over foe and friend,  
Or in love or sad rebuke,  
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,  
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,  
Lifting from those dark, still places,  
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,  
O'er the guilty hearts behind  
An unwitting triumph find.

1843

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