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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXVI.—JULY, 1872.—VOL. XLV.

IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.



"HOW PURE IS THIS ATMOSPHERE!"

IN America a genuine old-fashioned grandfather is a rare blessing. The habits of the people are so essentially migratory that the young fledgelings tumble out of the family nest before they are able to fly; and even if they condescend to remain in the vicinity of the old homestead they are continually trying new situations, building new nests, and changing from tree to tree, until old age forces them into quiescence, not where they have chosen, but where they happen to be. These home bodies are, however, an exception to the general rule. Young birds are not satisfied with such circumscribed restlessness, but prefer to fly away over mountains and rivers, hundreds and even thousands of miles, before they find an abiding-place which suits their fancy. And as, in either case, the old birds at home are unable to fol-

low their wandering children, three generations are seldom seen together, and the sage wisdom of a grandfather is almost an unknown language—one of the lost treasures of the past.

The majority of Americans in the nineteenth century have no local attachments. Not one in ten thousand lives in the house where his father lived before him. This taste for change will last until our broad country, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, is well filled with homes, villages, and cities. Then will arise the Old-World love for a homestead descending from father to son, the Old-World reverence for time-honored customs, and the Old-World belief in the wisdom of grandfathers, all now considered mere effete superstitions of the past.

But in its day and generation our family

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stood out a bright example to the surrounding country. We had a grandfather who sat in his arm-chair, crowned with wisdom and silver hair, and related to us stories of the good old times. We were brought up to believe in the degeneracy of cities with their follies and false ideas of pleasure, and to admire rural life with its simplicity and rational enjoyment. We were never weary of hearing tales of the deep chimney with its fire of logs, the dairy and spring-house with their stores of cool milk and golden butter, the rustic gatherings, and the long journeys at no greater speed than two good horses could attain. We cherished a secret scorn for our modern range, we condemned the locomotives as prosaic, we despised modern society for its false pretension, and longed for the naïve simplicity of country life. Judge, therefore, of our delight when one June morning grandfather in his deliberate manner remarked: "Priscilla, change is necessary to the welfare of all. You are not looking as strong as I could wish, and I have implicit faith in the remedy of my youth—the remedy of common-sense. In these degenerate days people are whirled along from town to town in hot, dusty cars, losing the scenery, the fresh air, and their tempers. Now I propose, my child, that we take the open carriage, and ride leisurely into the country, enjoying the broad sky and changing clouds, the varying landscape, and the good plain fare of the village inns. Once off these hard pavements, we shall find smooth winding roads, and, no doubt, discover much to interest us in the simplicity and rustic politeness of the farming population."

Cousin Sue and I were charmed with the plan, and before many days had passed we started for Arcadia, the light carriage drawn by Bob and Sultan, our handsome bays; grandfather driving, and Sue and I on the back seat, in search of the picturesque. Sue and I were attired in our oldest dresses, and carried only hand-sachels in the way of baggage; for "your plainest attire, my dears, will be more than handsome down in the country," said grandfather.

We soon left Marathon behind us, and a rising ground showed its distant spires and the cloud of smoke hanging above them. "How pure is this atmosphere!" exclaimed grandfather, checking the horses, and expanding his lungs with long breaths of delight; but just as we had opened our mouths to follow his example a whirl of dust and a whiff of coal-oil heralded the approach of a line of teams from the refineries, and around the corner came the heads of the slow-moving leaders, the first of a train of forty wagons, each one loaded with the well-known odoriferous blue casks which have added so much to the dirt and wealth of Marathon. The heavy feet of the draught-horses churned up the dust, and the penetrating odor of the

petroleum filled the air. Coughing and choking, grandfather touched Sultan with his whip, in the hope of passing the pestilential procession; but from a cross-road on the right a peddler's red wagon rattled into the turnpike before us, and pertinaciously kept close in front of our carriage, enveloping us in a cloud of dust, exasperating because unnecessary. If grandfather slackened his speed so as to fall behind, the red wagon would slacken also; if we started forward again, the red wagon would rattle ahead, the horses on a full gallop, and the tin pans on top clattering in distracting harmony. Remembering that a stern chase is a long chase, grandfather checked the horses into a slow walk, but after one free breath there was the red back of our adversary close before us again, and the dust more stifling than ever. As a side remark, I here wish to protest against the dog-in-the-manger policy peculiar to peddlers' wagons. I say wagons, because the peddlers themselves are invisible, hidden away in the recesses of their caravans, and therefore the aggravation seems to proceed from the clumsy vehicles themselves. They will neither go on nor allow others to do so; and it is a question whether their red color may not be considered an additional grievance.

Toward noon we approached the village where we were to dine, and after driving through a barren, sandy public square we reached the hotel, and were ushered into a large room lighted by eight windows guiltless of either blinds or curtains, where an army of flies buzzed joyously. Ten wooden chairs, a centre table, and a spittoon composed the furniture, while the "Father of his Country" and "S. T.—1860.—X. Plantation Bitters" adorned the wall. On the ringing of a huge bell we went to the dining-room, where the long table was already filled with people engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the dishes.

"Pork-steak, beef steak, fried ham and eggs," said the ringleted damsel at our elbows.

"Beef-steak," said grandfather; "and, my good girl, bring us some fresh boiled eggs, and a little honey in the comb."

"We ain't got any eggs, Sir, except what's on the ham; we expected some from Marathon to-day, but they haven't come. We don't keep honey, but here's some first-rate jam."

"Well, well, never mind; a pitcher of milk, then."

"We've got no milk, Sir; milk is scarce out here; but I can get you a cobbler or julep at the bar."

"We are still too near the city, my dears," said grandfather as we drove away. "By evening I trust we shall leave the turmoil far behind us, and enter the real Arcadia."

On we journeyed, and the broad road

lengthened out before us in endless monotony. It ran with mathematical precision from one town to another, and when we reached the summit of a small elevation we could trace its white line straight before us as far as the eye could reach. On either side, shut in by zigzag fences, were corn and wheat fields, and the hot sun burned their faces and ours with the persistent blaze of a cloudless June day. The light top of the carriage, extending over the back seat, afforded some protection to Sue and myself, but poor grandfather simmered in front, and mopped his face in silence. About four o'clock we came to a way-side inn.

"We will stop here and rest a few moments," said grandfather. "Perhaps some iced milk would refresh you.—Here, Sir," he called out to a half-grown youth who, with his hat drawn over his eyes, was lounging on a bench at the door; "will you bring us a pitcher of iced milk?"

"We don't sell milk here," replied the boy, with a prolonged stare.

"No, I suppose your customers seldom call for it; but these ladies would like a glass with a lump of ice."

"But we ain't got any at all. We sell it all in Marathon."

"Have you any buttermilk, then?"

"No; we don't keep buttermilk."

"Any cider?"

"No; we don't keep that either."

"What in the name of Andrew Jackson do you keep?" asked my thirsty ancestor, testily.

"The best lager made in Marathon; it came out by rail this morning."

"I have never tasted this modern beverage, Priscilla, but I will now venture, as it is all they have," said grandfather, handing me the reins.

Fanning himself vigorously with his hat, he disappeared into the house, leaving the boy reclining on his bench with easy grace. After a pause this youth opened a conversation:

"Fine day, ma'am."

"Yes," I replied, "but rather warm."

"It'll be a deal hotter before it gets through. I say, have you got any pills?"

"What?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Any pills or powders for fever-nager or liver-complaint?"

"What can he mean?" exclaimed Sue.

"Why, you're patent-medicine agents, ain't you? They always travel through the country with horses instead of taking the cars. There was one along last week who had his women folks with him, and his medicines under the back seat."

"We are not agents," I replied; "we are traveling for pleasure."

"For what?"

"For pleasure."

At this juncture grandfather appeared,

and we drove away, followed by the dull curiosity of the pill-consuming boy, who even left his bench and advanced to the middle of the road, shading his eyes with his hand to gaze after the singular beings who were traveling for "pleasure."

The heat grew more intense, and the horses drooped under the burning sun, so that it was dusk before we reached Phyle, where we were to pass the night. Driving to the hotel, we alighted amidst a group of loungers, and struggled into the crowded house, where all was bustle and confusion. No private rooms could be obtained until eleven o'clock, when most of the guests would depart; supper was over, but we were at liberty to go into the dining-room and pick up something; the old gentleman must attend to the horses himself, as the men were all busy with the procession. The Bridge Commissioners were in town, and to-morrow the question of the new bridge would be decided; delegates from the surrounding towns were present; there was to be a torch-light procession, and the Hon. Galusha A. Brown would address the voters on the square at eight precisely. Sitting on hard chairs in the crowded parlor, Sue and I passed a dismal hour, while grandfather, in his shirt sleeves, worked over Bob and Sultan in the stifling stable. Unable to find any thing eatable in the dining-room, we started for a walk in the balmy evening to cool our aching brows and escape the din and confusion; but the streets swarmed with children and dogs, the roar of a cannon came from the square, and finally we met the procession, with a brass band at the head and drums at the foot, and were obliged to swallow the clouds of dust rising up from the patriotic feet of the bridge advocates, and a finishing whirl from the carriage in the rear conveying the Hon. Galusha to the scene of his triumph. At midnight we were shown into disordered rooms, where, upon feather-beds, we tossed uncomfortably until welcome daylight dawned. The sun rose in an unclouded sky. With the aid of a sleepy boy grandfather harnessed the horses, and we drove away from Phyle. The road grew narrow and winding, and as hills appeared around us, grandfather's spirits rose.

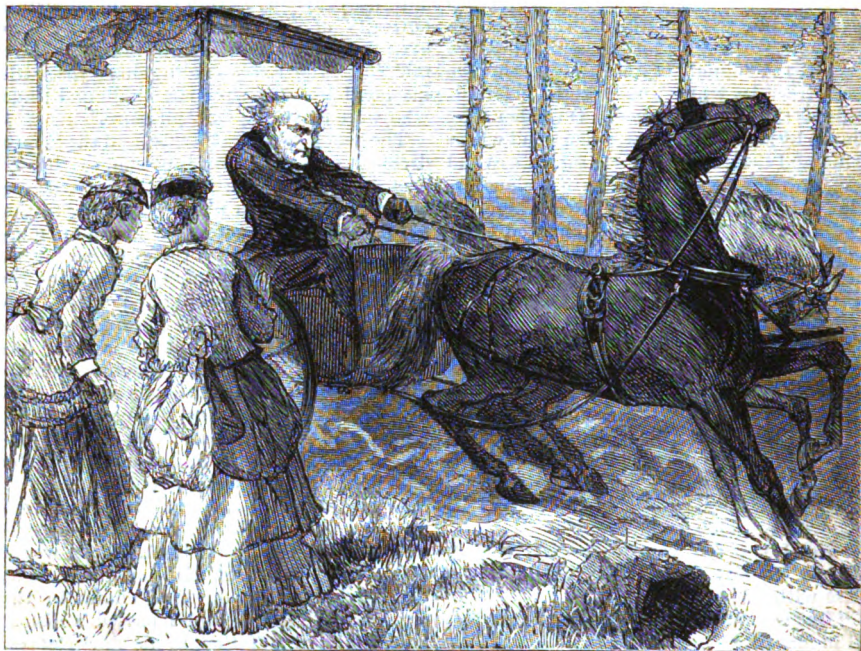
"This is more like old times!" he exclaimed: "then all the roads were hilly, and far better they were, too, for man and for beast than the modern turnpike. I was once thought to be an adept in the art of driving, my dears, and I never saw a hill too precipitous for my fancy. Yes, this is something like old times."

After several hours we came to a place where two roads met, and as there was no guide-board, we hesitated which to take.

"The left-hand road seems to be the most traveled," I remarked.

"Priscilla," said grandfather, solemnly,





TRYING THE BRAKE.

"when you are in any doubt, look at the sun; then you can not err. In old times people were better instructed in the science of the heavens, and needed no guide-boards. We are going east, and the right-hand road turns eastward; so naturally that is our course."

We turned to the right, and the tracks grew fewer and fainter as we advanced. At length we reached the summit of a very high hill.

"Rather precipitous," said grandfather; and Sue and I held our breath as Bob and Sultan somewhat unwillingly commenced the descent. "Whoa, boys, whoa!" called out our driver, wrapping the reins around his wrists and bracing his feet against the dash-board. Faster and faster we went, for the horses could not hold back, and finally they raced down the sharp pitch, broke into a gallop on the bridge, and continued it half-way up the opposite ascent. Much frightened, Sue and I heaved a sigh of relief as our gay steeds dropped into a walk; but when we reached the summit, there before us lay another pitch even more dangerous than the first. Grandfather reined up, and Sue, who is something of a coward, exclaimed,

"Oh, please, let me get out and walk."

"Well, my dears, perhaps you would do better to get out, both of you; for, as the horses have no breeching, I must contrive a species of brake for the carriage, or they may do us some injury."

"No what, grandfather?"

"No breeching, child; we do not require it in the city, and I suppose Cæsar forgot it."

Leaving me at the horses' heads, grandfather went to the road-side and began pulling a long rail out of the fence. Bravely he worked, and the perspiration fell in drops as he dragged the unwieldy log across the road to the carriage, and, raising it with great exertion, ran it through the spokes of the hind wheels.

"Now, children, go on before, and I will see how the brake works."

We started, and when half-way down the hill were frightened by a tremendous noise in the rear. First came the horses, foaming and fretting, just ready to break away; then grandfather, on the front seat, without his hat, his hair streaming, his face scarlet, holding on to the reins with all his strength; the locked wheels of the carriage came banging along, hitting every stone, and throwing a cloud of dust over us as they crashed on down to the bottom of the hill.

Picking up the lost hat, we followed, and found the equipage safe on the bridge, and grandfather laboring to pull out the rail. "I think I had better put it in the carriage," he said, panting, "for we may need it if there are any more hills." So we toiled up the ascent, the unwieldy rail in every body's way, and threatening to take our lives at one fell blow. Any more hills indeed! It

was well we took the rail, for we spent the rest of the morning lifting it in and out of the carriage, running it through the hind wheels, and walking up and down endless hills in clouds of dust and dews of perspiration. Worn with fatigue, we at last reached Megara, the village where we were to dine. "What abominable roads you have about here!" growled grandfather, as he sank into a chair; "I never saw such hills."

"You don't mean to say you came over the hill road?" asked the fat landlord. "Why didn't you take the left-hand road? It's as smooth as your hand."

"But that road turns to the west."

"I don't know nothing about east and west," replied Boniface; "but that's the road, and nobody thinks of coming over the hills nowadays."

Our dinner consisted of fried ham and eggs; no vegetables or ice in the house. While we were reposing in the parlor the door opened, and a gaunt young woman appeared, her hair arranged in an enormous chignon, with a solitary curl dangling down her back. "Good-afternoon, ladies," she said, seating herself in a rocking-chair and smiling graciously. "You be from Marathon, perhaps?"

"Yes," I replied, with dignity.

"Well, I thought I'd come in and keep you company a while. You see I've got a dress-maker in the back-room, and I'm hev'in' a dress made over. I thought likely you could tell me whether 'twas most genteel to

hev panyers in the upper skirt or not. I see by the *Bong-Tong* that panyers is much worn, although you don't seem to hev none on; them dresses of yours are cut in the fashion of two years ago. Hev you got any others with you?"

"No," I replied; "we brought no trunks."

"Well, now, for my part, I like to hev my things in the style, especially when I'm traveling," pursued our visitor; "folks here in Megara are mighty particular about fashion. Excuse me, but is that the latest thing in hair?" pointing to Sue's somewhat disheveled coiffure.

Here I felt called upon to explain that we made no attempt at elaborate toilets, as we had come into the country for rest and change of air; but it was only too evident that our rank and consequence were sadly diminished by the antiquated style of our garments; and after some further conversation the young woman remarked, "You're female suffragers, ain't you?" At Sue's vehement disclaimer the young woman blandly replied, "No offense, Sis; I only thought so because the suffragers mostly pays no attention to the fashions. Good-day."

We left Megara soon afterward, and as we journeyed the clouds began to gather, and a light breeze cooled the heated air. "How delightful this is!" we exclaimed, and for half an hour we reveled in the realization of our dreams. A large drop plashed suddenly upon the dash-board. More followed, until a sheet of water was pouring down



"YOU'RE FEMALE SUFFRAGERS, AIN'T YOU?"



upon us, while the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and the horses plunged in fright. For fifteen minutes we breasted the storm, but the rain drove in such torrents upon us that we finally turned around and interposed the back of the carriage between us and the storm. There we waited patiently, the water oozing through the top down upon our heads, while grandfather, unable to protect himself in his exposed position, sat in a pool, with a water-fall running down his back. The horses, shriveled and forlorn, crowded against each other, and Bob occasionally looked over his shoulder reproachfully at us as we sat in the dripping carriage, and no doubt had his own horse thoughts on the subject of the picturesque.

When we were thoroughly wet through the storm abated, leaving behind a steady rain and hopeless gray clouds to cheer us on our way. The clay road was so slippery that the horses could not be urged out of a walk, and disconsolately we plodded along, wet, cold, and miserable. Toward evening we came to a railroad crossing, and seeing a locomotive coming, we drew up to wait. The train dashed by with its long cars filled with warm, dry travelers, who looked up carelessly from their papers to see us sitting there in the rain.

"That is the evening train to Marathon," said Sue. A vague wish dawned in our damp bodies, but no one dared express it in words; and we plodded onward.

Late at night we arrived at Parlet, and, stiff with cold and exhaustion, silently sought our beds. The next morning, however, the sun rose brilliantly in a clear sky, and the dewy fields, refreshed by the rain, looked like green velvet spread over the earth. Inspired by the fresh beauty around us, our courage rose, and we defied Fate to daunt us in our voyage of discovery. The inevitable ham and eggs were devoured with healthy appetites, and with renewed hope we started on our journey. Any thing equal to that road I never saw, and hope never to see again; part of it lay through a swamp, and was of that delicate construction known as "corduroy." We jolted, slipped, and dragged along, until the carriage, clogged with earth, creaked like a great caravan, and the original color of the horses was lost in mud. Toward noon we met a boy with an ox team. "Is the road any better beyond here, young man?" asked grandfather. "Wa'al, there air some pretty bad chuck-holes, but I guess you can squeeze through," was the reply. With this encouraging hope we went on; Bob and Sultan, their high-bred courage all gone, showed symptoms of lying down in the middle of each chuck-hole and giving it up. With the aid of the whip we at last reached Corinth, and as the landlord was absent, the good-natured landlady bustled around to get us a "real good dinner." In

the intervals of preparation she occasionally looked in upon us so that we should not feel lonely, and during one of these visits directed our attention to a work of art on the wall. This gem was evidently the pride of her heart; it represented an unhappy man skewered into a dress-coat, his hands carefully spread on his knees, and his ears rasped by a high shirt collar. By his side sat a fat woman done up in red silk, a gold chain round her head supporting a cameo pin on her forehead, and bracelets, rings, and other ornaments in gorgeous profusion. In the foreground near a rose-bush stood a child, with round eyes and elaborate curls, gazing at nothing with cherubic sweetness. I admired this *chef-d'œuvre* in silence; but Sue, with the rash courage of youth, ventured a bold question. "Your likeness, madam?"

"Wa'al, now," said the lady, highly flattered, "it was taken for us, Jotham and me, and I reckon it *do* look like us when we get them clothes on; but I shouldn't have thought you'd known it for me in this here old dress."

"Your little girl?" pursued Sue, emboldened by her success.

"Wa'al, no; the fact is, we never had no children; but I kinder thought it ud look better to have a child in the picture, so I jest borrowed one for the day."

Before long detachments of boys appeared at the door and stared at us with open mouths; if we raised the windows for fresh air, each one was immediately taken possession of by more boys, who whispered together and inspected us curiously. When dinner was announced three half-grown girls stood in the dining-room ostensibly to wait upon us, but in reality to stare, for they never removed their eyes from our party. Pork and beans, hot soda biscuit, fried ham, pickles, and mince-pie composed the bill of fare; no ice, but plenty of flies. As we finished our meal, the landlady, after a prolonged whispering with unseen friends in the kitchen, bashfully addressed grandfather as follows:

"If you please, Sir, is the show coming this week or next?"

"What do you mean, madam?" asked grandfather, in some surprise.

"The show, Sir—the circus. We heard tell as how the manager and the ladies as rides the horses were coming first in a carriage; and that's you, ain't it?"

"Good Heavens, no, madam! We are traveling for pleasure. Let the horses be brought around immediately," added grandfather, angrily, as he left the room.

While we were putting on our outer garments the children of Corinth gathered around the door, new reinforcements coming in constantly from every house in sight. "What's up, Bill?" called a distant voice outside. "It's the ladies as rides in the circus," bellowed Bill, making a trumpet

of his hands to increase the sound. "Get Jake and Jim, and hurry up, if you want to see them."

"I say, miss," said a courageous little girl, pulling my shawl as I got into the carriage, "is that the clown?" pointing to grandfather. With this parting speech we drove away from Corinth, and our meditations were prolonged and deep.

All the afternoon the road continued execrable. Chuck-holes and corduroy alternated with each other, and the horses toiled wearily in the heavy mud. We expected to reach Argos at six o'clock, but seven found us still plodding on, the road growing rougher and more wild with every mile. Not a house was to be seen, and the night was growing dark when we plunged down a steep hill and brought up—at a coal mine! The

river and canal flowed alongside, and rough-looking men with lamps on their hats rode in and out of the bowels of the earth like so many gnomes.

"Is this the road to Argos?" asked grandfather, meekly.

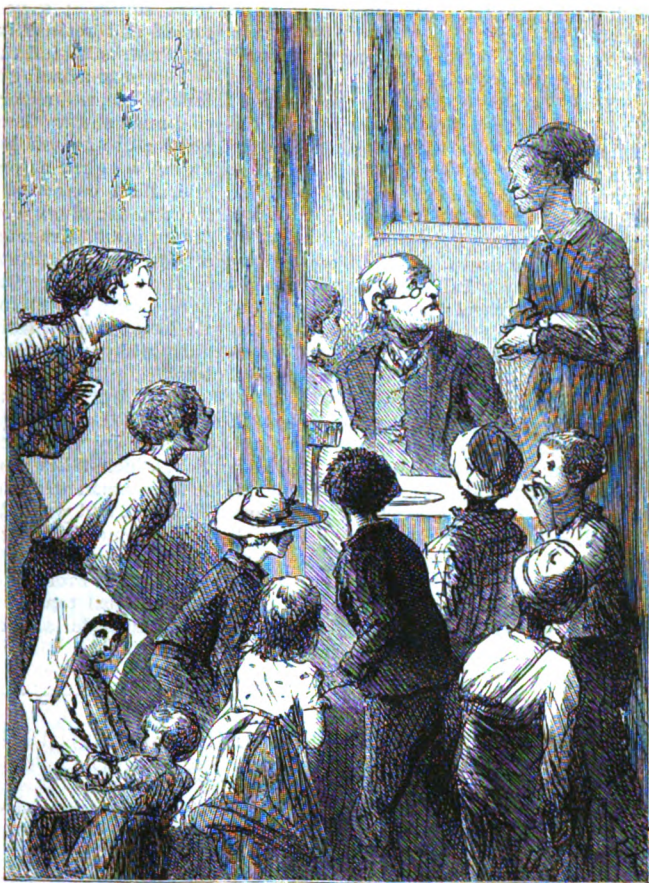
"The road to Argos? No. This here's the road to the coal mine, and this here's the end of it. You'll have to go back four miles, and turn to the right over the bridge. Argos is five or six miles from here."

Grandfather looked profoundly discouraged, and Sue glanced apprehensively at the steep hill and gathering gloom.

"Your horses look pretty well tuckered out, mister," continued the miner, who had been examining Bob and Sultan.

"I am afraid they are exhausted, as you say. Is there any farm-house in the neighborhood where we can be accommodated for the night?"

"Wa'al," said the man, reflecting, "p'r'aps Ben Jones will take you in. Bill, come here and show the gentleman the road across the fields to Jones's."



"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IS THE SHOW COMING THIS WEEK?"

A grinning urchin appeared out of the ground and led the way, through gates and meadows, to a small house whose twinkling light beamed out in the darkness cheerily. Ben Jones received us readily, and ushered us into the hot kitchen, where, with the thermometer at ninety-nine, Mrs. Ben and a graduated row of children were eating flap-jacks. With glowing hospitality the matron prepared a fresh supply, which, together with fried pork and coffee, completed our repast. Mrs. Jones informed us that she sold all her milk and eggs to go to Marathon; that she didn't raise much garden-stuff, as she could get it cheaper from the canal-boats coming down from the city. "I like to go to town once in a while myself," she added, "to see the fashions, and get a taste of strawberries or peaches. We ain't got no fruit here but water-millions, and they're so fillin'."

The evening passed away, and Mrs. Jones, charging into the little army, dispatched them by detachments to bed. Then, as she produced a flaming kerosene lamp, she asked,



with lively interest, "I suppose you see the hanging last week?"

"You mean Foot, the murderer? Oh no," said Sue, with a shudder.

"You didn't go! Laws, ain't that strange? Why, I'd good thoughts of going up to Marathon myself on purpose, and taking Timothy John; it ain't often one gets such a chance. I read his last confession out loud to all the children last night. I thought it ud be a warning to them. I suppose there's lots of fires and fights up to Marathon 'most every night, ain't they? I always read all I can get hold of about them; it's something lively to think of in this dull place. Wa'al, good-night, ladies; I hope you'll sleep well," concluded Mrs. Ben, as she left us at the door of our bed-chamber.

It was a still, warm night, and Sue and I expended all our strength in vain upon the small window—it would not open. Finally discovering two nails at the top, we succeeded in pulling them out and letting some fresh air into the room, which had been heated like an oven by the hot sun on its sloping roof. A feather-bed and gay patchwork quilt invited us to simmering repose. We slept, and the mosquitoes came up from the canal in battle-array, and reveled until they

were satiated; they then drew off their forces and retired in good order, leaving their marks behind them.

The next morning we left the hospitable farm-house, and retracing our steps past the coal mine and up the steep hill, we took the lost road to Argos. Bob was dead lame, and Sultan coughed as only a horse can cough. Sue and I concealed our mosquito-bitten faces under thick veils; and grandfather, drawn up with rheumatism, vouchsafed not a word from the front seat.

At ten o'clock we reached Argos; the horses were put up in a stable, and silently we took the noon train for Marathon.

Moral by grandfather: "Tempora mutantur."

Moral by Sue: "Three wise men of Gotham," etc.

Moral by the historian of the expedition, which takes the form of an anecdote: A Frenchman went to visit some friends in Scotland, and was taken up to the summits of all the neighboring mountains before daylight to see the sun rise. Another guest arrived. The Frenchman drew him aside, and in a tragical tone demanded, "Aimez-vous les beautés de la Nature? Pour moi, je les ABHORRE!"

## OFF THUNDER BAY.

### A LEGEND OF LAKE HURON, 1772.

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat;

Over old Huron on we go;

Above, above us the summer clouds float,

Sailing aloft as we sail below;

Behind us the north wind sings in our wake,

Wing-and-wing he bears us away;

And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake

Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."

Her brown hands toy with the flowers in her lap—

Spicy juniper, balsam sweet;

Her black hair waves from her red-beaded cap

Down to her little moccasined feet.

"Alone with ourselves, alone with our love,

Wing-and-wing through the summer day,

We sail below, and the clouds sail above,

O'er the deep waters off Thunder Bay."

Upon the Evergreen Isle in the north

The Indian mother silent waits;

The old French father strides back and forth,

And hails the ship coming through the straits:

"Ho, brave voyageur, our child hast thou seen—

Petite Marie, Flower of the Snow?

We find but the fringe of her mantle green,

The print of her foot off Tuskenoe."

"Ah oui, Antoine," cries the voyageur;

"Down on Huron her boat we met;

But a blue-eyed stranger was with La Fleur,

And all the canvas was southward set.

The wind was fair, the boat sailed at its best,

Wing-and-wing went dancing away:

They sailed southeast, we were tacking northwest;

We passed each other off Thunder Bay."

O'er the island fort the English flag waves;

English soldiers pace to and fro;

Behind, the plateau with Indian graves;

A little French town on the beach below.

The old commander comes down from the height,

Hails the vessel with pompous mien:

"A young subaltern escaped last night—

A boat sailing southward have you seen?"

"Ah oui, capitaine," cries the voyageur,

Bowing before the gold-laced form;

"We saw a young soldier with sweet La Fleur;

We caught the gleam of his uniform.

Two lovers behind and two sails before,

Wing-and-wing they vanished away—

First a sail, then a speck, then nothing more

Save the blue offing of Thunder Bay."

The Indian mother soon passed away—

Passed away with her fading race;

But year after year, and day after day,

French Antoine watched with eager face—

Watched the long point of the green Bois-Blanc shore;

Watched for his child with longing pain;

Watched for the sail-boat that came back no more;

Watched out his lingering life in vain.

The cross of St. George came down from the height;

Stars and Stripes wave in Huron's breeze;

A hundred long years have rolled into night;

A navy dots the fresh-water seas:

But still the lake sailors see the white sails

Wing-and-wing on a summer day;

As the boat glides past them the soldier hails,

And they hear his song off Thunder Bay:

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat;

Over old Huron on we go;

Above, above us the summer clouds float,

Sailing aloft as we sail below;

Behind us the north wind sings in our wake,

Wing-and-wing he bears us away;

And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake

Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."