

1873

Mt. Desert in 1873, Portrayed in Crayon and Quill

J. R. Osgood and Company

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THE DESERT IN NOVEMBER

Published

J. R. C. Goods Co

Boston



by

Portrayed

Chayon & Quill

MT DESEERT INDOU

Published

J. R. Osgood & Co

Boston

by

Portrayed in

Crayon & Quill



PREFACE.

THOSE who offer the following pages to the public beg to disclaim all pretensions to the names of poet and artist. Their object has been, to give a picture of summer life at Bar Harbor; hoping that those who had enjoyed the reality might take pleasure in an attempt at its portrayal.

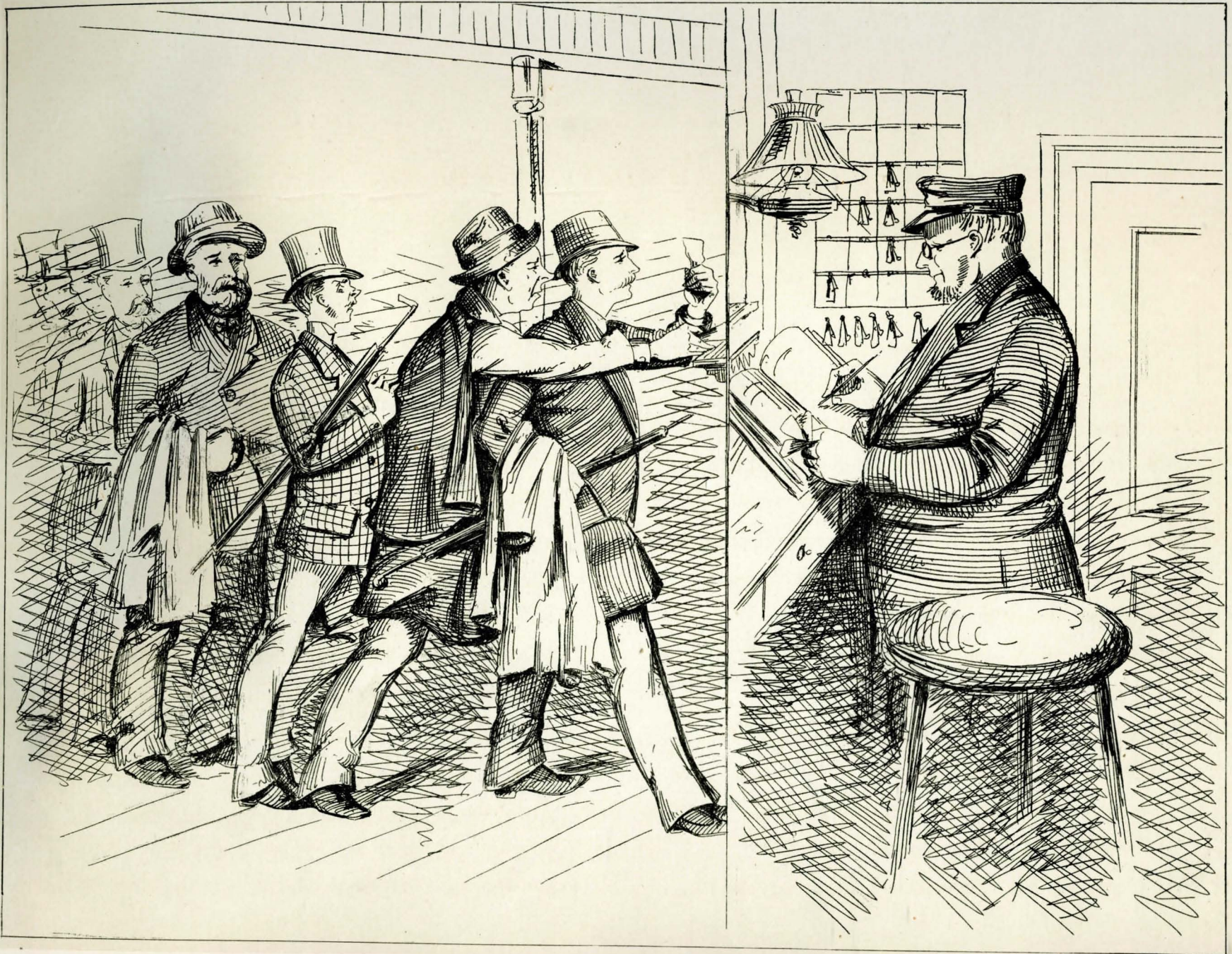
TO MOUNT DESERT.

THOU favored isle, from busy haunts afar,
Whose wildness mocks at man's destroying hand,
No smoky industries thy beauty mar,
No envious spires, no swelling domes, expand
In insolence their petty forms, where stand,
With shadows creeping o'er their changing green,
Thy mountains, solemn, beautiful, and grand;
Yet has thy loveliness a softer mien:
The sun in all its course gilds not more fair a scene.

Clear lie the springs within thy mossy glades,
Which glistening birches fling their shadows o'er;
Sweet is the singing of thy fair cascades,
Whose crystal waters musically pour;
Far spreads the ocean round thy craggy shore,

And now its feet with soft caresses laves,
Anon, to anger spurred, with sullen roar,
While yet thy fortress proudly spurns its waves,
It charges on thy rocks, and thunders in thy caves.

Though fresh as ever Nature's beauties smile,
How changed thy people since that former day,
When, dwelling lonely in their peaceful isle,
They cast their nets, or raked the fragrant hay!
Thy fishermen, thy farmers, where are they?
Now in their stead are monied landlords found;
Thy sons as drivers win the stranger's pay;
Thy daughters, where the swarming flies abound,
On clamoring boarders tend, and pass the chowder round.



"Close press the ranks that with a lengthening trail
The window of the ticket-clerk assail."

MOUNT DESERT IN 1873.

ONE summer noon lay Boston baked and dry,
While o'er the State House hung a cloudless sky.
The sun was venting from the zenith's height
The torrid rays he'd gathered through the night,
And on the streets, with nothing to oppose,
Was playing down as if from fiery hose.
Two young men meet,—they nod,—their hands extend.
“It's hot!” says one. “As Tophet!” says his friend.
“Let's take a trip to shun this heat and dirt.”
“But when?” “To-morrow.” “Where?” “To Mt. Desert.”
“We'll get no room.” “Oh, yes! of one I know:
A friend engaged it, and he cannot go.”
“What say you to the Hub-renowned Bay View?
So come along.” “No, hang me if I do.”
“Think of the fresh sea-breezes on the shore!”
“Yes, but the journey is a dreadful bore.”
“Think of the mountains!” “Where you'll sprain your feet.”
“Think of the rocks!” “There's little else to eat.”

“Think of the moonlight rows, the noon-day sails!”
“In fogs and calms; perhaps in storms and gales.”
“And think of all the pretty girls I know
At that hotel.” “Well, after all, I'll go.”

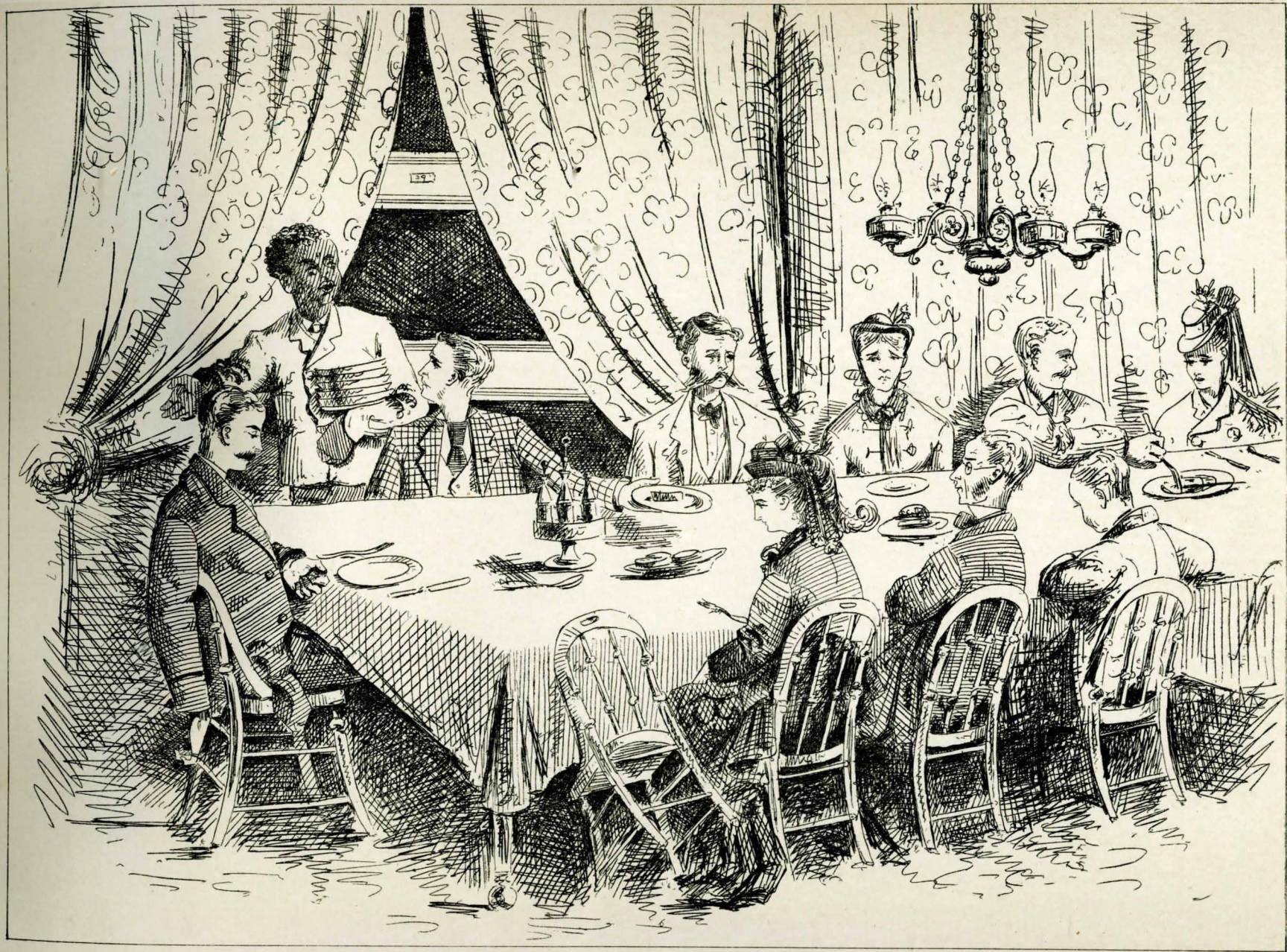
Such the decision, happy fruits to bear,
Of Jack Recknotte and Reginald Lackare.
And now, as each proceeds upon his way,
Contented smiles upon their features play;
For in our breasts, be it for good or ill,
A fresh resolve imparts a pleasing thrill.
Jack Recknotte, in a path of ease and plenty,
Had drifted to the age of six and twenty;
Amid commercial toils he bore his share,
Yet was he not a slave to wasting care;
He chose his hours, a way that's pleasant rather;
Jack always called it being with his father.

His friend and college classmate, young Lackare,
 Had gentlemanly leisure in his air:
 With raiment fashioned all in foreign parts,
 He studied hard to move young ladies' hearts;
 And now proposed, Bar Harbor belles diverting,
 To introduce the latest thing in flirting.
 Little he knew how well, by widows fair,
 The graceful art was taught and practised there.

Ere silent darkness quenched another day,
 Our friends were gayly speeding on their way;
 And soon, around the car their glances ranging,
 Conjectures on its inmates were exchanging.
 'Mid clergymen, and men of bar-room vapors,
 Mammams with babies, and papas with papers,
 As from dark foliage dainty blossoms rise,
 Shone here and there fair cheeks and laughing eyes.
 "See, Jack," said Reginald: "look out, don't stare!
 In front of that old woman over there,
 A perfect beauty! Now you get a view:
 She wears a hat, and feather of bright blue."
 Not loth was Jack the summons to obey,
 Nor quick was he to turn his glance away:
 Many their hopes, the fair one might intend
 To travel with them to their journey's end.

But Portland reached, their landward course they stay,
 O'er trackless waters now to hold their way;
 Out trunks and passengers in darkness tumble,
 And on the steamer Blewiston they stumble;
 Close press the ranks that with a lengthening trail
 The window of the ticket-clerk assail.
 Their state-rooms found, our friends looked left and right,
 But no blue feather cheered their eyes that night.
 'Tis thus we float on life's resistless tide;
 Thus meet to part, by wayward flood swept wide:
 Happy it is, that oft an eddy draws
 A scattered company like drifting straws,
 And circling in the bubbling whirl, remeeting,
 We find our parting meant but other greeting.

Fast closed the eyes of Reginald and Jack,
 As sped the boat upon her thickening track;
 But Morpheus soon relaxed his drowsy power,
 As shrieked the whistle through each lagging hour.
 The morrow saw them, in the cabin long,
 For breakfast pushing 'mid a hungry throng;
 And when at last they reached the board together,
 Before them was the maiden with the feather:
 Yes, there she sat, unconscious they were near,
 And gazing sweetly at the chandelier.



“Hold on, sah! Dat won't do, sah! I ain't able
To help all hands. Dat ain't my part de table!”



“There ain't no use, young men, you needn't shout:
The folks is in, and I can't git 'em out.”

Many the smiles that o'er their features passed,
 As they in joy prepared to break their fast;
 The bill of fare much compliment deserved,
 But dishes called for were pronounced "all served."
 However, Reginald procured a dish
 Containing scattered portions of a fish;
 And, with the sweetest grace he could bestow,
 Offered it to the fair incognito.
 "Hold on, sah! Dat won't do, sah! I ain't able
 To help all hands. Dat ain't my part de table.
 Dat lady hab a waiter ob her own,"
 Cried the attendant in excited tone.
 Had darted glances been a weapon good,
 That waiter would have perished where he stood.
 "No, thank you, sir, I think I'd better wait,"
 The lady said. Jack, smiling, eyed his plate.
 While Reginald, his first attempt defeated,
 Without a word his scant repast completed.
 When man's resolve seeks one absorbing end,
 All circumstances to his pleasure blend;
 And would his ardor climb to higher ground,
 He finds his foot already on the round.
 So, meeting friends, young Reginald Lackare
 Was soon presented to the witching fair.

Still sped they on. The fog to bar their view
 Around the boat a misty circle drew,
 Which blotted over with its neutral tinge
 The isles and bays that form Maine's border fringe.
 But when at last Bar Harbor they are nearing,
 The glorious sun from out the clouds is peering;
 And, by the magic of his streaming light,
 The leaden fog is turned to shining white.
 Back from the islands now the curtain sweeps;
 Now rolls the mist far up the mountain steeps,
 Save where the clinging shreds of vapor stay
 Entangled by the tree-tops on their way.
 The sky is deepened to its purest, blue,
 And mirrored in the dancing ripples' hue.
 While pleasure-boats, now venturing on the seas,
 Outspread their snowy sails to woo the breeze.
 Our voyagers, as these beauties came in sight,
 Were on the deck o'erflowing with delight.
 Miss Florence Winsome, with her feather blue,
 Who sat near Reginald, enjoyed it too.
 Before them pleasant cottages were seen,
 And white hotels well sprinkled o'er the green.
 The captain, who was standing at their side,
 With many questions of the shore they plied.

He kindly pointed out at their request
The sought Bay View, which looked much like the rest.

Thither our friends on landing made their way
To claim their promised room without delay.
With outstretched legs before his mansion seated,
The host with easy nod the young men greeted.
"There bean't no room. I ain't got nary bed
But what is took," he very coolly said.
In vain they argued, stormed, entreated, raged;
In vain they swore the room was long engaged.
"There ain't no use, young men; you needn't shout:
The folks is in, and I can't git 'em out,"
Were all the words annoying and explicit,
That eloquence or logic could elicit.
"Come, Redge," said Jack, "now don't be in a stew,
But do by others as they do by you.
That's what is called the greenback rule, intended
For traffic when the golden one's suspended."
Thus, as the gentleman in number four
Had gone to drive, and left an unlocked door,
The young men tried it, entered, looked about,
Moved in their trunks, and moved the stranger's out.
When late at night returned the luckless man,
Denied his room, in breathless rage he ran

To seek the host, and swore he wouldn't brook it.
The answer was, "Can't help it, sir, they took it."
Out in the darkness roofless was he cast,
While in his bed our heroes slumbered fast.

But ere the misty dawn was fairly breaking,
Their drowsy ears were tortured into waking.
For rustic sounds beneath the window rose
That shrilly mocked all longings for repose.
Loud crew the cock with early worm for food;
The hen maternal cackled o'er her brood;
And clinking bells, by roving cattle borne,
Rang hollow greeting to the breezy morn.
"Well, Jack," said Reginald, "it's not surprising
That people out of town like early rising;
For where your morning slumbers must desert you,
It's making of necessity a virtue."
They sought their window to enjoy the view,
But all the scene was bathed in sombre hue.
For in this northern clime the budding day
Oft screens her rosy charms with veil of gray,
Until the eager sun, with loving glow,
Unwraps her beauties to the world below.



“For rustic sounds beneath the window rose,
That shrilly mocked all longings for repose.”



"Here Florence, deftly tripping o'er the strand,
Oft begged for Reginald's supporting hand."

In spite of luxuries left unsupplied,
 Their resting-place our friends well satisfied.
 What though the polish from their shoes was lacking:
 Does human happiness depend on blacking?
 What though the bill of fare was somewhat brief:
 Had they not always chowder, lamb, and beef?
 Although the last was but an empty show,
 For through it neither knife nor teeth could go.
 Hope not in Eden paradise to find:
 But what such trifles to a noble mind?
 And soon our friends their lucky stars were thanking;
 For up and down the gay veranda's planking,
 With blooming cheeks and sweetly-waving tresses,
 Moved figures lithe in bright-hued walking-dresses.
 Like happy bee within a garden rare,
 Jack blithely buzzed about from fair to fair,
 Until at last, submissive to its power,
 He flitted only round one lovely flower.

Miss Edith Merrigance, her hazel eyes
 Now bright with fun and now demurely wise,
 O'er many hearts with easy grace held reign;
 But Jack was numbered first within her train.
 Most happily for him her parents both,
 They being stout and elderly, were loth

To tramp or climb. In fact, for such agility
 They solemnly declared their inability.
 So Jack politely undertook to show
 The fair Miss Edith where she ought to go.
 With walking-parties stoutly they explore
 The pathless mountains and the rock-girt shore.
 To Newport's slippery summit they ascend;
 Beneath them low the Porcupines extend,
 Like great sea-monsters that would make their way
 Slowly and lazily up Frenchman's Bay.
 And stretching far, where seaward turns the eye,
 The broad Atlantic meets the arching sky.

With clambering feet they seek the wild ravine,
 Between the rocky steeps of Dry and Green,
 Where through the leaves each passing zephyr turns
 The checkered sunlight, paints the moss and ferns.

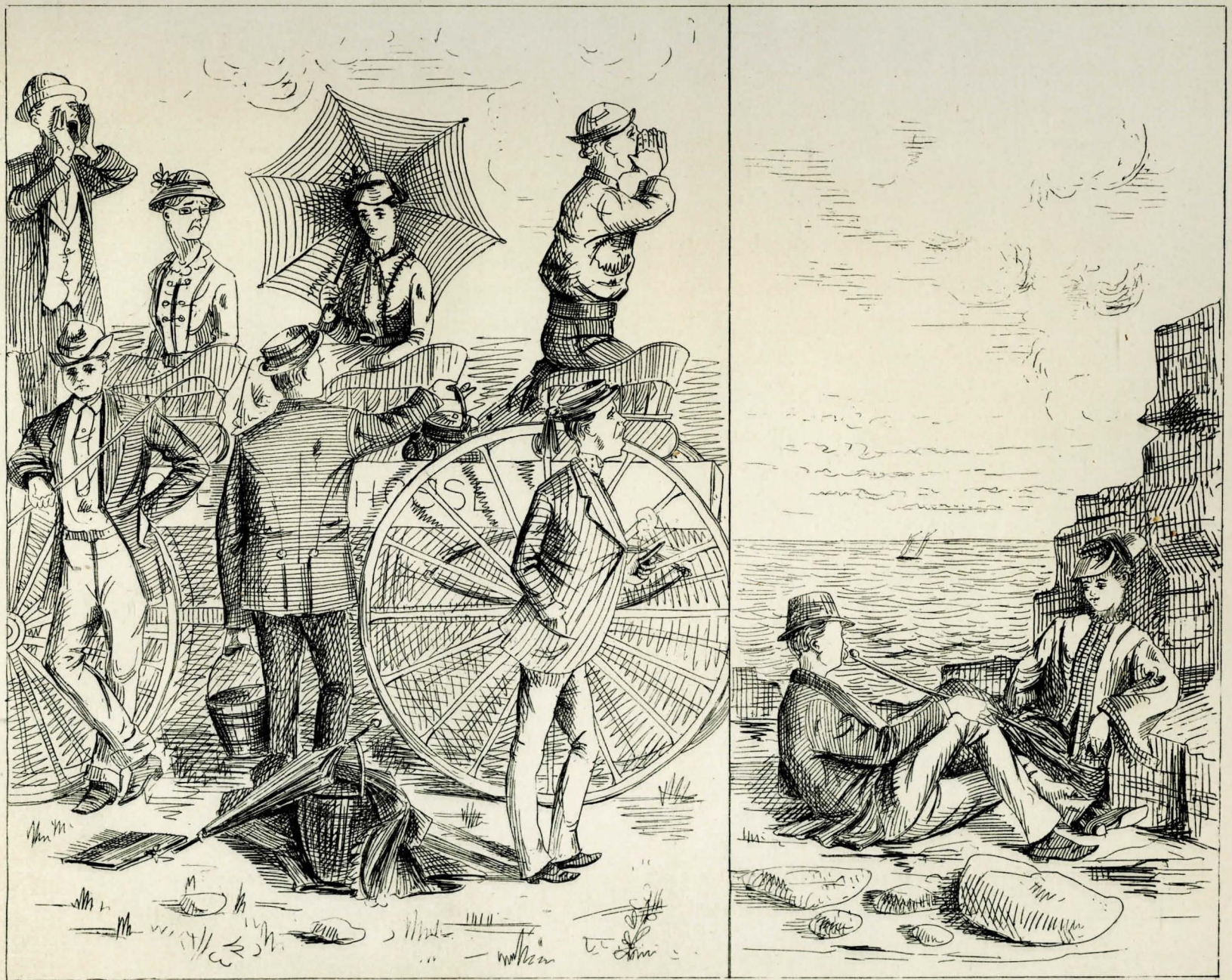
With noiseless wings the fleeting moments sped,
 As on the slaty rocks at Schooner Head
 They sat in silence gazing at the sea,
 Where sport its giant waves in boisterous glee.
 Now sucking back, the gathering waters swell.
 Now sweeping on, their rearing crests impel,

Loud roaring on the smooth-worn rocks dash high,
 And leap towards heaven in untamed ecstasy.
 Proud in exulting strength, they toss the spray
 Like lions' manes that shake in savage play.

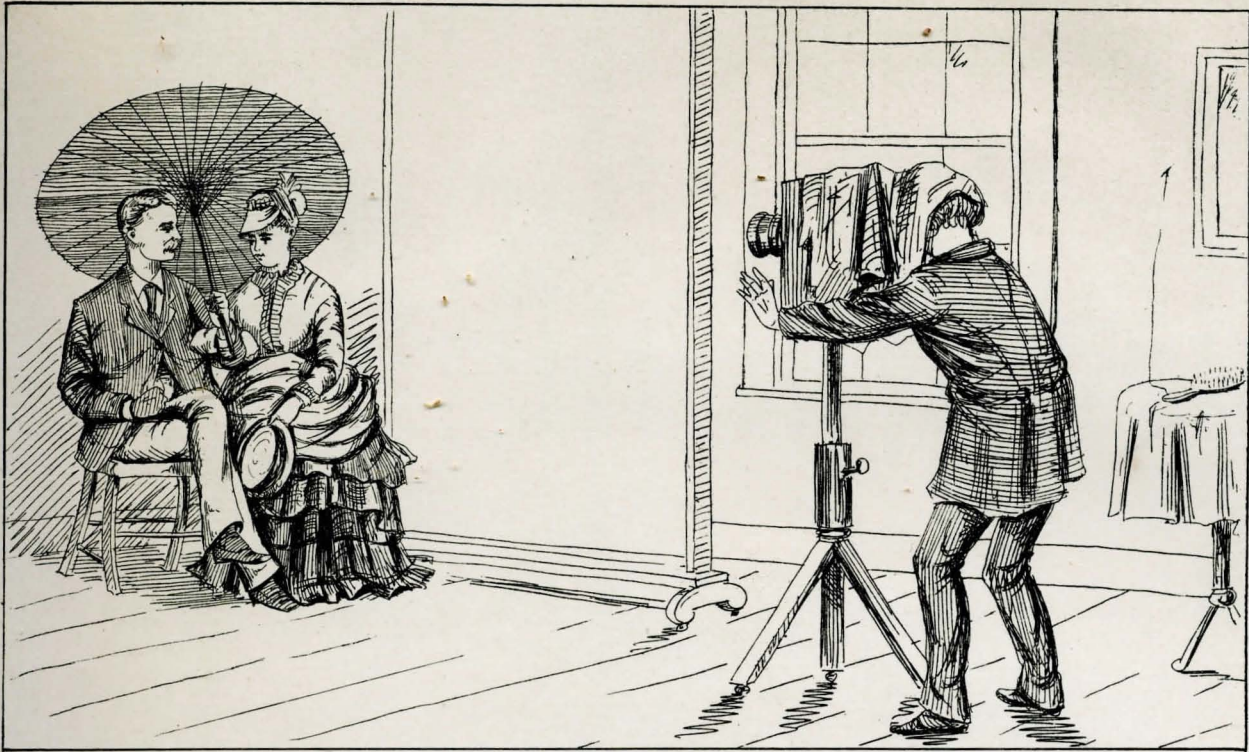
While Jack these pleasant rambles was enjoying,
 Pray how was Reginald his time employing?
 Was he up rugged precipices going,
 And pressing through green branches densely growing?
 Far otherwise; on each returning day
 With hastening steps he sought the Rockaway,
 Where with her father, as at once he learned,
 Miss Florence Winsome, his fair friend, sojourned.
 She took no step but Reginald was near,
 Politely murmuring nonsense in her ear.
 She scorned him not; but, as acquaintance grew,
 Serenely smiled, and murmured nonsense too.
 Long hours they sat, obscured from curious glance,
 Behind her fan's o'ershadowing expanse.

In drives they oft their jolting way would take,
 To view the loveliness of Eagle Lake,
 Which, lying at the echoing mountains' feet,
 Mirrors their forms that guard its fair retreat.

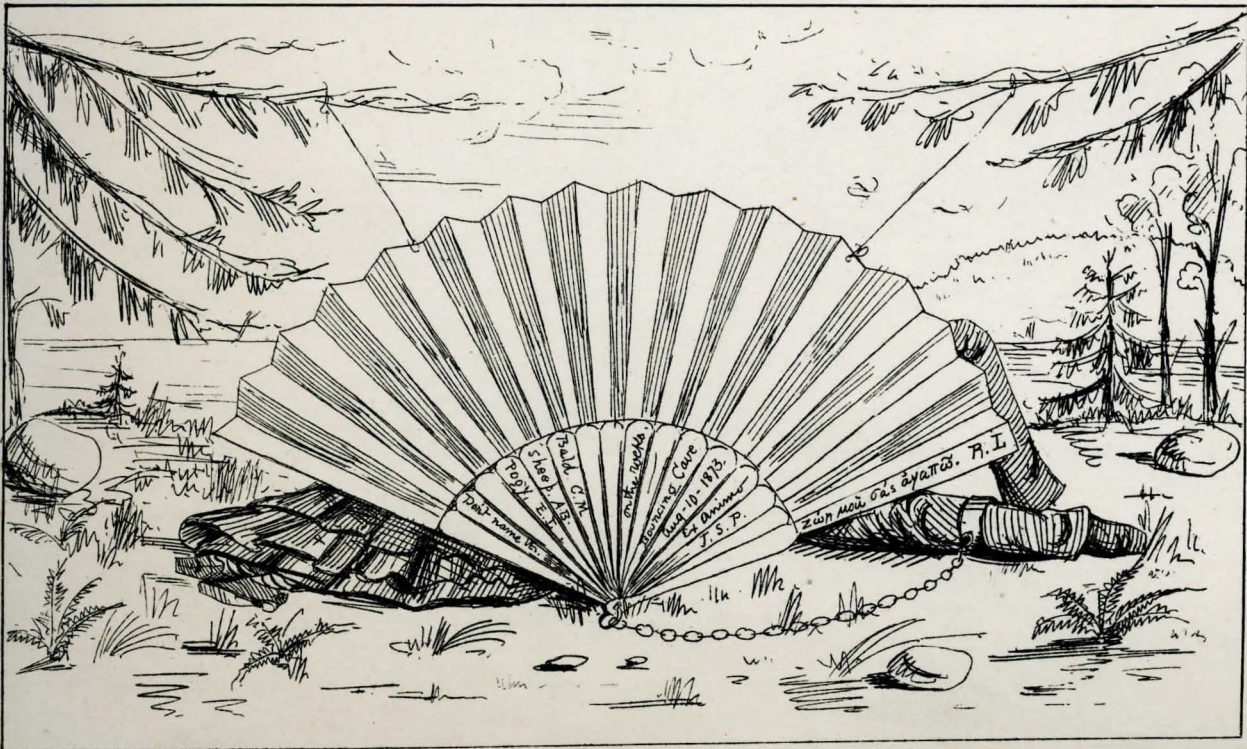
Or to the Ovens' quiet beauty turn,
 Where arching caves, and cliffs o'erhung with fern,
 Rise many-hued above the pebbly beach,
 Up whose smooth stones the lispings wavelets reach.
 Here Florence, deftly tripping o'er the strand,
 Oft begged for Reginald's supporting hand;
 But he, alas! at frequent bowlders balking,
 Found foreign boots were bad for rocky walking.
 To Duck Brook oft their pleasant walks extend,
 Where shining birch and arborvitae bend,
 Where hemlock dark with maple intertwines,
 And sturdy oaks are trapped in waving vines.
 Along their stony bed the waters flow,
 Transparent, sparkling, laughing as they go;
 Anon, emerging from the quiet shades,
 Rush o'er the dripping rocks in white cascades.
 And thus while Jack with keen enjoyment viewed
 The charms of Nature in her grander mood,
 Did Reginald her placid scenes love best:
 He relished not the sounding waves' unrest;
 Nor longed he to ascend the mountains bold,
 Where hands and feet scarce gain a treacherous hold.
 Another reason was there why at heart
 Our friends were not averse to be apart;



“Meanwhile, unconscious how the day is flitting,
Upon the shore are Jack and Edith sitting.”



"One day, beneath a sun-umbrella's shade,
Were Jack and Edith smiling portrayed."



"Long hours they sat, obscured from curious glance,
Behind her fan's o'ershadowing expanse."

For each, now bound and led by gentle tether,
 Considered two enough to stroll together.

Nathless o'er men society prevails,
 And oft by chance they met in morning sails,
 On wagon-drives (alas! the seats held three),
 At Soamesville dinner, or Bar Island tea.
 Thus on an August morning crisp and bright,
 When with each breath one drew in new delight,
 Our heroes and two ladies that we know,
 With other friends upon a picnic go.
 A merry company with laugh and song,
 O'er log-bridged roads their wagon jolts along,
 Until beside Great Head, towards Otter Creek,
 Their eyes behold the charming spot they seek.
 Between bold points that jut on either hand,
 There gently curves a belt of yellow sand,
 On which the plunging waves their course destroy,
 And dash themselves to foam in reckless joy.

Upon the right, where rock with forest weds,
 A grove of fir its cooling shadow spreads:
 'Tis here the merry party group at last
 About the cloth that bears their noon's repast;

The varied sweets that picnic feasts afford
 In gay profusion grace the tempting board.
 Round claret bottles in the centre placed,
 Fresh vines and flowers are twined with dainty taste.
 Beyond, the yellow, crackling blaze upsprings,
 Where on forked sticks the bubbling kettle swings.
 'Neath hats with leaves and scarlet berries decked,
 Bright lips, fair cheeks, a softer hue reflect.
 With laugh and jest the banquet they prolong,
 Then close around the fire and crave a song.
 "Mr. Lackare," said Florence, "it is you
 That must begin. Sing something, won't you? Do!"
 Smiled Reginald. This eloquent demand
 Was more than his politeness could withstand;
 He knew one song, so quickly made his choice,
 On Florence gazed, and lifted up his voice:—

SONG.

Ye haughty lilies, hang your heads,
 Ye roses, bow your pride;
 Wither in envy on your stalks,
 And fling your petals wide.

I know a brow of purer white
 Than e'er the lily shows;
 I know a cheek of fairer hue
 Than blushes in the rose.

Ye forest warblers, cease your song;
 Hush every mellow note:
 I've listened to a voice more sweet
 Than trills from feathered throat.

Stay, stay your course, bright babbling brook,
 Your merry sound forego:
 A laugh I know more musical
 Than ripples in your flow.

Now list and gaze, ye brook and flowers,
 And birds within the shade;
 For at this hour my bonnie lass
 Comes singing through the glade.

"How sweet!" cried Florence. "Well, I think," said Jack,
 "Of common sense that fellow had a lack;
 To laud his lassie an odd way he took:
 I'm sure, most girls laugh better than a brook."

"Yes," added Edith; "and it's quite absurd
 To praise her song for equalling a bird.
 The most accomplished bird that ever flew
 Could never whistle 'Yankee Doodle' through."
 But now the company were much perplexed
 To find a singer who would venture next.
 Miss Merrigance at length agreed to do it,
 And promised something with a moral to it.

SONG.

A spring lay low in a deep green dell,
 Where the ferns waved o'er its rim,
 And the wild-flowers leaned from their mossy beds
 To kiss its shining brim.

One day to the spring came a maiden fair
 As fresh as the morning hours;
 And she saw her image reflected there,
 Framed by the ferns and flowers.

"I love thee, I love thee, thou beautiful spring!"
 Cried the maiden in delight;



"Each morning Jack and Reginald would see
Young Dr. Makewell holding his levee."



“So madly rush the guests from hall and stair,
In terror flee, and leave the mansion bare.”

And for every smile that her sweet lips gave,
The image returned as bright.

But a rude wind ruffled the smiling spring,
And distorted the lovely face:
"Thou art false!" cried the maiden; "I love thee not!"
And in tears she fled the place.

Read, flatterer, then, from the spring, your fate,
And the worth of your shallow art;
It is but herself that the maiden loves,
Not you, that fill her heart.

Fair lady, the depth of his homage learn,
Who with sweet-toned phrase advances:
Misfortune's earliest breath will turn
To frowns his loving glances.

Sighed Florence, sadness stealing o'er her features,
"Oh! do you think men such deceitful creatures?"
"None," whispered Reginald, "could be so base,
Who once had gazed upon your charming face."
"How can you make such speeches?" pouted she;
"How can I help it?" softly answered he.

Then followed merry choruses and glees,
That swayed with melody the waving trees,
Until the group, dissolving two by two,
Left basket-packing to a faithful few;
While on the cliffs and shelving sands between,
Bright dresses gave new beauty to the scene.

As dew-drops lighted by the blushing dawn,
In diamond net-work tremble o'er the lawn,
A moment flash, then, wasted by the ray
That lent their fleeting beauty, fade away,
So happy scenes that purest joyance bear,
E'en as they sparkle seem to melt in air.
And now the hour of parting is at hand;
The older ladies by the wagon stand;
But many a call arrests unwilling ear
Before the tarrying couples gather near.
Shawls, baskets, waterproofs, and sketch-books found,
The spacious wagon they at length surround.
Cries Reginald, "Is everybody back?
No: where are Edith Merrigance and Jack?"
In dull impatience long the minutes lag,
Each topic started, lingers but to flag;
For waiting is a sorry time for chat,
When laughter dies, and feeble jests fall flat.

Meanwhile, unconscious how the day is flitting,
 Upon the shore are Jack and Edith sitting.
 They watch the seething waves that dash below,
 Now warmly purpled by the sunset glow;
 And as their thoughts in reinless freedom range,
 With honest words their fancies interchange.
 At length a shout upon their ears encroaches,
 And summons them to meet their friends' reproaches;
 But Jack, explaining that his watch is wrong,
 Soon gains forgiveness from the waiting throng.
 So drive they back, and disembark aright,
 As sinks the day within the arms of night.

The summer days, each laden with delight,
 Above our heroes wing unheeded flight.
 At noontide, when the blazing sun is high,
 His rays are stolen ere he passes by,
 With which, in haste, the busy artist traces,
 In tin-type groups, fair forms and merry faces.
 One day, beneath a sun-umbrella's shade,
 Were Jack and Edith smilingly portrayed.
 When o'er the night the queenly moon soars free,
 And spreads her silver net athwart the sea,
 The dipping oars splash softly through the bay,
 As glide two slender boats upon their way;

Fair hands in each the yielding rudder guide,
 Now turn the prows apart, now side by side.

But think not, spite of all our friends enjoyed,
 In this glad isle, that bliss is unalloyed.
 For sprains and colds, that patient care must mend,
 On mountain tramps and evening drives attend.
 Each morning Jack and Reginald would see
 Young Dr. Makewell holding his levee;
 Around him limping, coughing, pressed the ailing;
 There throngs of lovely girls were never failing;
 While anxious mothers clamored for suggestions,
 And nervous fathers pelted him with questions.
 With courteous air he listened to their woes,
 And furnished arms and counsel 'gainst the foes.
 Much envied Jack and Reginald his skill:
 They thought the practice would not suit them ill,
 Round snowy throats the flannel strips to bind,
 Or little feet with bandages to wind.
 But graver ills soon claim the doctor's care,
 And whispered apprehension fills the air.

One night when laugh and gay reply abounded,
 And loud with mirth the Bay View's walls resounded,



"This family is well the island's boast,
For each of them is in himself a host."



"Both young and old throng daily as before,
To seek their letters at Desizzle's store."

The doctors, in a muffled conversation,
 About their troubles held a consultation.
 But listeners keen, by anxious terror stirred,
 The words of evil omen overheard.
 Dark fell the cloud; concealment now was vain:
 From lip to lip flew one wild word, "The drain!"
 No caution could the dread announcement stay,
 That all must leave within another day.

What boots it now to bid them stop till morning?
 The timorous boarders bide no second warning;
 As robins that a cherry-tree invade,
 Upon a gun-shot rustle from the shade,
 As rats that overrun the farmer's store
 By footsteps startled scamper from the floor,
 As flies that haunt an apple-woman's stand
 Buzz loudly from the dame's approaching hand,
 As minnows swarming 'neath the sunny beam
 Dart from a stone that splashes in the stream,
 So madly rush the guests from hall and stair,
 In terror flee, and leave the mansion bare.
 While those whose illness must their flight postpone,
 In dreary comfort hold the house alone.
 Miss Edith finds a resting-place with friends,
 Whose neighboring cottage willing shelter lends;

But Jack and Reginald, the danger scorning,
 Determine bravely to remain till morning.

However, ere the morrow's sun is high,
 For lodgings less deserted they apply:
 To all four Higginsons in order going,
 They find each mansion filled to overflowing.
 This family is well the island's boast,
 For each of them is in himself a host.
 On learning the Atlantic House can spare
 One little room, our friends at once go there.
 Their days again flow on in happy measure,
 Each charming spot, resought, gives deeper pleasure:
 Both young and 'old throng daily as before,
 To seek their letters at Desizzle's store;
 Nor have Miss Florence and Miss Edith grown
 Less beautiful on being better known.

One sunny morn, ere on a picnic leaving,
 The wagons stood their joyous freight receiving;
 About the wheels our friends in cunning versed
 Still lingered, till the others clambered first:
 For favored seats, where smiling eyes are beaming,
 Are not procured without a deal of scheming.

But hark! what voices pierce the shuddering breeze?
 What stirs the natives from accustomed ease?
 To catch the cry each startled ear is turning:
 "Help! water! quick! The Atlantic House is burning."
 Darts Reginald across the space between,
 His flying steps scarce resting on the green.
 "My trunk!" he cries: "no moment can be lost.
 My plaids! they must be saved at any cost."
 His room he seeks, his monster trunk out-drags,
 And quick returns for neckties, coats, and bags;
 When Florence, who has followed at a distance,
 With charming coolness offers her assistance;
 In one hand bears a glossy hat from harm,
 A silk-faced coat beneath her other arm;
 Together from the doorway they emerge,
 As through the hall the smoke begins to surge.
 Upon the scene pour down with murmurs wild
 The Mt. Deserters,—woman, man, and child;
 Long years within this distant isle had sped,
 Since last a fire beyond its chimney spread.
 And now the rustics raised from Eden's tillage,
 Whose feet ne'er strayed beyond their native village,
 Their faces blank in terror-stricken gaze,
 With open mouths stand gaping at the blaze.

On every side the pointed flames dart high;
 In valiant deeds the gallant boarders vie;
 One tears the matting from a chamber-floor,
 And bears it bravely through the flaming door;
 Another brings a tray of tinkling glass,
 And flings it from a casement on the grass;
 And Jack the while, o'er shed with smoke and glory,
 A hat-tub rescues from the upper story;
 The hostess with a gesture of despair
 Tears from her head her wealth of auburn hair,
 (Not by the roots; 'twas fastened with a pin),
 And casts it far among her trembling kin,
 That to some doting relative or friend,
 Though she should burn, the treasure may descend.
 In one short hour the fated house lies low:
 Upon the dust its smoking rafters glow;
 And now our friends may drive upon their way,
 Insured of talk to last them through the day.

That night our heroes counting o'er their woes,
 When, other shelter found, they sought repose,
 Concluded, thus cast forth a second time,
 That fortune bade them seek another clime;



“As slowly thugged the steamer from the bay,
Miss Florence on the rocks reclining lay.”

And, lest they should again incur her frown,
 The coming boat should bear them back to town.
 Jack, truth to tell, had framed the plan before,
 And fixed his purpose ere they talked it o'er;
 From recent *tête à tête* already knowing,
 Miss Merriglance was in that steamer going.
 Soon comes the day. Quick, passengers! Be off!
 The steamer whistles at the crowded wharf.
 Farewells are sighed, hands pressed, kind wishes spoken
 Of parting now the splashing wheels give token;
 Our friends on deck with waving kerchiefs smile,
 Sore grieved at heart to leave the witching isle.

As slowly thugged the steamer from the bay,
 Miss Florence on the rocks reclining lay,
 And marked the line of smoke upon its track,
 That like the thoughts of parting friends stretched back;
 On Reginald her fancy fain would rest,
 And half aloud she thus her thought expressed:
 "It's such a pity that he had to go!
 So few young men will make it very slow;
 But I confess he sometimes bored me sadly,
 And on the whole I think I'll spare him gladly:

He's very pleasant for a little while,
 But I prefer a man of bolder style."

Together, as each well-loved haunt retreated,
 Upon the deck were Jack and Edith seated;
 While Reginald, companionship refusing,
 Alone with his Havana thus was musing:
 "Miss Winsome is a girl with something to her,
 I've had much entertainment since I knew her:
 She don't go crazy over each new-comer;
 Yes, she's a jolly girl to meet in summer.
 I really wish she lived in Boston, then
 Perhaps I might fall in with her again."

But must the ties of summer's twining all
 Be cut or loosened when the bright leaves fall?
 And shall sweet words low-spoken by the shore
 Be garnered fruitless to the memory's store?
 Not so for all the sunny season ends:
 'Tis whispered among confidential friends,
 Miss Merriglance will change her present lot,
 And soon be known as Mrs. Jack Recknotte.

