

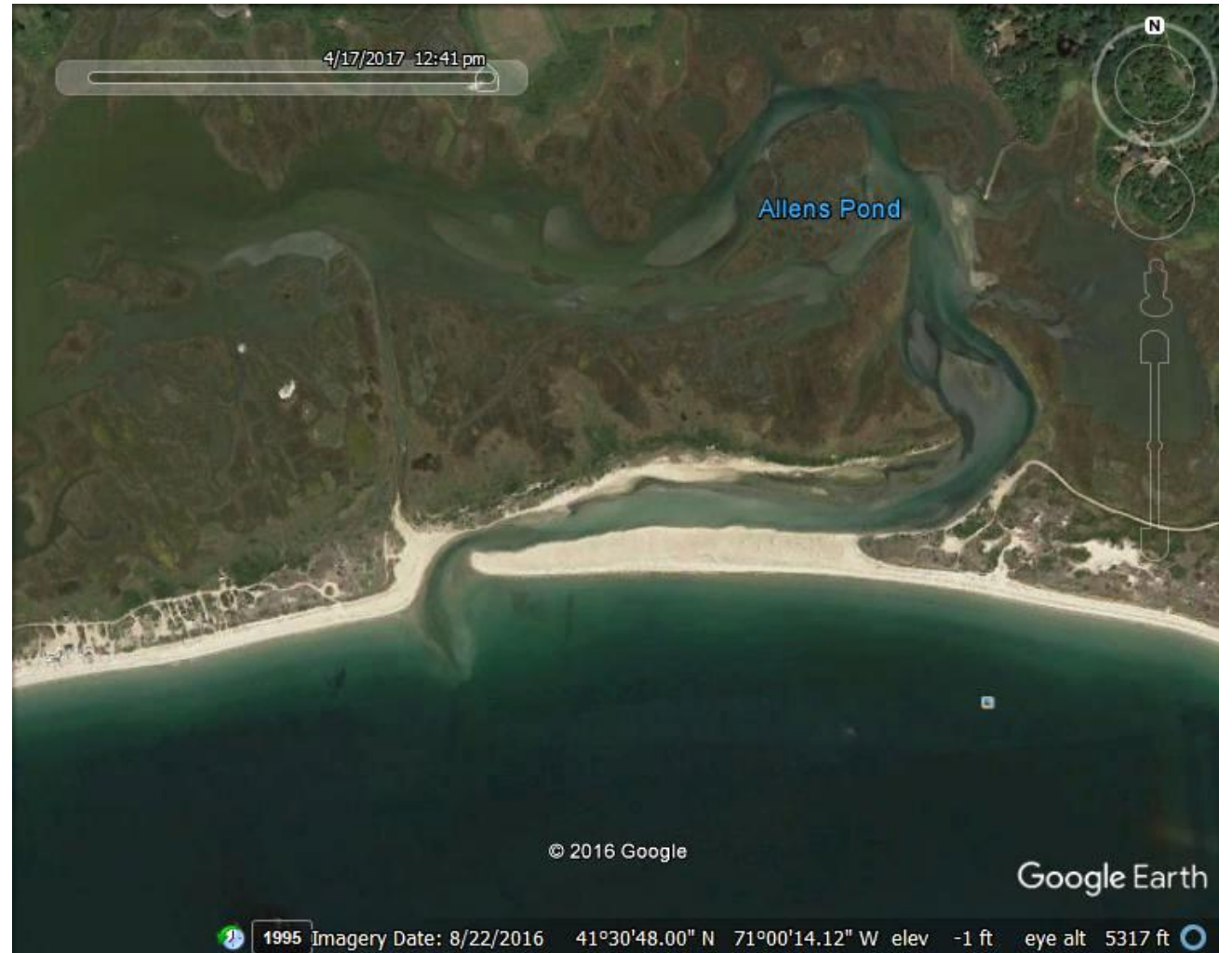
# Poetry of the 1800s

How literary creations  
reflected a changing society

# A JOURNAL OF A SURVEY BY ORDER OF ROYAL COMMISSIONERS

By William Chandler of  
Connecticut, 1741

These lines below describe a full survey  
Of all the coasts along the 'Gansett Bay,  
Therefore attend and quickly you shall know  
Where it begins and how far it doth go.  
But stop my muse let's haste on our survey  
And stretch our coast along the eastward Bay.  
So then from thence we measured by the sands  
An eastward course along these pleasant lands.  
And we came to Dartmouth, a most liberal town,  
Whose liquid treats their generous actions crown.



## THE RUNAWAY

By Silas Delano, Fairhaven

Late 1700s

A handsome premium can be had  
By him who will convey  
To me a light-haired, slim-shanked lad  
Who lately ran away.  
Whose name is Dudley Williams called.  
He's major, sir, and squire,  
And won the title he's held  
Of swindler, knave and liar....

He stole two horses from the reels  
As he run from Dartmouth town  
Mounted them quick took to heels  
And has not since been found.  
Two hundred dollars I'll give quick  
To any clever fellows  
That will the scoundrel convict  
And bring him to the gallows.

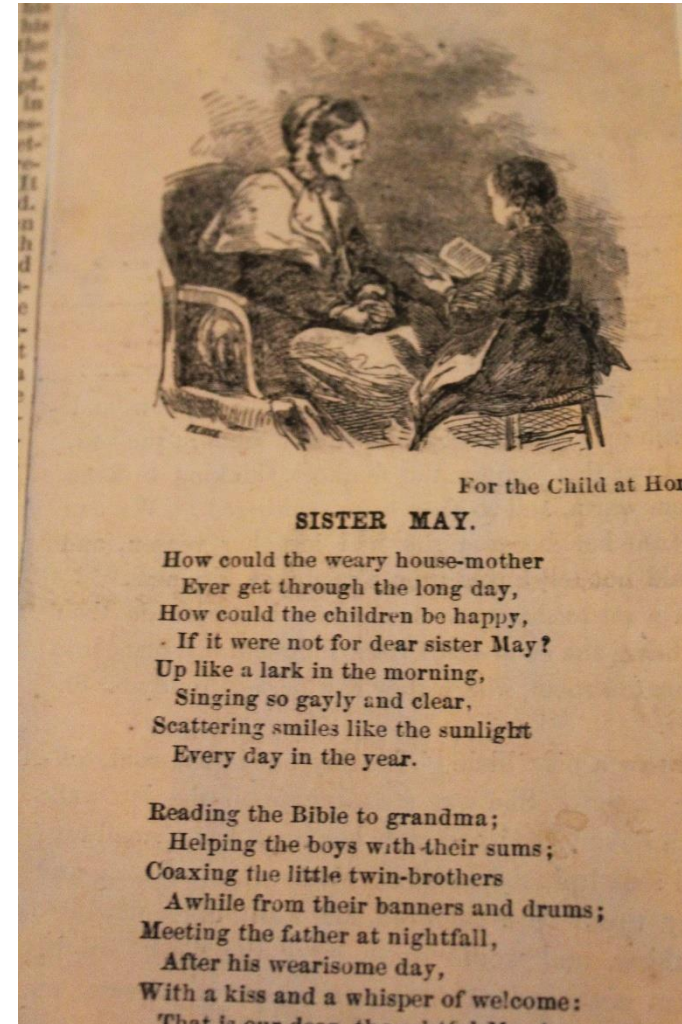
Alice Howland, born in New Bedford in 1856, married Dartmouth native Thomas Chace, and kept a scrapbook of news items, poetry and illustrations from 1880s periodicals and newspapers. The scrapbook recently passed into the hands of great great grandson Don Plant of Dartmouth, who has been researching her life and times as part of his ongoing family genealogy studies.



Don Plant with the scrapbook created by great great grandmother Alice (Howland) Chace in an old business ledger. The book is filled with his ancestor's favorite poems, bits of New Bedford history, and newspaper articles from all over the world, taken from 1880s periodicals. The colorful frontpiece illustration shows her love of animals, frequently portrayed in illustrations spread throughout the scrapbook.



A sample of one of the period poems and illustrations in Alice Chace's scrapbook. Both the illustration and the verse reflect a time when people had more leisure time to read one of the growing numbers of periodicals being published for a nation that was much more literate than in the previous century.



For the Child at Home

### SISTER MAY.

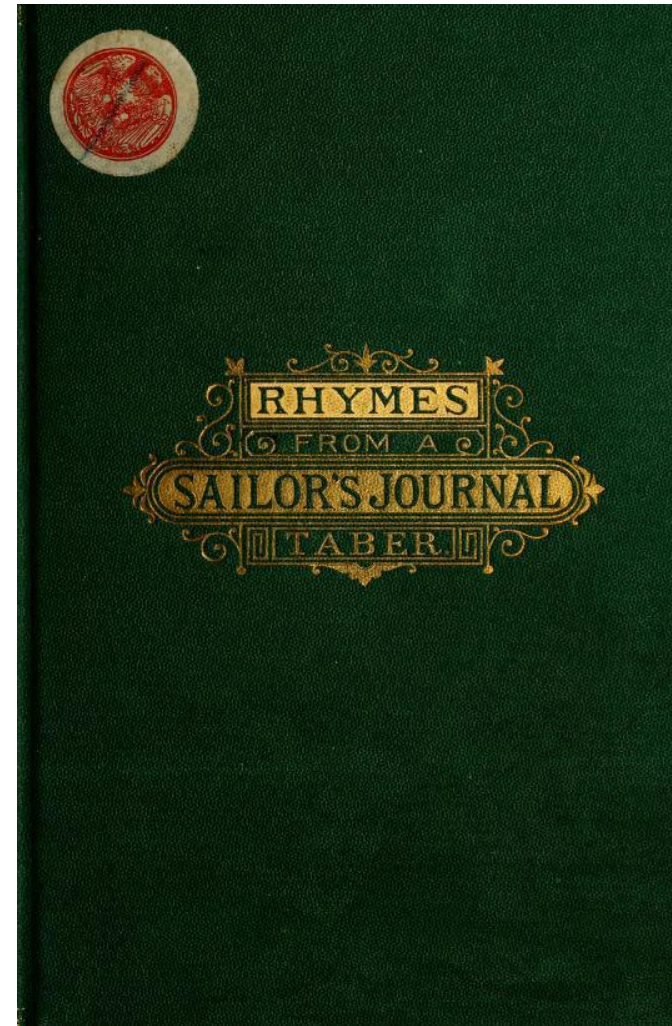
How could the weary house-mother  
Ever get through the long day,  
How could the children be happy,  
If it were not for dear sister May?  
Up like a lark in the morning,  
Singing so gayly and clear,  
Scattering smiles like the sunlight  
Every day in the year.

Reading the Bible to grandma;  
Helping the boys with their sums;  
Coaxing the little twin-brothers  
Awhile from their banners and drums;  
Meeting the father at nightfall,  
After his wearisome day,  
With a kiss and a whisper of welcome:  
That is our duty, though it be small.

A copy of the 1873 book, *Rhymes from a Sailors' Journal*, written by Charles A. M. Taber, one of the most accomplished local residents of the late 1800s.

The poems detail some of Taber's adventures at sea as a whaling captain, and provide some insights into life in these parts at the end of the whaling era.

They also reflect a world grown smaller by opportunities for people to travel, and share their experiences with those who didn't have such opportunities.

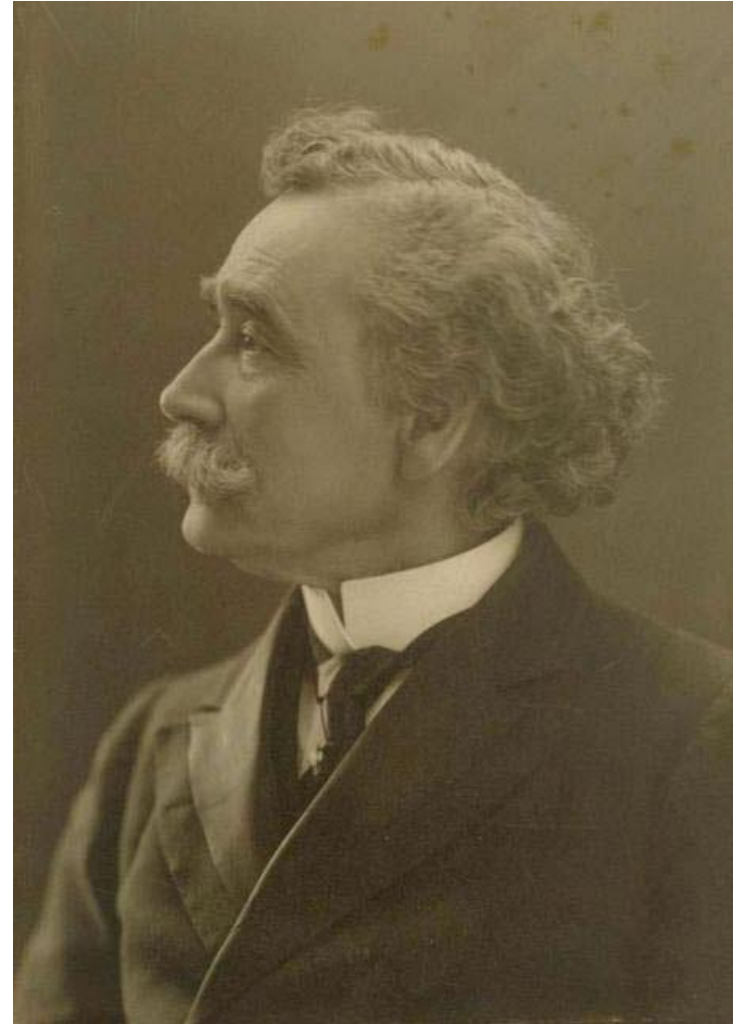


A very fuzzy image lifted from the internet, possibly showing Charles A. M. Taber. An extensive search of the web and local sources failed to produce a definitive picture or painting of the man, born in New Bedford and a resident of either Acushnet or Fairhaven, depending on which biographical source you read.



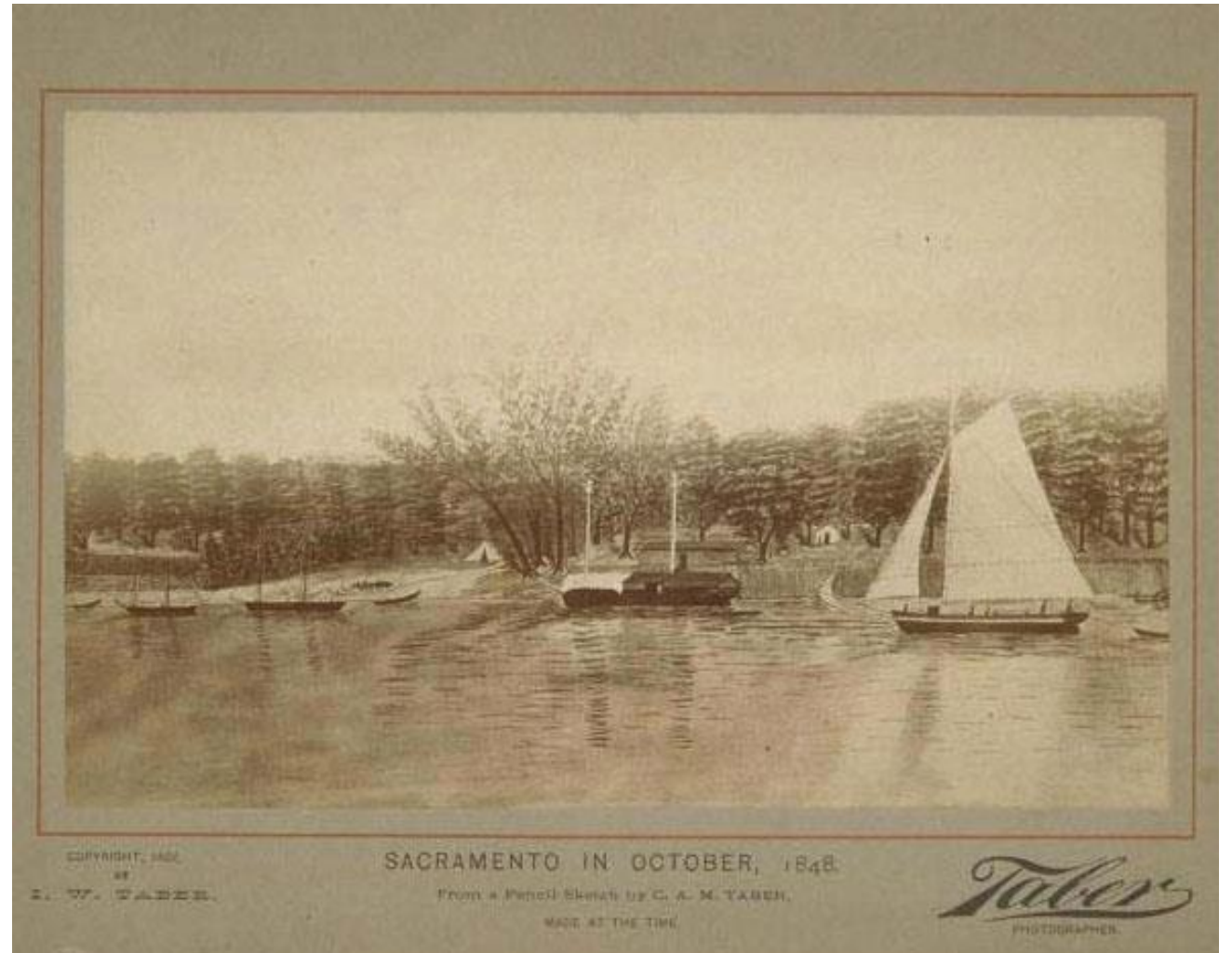


A photograph of Isaiah West Taber, the younger brother of Charles A. M. Taber. Isaiah, a photographer, was also quite famous in his time, known for his California landscapes and portraits of prominent people, including English royalty.



A view of Sacramento, California in October, 1848, printed by Isaiah West Taber from a pencil sketch made by his brother, Charles A.M. Taber.

The brothers from New Bedford traveled the globe in pursuit of their many artistic and commercial interests.



## WRITTEN SOON AFTER WATCHING WHALES IN A STORM (Dec. 1861, at sea)

- Gigantic monsters, full of life and strength,
  - How patient is your course amid the waves;
  - Your white spouts shooting from your surging length,
  - While dashing ocean round you wildly raves!
- 
- Your huge forms mount with ease the mountain swell
  - That moves so swiftly o'er the stormy waste:
  - A grand and fearful ride, you do it well;
  - Thus everything is suited for its place.
- 
- No other strength but yours is fit to sport
  - With ocean in its wild and grand career'
  - But after all, this is your greatest forte,
  - For when the storm abates, you'll come to fear:
  - Our wave-tost ship with you the storm outrides,
  - Then your best blood will stain the ocean tides.

# THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND

- The ocean was of azure hue,
- Deep seeming as the sky;
- Its waves dashed white on coral reefs,
- Which round the island lie;
- And hemmed a ring of smooth, green sea
- Which bound the island's sides,
- Where green vales sent delightful streams
- To mingle with the tides.
- \*\*\*
- Our anchor down, and sails all furled,
- By this enchanted isle,
- I'll tell you how a native maid
- My leisure pleased awhile.
- She was a model for my thought;
- Each sense with pleasure thrilled,
- While her fine form and native grace
- My eager vision filled.

Exactly who was the Capt. N. D. Gifford, memorialized in this bit of poetry written in Dartmouth in 1884? More research may indicate if it was Noah, Nathan or Nathaniel Gifford being remembered here, in a poem pasted in Alice Howland's scrapbook.

