

**BY SALT MARSHES:  
PICTURES AND POEMS  
OF OLD IPSWICH**

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By salt marshes: pictures and poems of old Ipswich by Everett Stanley Hubbard & Arthur Wesley Dow

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**EVERETT STANLEY HUBBARD & ARTHUR WESLEY DOW**

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MARSHES**

**Pictures and Poems of  
old IPSWICH by  
Arthur Wesley Dow &  
Everett Stanley Hubbard**

**1908**



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### The Poems

Eastern Ipswich is preeminently a country of beautiful distances. The peace and tranquillity of the scenes that prompted the following verses have touched me since childhood. Even beneath storms and high winds the marshes and rolling hills seemed to me, beyond most landscapes, to lie serene and unchanged. The nearby trees might rock and toss, but still the distance would somehow remind me of an impressive human countenance, immobile and introspective.

As to the composition of the verses I will only say that I used the pen more with the spirit and feeling of a worker in plastic art than as a man of letters. Indeed, these impressions were set down with but small thought for the canons of literary art; and, perhaps it will be well to add, with but slight knowledge of those precepts.

Everett Stanley Hubbard







### The Pictures

Salt marshes set about with round-topped hills, barberry hedges along old stone walls that climb over the upland pastures, grassy spaces patterned with savin and bayberry, wild apple trees in the thickets, wide fields of daisies and frost flowers, shore lines of goldenrod and scarlet lilies, dark marsh islands, far and near, reflected in creek and salt pond, haystacks crowding into the horizon's perspective, a blue line of sea beyond the distant sand hills; such is the familiar Ipswich landscape, varied by season and sky and tide.

Mr. Hubbard and I were boys together in this country of the marshes, and here we have studied and painted. For this reason I find a special pleasure in making these color prints to accompany his songs.

The pictures, designs, and lettering of titles are frankly the imprint of the knife-engraved wood block.

Arthur Wesley Dow

Co H. W. D.

The marshes lie in softly rippled white,  
The woodland wears a dusky violet hue,  
And Hgamenticus a far thin mystic blue,  
While over all is winter's keen crisp light;  
And silence, save at intervals a slight  
And timid rustling of the grass and vines,  
The cawing of the crows among the Pines  
And ax strokes in the Chickit to the right.  
Like one who offers to an old-time friend,  
In other scenes, a sketch made hastily  
Of native hills, this thought of home I send,  
And trust it dawns on you familiarly.  
While groping idly where the shadows blend  
I found it face to wall in memory.