

**YANKEE LAND
AND THE YANKEE**

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Yankee land and the Yankee by Daniel March

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DANIEL MARCH

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AND

T H E Y A N K E E .

YANKEE LAND

AND

THE YANKEE.

BY DANIEL MARCH.

HARTFORD.

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1840.

The following poem was written at the request of the Committee of Arrangements of the Connecticut Historical Society, for their Centennial celebration, at Hartford, April 21, 1840, and recited at the dinner, on that occasion.

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Y A N K E E L A N D

AND THE

Y A N K E E .

Ye have heard, ye have heard of the glorious climes
That are ringing so oft in the poet's rhymes ;
The gorgeous East, with its pearl and gold,
And sages and bards, and heroes of old ;
 Fair Greece, with the tales of its high renown,
And the Isles around which, the Ægean wave
Moans deep, for the loss of the proud and brave ;
 And eternal Rome, whose slightest frown
Could change the free to the cowering slave.

Ye have heard, ye have heard of the fairy land,
 Of the fanciful creatures of air and light,
That sport on the moon-beams, or wait the command
 Of the Elfin queen, in the starry night.

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Ye have heard, ye have heard of the western land,
With the cities and towns as they *seem* on paper,
All built in a night, by the printer's hand,
And as real on the *morn* as the morning vapor.

And the fine speculators, who learn'd a tale
"Down east," of its saw-mills and "timber lands,"
When the sad distress of the day of "no sale,"
Threw the richest of bargains, all back on their hands.
But of all the fair lands 'tween the east, and the west,
The land that we hold ever dearest and best,
Is the one which is call'd by a worthy old name ;
Tho' rare to be found, in the poet's soft lay,
It was placed years ago, on the long rolls of fame,
And on them forever, with honor shall stay.

It is guarded around by a far firmer wall,
Than ever of granite, or marble, was made ;
Not even *old time*, who is said to eat all,
Or mars its great strength, or its beauty destroys,
Where the solid foundations so deeply are laid.
This wall on the north, is the 'Green Mountain Boys ;
On the east, Bunker hill, and our grey Faneuil Hall ;

On the west, Saratoga, link'd with the north river ;
On the south, through invasion and dark revolution,
Has *ever* been guarded, and will be forever,
By our tars, and our ships, and our firm constitution.

The land of stern habits, is stretched thro' the middle,
Well known for its sons, scarcely out of their *teens*,
Who will make you to order, all sorts of machines,
From a cotton gin down to a cornstalk fiddle.
The good old name, of this broad domain,
Of the cheerful heart, and ready hand,
Is but seldom heard in the poet's strain,
But I think *you* will *guess*, it is Yankee Land !

'Tis the land that the free and the fearless tread,
Endeared by the fireside's holy hearth,
By the hallowed graves of its glorious dead,
And its living names of immortal worth.
What though 'tis a stern and rock-bound soil,
That loads no board, for the slaves of ease ?
Its sons go forth to their healthful toil,
As glad, and as free, as the mountain breeze.
And who would prefer the soulless charm,
Of pomp and pleasure's deceitful show,

To the iron strength in the laborer's arm,
And the life and glow, on his hardy brow ?

Of the men of this land, no scholar hath seen
One half of their multiform history ;
No voyager has sailed where their ships have not been,
No seer can divine where they will not be.
They've been o'er the waves of the stormy sea,
They've explored the wilds of the strangest clime ;
And a very small thing, they would think it to be,
To have stolen a march on the flight of Time.
Of the traits of their minds — too many to mention —
The strongest and quickest, perhaps, is invention.

They say that the marble would *breathe*, of old,
When it felt the touch of a Phidias' hand ;
But a stranger tale, might be often told,
Of many a son in our Yankee land,
The skill of the Greek was confined to shape ;
He fashioned that right, and left it there ;
The Yankee proceeds — though a *man* or an *ape*,
Be the figure once wrought, he dismisses *that care*,
And sticks to his point, like an *obstinate Turk*,
For whatever the form, he will then *make it work*.