

**BAR
HARBOR DAYS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649133901

Bar Harbor days by Burton Harrison

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

BURTON HARRISON

**BAR
HARBOR DAYS**



DUCK HIBOOK.

BAR HARBOR DAYS

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

BY

MRS. BURTON HARRISON

AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN EGG: AN IDYL OF MOUNT DESERT"
"HELEN TROY" ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FENN AND HYDE

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

TO THE
ASSOCIATION

Copyright, 1887, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.

ASSOCIATION TO THE
SOCIETY OF
YARRELL

P5
1819
H245b

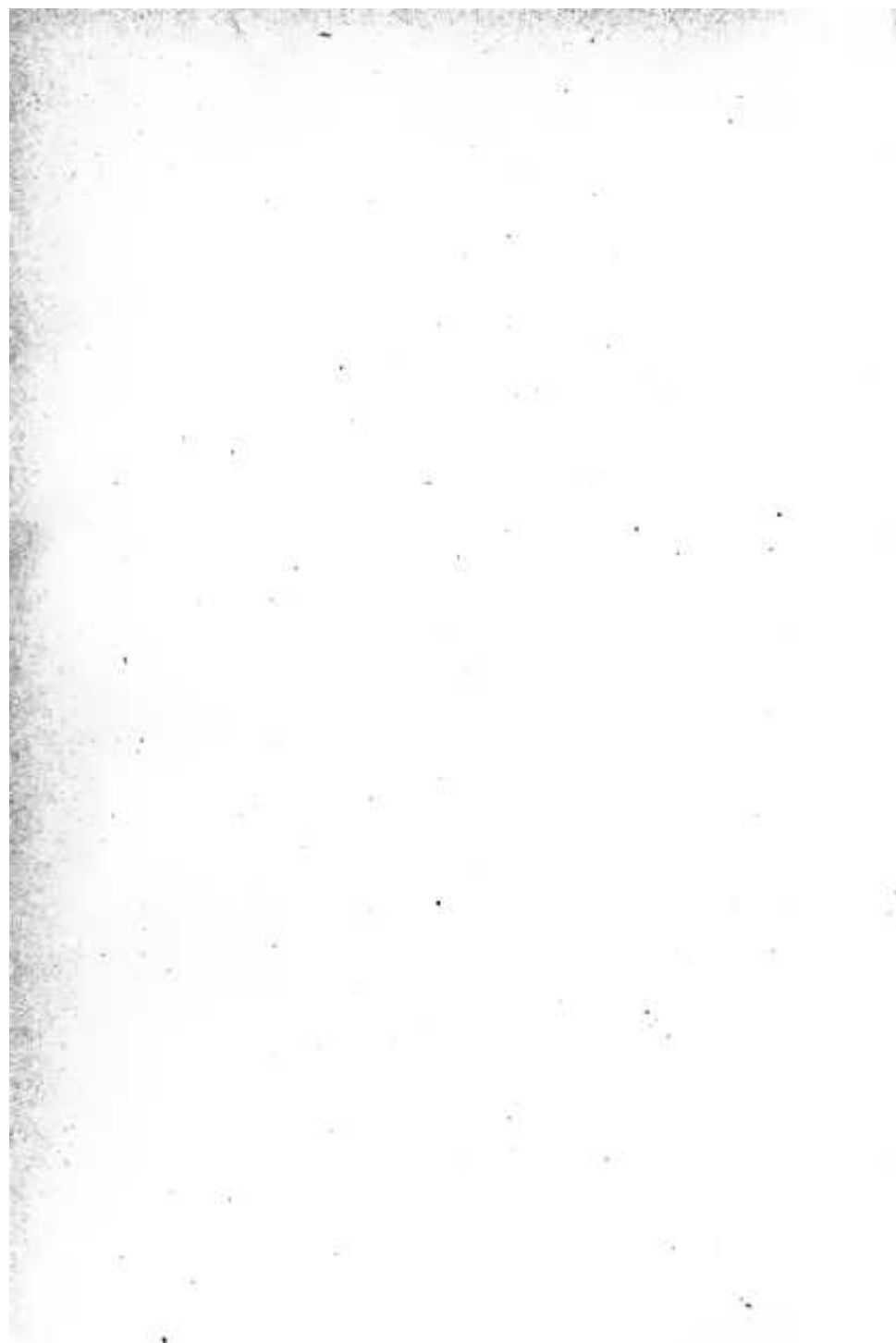
MAR 27 '43

GIFT OF MISS J. F. MORRISON

TO

B., F., F., AND A.

432247



What is yon relic? Ah, well may you ask it!
Amid the medley on my mantel-shelf,
A gray-green sheaf thrust in an Indian basket,
Watched by a pair of dragons in old Delft—
That one poor handful of Mount Desert grasses—
Enshrines a charm all other charms surpasses!

Just as, within some gucer-shaped Turkish vial,
Attar of roses hoards its essence rare,
And, when one idly gives the scent a trial,
Blest Araby escapes upon the air—
So, these frail tokens of a season vanished
Call back, to live again, dear scenes long banished!

Last night—when sleet was dashing on my casement,
And through forsaken streets the wild winds raved,
As if to mock the once pure snow's abasement—
Within my lamp-lit room there rose, and braved
With sweet appeal old winter's frosty greeting,
A balm that witched me with its soft entreating.

Back came the visions I could fain remember.
Waking, I dreamed myself where I would be.
Gone was the scowling presence of December.
Mitsuwamer reigned at Eden in the Sea!
And from the earth, at eventide arising,
Odors exhaled, my grateful sense surprising.

*Once more I felt the soft salt air, in-blowing
From ocean's azure field that eastward gleams;
Once more I saw, in heavens at sunset glowing,
Pageants, that throng and fade like stuff of dreams,
Until, 'mid planets pale her bright way threading,
Came the moon, o'er all her radiance shedding.*

*Once more I stood upon the fir-crowned highland,
Where fragrance lingers in the ambient air—
Watching the white surf leap on cliff and island,
Watching the white gull swoop to rocks laid bare,
Counting the sails that fleck the sparkling ocean,
Hearing all nature stir in rhythmic motion.*

*Or else, afloat, on some fair August morning,
Aimless I voyaged, in a swift canoe—
Garlands of golden-rod my craft adorning—
Cleaving, to leave no scar, the mirrored blue;
Past the enchanted mountains in their slumber,
Past crag, and point, and islet without number;*

*Rounding the headland, where with tireless bluster
Waves roll to caterns that repeat their roar;
Grazing the jagged reef, where sea-birds cluster,
Fanned by the sun-warmed incense of the shore,
And the sad bell-buoy tells its woful story,
Whispering in nature's ear "Memento mori!"*

* * * * *

*But, as these air-built visions thronged about me,
Shifting, they glimmered slowly from my sight!
And, ere the world of work-a-day shall flout me
For vain imaginings of spent delight,
Haste I to trap in words the dream that passes,
Borne on the breath of my Mount Desert grasses!*
