

The Mountain

NWR  
811  
N44M

NWR  
811  
N44M  
c.1

THE

MOUNTAIN

—BY—

BERNICE E. NEWELL.  
*ME*

Illustrated by

DR. F. W. SOUTHWORTH.



TACOMA PUBLIC LIBRARY

W. D. C. SPIKE & CO.  
PUBLISHERS,  
TACOMA, WASH.

GIFT. 1 JUN 73 *0010*  
JUN 27 1973

NWR



~~61-519 JUL 02~~  
NY

## INTRODUCTORY.

---

LONG, long ago, where now stands the majestic pile toward which we turn with new wonder and delight as each morning's sun flushed it into new beauty, there were, say the traditions of the red man, two rival peaks, which after dire threatenings, fought a furious battle, at which Heaven and Earth, and even the Big Sea Water, were sorely frightened and distressed. At the close of the conflict a mighty convulsion threw the warring brothers together, and the unity thus formed, the wise Indian called "TACOMA," or THE MOUNTAIN.

Listen to the story of that awful battle, then feast your eyes again on the glory of Tacoma, and be thankful for a name so fitting, and at the same time so full of rugged beauty.

WIN brothers dwelt, in the old, old time,  
Side by side 'mid a throng sublime  
Of giants, whose mighty forms stood dark  
'Gainst Heaven's azure, the little lark,  
Upspringing, soared till his song so free,  
Wore itself into tiny drops of glee,—  
But never could his ambitious flight  
Avail to bear him that awful height,  
And he sank abashed to his downy nest,  
At the foot of the giants, to sleep and rest,  
And dream what the faces must surely be,  
Basking in wondering ecstasy.

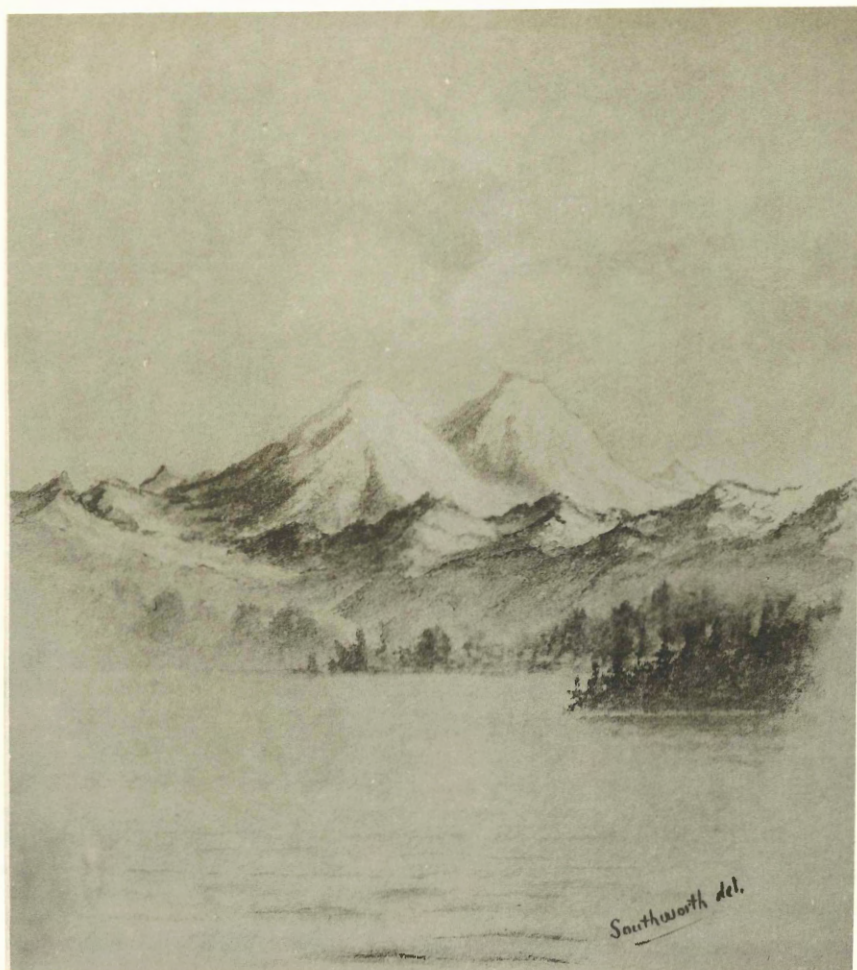


PHOTO GRAVURE, W. D. C. SPIKE & CO., TACOMA.

"TWIN BROTHERS DWELT IN THE OLD, OLD TIME,  
SIDE BY SIDE, 'MID A THROG SUBLIME."

BUT 'mong that majestic brotherhood,  
Fiercely jealous, each brother stood;  
They shouted and mocked, in anger loud,  
Each the other, while ever a cloud  
Of foul' black breath, from each caldron throat  
Rolled, and wrapped in a clinging coat,  
The leaders, and all that round them lay,  
Till to midnight's blackness was turned the day.

☉AME a mad, an awful day!  
Hate, the monster, holding sway  
In each raging, seething heart,  
Through each form his fiery path  
Tore, and hurled in mighty wrath  
Missiles of his blackest art.  
O, the hosts that stood dismayed  
At the power that then essayed  
From his throne each king to part!



UNMOVED they stand,  
On either hand

The heavy clouds are rolled.

Fire flashes now

From each dark brow,

Quailing e'en heroes bold.

All nature shuddered at the sight.

Earth, shrouded in the deepest night

Trembled and shook, in sore affright.

*R. cop. 1*



PHOTO GRAVURE, W. D. C. SPIKE & CO., TADOMA.

"FIRE FLASHES NOW.  
FROM EACH DARK BROW."

NOR could the sun  
In heaven look on,  
But veiled his face aghast;  
While still the flood  
Of lava-blood,  
Hissing, poured thick and fast,  
Scathing the face of nature fair,  
Nor left one trace of beauty, where  
She erst had smiled, in radiance rare.

NEPTUNE, himself, whose tranquil reign  
Had scarce a ripple known,  
Lashing his foamy steeds in fear,  
Plunged backward from the battle drear,  
And, lost in terror, on they flew,  
Tearing and breaking pathways new,  
In many a circling, winding track,  
Nor ever paused, nor once looked back,  
Till last they reached the open sea,  
And felt old Ocean's breezes free!  
Then sank their crested forms to rest,  
And quiet grew each heaving breast.  
Content, from henceforth, to be found  
Within the tranquil, sheltering Sound.



PHOTO GRAVURE, W. D. C. SPIKE & CO., TACOMA.

"TILL LAST THEY REACHED THE OPEN SEA,  
AND FELT OLD OCEAN'S BREEZES FREE."

NOW jealousy and hate have done!  
Through sulph'rous haze the blood-red sun  
Marks change and chaos dire.

He sees each brother, pale and spent,  
Stand quaking, from the vengeful vent  
Of poisonous, blighting fire;  
Like pallid ghosts they there confront  
The havoc folly wrought,  
Gasp short and quick, in memory  
Of war so basely sought.

Then trembling more and ever more,  
Their proud heads lower bent,  
In swift, convulsive clasp they meet  
And stand,—in grandeur blent!

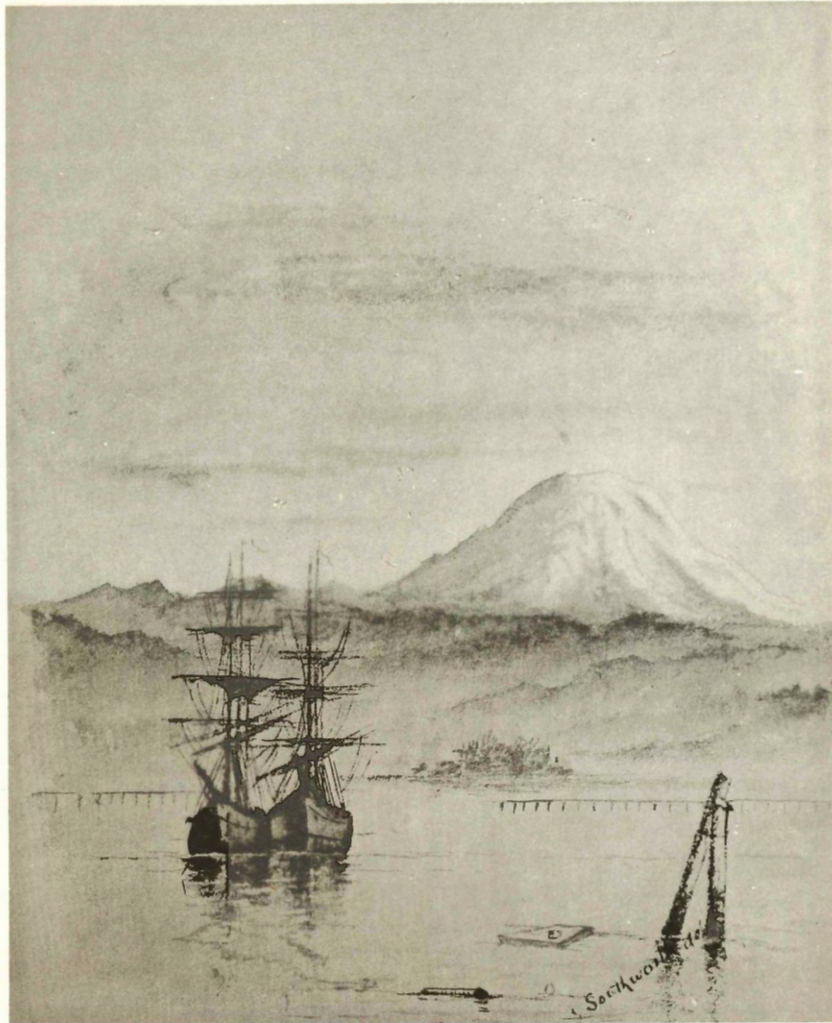


PHOTO GRAVURE, W. D. C. SPIKE & CO., TACOMA.

"CONTENT, FROM HENCEFORTH, TO BE FOUND,  
WITHIN THE TRANQUIL SHELTERING SOUND."

NOW, glorious, radiant, serene,  
One king of wondrous brightness,—  
Full rounded, perfect, grand of mien  
He towers; his dazzling whiteness  
Emblazoned forth 'gainst Heaven's blue,  
Freed from that fiery fountain,  
In matchless splendor, ever new,—  
TACOMA? Yes,—THE MOUNTAIN!





PHOTO GRAVURE, W. D. C. SPIKE & CO., TACOMA.

THE MOUNTAIN.

TACOMA PUBLIC LIBRARY

CO112 75650

*Non*

MAR 26 1979