1933

(The) New England background in the poetry of Robert Frost ..

Shaw, Clara Bartlett

Boston University

https://archive.org/details/thenuwenglandbac00shaw

Boston University
THE NEW ENGLAND BACKGROUND IN THE POETRY OF
ROBERT FROST

by
Clara Bartlett Shaw
(B.S., Boston University, C.L.A., 1922)

submitted in partial fulfilment of
the requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts

1933

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
LIBRARY
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

OUTLINE OF THESIS

## THESIS

### I Introduction

1. The Passing of New England Country Life
   - Page 1
2. "The Need of Being Versed in Country Things"
   - Page 2
3. Contribution of Frost to Native Idiom
   - Page 4
4. Environment the Key to Country Types of Character
   - Page 5

### II Biographical Sketch of Robert Frost

1. Paradoxical Personality and Career
   - Page 7
2. Personal Appearance
   - Page 8
3. Family Background
   - Page 9
4. Education and Employment
   - Page 9
5. Experiences in England
   - Page 10
6. Later Life in America
   - Page 11

### III New England Background of His Poems in Nature

1. Birds
   - Page 12
2. Flowers and Plants
   - Page 15
3. Trees
   - Page 16
4. Animals
   - Page 18
5. Scenes from Country Landscapes
   - Page 22
IV New England Background of His Poems in People... 24
1 Home Burial........................................... 26
2 A Servant to Servants................................. 29
3 The Death of the Hired Man......................... 31
4 A Hundred Collars.................................... 33
5 The Code................................................ 35
6 Blueberries............................................. 36
7 A Group of Characters from Mountain
   Interval............................................. 39
   a. 'Out, Out--' ................................... 39
   b. Brown's Descent.................................. 40
   c. The Hill Wife..................................... 41
   d. An Old Man's Winter Night...................... 43
   e. The Gum-Gatherer................................ 43
8 Occupations of New England Country Life....... 44
V New England Background in Colloquial Expressions 50
VI Current Criticisms: Frost's Place in American
   Literature........................................... 56
VII Summary............................................. 63

BIBLIOGRAPHY
Robert Frost is unquestionably the greatest present-day poet of New England. His work, more than that of any other American poet of this generation, embodies the country life of this section—its sights and sounds, its natural features, and its people. This statement must not be taken to imply, however, that there is nothing but a narrow provincialism in Frost's poetry. A recent writer speaks of two critics of Frost one of whom "contended that his poetry could make no claim to great and lasting art because of its exceedingly provincial character, unintelligible to readers unfamiliar to the section."

The writer himself does not hold with this opinion, but says that he cannot believe "that a reader a thousand miles away and a hundred years hence would fail of Frost's meaning in the most colloquial of his poems. Frost is a poet of a restricted area and people, but any view of his work which sees this only would exclude much that is moving and beautiful. He has poems of beautiful phrasing whose feeling has no reference to

---

1 David Morton...Poet of the New England Hills
Outlook, December 19, 1923
environment." But it is this peculiar New England flavor in much of Frost's work that has a special appeal to those readers who were themselves brought up in the country, and who love the former things which have passed or are passing away. No one, probably, would wish to return to the kerosene lamp with its ill-smelling wick and smoked chimney,— at least not the women folk who had to take care of them,— or walk two or three miles for the daily mail, or "catch" the pump with a dipper of water before quenching one's thirst; but the Spirit of Progress has much to answer for in its relentless march, and a certain wholesomeness and vigor, a simplicity and an integrity inherent in rural New England life are being lost in the pressure of urban civilization. Something that was fine in the life of the old days is retreating, like the magnificent trees which used to border our country roadsides, to more and more remote and inaccessible places. It is because so many of these rural scenes which men and women of the older generation today were accustomed to in their youth are passing, that they find a peculiar pleasure and poignancy in the reading of Robert Frost's poems of New England.

Need of Being The title of one of these poems is The Versed in Country Things Need of Being Versed in Country Things, a line that might well stand as the theme of the introduction of this thesis, for, to the writer, one who is not

1 Collected Poems of Robert Frost: New Hampshire
so versed has missed something very important in his life. Children who have only city images and concepts seem far more poorly equipped than those who have had some country experience. This need has recently been met in an amusing way in one of our crowded city school districts. A sedate cow and her calf were brought into the school yard, and there, in the presence of a large gathering of children, the cow was milked, the proponents of this exhibition thereby hoping to demonstrate to these little folk of the tenements the importance of milk in their diet, and first-hand knowledge of where it comes from.

Who would exchange, for all the advantages of city experiences, the memory of the first faint peep of the hylas in spring, the odor of the sweet pepper-bush from damp roadsides on summer evenings, the slow oxen wearing wooden frames on their feet when haying was to be done in the marshy ground of the Hocamoc meadows, picking strawberries warmed by the June sun, or waiting in hushed expectancy for the note of the wood thrush?

Only one versed in country lore could write of "the dry pump" that "flung up an awkward arm", or of the barn that "opened with all one end"

For teams that came by the stony road
To drum on the floor with scurrying hoofs
And brush the mow with the summer load.  

1 The Need of Being Versed in Country Things—R. Frost
2 Ibid
Frost's poems are filled with images showing his close observation of everything about him, from the "highway where the slow wheel pours the sand", to the "unpruned grapes...flung like lariats far up the birches out of reach of man"; and how the following lines call up a whole country scene in early spring:

...the snow may heap
In long storms an undrifted four feet deep...
It cannot check the peeper's silver croak;
And I shall see the snow all go down hill
In water of a slender April rill
That flashes tail through last year's
withered brake
And dead weeds, like a disappearing snake.
Nothing will be left white but here a birch,
And there a clump of houses with a church.

Contribution to Native Idiom

Another reason for a New Englander's interest in Frost's work, aside from the keen pleasure derived from the study of such scenes and people as he produces, is his use of our native idiom which seems to be in danger of being lost or at least perverted by the admixture of foreign elements in our population. These latter have not the traditions of speech nor the idioms common to our forefathers. Perhaps through Frost's use of the vernacular, these picturesque words or expressions will be kept alive a little longer, at least in literature. The bulkhead, the grind-stone and axe-helve, chores, 'cross lots, cider apple trees and

1 Into My Own...Collected Poems of Robert Frost
2 New Hampshire
3 The Onset
Pym's house, the "Little White House,"
is located on the outskirts of the town. It is a modest dwelling, surrounded by trees and a small garden. Inside, the house is furnished with simple yet comfortable pieces of furniture. The walls are adorned with paintings and photographs that hint at the occupant's interests. The town's inhabitants often gather here for social events and to discuss local matters.

As for the author, a brief note on their background suggests they have a keen interest in local history and the arts. They are known for their insightful commentary on various topics, and their work often reflects a deep understanding of the cultural and social fabric of their community.
crops, hylas and cedar swamps, windfalls, stubble, cherry-bloom, butterfly weed, the runner tracks of a wood-sled, a jag of hay for the bay in the barn,—these are a few, only, of the homely, pungent, New England country expressions around which clings the flavor of the soil. Perhaps with the movement for return to the farms which seems to be gaining headway through the economic depression of the past few years, these words and many another native country idiom will be preserved.

Environment the Key to Country Types of Character

As a final reason for a study of Frost's poems for their interpretation of environment, is the contribution they make to an understanding of the nature and character of the country people about whom he writes. The poet has long dwelt among them, he has labored with his own hands to wrest a precarious living from the soil, as they have done, he has familiarity with the many types of occupations to which a New Englander of rural districts must be able to turn his hand, and he writes of them all without either sentimentality, on the one hand, or brutality on the other. So truly has he drawn these people that we get a just and sympathetic perception of the qualities engendered by their isolated living conditions and their struggles to maintain themselves
-5-

To be short, the...
in their lonely and laborious existence. Miss Lowell says, "If one believed in supernatural intervention, one would say that Mr. Frost was dedicated from his cradle to be the poet of latter-day New England, and of that alone." She goes on to say that North of Boston, which Frost has called "A Book of People" is a very sad book on account of the decadent conditions which he describes. The opening up of the West with its fertile farming lands had seriously affected the industry in New England; young men in great numbers had abandoned the bleak farms of our countryside for the greater opportunities thus afforded. She thinks that only the remnants of a feeble stock are left here, often morbid, sometimes actually insane; and points out that, in spite of the author's sympathetic treatment, "the book reveals a disease which is slowly eating into the vitals of our New England life, at least in its rural communities." She refers to "the twisted and tortured lives" of Frost's characters in North of Boston as having been reproduced "with a vividness which is extraordinary," but adds that he "does not deal with the changed population who are taking up the deserted farms, nor is Mr. Frost's the kindly New England of Whittier, nor the humorous and sensible one of Lowell; it is a latter-day New England, where a civilization is

1 Tendencies in Modern American Poetry—Amy Lowell

2 Ibid
decaying to give place to another and very different one...His people are left-overs of the old stock, morbid, pursued by phantoms, slowly sinking to insanity...the book is an epitome of a decaying New England.

If this criticism is true, then it seems to me that Frost has made a very definite contribution to the literature of this locality in a way that no other author has done; he has crystallized in unforgettable verse and vividly etched pictures a people who are passing, who are a link between the great days that have been in early New England, and a time which seems to be approaching when we shall watch with interest the effect that good roads, improved farming methods, the radio, the automobile, and the latest applications of science have upon these heretofore isolated communities and people.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ROBERT FROST

Paradoxical Personality and Career

A recent writer on Robert Frost says, "There is something paradoxical about all poets. There is more than the ordinary amount of paradox in the personality and career of Robert Frost.

He is essentially a poet of New England, in a day when you wouldn't expect New England to nourish poets, and he
was born in San Francisco. He is essentially a Yankee, but his name is Robert Lee. He is essentially American, but his first public recognition came to him in England after thirty years without honor in his own country. He is a part of the literary world and yet he lives in a little village in Vermont, remote from all but echoes of it. He has never lifted a hand to get a reputation for himself and yet he is immensely pleased with the reputation he has got. He doesn't believe in literary prizes, yet he has won the Pulitzer award for poetry twice. He is essentially a farmer, yet he never does any real farm work—prefers, rather, to sit on a fence or a stone and see it done. Although the book of poems which made him famous, North of Boston, is considered by most lay readers to be pretty rough and knotty verse, Frost has perhaps the keenest metrical ear of any American poet.  

Personal I have before me two copies of photographs of the head of Robert Frost by Doris Ulmann, one the frontispiece of his Collected Poems, the other prefacing a biography of Frost by Sidney Cox. These photographs give us an impression of a rugged head, large and well developed, covered with a shock of somewhat disordered hair. The eyes are beautiful in shape, and

1 Profiles by Raymond Holden in The New Yorker, June 6, 1931
deep-set under heavy brows. The nose is large, the lips full, the chin strong. The face does not strike one as that of a poet; it is sensible and shrewd, with a rather sweet expression about the mouth. Although fine and strong, there seems to be nothing aesthetic about it. The eyes, however, betray something of the whimsicality and of the mysticism which we find in his work.

Family Background  Born in San Francisco, California, March 26, 1875, Robert Frost was a descendant of New England forbears through many generations. His father, William Frost, had left Amherst to go out West. He married Isabelle Moody, a woman of Scotch descent. His sympathy with the South resulted in his giving his son the name of Robert Lee. William Frost was a teacher, a politician, and a newspaper editor. After his death, his wife returned East with her children, supporting them by teaching. Robert's grandfather was a mill man of some means, able to give them a home.

Education and Employment  The poet received a good education, but he did not enjoy the restraint of college, and left Dartmouth in 1892. For a time he was employed in a Lawrence mill. He was at various times teacher, shoe-maker, and newspaper editor. He had always desired freedom to write poetry, and had sent some poems
Keep your notes presentable. The more you practice this, the better you will become.
When you have trouble with a particular topic, it's important to
better understand your mistakes and
analyze the reasons for your confusion.
In the same manner, practice some of the strategies
and techniques mentioned earlier to improve your

"A Merlin is a type of bird known in
European folklore, often associated with
directing people to their destination or
providing wisdom. In mythology, it is
""
to the magazines; but as a general thing, editors were not impressed by his "strange, soil-flavored" verse.

It is amusing to learn that The Atlantic Monthly rejected poems which afterwards appeared in *North of Boston* with the statement: "We regret that the Atlantic has no place for your vigorous verse." Later, when the above-mentioned book had brought the poet a measure of fame, "the editor of the Atlantic wrote Frost asking to have some of his work. Frost sent him some of the very things which had previously been rejected and they duly appeared in the Atlantic". In 1900 the poet became a farmer at Derry, New Hampshire, and for a time held a position at Pinkerton Academy here; but he was continually struggling to make a living for himself and family—he had a wife and four children—and in 1912 he sold his farm and sailed with his family for Europe.

**Experience in England**

In England he settled in a suburban town where he met several young English poets whose friendship he enjoyed, and here he continued to write. In 1913 David Nutt, the English publisher brought out Frost's first book, *A Boy's Will* which was favorably received. In 1914 a second volume, *North of Boston* was also brought out by the same publisher in England.

---

1 Modern American Poetry—Luis Untermeyer p.253
2 Profiles—Raymond Holden in The New Yorker, June 6, 1931
3 Ibid
I refer you to the articles, "The History of the Automobile" and "The Evolution of the Automobile," and urge you to read them in detail. They contain a wealth of information and are highly informative.

In the early 1900s, the automobile was still a luxury item. However, by the 1920s, it had become a common household item. The invention of the assembly line by Henry Ford in 1913 significantly reduced the cost of cars, making them more accessible to the average consumer.

The automobile has had a profound impact on society, changing the way we travel, communicate, and live our daily lives. It has also had a significant impact on the environment, contributing to air pollution and climate change. As we look to the future, it is important to consider how we can continue to use the automobile in a more sustainable and environmentally friendly way.

In conclusion, the automobile is a fascinating topic with a rich history. I hope you find these articles as informative and interesting as I have found them.
Later Life
In March 1915 Frost came back to America, and settled outside Franconia, New Hampshire. His book, *North of Boston*, had been reprinted in the United States, and the writer who had left this country unknown, returned to find that he was famous. In 1916, *Mountain Interval* appeared; in 1923, *New Hampshire*; in 1928, *West-Running Brook*; and in 1930, *Collected Poems*—the second and the last of these being awarded the Pulitzer Prize of the year.

At different times the poet has been connected with several colleges as professor, but he does not enjoy teaching. Of his professorship at Amherst one biographer writes, "he is more like an unusually living ordinary man than like a professor. He refuses to ask questions that he himself can answer...He would like his students to seek what he wants most,—'the freedom of my materials'." Another critic writes of him,"He remains a country-dweller, a poet, with six honorary degrees from Master of Arts to Doctor of Letters, degrees which have been awarded him in recognition of his services as a poet and a teacher." Another recent writer refers to the poet's persistent desire "to live relaxed and unhurried, not in indolence—for he likes to work with his hands—and not in solitude for he is most

1 Robert Frost by Sidney Cox
2 Profiles by Raymond Holden in The New Yorker
June 6, 1931
companionable—but in such quiet circumstances that, as he has said, he can lean against life until it stings him into utterance... Of all that life has to give he finds nothing to rival sympathetic companionship—between neighbors, friends, parents and children, husbands and wives." Of the poet's personal traits Raymond Holden writes, "Frost likes to sit up late and talk... always brilliantly and soundly. He still likes to walk, preferably in the mountains. He likes sea chanteys, sports, the theatre (when he visits the city), and he likes to talk and read about scientific achievements and exploration... He has become one of the really important figures in American literature."

NEW ENGLAND BACKGROUND OF HIS POEMS

IN NATURE

Frost's poems, whether narrative or lyric, are chiefly set against the background of nature in his own well-loved New Hampshire. This background, like a rich tapestry, is at times bright and colorful with its pattern of sunny meadows, singing birds, wild-flowers, or rugged and drab in its harsher aspects of boulder-crowned mountain or rotting, blackened stumps of waste

1 Some Contemporary Americans by Percy H. Boynton
2 Profiles by Raymond Holden in The New Yorker
June 6, 1931
land. Its mowing fields, its deep silent woods, its animal life, shy and wild, or bound to the toil of the farm, its dawn and evening star, the new moon hanging like a jewel in the heavens, the gorgeous constellations and Northern Lights, the changing processional of the seasons, all are faithfully mirrored in the poems of this observant and careful artist. Nothing, apparently, is too small or insignificant to escape his keen notice, his affectionate or whimsical portrayal; and like the poet Burns, he finds material for his art in some of the least of created things: the cocoon, the butterfly, the piping frogs of spring marshes, turtle eggs, lizards, flies and wasps. What a sense he shows of the harmonious natural features of his picture, and what joy he must have felt in apprehending them, and crystallizing them in unforgettable lines of poetic beauty:

The exactness of his observation is at once apparent in the opening line of The Star-Splitter...

You know Orion always comes up sideways...
Throwing a leg up over our fence of mountains,
And rising on his hands.

Anyone who has noted the oblique effect of this constellation in the winter heavens will appreciate the admirable metaphor which the poet has used here.

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost p.218
...
Again, no least detail of a summer evening in the country is missed in *Ghost House* -- "the small dim star", black bats tumbling and darting as night comes on, the old cellar-hole "in which the daylight falls", which is now overgrown with "purple-stemmed wild raspberries", the whippoorwill first heard far away, then nearer with his "shout and hush and cluck". One line shows especially the poet's originality of thought and expression. He notes that where formerly there had been a path through the grass, it has now disappeared.

"The footpath down to the well is healed."

It would seem that none of these natural objects is put into his picture for the sake of making an effect, but just because it is there, and he can no more avoid seeing it than he can fail to speak of it as he dwells on the scene.

In *The Vantage Point*, the poet from a slope looks down on the houses of men and the graves on the opposite hill; but he says that if he has "too much of these" he has only to turn on his arm to "smell the earth" and "look into the crater of an ant".

This background of nature seems to resolve itself into a catalogue of our New England birds, flowers,

---

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost p.6
2 Ibid p.24
ACTIVISTS no longer afraid of a brave new world.

I comptant to search for Opium Lane.

Phone calls from the government as if they were mission cards.

"My name is Poirot," the man said tersely.

"But I am not a detective," I corrected him.

"Do you have any idea what you are talking about?"

"I was under the impression that we were in agreement on this point."

"The government," I said, "is not interested in the country's welfare."

"They have their own agenda," he said. "You should be careful."
trees, and animals, and the writer has made some study of
Frost's inclusiveness of these particular features,
together with the seasonal landscapes for their setting.

Birds—In considering the first of these classes, the
birds, we find a very frequent mention of birds
in general, as well as entire poems devoted to some par-
ticular bird or birds: for example, The Oven Bird,
A Minor Bird, Our Singing Strength, and Looking for a
Sunset Bird in Winter. In the second of these, the
poet shows a slight annoyance, such as we all have felt
at times, at the monotonous, oft-repeated note of the
songster.

    I have clapped my hands at him from the door
    When it seemed as if I could bear no more.

But he ends with the whimsical half apology for his
mood in the delightful couplet

    And of course there must be something wrong
    In wanting to silence any song.

In the other poems his joy in the birds, his
care for them, and his real friendship for the singers
of orchard and woodland are obvious. In The Woodpile
we find this reference to one of them which shows Frost's
characteristic appreciation of the bird's point of view.

    A small bird flew before me. He was careful
    To put a tree between us when he lighted,
    And say no word to tell me who he was...
    He thought that I was after him for a feather-
    The white one in his tail; like one who takes

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost: The Oven Bird p.150
A Minor Bird p.316-Our Singing Strength p.297
Looking for a Sunset Bird in Winter p.287
2 Ibid: The Woodpile p.126
Everything said as personal to himself.

Of definite species, the writer has found eighteen birds mentioned: the oven bird, bluebird, chickadee, woodpecker, humming-bird, swallow, blue-jay, night-hawk, chewink, crow, thrush, blackbird, sparrow, robin, feather-hammer, and phoebe.

Among the poet's descriptions of these may be noticed the same careful observation and striking, picture-making delineation that mark all his work. Take, for example, these lines on the humming-bird in the poem A Prayer in Spring.

...the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid-air stands still.

It would be hard to find a more exact description or a lovelier of this tiny, winged creature's habitual method of extracting nectar from the flowers.

Flowers and Plants

Of flowers and plants, no less than forty different varieties appear in the Collected Poems. These, again, are such as anyone who has lived long in New England will recognize. It is interesting to trace, also, through their mention, Frost's knowledge of their seasonal appearance, from the hepatica, blood-root, bluet, trillium, violet of early spring, the
clover, mullein, hardhack, jewel-weed, orchis, wild-rose
of summer, to the golden-rod, aster, clematis, witch-
hazel of autumn. The mention of the flower generally
gives its habitat, also; for example, the jewel-weed is
found near the brook; and the trillium among the birch
brush piled in a clearing. The poet says of the latter
that it had budded before the brush was piled there,
And since it was coming up had to come.

The orchises were in

A saturated meadow,
    Sun-shaped and jewel-small,
A circle scarcely wider
    Than the trees around were tall;
Where winds were quite excluded,
    And the air was stifling sweet
With the breath of many flowers
    A temple of the heat.

This same exquisite poem shows, also, the real nature
lover's care for the preservation of our native wild-
flowers.

We raised a simple prayer
Before we left the spot,
That in the general mowing
    That place might be forgot.

The fireweed he describes as "loving where woods have
burnt"—the lupine, as "living on sand and drouth"—
the clematis "had wound strings round and round "the
pile of wood in the "frozen swamp".

He is naturalist enough to know that the flowers
of the witch-hazel come last of all the fall blossoms;

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost: Pea Brush p.154
2 Ibid: Rose Pogonias p.19
3 Ibid: A Passing Glimpse p.311
4 Ibid: The Wood-Pile p.125
The organization made at

[Text not legible]

This seems to be a page from a document, but the text is not legible. It appears to be a mix of words and numbers, possibly a typographical error or a decorative element. The content is not coherent enough to extract meaningful information.
he speaks of the "last lone aster" being gone when the blossoms of the former are drooping; in the poem

The Self-Seeker his central character is making a list of the "flora of the valley", and is acquainted with Ram's Horn orchids and Yellow Lady-Slippers; and he has had a letter from Burroughs about the Cyprepedium reginae. The same care already referred to for the preservation of these rare beauties is shown in this poem. The little girl who has brought the Ram's Horn orchid to the crippled naturalist is asked by him if there were no others where she found this one. She answers

"There are four or five. I knew you wouldn't let me pick them all... I wanted there should be some there next year."

Trees

Of trees, those that appear most commonly in New England woods and on the farms are mentioned over and over again in Frost's poems. The writer has checked twenty varieties of these. The orchard trees are the apple, peach, pear, plum, and cherry. The lilac bush, so often found around country houses, and still blooming beside many empty cellar-holes today, seems to be infrequently referred to, whereas the birch is a favorite of the poet since he has several poems devoted to this one tree. One is the familiar Birches in which the boy is "a swinger of birches".

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost: Reluctance p.43
2 Ibid: The Self-Seeker p.117
3 Ibid: Birches p.152
It appears that the text is a page from a document, but the quality of the image makes it difficult to read. The text seems to be a letter or a speech, discussing various topics but the content is not clear due to the low resolution of the image.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again.

In another poem on the birch tree, *Wild Grapes*, a girl
is the central figure. She has accompanied her brother
to the woods in search of wild grapes, and anxious to
gather them from the vines that have run up over the
tree, she took hold of the branches he bent down to her,
and when he let go she "swung suspended with the grapes"!

Again, in the poem *New Hampshire* the poet says of the
birch

> Her unpruned grapes...flung like lariats
> Far up the birches out of reach of men.

He uses birch for bushing his peas as he tells us in

*Pea Brush*; and in *Home Burial* we have the lines

> Three foggy mornings and one rainy day
> Will rot the best birch fence a man can build.

**Animals**

As far as animals other than birds are con-
cerned, all those found on the farm are men-
tioned in connection with their work: dogs, cows, horses,
hens and chickens, and oxen. In the fields and woods
the poet runs across the woodchuck, snake, rabbit, skunk,
deer and bear. He evidently liked to hear the hylas or
small piping frogs of early spring, for he has numerous
references to them.

**The Hyla breed**

That shouted in the mist a month ago

---

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost: *Wild Grapes* p.240
4 Ibid: *Home Burial* p.69
Like ghost of sleigh-bells in a ghost of snow. What an exquisite line is that last, how true to the silvery call of the small peepers, and what a feeling of the vanishing winter and intermittent spring of northern New England it gives!

Of the domestic animals, none is celebrated more perfectly than the Morgan colt in *The Runaway.* Of this poem Louis Untermeyer says, "Who but Frost could summon, with so few strokes, the frightened colt with one forefoot on the wall, the other curled at his breast"?

'I think the little fellow is afraid of the snow. He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play. With the little fellow at all. He's running away. I doubt if even his mother could tell him, "Sakes, It's only weather." He'd think she didn't know. Where is his mother? He can't be out alone.'

How effective is the line, what economy of words in

And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.

Then a glimpse of the poet's tenderness again in

'Whoever it is that leaves him out so late, When other creatures have gone to stall and bin, Ought to be told to come and take him in.'

In *The Mountain,* the poet tells of meeting a countryman...

...who moved so slow
With white-faced oxen in a heavy cart,
It seemed no harm to stop him altogether.

Could any more delightfully whimsical and expressive
lines depict the plodding gait of these cumbersome creatures! As the countryman is driving oxen and not horses, it seems natural for him to liken the steaming of the mountain-top brook that was "warm in winter" to an "ox's breath". The closing lines of the poem return to the picture of the oxen with which it began:

He drew the oxen toward him with light touches
Of his slim goad on nose and offside flank,
Gave them their marching orders and was moving.

One of the most humorous of all Frost's poems is The Cow in Apple Time. What could be more ridiculous than his picture of this usually mild animal intoxicated with her over-indulgence in the orchard:

Her face is flecked with pomace and she drools
A cider syrup....
She runs from tree to tree...
She bellows on a knoll against the sky
Her udder shrivels and the milk goes dry.

Something of the same affection for a horse which is apparent in The Runaway is found in Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, that loveliest of poems.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep;
And miles to go before I sleep.
In the poet's pictures of wild animal life, perhaps none is finer than that of the doe and the buck in Two Look at Two. The lovers have stopped in their climb, and are about to turn back since night is coming on. As they pause by a tumbledown wall looking up the path they have given up attempting

A doe from round a spruce stood looking at them
Across the wall, as near the wall as they...
The difficulty of seeing what stood still;
Like some up-ended boulder split in two
Was in her clouded eyes: they saw no fear there...
Then, as if they were something that, though strange,
She could not trouble her mind with too long,
She sighed and passed unscared along the wall...
A buck from round the spruce stood looking at them...
This was an antlered buck of lusty nostril,...
He viewed them quizzically with jerks of head,
As if to ask, 'Why don't you make some motion?
Or give some sign of life? Because you can't.
I doubt if you're as living as you look.'
Then he too passed unscared along the wall.

Scenes from Country Landscapes Every season of the year provides background or setting for Frost's poems. Beginning with A Prayer in Spring the poet wishes to savor the exquisite, fleeting beauty of this time of year:

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Full summer seems to blaze behind The Tuft of Flowers.

I went to turn the grass once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun...

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost: Two Look at Two p.282
2 Ibid: A Prayer in Spring p.17
3 Ibid: The Tuft of Flowers p.31
I was born in a small town located in the
Countryside. My parents were farmers who
spent their lives working in the fields. I was
raised in a simple life, but I always dreamed of
seeing the world.

I have always been fascinated by the
adventures of explorers and travelers. Their
stories filled me with a sense of wonder and
curiosity. As a child, I used to spend hours
reading books about different countries and
cultures. I wanted to learn everything about
the world and its people.

As I grew older, my passion for travel
only intensified. I knew that one day I
would set out on my own to explore the
unknown. I started saving my allowance,
planning every detail of my journey.

Finally, the day arrived. I boarded a
plane and was off on my first
adventure. It was a thrilling and
exciting experience. I visited
countries that I had only
dreamed about before.

I encountered people from
different backgrounds and
learned about their cultures. I
was struck by the diversity of
humanity and the beauty of
the world we live in.

I realized that travel is not
just about seeing new
places, but about experiencing
new things. It is about
embracing difference and
building bridges between
people.

I came back from my
journey changed and
inspired. I knew that I
would continue to travel
and explore the world for
the rest of my life.

I encourage everyone to
follow their dreams and
pursue their passions. The
world is full of
wonders, and
there is so much
to discover.

Let us all strive to
understand and
appreciate the
diversity of
humanity. For
in the end,
we are all
connected, and
our shared
experiences can
bring us closer
together.
I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze...

there passed me by
On noiseless wing a bewildered butterfly.

He turned . . . and led my eye to look
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of flame the scythe had spared
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared. 2

Frost's October, in his desire to have the beauty of
this season prolonged reminds us of the following lines

in Edna St. Vincent Millay's God's World

My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf.

Frost writes

O hushed October morning mild,
Begin the hours of this day slow.
Make the day seem to us less brief...
Release one leaf at break of day;
At noon release another leaf...
Retard the sun with gentle mist;
Enchant the land with amethyst.

Poem after poem takes us through the beauty of nature
in different seasonal moods. Coming to winter, we find a
long narrative poem called Snow 4 in which the characters
are set against one of those overwhelming snow-storms
that beset New England in the winter time. A neighbor,
Brother Meserve, has stopped at the Coles' at midnight
on his homeward drive, not knowing whether he can get his
team of horses through the drifts to reach his own
	house that night. The narrative and dialogue are

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost: The Tuft of Flowers p.31
2 Ibid: October p.40; 3 Modern American Poetry, Untermeier
4 Collected Poems, Frost, p.341
   Snow p.180
punctuated by descriptions of the increasing storm.

...A fresh access
Of wind that caught against the house a moment,
Gulped snow.......
You can just see it glancing off the roof
Making a great scroll upward toward the sky...
I shouldn't want to hurry you, Meserve,
But if you're going—Say you'll stay, you know.
But let me raise this curtain on a scene,
And show you how it's piling up against you.
You see the snow-white through the white of frost?
Ask Helen how far up the sash it's climbed
Since last we read the gage.

NEW ENGLAND BACKGROUND OF HIS POEMS

IN PEOPLE

Frost calls North of Boston a "Book of People",
and it is here that we find New England characters
as he knows them, albeit the New England that has pro-
duced them is a decadent one, according to Amy Lowell:
"the book is an epitome of decaying New England."
Yes, the book is a sombre one, on the whole, even to the
most casual reader. Of the sixteen poems included in it,
at least seven,—The Death of the Hired Man, The Fear,
Home Burial, The Black Cottage, A Servant to Servants,
The Housekeeper, and The Self-Seeker,—deal with death,
mental or moral decay, physical affliction, or loneliness.
Miss Lowell says that the book is "all the sadder
because the poet is at no pains to make it so. He is

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost: Snow p.180
2 Tendencies in Modern American Poetry (Robert Frost) by Amy Lowell
holding no brief for or against the state of things he portrays, he is too much a part of it himself to exhibit it as an illustration of anything.¹

G. R. Elliott thinks that Miss Lowell overestimates this sadness as Louis Untermeyer does Frost's gladness. Elliott says, "It is neither sad nor glad. The burdens and limitations of the neighborhood keep the poet from being very glad; but his faith in the latent value of the neighborly spirit prevents him from being very sad."²

Another critic says of Frost's characters, "They are products of duress and adversity... Their human contacts have not been varied for they are far from the main travel-ed roads."³

Among these sixteen poetic narratives, I have chosen six as illustrative of characters in a certain New England background which may or may not have been responsible for their peculiar bent of mind or disposition, although it seems to have had a definite influence. The first three of these are tragic in their circumstances: the last group have considerable humor in the situation and personalities. Mr. Edward Garnett, in referring to Frost's dramatic monologues, says, "How much has gone before, how much these people have lived through, what a lengthy chain of feelings and motives and circumstances

¹ Tendencies in Modern American Poetry by Amy Lowell
² The Neighborliness of Robert Frost by G.R. Elliott
³ Some Contemporary Americans by Percy H. Boynton
has shaped their actions and mental attitudes."^1

In answer to why some of these stories might not just as well have been in prose, this same critic says that they come "with greater intensity in rhythm." He states that Frost has what Goethe gave as a definition of poetry—"a lively feeling of situations and an aptitude to describe them."^2

Home Burial Of these idyls of New England country life one of the most poignant and terrible is Home Burial. The poem tells of a mother who has just lost her baby, and, since she has no other child to occupy herself with, is slowly losing her mind from grief. In her morbid condition she has become estranged from her husband who seems to her very callous and unfeeling. To intensify the tragedy, the baby has been buried by the father in one of those little home burying grounds which are sometimes found in New England country places on the farms. The writer was familiar with such a one in her childhood on her cousin's farm not forty miles from Boston,—a quiet lot under tall pines, walled around with field stone; and here the one remaining member of a family that has "run out" will be buried. The mother in the poem, haunted by grief, can

1 A New American Poet by Edward Garnett; Atlantic Monthly Aug. 1915
2 Collected Poems by Robert Frost p.69
It is one of the worst problems and

situations I have faced, and

also one that I've only had to

think about in terms of a private

talking to someone outside of

someone that has come to the

situation...
see the burial place from a window of the house, although the husband has never noticed it from that particular one before.

'What is it you see
From up there always--for I want to know.'

Then, as the wife, cowering on the stairway, refuses to tell him, he goes up to see for himself what she is looking at, although she, in her anguish and abnormal mental condition is quite sure that he will not see anything.

And a while he didn't see.
But at last he murmured, 'Oh!', and again,'Oh!...
'The wonder is I didn't see at once.
I never noticed it from here before.
I must be wonted to it--that's the reason.
The little graveyard where my people are!' 2

Of this custom of burying members of the family on the home grounds Miss Amy Lowell says, "Catholic countries with their insistence on consecrated ground in which to lay the dead, give no chance for horror like this."3

The poem continues with a bitter argument between husband and wife, he thinking she is carrying her grief too far, particularly since he loves her, which seems to count for nothing in her mind.

'God, what a woman! And it's come to this,
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead';

and she, upbraiding him for his hardness of heart, his lack of sympathy with a mother's feeling. The poor

1 Collected Poems by Frost: Home Burial p.69
2 Ibid
3 Tendencies in Modern American Poetry by Amy Lowell
Now if it is true that there is no difference in the way in which a token is used in the two languages, and if the token is a word, then the word must be the same in both languages. But if the token is not a word, then it must be a non-word. In either case, the token must be a meaningful unit that can stand alone.

A meaningful unit that can stand alone is called a "token." Tokens are the basic units of language and are used to form sentences. They can be words, phrases, or sentences.

In English, tokens are formed by combining words in different ways. For example, the words "the," "cat," and "jump" can be combined to form the sentence "the cat jumps." The word "jumps" is a token in this sentence.

In Japanese, tokens are formed by combining elements in different ways. For example, the elements "the," "cat," and "jump" can be combined to form the sentence "the cat jumps." The element "jumps" is a token in this sentence.

In both languages, tokens are used to form sentences that convey meaning. The tokens in a sentence are combined in different ways to create different meanings. For example, the sentence "the cat jumps" can be changed to "the cat runs" by changing the token "jumps" to "runs."
woman cries out, in answer to her husband's previous outburst, 'You can't because you don't know how to speak. If you had any feelings, you that dug With your own hand--how could you?--his little grave; I saw you from that very window there, Making the gravel leap and leap in air, Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly And roll back down the mound beside the hole... You could sit there with the stains on your shoes Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave And talk about your every day concerns.'

Frantic with grief, and mentally unsound, she seeks to run away from the house, the husband declaring that he will follow and bring her back by force. We pity the mother, but we also sympathize with the husband whom she has turned against in her deranged condition. In spite of her charges that he is unfeeling, he seems patient and considerate. He begs her to listen to him, pleads that he doesn't seem to be able to say anything that doesn't offend her, suggests some arrangement whereby he will not speak of anything likely to hurt her, at the same time feeling helplessly that he doesn't understand such grief as hers, that she overdoes it a little.

'A man must partly give up being a man With women-folk.' 2

We feel the justice of his next remark, as we are ever inclined to the same irritation at the unreasonableness...
Your name's been a topic of conversation recently. I think you've done well to keep it to yourself.

But I know you're not the only one with secrets. Many others have hidden things they don't want the world to know.

I see you're taking great strides to improve your situation. You've been working hard, and I applaud your efforts.

It's hard to imagine how much you've accomplished in such a short time. You've made significant progress, and I'm sure you'll continue to do so.

I'm reminded of a quote I once read: 'Do not let what you cannot do interfere with what you can do.'

You've already come a long way, and I have no doubt you'll continue to make strides in the future.

Keep up the good work, and remember, you've got this.
of the mentally unbalanced, when he cries

'What was it brought you up to think it the thing
To take your mother-loss of a first child
So inconsolably—in the face of love.' 1

The poor mother cries out that although the world is
evil and forgets as soon as one is in his grave, she
will not do so but will hold on to her grief. As she
begins to weep, the husband tenderly suggests that she
will feel better now, that she will give up her idea of
running out to someone, as she has apparently done
before, but she exclaims

'I must go—
Somewhere out of this house.' 2

It is the environment that has proved too much for her;
her case seems hopeless so long as she remains in it.

Of this poem Mr. Garnett says, "For tragic poign-
nancy, Home Burial stands by itself in American poetry." 3

A Servant to Servants

Another of these sombre pictures of
lonely living on a remote country farm
is found in A Servant to Servants, 4 in which the chief
character, the woman narrator of the dramatic monologue
has already had one attack of insanity and is fearing
another. This overworked farmer's wife is speaking to
another woman who has come to camp on the farmer's land,
and is telling her how glad she is to see her and to be

3 A New American Poet by Edward Garnett
4 Collected Poems by Frost: A Servant to Servants p.82
kept from her work for a friendly chat that will take her out of herself for a while. As the burdened woman talks, we get a picture of her slaving for a houseful of hungry men.

It's got so I don't know for sure
Whether I am glad, sorry, or anything.
There's nothing but a voice-like left inside
That seems to tell me how I ought to feel.

She goes on to speak of her husband who, being more optimistic than she, thinks that she will be all right with doctoring, and adds

It's not medicine--
It's rest I want--there, I have said it out--
From cooking meals for hungry hired men
And washing dishes after them--from doing
Things over and over that just won't stay done.

Then she speaks of these hired men, sprawling about the kitchen,—men whom she knows nothing about, not even whether it is safe to have them about, but adds that she is not afraid of them if they are not of her. Here she tells the woman listener that there was insanity in her family, and that she herself has been at the State Asylum. She gives a ghastly description of her father's brother, a madman; of her father's building him a sort of cage and keeping him in the house. To this home, her father had brought his young bride, the speaker's mother who had to help care for the mad creature, and listen to

1 Collected Poems by Frost: A Servant to Servants p.82
2 Ibid The Death of the Hired Man p.40
his obscene ravings.

She had to lie and hear love things made dreadful By his shouts in the night. He'd shout and shout Until the strength was shouted out of him, And his voice died down slowly from exhaustion. He'd pull his bars apart like bow and bowstring, And let them go and make them twang until His hands had worn them smooth as any oxbow. And then he'd crow as if he thought that child's play.

So the poor woman goes on to tell her caller that she thinks she is past help herself and must go the road she is going. She makes a pathetic reference to the carefree life of her camping guest, saying that perhaps she could be helped by dropping everything and living out-of-doors, but concludes that she would probably soon have enough of it, and be glad of a roof overhead.

The Death of the Hired Man

One more of these sad pictures and then we may turn to something brighter and more hopeful. The Death of the Hired Man is not of the hopelessly tragic type of the two preceding poems. It is a dialogue between husband and wife, depicting, chiefly through the wife's tender understanding, an old man, spent and foredone, who comes home to the place where he has previously worked to die.

Mary, the wife, greets her husband, Warren, on his return from town, shuts the door behind her carefully, and draws her man down beside her on the porch to tell
THE DEPARTMENT OF

The death of

The deceased was

The cause of death was

The deceased's age was

Age was found to be

The deceased's occupation was

The deceased's family was

The deceased's survivors were

The deceased's assets were

The deceased's debts were

The deceased's estate was

The deceased's final expenses were

The deceased's funeral arrangements were

The deceased was buried in

The deceased's death certificate was

The deceased's grave was

The deceased's memorial was

The deceased's estate was

The deceased's legal affairs were

The deceased's final wishes were

The deceased's family was notified of

The deceased's death was announced in

The deceased's funeral was

The deceased's estate was

The deceased's final affairs were

The deceased's last words were

The deceased's final testament was

The deceased's family was

The deceased's final requests were

The deceased's final wishes were
him that Silas has returned, and to caution him to be kind to the old man. The husband is inclined to be skeptical, and inquires somewhat truculently when he was ever anything but kind. He insists that he won't have Silas back, that he is not dependable, that he leaves them in the lurch when he is most needed, and is not much good, anyway, at his age. Mary, meantime, draws a sympathetic picture of the poor old man worn out, asleep in the kitchen. With a woman's heart she had prepared tea for him, and had tried to make him comfortable. When her husband jokingly remarks that he supposes Silas told her he had come back to do big things on the farm, she champions the poor old man, saying that of course he did, it was the only way he had of saving his self-respect. She senses that there is something wrong with the old man on account of his jumbled speech,—his mind running on old days at the farm when a college youth having with him had humiliated him with his superior learning. Mary, tenderly understanding, says of Silas:

After so many years he still keeps finding Good arguments he sees he might have used. I sympathize. I know just how it feels To think of the right thing to say too late... Poor Silas.... Nothing to look backward to with pride, And nothing to look forward to with hope.

A very poignant and vivid picture, this, of the worn-
out old man, but quite as strongly and clearly limned is
Mary seated on the porch, her hand "among the harp-like
morning glory strings" playing unheard tender promp-
ings in the heart of her husband. How effective in its
laconic simplicity is the ending of this beautiful story:--

Warren returned--too soon it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.
'Warren?' she questioned.
'Dead,' was all he answered.

Louis Untermeyer says of this poem that it is "one of the
finest genre pictures of our time."

There are three poems, at least, in the North of
Boston group which, in contrast to those discussed above,
show the poet's humor,—in spite of Miss Lowell's state-

A Hundred Collars

The first of these, A Hundred Collars, tells of a timid professor who, on
returning to summer in a small country town where he was
born, misses a train connection and is obliged to spend
the night in a crowded hotel sharing a room with a huge,
half-drunken, talkative salesman of whom he is afraid.
This fellow, struggling into his starched shirt in prepa-
ration for making a night of it, obligingly offers the
learned one, on discovering that he wears a size fourteen,
a hundred out-grown collars which he has back home. As

1 Collected Poems by Frost: The Death of the Hired Man p.49
2 Ibid; 3 Modern American Poetry by Untermeyer p.254
4 Tendencies in Modern American Poetry by Amy Lowell
5 Collected Poems by Frost: A Hundred Collars p.61
if this half contempt of the professor's dimensions were not enough, the huge fellow senses, with the instinct of the slightly intoxicated, the fear of his room-mate, and contrives to humiliate him still further. It is all the more amusing since Frost has been at pains to tell us, in the first place, that the great man was a democrat, If not at heart, at least on principle. 1 but that he was seldom able to get near to his country friends. As a parting shot, the shrewd though tipsy salesman says to the professor,

'You'll rest easier when I'm gone perhaps... I'll knock so-fashion and peep around the door When I come back so you'll know who it is. There's nothing I'm afraid of like scared people. I don't want you should shoot me in the head.' 2

Of North of Boston's being a book of people, Mr. Untermeyer says it is more than that--"It is a book of backgrounds as living and dramatic as the people they overshadow." 3 Such a living and dramatic background we have in the poem discussed above: Lafe, the salesman, describes himself as travelling all around the country districts getting subscriptions for the "Weekly News" published in Bow. Fairbanks, the editor, has requested him to find out what people went. In the selection which follows, Frost paints a picture of rural New England scenes

1 Collected Poems by Frost: A Hundred Collers p.61
2 Ibid
3 Modern American Poetry by Louis Untermeyer p.254
which is faithful, vivid, and direct. He puts these words into Lefè's mouth:

What I like best's the lay of different farms,
Coming out on them from a stretch of woods,
Or over a hill or round a sudden corner.
I like to find folks getting out in spring,
Raking the dooryard, working near the house.
Later they get out further in the fields.
Everything's shut sometimes except the barn;
The family's all away in some back meadow.
There's a hay load a-coming--when it comes...

There's nobody about.

The chimney, though, keeps up a good brisk smoking.

The Code Another of these whimsical poems is The Code, which tells of a farmer who was not liked by the gang hired to help him with his haying on account of his driving them so hard, though to do the man justice, he was a worker himself. The poet says of him

I couldn't find
That he kept any hours--not for himself.
Daylight and lantern-light were one to him...
But what he liked was someone to encourage.
Them that he couldn't lead he'd get behind
And drive, the way you can, you know, in mowing--
Keep at their heels and threaten to mow their legs off. 2

One of the hired men who had been irritated by these unpleasant ways of the "boss" planned to play a trick on him that should teach him to be more considerate. This helper was on top of the piled hay-rack in the barn, the farmer waiting below to receive the hay which was to be pitched off into a recess in the building: that is, the

1 Collected Poems by Frost: A Hundred Collars p. 61
2 Ibid: The Code p. 90
load was not to be pitched on to the mow, as is sometimes the case, but down into this bay. Now when the farmer below looked up and shouted to the hired man on the load, "Let her come!" -- the latter took him at his word and "dumped the rackful on him in ten lots".

I looked over the side once in the dust And caught sight of him treading-water-like, Keeping his head above...

He squeaked like a squeezed rat. 1

Later, as the man telling the story is cooling off outside the barn,

And sort of waiting to be asked about it,
One of the boys sings out, "Where's the old man?"

It seems that the humiliated farmer, after digging himself out, had slunk into the kitchen where he was discovered when the boys peered through the window,

Slumped way down in a chair, with both his feet against the stove, the hottest day that summer. He looked so clean disgusted from behind There was no one that dared to stir him up. 2

Blueberries Again, the humor of such a poem as 3
Blueberries is refreshing. This poem, which seems to be quite as much in praise of blueberries as a study of man, begins with a conversation between two persons, evidently the poet and his wife, concerning the abundance and size of the blueberries to be found in the pasture of one Patterson, -- a man who "won't" make the fact
I know not if in times so long as these may have occurred

the case, but your views are sound. You may be

right, what you say, but it is not the thing to

praise. Your letter on that subject is true

and your advice is just. I am not yet

humbled by the experience I have

had,


I know not what this time in your

life means to you, but I am sure it

will not be in vain. If I may be

allowed to state the case, it is

true that I have no longer any

faith in the world or in human

nature, but I have, I believe, a

deeper conviction that life is

not what it seems. I am now

beginning to see the meaning of

life as I see it now, and I am

beginning to see the

meaning of the

meaning of

life, as I see it now.
that they're rightfully his an excuse for keeping us other folk out." The first speaker, presumably the poet, has observed the berries on his way to the village; and after giving his wife a description of their size and luscious appearance, which moves her to remark, "I wonder you didn't see Loren about", he replies with evident relish of the situation, "The best of it was that I did". He goes on to relate how, just after he was getting over the stone wall into the road after looking into the berrying possibilities, he had seen Loren driving by in a democrat-wagon with all his children. Although this fellow had greeted the poet politely enough, the latter had noted a look in his eye as much as to say, "I have left those there berries to ripen too long." Frost comments on Loren's need to be thrifty with so many young ones to feed.

'He has brought them all up on wild berries, they say,
Like birds. They store a great many away.
They eat them the year round, and those they don't eat
They sell in the store and buy shoes for their feet.'

The poet's wife observes whimsically that she wishes she knew as much as the whole flock of Lorens did about where to find the berries and when they were ready for picking, and her husband humorously reminds her how, when they first came to live there, he had asked Loren,

1 Collected Poems by Frost: Blueberries p.78
2 Ibid
"of all people on earth...if he knew any fruit to be had for the picking."\(^1\)

'The rascal, he said he'd be glad
To tell if he knew. But the year had been bad.
There had been some berries—but those were all gone.

He didn't say where they had been. He went on:
"I'm sure—I'm sure—as polite as could be.
He spoke to his wife in the door, "Let me see,
Mame, we don't know any good berrying place?"
It was all he could do to keep a straight face.' \(^2\)

Then the Frosts plan to pick in Patterson's pasture themselves this year, and to get there early next morning. But they don't expect to have the place to themselves long; the Lorens will all be there by morning,—possibly that very night. They won't be any too friendly, according to the poet, although they will be scrupulously polite

To people they look on as having no right
To pick where they're picking. \(^3\)

This amusing idea of Loren's, that others have no right to pick where he is picking, even though he does not own the pasture, reminds the writer of summers spent on a cousin's farm when she was young. Blueberry-pickers in flocks would come up from the nearest town and wander throughout Cousin's meadows; but, when they passed the house with full pails in the late afternoon, if he tried to buy some of his own berries, they would refuse to sell, as they knew they could get a better price in the city market.

\(^1\) Collected Poems by Frost: Blueberries p.78
\(^2\) Ibid
\(^3\) Ibid
A GROUP OF INDIVIDUAL CHARACTERS
FROM MOUNTAIN INTERVAL

Most of the poems in North of Boston, as I have already stated, are dramatic monologues dealing, for the most part, with characters against a stark background at some tragic moment of their lives. The division which follows, -- Mountain Interval, -- while it is much more lyrical, yet has, in its collection several poems about people, who, though not so impressive as those in North of Boston, are interesting and typical of the scene where-in they are found. Their stories are not so fully told, but they are, nevertheless, vivid characters in a realistic background.

"Out, Out-" The first of these I shall speak of is the young boy in Out, Out\(^1\) --- only thirty-four lines to tell the whole pathetic story. The men were working at the buzz-saw in the yard on a Vermont farm, and the boy was doing his share. The day was almost over. The poet says that he wishes they might have called it a day: it would have pleased the boy to have an extra half-hour from work, and it would have averted the tragedy. Sister had come out in her apron to call them in to

\(^1\) Collected Poems by Robert Frost page 171
A NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM

The Visit to the Museum

We had a wonderful time at the museum last night. I have

noticed that many people seem to be interested in art and

history. It was fascinating to see the various exhibits and

learn about the different cultures represented.

I hope we can visit the museum again soon.

---

[Signature]

[Date] 12/03/2023

[Name]
supper. Just at that moment, a sudden leap of the saw cut the boy's hand nearly off.

Then the boy saw all—
Since he was old enough to know, big boy
Doing a man's work, though a child at heart—
He saw all spoiled. 'Don't let him cut my hand off—
The doctor, when he comes, Don't let him,
sister!'
So. But the hand was gone already. The doctor put him in the dark of ether. 1

Then those who were watching became frightened as they took the boy's pulse and listened at his heart which beat more and more faintly till the end.

And they, since they Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

Brown's Descent The second of these character sketches, in contrast to the preceding, is humorous: Brown's Descent. It is quite characteristic of Frost in its whimsical expression. The incident occurs after one of those freezing snow-storms when everything is encased in ice. Brown's farm was high up on a mountain-side. His lantern, when he did his chores on a mid-afternoon in winter, was a regular beacon to everyone for miles around. On this particular afternoon the gale got hold of him as he went from the house to the barn, and before he knew it he was sliding down over the icy crust. Stone walls and trees were buried, --there was nothing with which to stay his

1 Collected Poems of Robert Frost Page 171
2 Ibid Page 173
downward progress. Frost draws the most ridiculous picture of the man.

He gained no foothold, but pursued
His journey down from field to field.

Sometimes he came with arms outspread
Like wings, revolving in the scene
Upon his longer axis, and
With no small dignity of mien. —

He never let the lantern drop
And some exclaimed who saw afar
The figures he described with it,
'Oh wonder what those signals are

Brown makes at such an hour of night! —
He's celebrating something strange! 1

And so he goes on in his willy-nilly descent, trying at first to save himself, and then giving it up, all the while holding the lantern which did not go out! When he finally reached the road, he looked back up the mountain to his farm, a matter of two miles, "bowed with grace to natural law, and took the long way home by road, a matter of several miles." 2

The stolid dignity of the farmer, in spite of the ludicrous situation in which he finds himself, is cleverly brought out by the poet who exclaims

Yankees are what they always were. 3

The Hill Wife. The next of these is The Hill Wife.

This poem is divided into sections called Loneliness,

1 Collected Poems of Robert Frost Page 173
2 Ibid Page 173
3 Ibid Page 173
House Fear, The Smile, The Oft-Repeated Dream, and The
Impulse. It tells the story of a young wife who is very
lonely on her isolated hill farm. She is sad when the
birds fly South, as they at least were some company for her.
She was always afraid to enter the lonely house at
night when she and her husband had been off somewhere...

They learned to rattle the lock and key
To give whatever might chance to be
Warning and time to be off in flight. 1

She fears the tramp to whom they gave bread,—his
smile seemed to mock her; she feels as if he were watch-
ing somewhere from the woods. She dreaded a dream she
often had of the dark pine tree outside their bedroom

The poet is overtaken on a mountain
window.

Because she was so lonely—she had no child—and
the place so remote, she had got into the habit of helping
her husband in the field as he ploughed or cut down trees.

Once she strayed so far from him that she scarcely heard
when he called, and did not answer him. Then came the
sudden overpowering impulse and she ran and hid.

He never found her, though he looked
Everywhere,—

Sudden and swift and light as that
The ties gave,
And he learned of finalities
Besides the grave. 2
An Old Man's
Winter Night

What an atmosphere of loneliness Frost contrives to give in this poem! The season is winter, it is night-time, bitter cold, the rooms of the house are empty save for the presence of the aged man who wanders about the silent place, lamp in hand. Only his clomping feet break the stillness. What are his thoughts? Finally he puts out the light and sleeps in the cold moonlight.

The log that shifted with a jolt
Once in the stove, disturbed him and he shifted,
And eased his heavy breathing, but still slept.
One aged man -- one man can't fill a house,
A farm, a countryside, or if he can,
It's thus he does it of a winter night. 1

The Gum-Gatherer

The poet is overtaken on a mountain road by a man striding along down hill, and they get into conversation. The man is swinging a cotton bag wound partly around his hand. He had come from the woods higher up the mountain where he had a shack, stolen, the poet says, because of the fears of fire and loss

That trouble the sleep of lumber folk:
Visions of half the world turned black
And the sun shrunken yellow in smoke. 2

The man was a collector of spruce gum which he sold at the market in the town.

He showed me lumps of the scented stuff
Like uncut jewels, dull and rough.
It comes to market golden brown,
The poet tells the gum-gatherer that he thinks the

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 135
2 Ibid Page 176
3 Ibid Page 176
latter must lead a pleasant life in the dimness underneath the trees, loosening the gum with his little knife, and carrying it down to market when he felt like it. Where but in Frost's New England forest would such a person be found today, I wonder. And who but Frost could write of such a simple and unpretentious person so delightfully: Amid the mass of gums on the market today, advertised so blatantly in public places, it is refreshing to turn to this resinous product of the woodlands, and if one, being an American, must chew it, to take the kind which "turns to pink between the teeth," and to do so in the dimness of the sweet-smelling forest where it grows:

Such characters as have been discussed in the foregoing pages are rooted in the New England soil, and of them Frost writes not as one who has observed them, but as Miss Lowell says, as "a man who has lived what he writes about." He himself was close to the people he puts into his narratives; he has lived and worked among them.

OCCUPATIONS OF NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY LIFE

Mr. G. R. Elliott says "North of Boston is remarkable for its representations of the actual processes of human labor-----To an extraordinary degree this poet has

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost  Page 176
2 Tendencies in Modern American Poetry  Amy Lowell
taken part in labor—often with his hands and always with his spirit." In a general survey of all the poems, the writer finds that Mr. Frost has taken part in all the familiar occupations that accompany farm life such as mowing, haying, berry-gathering, apple picking, maple sugar-making, bushing peas, mending stone walls, etc.

In Mowing, as Miss Lowell says, only one who had actually performed the labor could speak so truly and picturesquely of the sound made by his scythe:

My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

Hay-making In The Death of the Hired Man we feel that it is Frost's own personal knowledge of the actual labor when he says of Silas's building a load of hay:—

He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading.—
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to life, straining to lift himself.

Hay-making occupies a prominent place in the lives of Frost's country characters. In the first division of his poems, A Boy's Will, alone, almost every poem has some reference to it. Ghost House has the line

The woods come back to the mowing field.

A Late Walk again refers to the mowing field and "the headless aftermath."
To the Editor:

I was deeply moved by your recent article on the topic of

[Text continues]
Rose Poconies already referred to in preceding
pages describes a sunny meadow where many orchises grew. These the poet hopes will be spared when mowing time arrives.

Waiting opens with a lovely picture of a hay field in the moonlight. What things for dreams there are when spectre-like Moving among tall hay cocks lightly piled, I enter upon the stubble field, From which the laborers' voices late have died, And in the antphony of afterglow And rising full moon, sit me down Upon the full moon's side of the first haycock And lose myself amid so many alike.

Mowing ends with these lines descriptive of an experience which this farmer-poet had had, evidently, many times. The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows. My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

The Tuft of Flowers not only depicts the poet at his task of mowing, and all the sights and sounds of that summer morning in the fields, but brings out the feeling of a common labor among men by his seeing a tuft of vivid bloom beside the brook, which he who had been mowing earlier before sunrise had spared. The poet feels

........ A spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone.....

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 19
2 Ibid Page 20
3 Ibid Page 25
4 Ibid Page 31
No text content available in the provided image.
'Men work together,' I told him from the heart,  
'Whether they work together or apart.'

Berry-picking In Blueberries the poet describes picking berries in a field warm with sunshine when he and his companion "Sank out of sight like trolls underground," and picked until he had lost sight of her in wandering farther afield, and lifted up his voice only to find that she was near at hand. We note the exactness of his observation in these lines:

It must be on charcoal they fatten their fruit.  
I taste in them sometimes the flavour of soot.  
And after all really they're ebony skinned:  
The blue's but a mist from the breath of the wind,  
A tarnish that goes at a touch of the hand.

Apple-picking After Apple-Picking is one of the most perfect of Frost's poems of labor, filled with true and striking pictures as it is, and expressing so simply and yet forcefully the poet's weariness at the end of the job. From the first mention of the "two-pointed ladder sticking through a tree toward heaven" through all the appeal to the senses of sight, smell, and sound, the vision of russet fruit, the "scent of apples," "the rumbling of load on load into the cellar bin," we have lived with the poet through his harvest of the crop.

Maple Sugar Making In the last line of one of his poems the poet tells us that he is living in

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 78  
2 Ibid Page 78  
3 Ibid Page 88  
4 Ibid Page 199
Vermont. That being the case, he must have been familiar with the process of making maple sugar. In his poem Evening in a Sugar Orchard, he briefly describes the scent outside a sugar-house one March night when

The moon, though slight, was moon enough to show
On every tree a bucket with a lid.

It is not in this case, however, the sugar-making that interests the poet so much as the sparks from the chimney of the sugar-house among the bare boughs of the maple trees.

Another reference to this industry is found in the poem, Maple. In the coming on of winter, the maples

*** the maples
Stood uniform in buckets, and the steam
Of sap and snow rolled off the sugar house.

Farming Robert Frost says in one of his poems,

Well, if I have to choose --
I choose to be a plain New Hampshire farmer.

There is no part of farming that he had not engaged in with his own hands, as we may discover from reading his poetry, alone, -- from spring planting to autumn harvesting. In Putting in the Seed, who but the poet could suggest the first growth with so few words:

The sturdy seedling with arched body comes
Shouldering its way and shedding the earth crumbs.

In Pea Brush, he is looking over birch boughs in

---

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 289
2 Ibid Page 222
3 Ibid Page 199
4 Ibid Page 155
5 Ibid Page 154
a clearing to select some for bushing his peas.

1 In The Star-Splitter, in two lines, the stoniness of a New England farm is made clear.

...He moved the rocks to plow the ground And plowed between the rocks he couldn’t move.

2 In Gathering Leaves the poet has brought us round to the autumn season:

...I make a great noise Of rustling all day Like rabbit and deer Running away.

Next to nothing for use. But a crop is a crop, And who's to say where The harvest shall stop?

With the coming on of winter, the poet says good-bye to his orchard in one of the most whimsical of his poems, Good-Bye and Keep Cold. He thinks of all that can happen to the young trees during the winter: hungry animals nibbling the bark and weather that is too mild.

No orchard's the worse for the wintriest storm; But one thing about it, it mustn't get warm. How often already you've had to be told, Keep cold, young orchard. Good-bye and keep cold.

This poem closes with the lovely line of faith

But something has to be left to God.

In addition to his numerous complete poems on some phase of farm labor, we discover many brief but telling phrases showing his knowledge of all the details of these

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 218
2 Ibid Page 290
3 Ibid Page 281
A question on salary can be raised as well.

In the forecast, there is talk of a

It is a fact that we need to talk about,

And this question is raised to open the
discussion.

We agree to move on towards another

If you join the team, you are bound to

In conclusion, let's take a look at the

The team and the board are known to

It is important to discuss the current

We need to talk about the need for
discussion.

The question at hand is the

With the current state of business, we

The question at hand is how to

And this is where we stand.

To conclude, let's take a look at the

This doesn't agree with the notion of
taking.

The question at hand is to tell us of
the current state of business.
country occupations. In *The Black Cottage*, it is the "tar banded ancient cherry trees;" in Brown's *Descent*, it is doing the evening chores; in *The Investment*, it is digging potatoes; in *The Grindstone*, he says these hands have helped it go.

In *The Axe-Helve*, he is working at the chopping-block; in 'Out, Out--', it is sawing sticks of wood for the stove; in *A Girl's Garden*, it is wheeling a barrow load of dung; in *A Time to Talk*, it is hoeing; in *Birches*, it is going to fetch the cows; in *The Housekeeper*, it is holding the hens together upside down by the legs; in *A Servant to Servants*, it is care of the highways; in *The Death of the Hired Man*, it is finding water with a hazel rod; in *Storm Fear*, it is drifts piled high in dooryard and road which must later be broken out. To one born and reared in the country, these tasks form the daily, common round, but in the poet's words they take on a new dignity and beauty.

There is not one of them but has its homely charm for him.

**NEW ENGLAND BACKGROUND IN COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSION**

The New England background of the poet is as evident in his choice of words and turns of expression, as in
the natural background which he delineates. Although he does not use dialect, as such, the dramatic monologues and idyls, "written in a conversational blank verse," says Louis Untermeyer, "establish the connection between the vernacular and the language of literature." His poems have what the critic just referred to calls a "talk-flavored tone", and this tone is typically that of the New England country districts in words and colloquial expressions, in spite of Miss Lowell's opinion to the contrary. She says, "I find his people untrue to type in one important particular. In none of them do we find that pungency of thought and expression which is so ingrained in the New England temper. Characters and situations impress him, speech does not. It is probably for this reason that he uses no dialect in these poems. New England turns of speech would lose much of their raciness without the peculiar pronunciation which accompanies them. It speaks marvellously for the vividness of the poet's work in other ways that it is still personal and particular with this element of local speech left out."  

The writer of the present thesis is amazed at this statement of Miss Lowell's with which she most strongly disagrees, wondering if that lady really knew New England country districts, and how the people talk in those parts.

1 Modern American Poetry by Louis Untermeyer Page 254
2 Tendencies in Modern American Poetry by Amy Lowell
The main argument is that the concept of "moral education" has been misunderstood and misapplied. The author argues that moral education should focus on practical, everyday situations, rather than abstract theories. The importance of this approach is emphasized, as it helps students develop real-world skills and values.

In conclusion, the author suggests that a more practical and relevant approach to moral education is necessary to prepare students for the complexities of modern life.
Perhaps with her scholarly background, and her life in Cambridge and abroad, Miss Lowell had come in contact with very few of such people as Frost describes, and did not realize how many of his expressions are directly attributable to their habit of speech. In at least one of the poems, Brown's Descent, we have real dialect in that character's terse remark at the end: "I've 'bout out!" While this is a very rare example, and illustrations of dialect are scarce in Frost's work, it is not so in regard to New England turns of expression, or those pungent colloquialisms which anyone familiar with New England life would recognize at once. The Housekeeper has a number of such expressions.

This is a dramatic monologue in which the speaker, a huge helpless woman, as far as walking is concerned, is telling her visitor about the affairs of her daughter Estelle who has just run off from John with whom she has been living in an unmarried state for fifteen years. Here are some of her New England turns of expression:

- All is, he's made up his mind not to stand, etc.
- The dear knows my interest has been, etc.
- Reach me down the little tin box, etc.
- I didn't relish it along at first....

Again in The Generations of Men the poet represents Granny Stark as speaking in dialect: "I dunnaw; mebbe I'm wrong; there's a dite too many of them; there ain't no

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 173
2 Ibid Page 103
3 Ibid Page 94
names quite like the old ones. The title, Grand Sir Stark, is used. The writer, having always lived in Massachusetts, was unfamiliar with this form until she first visited New Hampshire.

There is not only some dialect in The Pauper Witch of Grafton, but many colloquialisms appear:

To let on he was plagued to death with me—-
  All is, if I'd a-known when I was young—-
To make so free and kick up in folks' faces—-

In The Death of the Hired Man we find the old expression to "be beholden" to anyone; a "likely lad"; "to keep well out of earshot".

In A Hundred Collars Lafe says, "Just as you say;"
"I'll knock so-fashion"; "I don't want you should shoot me."

In Home-Burial the husband says
I'd bind myself to keep hands off
Anything special you're a-mind to name.

In Blueberries Loren is represented as saying
"I have left those there berries."

In The Self-Seeker we find
To pay the doctor's bill and tide me over.

In A Girl's Garden:
To put some strength
On your slim-jim arm.

In Brown's Descent, already referred to for dialect, we have the expressions "cross lots"; "our stock was

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost  Page 252
2 Ibid page 49
3 Ibid page 61
4 Ibid page 69
5 Ibid page 78
6 Ibid page 117
7 Ibid page 167
8 Ibid page 173
petered out".

1 In *Snow* we find "the whole to-do seems to have been for nothing."

2 In *The Code*, the word "jag" is used for a load of hay. This word is marked dialectic or colloquial in Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.

A stone-boat referred to in the poem *A Star in a Stone-Boat* was an entirely unfamiliar expression to the writer until she saw last June in the newspaper an article on a first report of the Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada, being compiled under the direction of Professor Hans Kurath of Brown University. In the article, which gave a number of New England expressions, the word "stone-boat", used in Western New England, was listed as a primitive vehicle for taking stones from the fields, while in Eastern Massachusetts it is a "drag". Evidently in New Hampshire and Vermont where the poet has lived, the former expression was common, while to the writer, brought up in Eastern Massachusetts, the latter is the only term with which she is familiar.

3 In *Mending Wall* we find the expression

Something there is that doesn't love a wall, That wants it down.

This seems to be a New England colloquialism similar to

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 180
2 Ibid Page 90
3 Ibid Page 213
4 The Boston Globe - June 2, 1932
5 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 47
"the cat wants out", which the writer has heard used by old-fashioned people, although she has been told that it is also common in Pennsylvania.

Of dialectic expressions selected at random from the poems, a long list might be made up as follows:—

- the lay of different farms; dooryard; he wa'nt kept watch of; a catch-all full of attic clutter; Len took the notion; I'd seen enough of his bulling tricks; he looked so clean disgusted; he's got hay down; clomping off; not a mite worse; life's ironing-out; a strapping girl; and kiting about.

A colloquial exclamation used by the poet a number of times in his conversational poems is the dear knows, which is found in Snow, The Housekeeper, and The Rose Family. "Sakes", as an exclamation, appears in The Runaway.

Mr. Percy H. Boynton, in referring to Frost's people and their speech says, "Such people are not to be found only in New England. Similar conditions produce the same type anywhere in Anglo-Saxondom; but their characters are like their speech which has the general features of the English tongue, with a local twang and idiom. And Mr. Frost has fixed them in his pictures."

---

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost Page 181
2 Ibid page 108
3 Ibid page 305
4 Ibid page 273
5 Some Contemporary Americans by Percy H. Boynton page 45
CURRENT CRITICISMS: FROST'S PLACE IN

AMERICAN LITERATURE

Louis Untermeyer says, "The long poems (the 'notes') in New Hampshire rank with the narrative monologs in North of Boston; the 'grace notes' contain not merely Frost's finest lines but some of the most haunting lyrics ever written by an American."\(^1\) It is interesting to note Mr. Untermeyer's use of the word, "haunting", in this connection, and to compare it with another critic's tribute to the beauty of Frost's verse: "one of the surest tests of fine art is whether our imagination harks back to it, fascinated in after contemplation, or whether our interest is suddenly exhausted both in it and the subject."\(^2\) One who has read Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening,\(^3\) The Runaway,\(^4\) Birches,\(^5\) will have had his imagination so captivated, and will return to them again and again. Mr. Edward Garnett, in reference to North of Boston says, "The first lines of the book are stamped with the magic of style: a style that obeys its own laws of grace and beauty and inner harmony."\(^6\)

Any reader of Frost must have been frequently reminded of Wordsworth in the type of subject each writes of, and his feeling for people, natural scenery, and earthly labors in

---

\(^1\) Modern American Poetry  Page 255
\(^2\) A New American Poet by Edward Garnett
\(^3\) Collected Poems by Robert Frost  Page 273
\(^4\) Ibid  page 273
\(^5\) Ibid  page 152  
\(^6\) Ibid (note 1)
his immediate locality. "Frost's devotion to the intimacies of earth is, even more than Wordsworth's, rich, almost inordinate in its fidelity; what his emotion (or his poetry) may lack in windy range, is trebly compensated for by its untroubled depths."  

Another recent critic says, "The likeness between him (Frost) and Wordsworth is obvious. The close comparison does not fail to bring out the virtues of the American poet. He never blazes with immortal fire as Wordsworth did on certain miraculous days. He is a subtler and more constantly just; his blank-verse narratives and dialogues, though none approaches the naked grandeur of Michael, are closer to the exact life of the folk for whom he speaks. He is more even in accomplishment. His trafficking with grandeur is rare, but his dealing with nature, while it never flashes into Wordsworthian rapture, has a constant closeness and quiet magic."  

Miss Lowell says of Frost, "How deftly he draws a background. -- -- The secret of his success -- -- lies in his accurate observation coupled with a perfect simplicity of phrase; the latter an inheritance from a race brought up on the English Bible. He tells what he has seen exactly as he has seen it. His words are simple, straightforward, direct, manly, and there is an elemental quality in all he

1 Modern American Poetry by Untermyer Page 256  
2 Expression in America by Ludwig Lewisohn Page 497
The text on the page is not legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a page from a document, but the content is not discernible.
does which would surely be lost if he chose to pursue niceties of expression."

As an illustration of the "accurate observation coupled with a perfect simplicity of phrase" we might take the following from *The Black Cottage*.

We chanced in passing by that afternoon
To catch it in a sort of special picture
Among tar-banded ancient cherry trees,
Set well back from the road in rank lodged grass,
The little cottage we were speaking of,
A front with just a door between two windows; Fresh painted by the shower a velvet black.  

Again in *Blue-Butterfly Day* Frost writes of these lovely little creatures:

But these are flowers that fly and all but sing: And now from having ridden out desire They lie closed over in the wind and cling Where wheels have freshly sliced the April mire.

The exactness of observation, and the Anglo-Saxon origin of words are striking in this selection, particularly the last two lines. Miss Lowell, in continuing her critique of Frost's work states that he has "gained success in his chosen field but his canvas is exceedingly small, and no matter how wonderfully he paints upon it, he cannot attain to the position held by men with a wider range of vision -- --. Mr. Frost's work is undoubtedly more finished in its kind than the work of any other living American poet, but his very finish precludes growth."
— — — Με την απόδοση της θετικισμού, η οποία προκύπτει από την οικονομική και πολιτική κατάσταση της χώρας, η αναγκαιότητα της αναπτυξιακής πολιτικής απαιτεί μεγάλη προσοχή.

Οι προκλήσεις που υπάρχουν στην αναπτυξιακή πολιτική — η αναπτυξιακή χρηματοδότηση, η αναπτυξιακή και τεχνολογική ανανέωση — απαιτούν αναπτυξιακές δράσεις που θα αναπτύξουν την βιομηχανία και την αναπτυξιακή και τεχνολογική ανανέωση.

Το σχέδιο αυτό, συνεχίζει την αναπτυξιακή και τεχνολογική ανανέωση, έχει ως στόχο την αναπτυξιακή και τεχνολογική ανανέωση, έχει ως στόχο την αναπτυξιακή και τεχνολογική ανανέωση, έχει ως στόχο την αναπτυξιακή και τεχνολογική ανανέωση. Δηλαδή, ο στόχος της αναπτυξιακής και τεχνολογικής ανανέωσης είναι να διασφαλίσει την αναπτυξιακή και τεχνολογική ανανέωση.
Of course this statement of Miss Lowell's was written more than fifteen years ago, before any of Frost's more recent volumes. Mr. Untermeyer would seem to differ with the former critic in his statement regarding Frost published as late as 1931: "The ripe repose, the benked passions, the nicely blended tenderness and humor are everywhere. Here neighborliness is universalized and localism is a province of humanity."^1

The realism of Frost's poetry is obvious on a first reading: he writes of places and characters with which he was perfectly familiar, and whom he must have loved or he could not have written about them so vividly and tenderly.

The poem New Hampshire is filled with realistic allusions to such places as Berlin, Colebrook, Manchester, Littleton, Franconia; and to people whom we all recognize at once: Hughes, Wilson, Bryan, Lincoln, Lafayette, Matthew Arnold.

Frost himself once said, "There are two types of realist — the one who offers a good deal of dirt with his potato to show that it is a real one; and the one who is satisfied with the potatoes brushed clean. I'm inclined to be the second kind.... To me, the thing art does for life is to clean it, to strip it to form."^3

Of his realism Miss Lowell says, "Mr. Frost is realism touched to fire by idealization, but in the final

---

1 Modern American Poetry by L. Untermeyer
2 Collected Poems by Robert Frost page 199
3 Modern American Poetry by Untermeyer
The text of the document appears to be mostly illegible due to the quality of the image. It seems to be written in English, but the content is not discernible.
count, and in spite of its great beauty, it remains realism—no such rare imaginative bursts from him as Masefield gives us time and again. Mr. Frost writes down exactly what he sees. But, being a true poet, he sees it vividly and with a charm which translates itself into a beautiful simplicity of expression.....He wins first by his gentle understanding, and his strong and unsentimental power of emotion; later, we are conquered by his force, and moved to admiration by his almost unapproachable technique. Still, his imagination is bounded by his life -- and bent all one way like the wind-blown trees of New England hillsides. After all, art is rooted in the soil, and only the very greatest men can be both cosmopolitan and great. Mr. Frost is as New England as Burns is Scotch, Synge Irish, or Mistral Provençal, and it is perhaps not too much to say that he is the equal of these poets, and will so rank to future generations."¹

The English critic, Mr. Edward Garnett, points out that Mr. Frost has the gift of style,² and Miss Lowell considers that "in the final count, it is always this fact of style which makes the glory of a work of art and keeps it alive."³

A more modern critic, Ludwig Lewisohn, in referring to Frost's style, says "Frost belongs to the movement of naturalistic revolt--the peasant, truly close to the land,

¹ Tendencies in Modern American Poetry by A. Lowell
² Ibid
³ Ibid
the folk and hence to the forces that create fundamental
tradition is unswerving from the first in his adherence
to the eternal necessities of form, desirous only of
cleansing form from accidental dross and temporary worthless
accretions."

Again this same critic writes, "Frost's revolt
against convention in both substance and form may be called
the classical revolt, for it is the recurrently necessary
return from artifice to expression, from accepted falsehoods to veracity, from fashions to nature..its aim is to
recover the freshness of the permanent."2

Sidney Cox, Frost's biographer, in speaking of the poet says, "Frost never talks of loving nature. He has
been too much a plain New Hampshire farmer not to have experienced beyond forgetting how much our relations with
her are a warfare."3

Edith Wharton in her preface to Ethan Frome expresses something of this same idea of the warfare with nature in
New England. "I had an uneasy sense that the New England
of fiction bore little except a vague botanical and
dialectical resemblance to the harsh and beautiful land as
I had seen it. Even the abundant enumeration of sweet-fern,
asters, and mountain laurel, and the conscientious reproduction of the vernacular, left me with the feeling that the out

1 Expression in America by L. Lewisohn Page 493
2 Ibid Page 497
3 Robert Frost by Sidney Cox
The history of the Four Days Marches is inextricably linked with the concept of camaraderie and the spirit of cooperation among soldiers. In 1898, a group of British Army officers proposed a series of marches to promote physical fitness and team-building among troops. The idea was to challenge soldiers to cover a distance of at least 25 miles in a single day, with the goal of fostering a sense of unity and esprit de corps.

These marches quickly gained popularity and became a staple of military training in the United Kingdom. Over the years, the Four Days Marches have evolved into a significant event that not only tests the physical endurance of participants but also serves as a demonstration of military discipline and teamwork. The event typically involves teams of soldiers walking in a relay format, with each team member covering a specific distance or duration.

Today, the Four Days Marches are not only a test of military preparedness but also a symbol of the importance of physical fitness in the modern military. The event continues to attract participants from various branches of the armed forces and serves as a platform for fostering inter-service cooperation and building a stronger military community.
cropping granite had in both cases been overlooked."¹ Frost never makes the mistake of overlooking the granite.

Mr. Cox goes on to say of the people in Frost's nature poems, "He is interested in people a little odd in soul or circumstance, whom he has known and sympathized with, in characteristics not well known because they are shades harder to see than heroism or generosity, and in ordinary situations that involve queer, unliterary mixtures of emotion ——. The very sound of his poems is true."²

In concluding this evaluation of Robert Frost's work by contemporary writers, this statement from Lewisohn seems to be an excellent summing up of the poet's power. "He is at best when from phenomena in life and nature—— he wrings a meaning which is both personal and universal, concrete and therefore general. Lucidity and emotional depth —— these are indeed Frost's great qualities——. Frost is evidently no minor poet, and the naturalistic revolt in American letters has produced nothing that savors more of the permanent than his best work. And this is so because he addressed himself to the permanent and sought life's meaning there."³

¹ Ethan Frome by Edith Wharton
² Robert Frost by Sidney Cox
³ Expression in America by Ludwig Lewisohn
The page appears to be a continuation of the previous text, discussing various points, possibly related to a project or report. Given the content, it seems to be a detailed explanation or analysis, potentially from a technical or academic context. However, due to the nature of the text, it's challenging to transcribe accurately without the full context. The page includes references to previous pages, suggesting a comprehensive discussion.
SUMMARY

We have seen from the foregoing study of Robert Frost and his work that he is a typical poet of rural New England; he is a voice speaking realistically and yet with artistry of the locality in which he has lived for the greater part of his life, and of a people for whom he feels evident sympathy and affection. Although born in California and living there for the first years of his life, it is not of these early experiences that he writes; nor does he use his English experiences in any of his poems except possibly the one To E.T. dedicated to the memory of his English soldier friend who fell in the World War. While among the lanes of Gloucestershire, he brought out books of poetry speaking of the very soil of his beloved New England countryside; he remained untouched, apparently, by anything outside the homeland.

Nature Lover. We have seen that Frost is a lover of nature, but that his affection is entirely unsentimental, and is based on an observation of natural phenomena which is accurate and keen: that he knows nature at all seasons of the year and in all her moods. Here again, however, it is nature as he observes it in the New England districts, and nowhere else. His poems we
have found to be filled with beautiful descriptions of singing birds and seasonal flowers, moonlit hayfields, winter snow-storms, brooks, forest and mountain, orchards drifted deep with falling petals, birches twined with clambering wild grape vines, and leaves in the pasture spring.

Often these descriptions appear in pure lyrics, but they are also found as the background or setting of many a narrative poem: an instance of the former being the well-known Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, and of the latter, The Black Cottage.²

Every one of his long narrative poems is set against a New England country landscape, many of them farm-houses, or their surrounding dooryards or pastures. Others take us into the more remote spruce woods, to the spring on the mountain-top, or to the maple sugar camp. And everywhere in this country background we find its animal life depicted, as well as that of its human inhabitants: the wild life, timid or fearless, or mountain and forest, like the rabbit, deer, and bear; the song-birds of meadow and wood-land, from the dainty humming-bird to the crow; the insect life of ant, bee, and wasp; and the home-loving animals of the farm,—the cats and dogs, hens and chickens, cows and horses.

¹ Collected Poems by Robert Frost p. 275
² Ibid: p. 74
People  And what of his people, the natives of his
dramatic monologues, his New Hampshire and
Vermont neighbors? He draws them as he has seen them on
their farms or in the small towns, perhaps more often the
types that are mentally unsound and the lonely or weak,
but he also includes the sane and sensible Yankee, shrewd
or whimsical in his outlook upon life, very much as the
poet himself might be, lacking the artistic perception or
genius that makes him one. Frost takes these people
as he finds them, the products of their environment; and
if they are limited in their life and their views, he shows
the reason for it. Perhaps he over-emphasizes the limita-
tions in the kind of characters he chooses to write about,
but they are of the rural New England of today as he sees
them, and hence his work has a value in giving us a
true picture of a time. If it is a decadent New England,
as has been suggested, we can perhaps arrive at some of
the reasons for this situation, and look ahead to a time
when greater opportunities for intercourse and better
educational advantages, improvements in farm and household
conveniences may avert the loneliness and mental perversion
of these rural people.

Occupations  We have also seen that the poet was familiar
with all types of hardy, out-door work on
the farm and in the woods, and that he had engaged at first
hand in all that goes to making one's living by farming.
Most of these occupations are discussed at some length in
his poems, from spring plowing and fall harvesting to cut-
ting and sawing wood and mending a stone wall. We hear
the whetting of his scythe, the drone of his buzz-saw; we
see him dropping the seed, picking his apple crop, raking
the falling leaves of autumn; and we learn again with him
the dignity of labor.... "the fact is the sweetest dream
that labor knows."

New England As for his use of English speech, Frost
Expressions employs in his dramatic monologues a con-
versational style with little or no dialect, but with fre-
cquent colloquial expressions that give it a typical New
England country flavor. This style allows him to be under-
stood wherever English is spoken, but at the same time
adds a certain pungency and local color to his poems,—
gives them "that talk-flavored tone" which Untermeyer
refers to. 2 The great charm of these longer narrative
poems must ever lie partly, at least, in the simple and
native conversational manner in which they are told.

Universality of Appeal No one who loves New England scenes
and people of either a generation ago

1 Collected Poems by Robert Frost p. 25
2 Modern American Poetry by Louis Untermeyer p. 257
I have no idea how to begin to answer this question. It seems like a complex and multifaceted issue that requires careful consideration and analysis. As I am not familiar with the context or the specific details of the question, I cannot provide a meaningful response. It would be helpful if you could provide more information or clarify the context of the question.
or of today could fail to enjoy Frost's poetry or to realize what he has done to add beauty and dignity to the literature of this part of our country. Whatever the New England of the future may be, may it never lose the shrewd common sense, simplicity, whimsicality, neighborliness and human sympathy which are outstanding characteristics of Frost's poetry, and of which he is himself so good an exponent.

In spite of what some of the critics have said to the contrary, however, the writer finds that Frost's characters have a universal appeal, that they are very human,—not altogether different people from those to be found in any other part of the United States. And it is because of this universal appeal as well as of the local, that his work seems to have a chance of living, not only as a great tribute to the New England that he loves so passionately, but for the enjoyment of the world of literature at large.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Boynton, Percy H.

Some Contemporary Americans
University of Chicago Press 1924
Chapter 3: Robert Frost

Cook, Howard Willard

Our Poets of Today
Moffatt, Yard & Co. 1923
Chapter 5: Robert Frost

Cox, Sidney

Robert Frost--Original "Ordinary Man"
Henry Holt & Co. 1929
The entire book

Elliott, G.R.

The Neighborliness of Robert Frost
The Nation, December 6, 1919

Frost, Robert

Collected Poems
Henry Holt & Co. 1930
All Poems

Garnett, Edward

A New American Poet
Atlantic Monthly, August 1915

Holden, Raymond

Profiles (An Article on Robert Frost)
The New Yorker, June 6, 1931

Lewisohn, Ludwig

Expression in America
Harpers, 1932
Page References to Robert Frost
Lowell, Amy

_Tendencies in Modern American Poetry_
Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1917

Chapters on Robert Frost

Morton, David

_Poet of the New Hampshire Hills_
The Outlook, December 19, 1923

Untermeyer, Louis

_Modern American Poetry_
Harcourt, Brace & Co. Fourth Revised Edition
Copyright 1919, '21, '25, '30
Page References to Frost

Wharton, Edith

_Ethan Frome (The Introduction)_
Charles Scribner's Sons 1911