

"OCEAN BORN MARY"

In the May, 1902, issue of the Granite Monthly is a poem relative to Mary Wilson Wallace and how the now famous "Ocean Mary House" got its name.

The basis of this story appears in the Henniker Town History and led to its writing by Mrs. Ida J. Graves, which was the last written about it since the publication in the town history as far as the writer knows.

The result was that much interest soon became manifest in this bit of history and many visitors come to see this place annually and it is reported that the present owners purchased this residence through reading this poem. This has been many times copied in part or referred to. There have been many requests for copies of this poem, the original wording of which is given:

MARY WILSON WALLACE

Born on passage to this country
July 28, 1720.

Died at Henniker, N. H.,
Feb. 13, 1814.

"Elizabeth," spake James Wilson,
To his bride of nearly a year,
"Could you leave our home in Ire-
land
With scarce a regretful tear?
We are young with our lives before
us,
Each of us brave and true,
Shall we go to seek our fortunes
Far away o'er the ocean blue?"

"An emigrant ship is coming,
A ship of the very best class;
Our neighbors and friends are go-
ing,
Shall you and I go, my lass?"
"My Jamie," the young wife ans-
wered,
"You surely must know what is
best,
So when the good ship sails away,
We will go along with the rest."

It was then in early springtime,
And one sunny July day,
They, on the deck of the vessel,
Watched Ireland's shore fade
away.
Now, God of the brave, watch over
them!

For the distance is surely great
From Londonderry in Ireland
To the same in our own Granite
State.

The journey was partly accom-
plished,
When, at the close of a sultry
day,
A strange craft sailed near and
nearer,
With a full set of canvas gray.
Not more than a dozen muskets—
Heavily laden and slow—
The emigrant ship was powerless,
There was only one thing to do.

Nothing else to do so she waited—
Waited, but not very long,
For soon alongside came the rob-
bers—
A heartless and cruel throng.
Over the deck of the good ship
Swarmed the pirates as men who
knew
Their unholy business of plunder-
ing—
Binding officers and crew.

While on the babe's face fell a
tear.

Oh! tiny ocean-born baby,
Your presence was timely in-
deed;
You softened the heart of the
pirate—
A little child surely did lead!
"Now loose all the captives," he
ordered,
"And goods and money restore;
We'll go aboard our won vessel
And trouble these people no
more."

The astonished emigrants, grate-
ful
That their lives had been spared
that day,
Thanked God for their timely de-
liverance,
And joyfully went on their way.
But scarce had the good ship
started
On her lonely ocean track,
When the emigrants were dismayed
to see
That the pirate was coming back.

He came on board alone, and went
To the berth where the baby lay,
And placing a parcel near her
Said, "For Mary's wedding day!"
He kissed the hand of the baby,
Knelt a moment on the floor,
Then, his eyes with tears o'er-
flowing,
Left the ship and was seen no
more.

The gift that the robber chieftain
Laid at the baby's side,
Was a silk of marvelous texture,
Fit gift for a lovely bride.
Never ceasing to wonder
That the pirate should be so
mild,
Elizabeth, the fair young mother,
Treasured the gift for her child.

The ship, with fair winds and God's
favor
Came to port ere many days,
And for years there was thanks-
giving
To God, "who by wondrous ways
Brought this people safe to our
shore."
James Wilson died soon, they re-
late.

And Elizabeth with baby Mary
Came to our Granite State.

A hundred and seventy years ago,
In good Londonderry town,
Ocean Mary was married;
The pirate's gift was her gown.
Four sons were born to Mary,
In a town where hills abound,
One built by far the grandest house
In all the country round.

There in the town of Henniker
Ocean Mary lived many years
Having her share with others
Of sweet happiness and tears,
And there in a quiet church yard
Her body is laid away,
Safe from perils of sea or land,
Awaiting the judgment-day.
(Written Mch. 10, 1902, by
Mrs. Arthur C. Graves.)

The following item accompan-
ied the earlier publication of this
poem:

People of this town regret to
learn of the death of Judge R. M.

Now, God of the brave, watch over
them!

For the distance is surely great
From Londonderry in Ireland

To the same in our own Granite
State.

The journey was partly accom-
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When, at the close of a sultry
day,

A strange craft sailed near and
nearer,

With a full set of canvas gray.
Not more than a dozen muskets—

Heavily laden and slow—

The emigrant ship was powerless,
There was only one thing to do.

Nothing else to do so she waited—

Waited, but not very long,

For soon alongside came the rob-
bers—

A heartless and cruel throng.

Over the deck of the good ship
Swarmed the pirates as men who
knew

Their unholy business of plunder-
ing—

Binding officers and crew.

To search the officers' quarters

The pirate chieftain went.

To add a few more trophies

Was doubtless his only intent.

But seeing a woman lying

On a berth just inside the place,

"Why are you there?" he cried
roughly.

"See," and she showed him her
baby's face.

The rough old robber came
nearer—

"A boy or a girl?" he cried.

"A girl," whispered the mother,

For she was sore afraid.

"Have you named her?"—"No."

He took up the babe's tiny hand.

"May I name her? If I may

I will go, taking all of my hand.

"We will leave unharmed both ship
and men.

I am only a robber wild.

But my word is good and I give it
If I may but name the child.

"Name her," said Elizabeth gently.

And, so softly she scarce could
hear,

He whispered, "I name her Mary,"

late,
And Elizabeth with baby Mary
Came to our Granite State.

A hundred and seventy years ago.

In good Londonderry town,
Ocean Mary was married;

The pirate's gift was her gown.

Four sons were born to Mary:

In a town where hills abound,

One built by far the grandest house
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Wallace of Milford, a native of this
town who spent much of his sum-
mer vacation here. A sketch of
J. J. Wallace, one of the first