

Chapter 1 : Rose Terry Cooke Critical Essays - racedaydvl.com

*Poem Hunter all poems of by Rose Terry Cooke poems. 35 poems of Rose Terry Cooke. Still I Rise, The Road Not Taken, If You Forget Me, Dreams, Annabel Lee.*

Rose Terry Cooke American poet, essayist, and short story writer. A poet by preference, Rose Terry Cooke is best known as a writer of short stories and as a New England local colorist; although she wrote over poems, her poetry is now largely regarded as sentimental and derivative. Influenced by realism, Cooke contributed numerous unflinching depictions of New England life to the leading periodicals of the nineteenth century. Her portraits of bitter spinsters longing for the respect of their communities, and oppressed farm women suffering at the hands of their brutal husbands, were enormously popular among her contemporaries and have recently drawn the attention of feminist scholars. The family was comfortable although her father, often described as a dilettante, was never successful in his profession. Nonetheless, he managed to instill in Cooke a love of nature as well as considerable knowledge of the local flora and fauna—knowledge that would later serve her in writing the detailed backdrops for her short fiction. At sixteen, Cooke graduated from the Hartford Female Seminary and served as a teacher and a governess for the next several years until a small inheritance enabled her to concentrate all her efforts towards her writing. Fields, lasted for several years. She remained unmarried until , when she wed Rollin Cooke, a man sixteen years her junior who had failed in his numerous attempts to earn a living. Although her friend Harriet Prescott Spofford insisted they were perfectly suited for one another and the marriage was a happy one, there is no question that the match proved financially disastrous for Cooke. After losing her small inheritance, she was forced to support the family with her writing. Her stories, increasingly religious and didactic, appeared more often in religious and juvenile publications, which paid their authors faster, than in prestigious literary periodicals. By Cooke was begging her editor, Benjamin Ticknor, for any sort of hack-work. Under stress from her economic worries and weakened by a bout of pneumonia, Cooke contracted influenza and died on July 18, Her first volume of poems appeared in and while Lowell gave it a positive review in the Atlantic, he reserved his more enthusiastic praise for her short stories. She produced over two hundred stories, most published originally in literary journals, religious publications, and juvenile magazines, and later reprinted in her four major collections: The character traits bred in such a landscape were, for many writers, strength and determination, but for Cooke they were more often rigidity and cruelty. Most of her female characters, particularly the wives, are downtrodden and abused, both physically and mentally, by the men in their lives, whose brutal behavior is sanctioned by the patriarchal religion of the region. Lowly gives birth several times, but the babies are either female or die shortly after birth. She adopts two young girls and is determined that they will never marry. Despite her apparent sympathy for the grim lives of many New England women, Cooke was stridently anti-feminist. Though Cooke wrote approximately poems, three novels, and a play, most of these texts are either unavailable today or are dismissed as overly sentimental and far inferior to her more innovative short stories. Critical Reception Although Cooke preferred writing poetry, her poems were not well received and more importantly, they earned her little income. Her short stories, however, proved enormously successful during her lifetime and although her work as a whole has been neglected since her death, some of her stories are still anthologized. She is credited by some critics, Fred Lewis Pattee among them, with perfecting the local color genre.

*Rose Terry Cooke (née Terry) was an American writer born in West Hartford, Connecticut to Henry Wadsworth Terry and Anne Wright Hurlbut. She went to the Hartford Female Seminary where "For her own entertainment she wrote poems and dramas for her friends".*

Henry Wadsworth Terry was a social favorite, sensitive, generous, and open-hearted. William Wadsworth ; and his uncle, several times removed, having been that Joseph Wadsworth who stole the Charter Oak , and who had a descendant, General Alfred Terry of Fort Fisher and Pulaski notability, the cousin of Rose. With such an exacting mother, Cooke kept a diary from the age of six to ten, which was preserved at least through adulthood. The dictionary process produced such sentences as: It was possibly for that reason that she was encouraged to spend time outdoors. She was an exceedingly sensitive child, too, and her imagination was by no means dwarfed by the servants who told her ghost stories, the most noted of these servants being Athanasius, a Greek boy who escaped from the Turkish massacre. When Cooke was about ten, she was sent to the Hartford Female Seminary where she asked to be admitted to a special class considered far beyond her grade level, being instruction in literature and composition given by the principal, John P. In that same year, she joined the Congregational Church. Both parents raised Cooke in the severest puritanical habits and absolutely restricted her from the company of young men. But that did not prevent the feelings of youth, suppressed in real life, from overflowing into printed verse. She then took a position in a Presbyterian church school in Burlington, New Jersey. In the fourth year there, she became a governess in the family of the clergyman, William Van Rensselaer. After a while, feeling the need there was of her at home, she returned to Hartford and began her literary life. Cooke, who lived in Winsted, Connecticut. His recreation was in the reading of them, and he looked forward to a new story from Miss Terry with intense delight. He became cashier of the local bank at the place where Miss Terry lived so that he was enabled not only to admire her stories, but to admire her in person as well. She was considerably older than he was, but that seemed the more to fascinate Rollin. Those living in Winsted saw the gentleness, chivalry, and admiration which characterized his courtship manner and gallantry. More than the making of money did the literary reputation of his wife give him satisfaction. And he took greater pleasure in hearing her praises sounded than she did herself. At some point, he was an iron manufacturer of Litchfield County, Connecticut. Her chief volumes of fiction dealing mainly with New England country life were *Happy Dodd*: A plaque on Torrington Avenue marks this spot [18]. This person aroused a wild religious excitement among the young people of the place, fell into hysteric trances on hearing sacred music, and made herself generally adored and followed. After a time, Harriet Beecher Stowe received a note from the lady with whom this pretender boarded, which ran, "dear Madam, I call upon you to silence the base reports spread about here concerning a lovely Christian woman at present staying with me. A line from you, stating that she is the author of the works written under the signature of Rose Terry will stop the rumors at once, and much oblige yours truly. This peculiar individual held a trusted position in a city charity, and lived in a wealthy family as a guide, although the truth was told to her clientele, who persisted in regarding her as a persecuted saint. She informed her that she was Rose Terry, that she was going abroad to write a book, and various other items of her literary affairs, of which Rose herself was never in the habit of speaking to casual acquaintances, having an old-fashioned predilection for modesty. Number three of these replicas simply offered her services in a New York Sunday school, and having registered this name of her fancy, never appeared. Number four, however, very soon replaced her, making her avatar at a hotel in New York and confiding the fact of the authorship of certain sentimental, romantic, and humorous stories and verses to a Southern lady who then betrayed her. She inquired if she lived there, and then if she knew Rose, and then proceeded to give quite a circumstantial account of her own intimacy with the object of her remark. One of these tales, entitled "Mrs. Her religious feeling is found in the "Bell Songs" and in "Prayer"; and her sympathy with the human heart is noted in "At Last," and in "The Two Villages". There is a tremendous vigor and vivid picturesqueness in her poems of "Semele" and "The Sutte," which contain weird phases of passion.

**Chapter 3 : Rose Terry Cooke Poems - Poems of Rose Terry Cooke - Poem Hunter**

*Poems, readings, poetry news and the entire year archive of POETRY magazine.*

Help the weak heart that strays from thee! And battling with the hosts of hell, Doubts or despairs of victory:  
For Thou hast died upon the tree, Thine anguish poured in bloody sweat, And can thy yearning heart forget  
The first-fruits of that agony? O Lord, in glory, think on me! Thy tenderness no mother knows, Not she who  
sees her darling pine, And weeps that dying shadows close Above the lamb she knows is thine; But Thou, my  
God, art all divine! I know that from the depths of sin, The uttermost abyss of woe, Thine arm my trembling  
soul shall win, Thy piercing eyes thy child shall know. Come, prince of darkness, with thy bands! Their  
leaguered host a child defies, For He who holds me in his hands Shall like a stern avenger rise, And turn on  
thee those heavenly eyes That tears of pity shed for me; But burn with judgment over thee And those who dare  
his love despise, Then stoop and bear me to the skies. And by the wide old fire-place, Deep in her cushioned  
chair. Lay back an ancient woman, With shining snow-white hair. The peace of God was on her face. Her eyes  
were sweet and calm, And when you heard her earnest voice It sounded like a psalm. In all the land they loved  
her well; From country and from town Came many a heart for counsel, And many a soul cast down. Her hands  
had fed the hungry poor With blessing and with bread; Her face was like a comforting From out the Gospel  
read. So weak and silent as she lay, Her warm hands clasped in prayer, A sudden knocking at the door Came  
on her unaware. And as she turned her hoary head, Beside her chair there stood Four grim and grisly Puritans  
â€” No visitants for good. They came upon her like a host. And bade her speak and tell Why she had sworn  
a wicked oath To serve the powers of hell; To work the works of darkness On children of the light, A witch they  
might not suffer here Who read the Word aright. Before the church they haled her then; The minister arose  
And poured upon her patient head The worst of all its woes: He bade her be accursed of God Forever here and  
there; He cursed her with a heavy curse No mortal man may bear. She stood among the cowering crowd As  
calm as saints in heaven. Her eyes as sweet as summer skies. The devils wrought their wicked will On matron  
and on maid. They fastened chains about her feet, And carried her away; For many days in Salem jail  
Alone and ill she lay She heard the scythe along the field Ring through the fragrant air, She smelt the wild-rose on  
the wind That bloweth everywhere. Reviled and hated and bereft. The soul had plenteous rest, Though sorrow  
like a frantic flood Beat sore upon her breast. At last the prison door stood wide. They led the saint abroad; By  
many an old familiar place Her trembling footsteps trod. Till faint with weakness and distress, She climbed a  
hillside bleak, And faced the gallows built thereon. Still undisturbed and meek. They hanged this weary  
woman there. Like any felon stout; Her white hairs on the cruel rope Were scattered all about. The body  
swung upon the tree In every flitting wind, Reviled and mocked by passengers And folk of evil mind. A  
woman old and innocent, To die a death of shame. With kindred, neighbors, friends thereby, And none to utter  
blame. Oh, God, that such a thing should be On earth which Thou hast made!

**Chapter 4 : Rose Terry Cooke - Wikipedia**

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**Chapter 5 : Rose Terry Cooke poem > Arachne on racedaydvl.com**

*Rose Terry Cooke (February 17, - July 18, ) was an American author and poet. Some of her earliest contributions were published in Putnam's Magazine; and the Atlantic Monthly, in which she wrote the leading story in the first number; then in the Galaxy, published in Philadelphia; and in Harper's.*

**Chapter 6 : Poems by Rose Terry Cooke about Faith**

## DOWNLOAD PDF POEMS, BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

*I watch her in the corner there, As, restless, bold, and unafraid, She slips and floats along the air Till all her subtle house is made. Her home, her bed, her daily food.*

### Chapter 7 : Rose Terry Cooke (Author of How Celia Changed Her Mind and Selected Stories)

*Rose Terry Cooke, bibliography and links to information and all texts available on the web, Poems. Poems, by Rose Terry., Ticknor and Fields, Boston,*

### Chapter 8 : Done For by Rose Terry Cooke - Famous poems, famous poets. - All Poetry

*By Rose Terry Cooke 'This is the key which was given by the angel Michael to Pali, and by Pali to Moses. If "thou canst read it, then shalt thou understand the words of men, the whistling of birds, the language of date-trees, the unity of hearts, nay, even the thoughts of the rains."'*

### Chapter 9 : Daisies, a poem by Rose Terry Cooke

*Rose Terry Cooke: Rose Terry Cooke, American poet and author, remembered chiefly for her stories that presaged the local-colour movement in American literature. Cooke was born of a well-to-do family. She graduated from the Hartford Female Seminary in and for some years thereafter taught school and was a.*