

# THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOKS



*Thus saith the LORD, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.*

*Jeremiah 6:16*

# PIOUS TO PROGRESSIVE: A CENTURY OF AMERICAN READERS.

*THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOKS*  
**ADVANCED READER AND RESOURCE BOOK**  
FOR THOSE WITH A PASSION FOR  
AMERICAN EDUCATION.

Edited, Annotated, and with Commentary  
by Bill Kitchens.

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OLD FASHIONED HISTORY™ PUBLISHING

The OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOK SERIES consists, or is projected to consist, of this special edition *Advanced Reader*, and five standard readers, *First* through *Fifth*, comprised of selections from 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> Century American public school readers, and a few other sources. The readers are the sole work product of, and all copyrights belong to, William E. Kitchens. This work cannot be reproduced in its entirety, or in significant part, without written permission from the author and copyright holder, who may be contacted through the website [www.oldfashionedhistory.com](http://www.oldfashionedhistory.com). The selections from the old readers are in the public domain, however, and you are welcome to reproduce them individually from the *OFSB Advanced Reader* for educational purposes.

This special edition *Advanced Reader* may seem a bit long and arbitrary in its content, and to the degree that is so, it's because this is a very personal work, reflecting my own preferences and concerns; and because I compiled it to serve multiple purposes. It is, in large part, built around the contents of the standard *Fifth Reader*, and to a lesser extent, lower readers in the series, plus selections not in the standard readers. These standard readers are compilations of significant prose and poetic selections intended to advance the reading skill of students, and to provide them with some of the history and wisdom of earlier generations now banned from public education.

Beyond that, using these selections as a base, this *Advanced Reader* provides something of a chronicle of public education in America over the century it covers—a critical century in American education. To accomplish that goal, with any degree of credibility, required the inclusion of a significant sample of the readers in use during the period, and a significant sample of each reader. This ponderously large collection is the result of that multiplication of sample selections, plus a lot of my own commentary. The standard *Readers* are not so large and do not contain the commentary, only historical notes for the most part.

Because of the rather long table of contents, which may be meaningless to readers at this point, I have placed it at the end. The following **Introduction** contains a partial **Topical Index** that may be of more use to the reader at this point. The Appendix consists of my commentaries on some of the especially controversial selections. Now, please proceed to the **Foreword**, it is a great and inspiring document that you should read; and, no, I didn't write it – it is a voice speaking from beyond the grave and revealing the *holy vision* of American 'common education' as it was intended.

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## A Foreword From Beyond the Grave:

Barely six weeks after the attack on Ft. Sumter opened the Civil War, the First California State Teachers Institute was called to order. After a brief Inaugural Address, the State Superintendent of Public Education introduced the Instructor of the day, Mr. George Minns\*, a respected pioneer in public education in the state. Minns gave an extended lecture on teaching methods and the value of education in the natural sciences. Finishing that, he came to the keynote of the day, a very eloquent and impassioned statement of his philosophy of education – one boldly, unabashedly, Christian, as though he was confident that he was speaking the minds of the educators, the government, and the parents of California. Though the following is only an excerpt, it is a rather long statement, and written in a style not familiar to readers these days, but please bear with me and attend to this ‘voice speaking from beyond the grave’ – for it is not outdated and irrelevant at all:

*Dateline: San Francisco, California, May 27, 1861.*

*They (the natural sciences) exhibit to man the thoughts of the Creator, for all the arrangements which he sees around him are manifestations of the Divine mind. In the book of nature we can read a portion of the laws and the design of the Almighty. The more diligently anyone pursues these studies, the more deeply he is impressed with the abundant evidences of the power, the wisdom, and the benevolence, of the Creator. He sees that a drop of water is full of wonders, as well as the starry heavens: that the tiniest insect that sports in the sun-beam is not so insignificant as to be beneath the care of its Maker, nor the Island Universe, scattered through the realms of space, too vast for His power to control. Every creature made by the Divine Hand, He sees to be perfect, with an organization exactly suited to its wants, and its place in the scale of being, and adapted to contribute to its happiness. God provideth for all His creatures. Now, the youthful heart readily understands and feels the lesson which nature teaches; it will not rest satisfied merely with nature and nature’s God. It is touched by His goodness; it reverences His power and majesty; as the mind expands, it feels that He is the source of all we possess, it begins to feel the need of His aid and protection, and then earnestly to invoke them. In this manner, it at length realizes the great truth, that in Him we live, and move, and have our being; it does not read these as unmeaning words, but is pervaded with their deep signification. It is impressed with the heartfelt conviction, that there can be no more utter and dreadful ruin than to disobey the commands of this Good and Just Being, and that there is no greater happiness than to do His will and receive His approbation.*

*I consider it an evil to stimulate the intellect, almost perhaps to its utmost exertions, and to neglect the moral training of the scholar, or to treat the latter as if it were of minor consequence, as if the object were to make smart linguistics, or mathematicians, or chemists, instead of complete men. We have, undoubtedly, too many smart men in the world already; that is, smart in the bad sense of the word, and yet, perhaps, in a sense by which they feel complimented.*

*What is wanted more than anything else is true men, men of principle, men fearing God, loving their neighbor, loving their whole country, and cherishing its free institutions; men who stand for the right as immovable as the eternal pyramids; whose word, whose look, is truth itself; whose honor can no more be tarnished than a sunbeam can be soiled; in whose breast the ruling maxim is not "Cotton is king," nor "Gold is king," but everywhere, both in their most secret retirement, as well as in public position, reigns, enthroned in their hearts and obeyed in their lives, the divine principle – DUTY IS KING FOREVER!*

*Now, the child is not all intellect, any more than it is all conscience; it has a sense of right and wrong, and this sense is silently addressed in a hundred different ways, as the questions arise whether the pupil shall do this thing, or not, whether he shall confess, or conceal, a certain fault, etc. I know that the importance of this subject is adequately felt by the Public School Teachers of San Francisco, and that much attention is paid by them to moral instruction, and pains taken to impress upon the minds of their pupils the great religious truths in which all are agreed. At the same time, while this is done, all sectarianism is carefully avoided.*

*I would have this moral sense carefully cherished as the voice of God; I would have it kept sensitive and acute, and properly trained and educated. I would have every part of the nature of the pupil well and proportionately exercised and developed – the physical, the intellectual, and the moral, the body, the mind, and the heart, the last most carefully of all, since out of it are the issues of life. I would tell the pupil that the acquisition of knowledge is valuable, but that, though his attainments in science and art, and in all learning, were transcendent, though he might "speak with the tongues of men and angels," and "understand all mysteries and all knowledge," yet, if he had not good character, and sound moral principles, he would be nothing but a miserable failure. With all the energy I possessed, and all the different methods of appeal I could invent, I would enjoin it upon him to strive to become a good, true, and noble, man.*

*And such words, addressed in the spirit of affection to the young, go directly to their hearts. Their impulses can easily be turned into the right channel. They have a desire after excellence in the acquisition of knowledge, but if their sense of right and wrong is properly appealed to, I believe it can be made the ruling power of their lives. When this result is accomplished, how blessed is the work! It is beautiful to look upon the young, with their clear and honest eyes, their frank and beaming countenances, their warm and pure hearts high with aspirations after goodness and truth, and desiring that every evening may find them more worthy of the approbation of their Teachers, their parents, and of Heaven.*

*Fellow Teachers, from our connection with the Public Schools, we must take a deep interest in their prosperity and success, and earnestly wish that each revolving year may render them more efficient. The Common School System is the child of the people, in which they take great pride. The Public Schools are emphatically the Peoples College. From them graduate the bone and sinew of the community, men of sound common sense, of good principles, and with stout hearts, who will stand by the Common Schools as the bulwark of their rights and liberties, and who will defend them against bold and open attack, or vile and secret slander. Their crowning glory is, that their doors are open freely to all; that in them the poorest child is the equal of the richest, and may lay the foundation of an education which may lead him to employment, to competence, to respectability, nay, even to high station, and to a glorious fame. Many a poor man has denied himself in order that his little ones might attend school decently attired, and has had his last moments cheered by the thoughts that he had faithfully given his children every advantage afforded by the Public Schools – feeling in that fact a strong assurance of their future good conduct and welfare.*

...

*Our profession is humble, laborious, and exhausting. The services of the Teacher are not adequately appreciated in any community. Neither fame, nor wealth, belongs to him. He is not allowed even the designation – Honorable. He is overworked and underpaid. And yet, his life has its compensations. I know nothing more touching and more gratifying to the Teacher than at the close of the year, when he is bidding farewell to those who are passing forever from his care, for him to see every countenance turned towards him with affection and gratitude – to know that these minds have received from him wholesome knowledge – that by his influence and example, good principles have been implanted in their hearts – and that he has troops of friends growing up and becoming every year*

*more numerous, who will voluntarily pay him that honor, love, and obedience, which they feel to be due to the benefactor of their youth.*

*The faithful Teacher has another reward of which nothing can deprive him. It is the approbation of his own consciousness that he is humbly imitating the Creator and Preserver of all, in doing good. "Think not," said Sydney Smith to an aged, poverty stricken Master teaching the art of reading, or writing, to some tattered scholars, "you are teaching that alone; you are protecting life, insuring property, fencing the altar, guarding the government, giving space and liberty to all the fine powers of man, and lifting him up to his own place in the order of creation." This well defines the nature of the Teacher's office.*

*George Washington Minns, 1861*

\*George W. Minns (1813-1895), pictured to the right, was a Harvard educated attorney who sailed "around the Horn" to practice law in San Francisco prior to the Gold Rush of '49. With the rapidly swelling population after 1849, he left his law practice to help establish a public school system. He established Minns' Evening Normal School in 1857 to train teachers, and that later became the state's first Normal School (teacher's 'college') with Minns as Principal. It later became San Jose State University.



A note about his exclusive use of the masculine gender: At that time, long before political correctness concerns, it was commonly understood that "The masculine gender subsumes the feminine." In contexts such as this, where the students were coeducational, and the vast majority of Institute participants were female, it was understood that 'man' referred to mankind or 'humankind' in general, and 'men' referred to both male and female sexes.

## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to another world, a lost world vastly different from our own – different in technology, in work and home life, in thought, and where public education was in the hands of wise and Godly people; a world where public education taught the values that, once upon a time, built a great nation – the world of *The Old Fashioned American School Book*.

It's a world I discovered quite by accident. I ran across a copy of *Howe's Fifth Reader* of 1909 in an old box that I had cleaned out of my parents' basement and stored away years before. Expecting only to glance through it, I found myself engrossed in it. I had already known that there was a vast difference in the contents of the older and newer textbooks, but I was still surprised at the character of the book. So, I collected more readers from the early Twentieth Century; then I began to collect readers from a generation earlier, then a generation before that, and still another before that. With each generation I stepped back, I became more awe struck by the high reading level required, the emotional maturity of the content, and the dedication to Christian values against an onslaught of opposition even two hundred years ago.

That Minns was right in his confidence of being in tune with public sentiment is clearly demonstrated by the textbooks in use at the time, and for some years after. The books known as 'readers' were the main vehicle of instruction during the period we are visiting, roughly 1820 – 1920, presenting instruction in reading skill, in public speaking, in literary taste, history, patriotism, and moral and religious instruction.

They represent a summary of knowledge the people of America thought necessary to pass on to the next generation. Any honest appraisal of America in the Nineteenth Century would conclude that America was a Christian nation from sea to shining sea, with the vast majority of our citizens sharing common cultural assumptions; and not only Christian moral values, but the need for personal redemption, and a joyful, worshipful relationship with our Creator and Redeemer. Minns was a prime example of that love for his Creator and Redeemer, and for the children in his care, and for their national homeland. But his was the common faith of the time.

Because of the need for a reminder of that Christian heritage, I am producing this series of new readers, composed of what I consider to be the best selections from a large collection of public school readers from 1814 through 1923. This *Advanced Reader* is composed of selections from the most advanced readers of the period, typically for students of early to mid-teens, about our eighth grade; as eight years was as far as California and most other common schools went in Minns' day.

Many of the readers, especially the earliest ones, were for ungraded schools, and so they are large books to accommodate a large and developing range of reading ability. But be forewarned, these older books are really advanced. Later books, for individual grades are smaller, and less advanced, even for the same age group. But the differences between older and newer readers don't stop there, as we shall see.

There is no definitive demarcation between the generations of textbooks, but they can be generalized as falling into the Pre-Civil War Era, the Post-Civil War Era, and the Early-Modern Era.

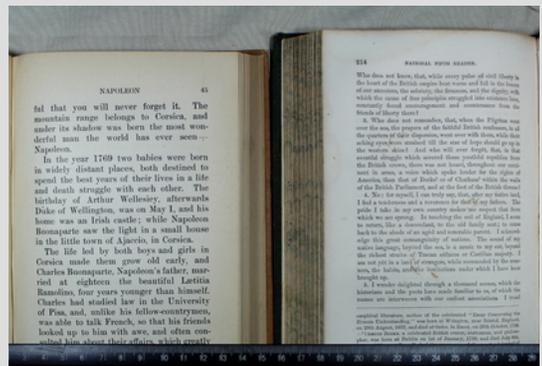
These (r) are most of the the books from which selections for the *Advanced Reader* were drawn.

Here's how they stack up: left to right – Pre-Civil War, Post-Civil War, and Early-Modern. As you can see, there is a general

decrease in the size of the books over time, though as noted above, the older books for ungraded schools covered several reading levels. The vertical book is the 1886 California Third Reader which is somewhat transitional between the Post-Civil War and Early-Modern periods.



The sizes, that is the number of pages in a book, are somewhat deceiving. The older books, the 1820's and 30's especially (the top three on the left) when paper was scarce, have tiny print. The newer books have larger print, as well as fewer pages, and a simpler vocabulary.



The above right photo is a comparison of the *National Fifth Reader* of 1858 on the right, with the *Golden Deed Book* of 1916 (6<sup>th</sup> in a series for the third through eighth grade published by The Macmillan Co.). The former reader has 598 pages to the latter's 351, and smaller print as well. Now, admittedly, this comparison is between what I consider one of the best readers of the lot, against the worst, but they are only points on a declining slope, neither are serious aberrations from the norm of their day. As for the reading levels of content, you can see that for yourself in comparing the selections that we will come to later.

The dates given, by the way, are copyright dates, not publication dates.

Though California readers were among the best during all those three periods, the decline is apparent. To the right are three generations of advanced California readers (l to r) – *The National Reader* of 1858, *The California State Series Third Reader* of 1886, and the *California State Series Eighth Year Literature Reader* of 1917.



*The Old Fashioned School Book, Advanced Reader* is partitioned into those three sections, but beginning with the middle, or Post-Civil War Era. Each Era has its distinctive characteristics, due, in large part, to the Civil War. Beyond the differences due to time and events alone though, there are even more consequential long term trends easily discernible in comparing books of the different eras. These characteristics, trends, and changes will be examined in the following section of this Introduction. The middle era was chosen as the beginning point of this journey because its style, vocabulary, and grammar are more understandable to modern readers than the older period; and in my opinion, more interesting and admirable in content than the Early-Modern.

*The Old Fashioned School Book, Advanced Reader* emphasizes California's public school experience. There are several reasons for that – the ready availability of California material, and the fact that California early on began producing its own textbooks so that we have an official statement of California's positions on issues that still rankle public discourse today. Finally, because of modern California's extreme antipathy toward traditional American, Christian values, the comparison of then and now is most striking.

The *California State Series Third Reader* of 1886 (not to be confused with a third grade reader, see below) is unquestionably the product of a Christian culture, but it is transitional from Post-Civil War to Early-Modern. The collected selections from each individual reader serve as chapters in *The Old Fashioned School Book, Advanced Reader* with the *California Third Reader's* selections as the first 'chapter'. This 'chapter' contains more selections than any other, giving a more complete characterization of the book. It can thus be seen as something of a benchmark against which other readers can be compared for differences in style and content; and more significantly, to compare it with modern assumptions of public education.

The *California Third Reader* is also the most complete reader in that it contains more lesson preparation assignments and study aids than the others. For illustrative purposes I have included the assignments for a couple of the selections.

The next chapters in this first section are other books that were popularly used on the east coast, the west coast, and all across the country in that Post-Civil War Era. Next, comes the Pre-Civil War Era section including two advanced readers in use in California, and nationally, at the time of Minns' speech to the the Institute: *Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader*, 1854; and *Parker & Watson's National Fifth Reader*, 1858. Also included in this section is what was said to be the first truly 'American' reader, adopted by Boston schools in 1823, and undoubtedly used by George Minns as a student. Finally we come to the Early-Modern Era where we see a universal falling away from prior standards, and emphases, although at a very non-uniform rate across the broad field of publishers. Some later readers are included only as documentation of the decrease in Christian influence in education, and the lower maturity and reading achievement level expected.

This *California Third Reader* of 1886 is the advanced reader in a series of three readers designed for 'ungraded' schools, as were most one room schools of the day. It finished the students' primary schooling, usually what we would consider through the eighth grade. A peculiarity of the older readers must be kept in mind when comparing their reading levels with later readers. A 'Third', or a 'Fifth' reader for ungraded schools may have been designed for more advanced students than a 'Sixth' reader for later graded schools. Some of the older books even designate the 'First Reader' as the most advanced in a series. Disregarding the confusion of numbers, however, there is an obvious decline over time in the designed requirements for reading skill and emotional maturity that is not attributable to age difference in the students, and that is of extreme importance.

Though these comparisons are not definitive, and based upon exhaustive research, they are based upon extensive sampling that allows some generalized observations. How did that falling away come to pass, and why; and what does a study of old readers contribute to answering those first two questions?

Although Minns is long in his grave, we can still benefit from his experience and passion for public education; or, considering the state of public education today, let us change that for 'common education'. Let's begin with his clue on why the change in the character of public schools:

*The Common School System is the child of the people, in which they take great pride. The Public Schools are emphatically the Peoples College. From them graduate the bone and sinew of the community, men of sound common sense, of good principles, and with stout hearts, who will stand by the Common Schools as the bulwark of their rights and liberties, and who will defend them against bold and open attack, or vile and secret slander. Their crowning glory is,*

*that their doors are open freely to all; that in them the poorest child is the equal of the richest, and may lay the foundation of an education which may lead him to employment, to competence, to respectability, nay, even to high station, and to a glorious fame.*

Minns acknowledged that ‘Common Schools’ (public schools) had enemies, and has left us a clue as to who and why: because common education, as Minns practiced it, is a bulwark of the common people’s rights and liberties. And who are these enemies of rights and liberties? Every master needs the slave, every self-styled elite needs the ‘unwashed masses’, every demagogic politician needs an ignorant public, every charlatan needs suckers. And so, though born the ‘child of the people’ in another age, public education, by ‘vile and secret’ means, has been wrested from the people.

The nation was then at war with itself over that very issue; recall that Lincoln's Gettysburg Address did not mention slavery, but "*that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.*" Though slavery was the proximate cause of the War, disunion had long been the aim of a self-styled, self-serving aristocracy in the south, that President Andrew Jackson bluntly threatens in *An Appeal to the Patriotism of South Carolina*. Respect for his threat staved-off civil war for a generation. But a ruthless, self-serving elite is not a problem confined to the Southern Plantation aristocracy, nor the increasingly wealthy and arrogant New England aristocracy descended from the Puritan fathers; every age, every race, every nation produces them. They abuse humanity and the grace of God for a period, die, and are blown away, only to be followed by another. Today, "public education" has become merely a tool of the current set for the manipulation of the masses, not of 'common education' in its original sense.

The manifestations of human self-centeredness – avarice, cruelty, and moral blindness are only surface expressions of deeper faults – spiritual faults, and cultivation of those spiritual faults is the real object of modern public education. Minns held that:

*They (the natural sciences) exhibit to man the thoughts of the Creator, for all the arrangements which he sees around him are manifestations of the Divine mind. In the book of nature we can read a portion of the laws and the design of the Almighty. The more diligently anyone pursues these studies, the more deeply he is impressed with the abundant evidences of the power, the wisdom, and the benevolence, of the Creator.*

...

*Now, the youthful heart readily understands and feels the lesson which nature teaches; it will not rest satisfied merely with nature and nature's God. It is touched by His goodness; it reverences His power and majesty; as the mind expands, it feels that He is the source of all we possess, it begins to feel the need of His aid and protection, and then earnestly to invoke them. In this manner, it at length realizes the great truth, that in Him we live, and move, and have our being; it does not read these as unmeaning words, but is pervaded with their deep signification. It is impressed with the heartfelt conviction, that there can be no more utter and dreadful ruin than to disobey the commands of this Good and Just Being, and that there is no greater happiness than to do His will and receive His approbation.*

Thus we see that public education today has been shorn of any reference to God, or even to a Creator, lest someone be blessed by it. What cruel hatred is shown in this characteristic of modern education – to deprive young people of all knowledge of the most important fact in the world, and attempt to deprive them of their chance for salvation.

And how great the difference from Minns' day! The enormity of the matter is nowhere better stated than by C. S. Lewis in his WWII sermon "*The Weight of Glory*", where he reminds us, in the most sobering terms, that everyone of us is a being destined for unimaginable glory, or unimaginable horror; and a great weight of responsibility for that destination rests upon each of us for his fellow.

Even granting that these destroyers of public education don't believe in a Divine Creator or any 'hereafter' does not excuse them. They are fully aware that they are depriving young people under their care of the comforts of religion – an everlasting Father, the hope of a future beyond this world, and of the wisdom, values and moral strength to stand firm amid the travails of this life. It's a hatred not born of this world that drives avowed 'men of science' to abandon science and devote their lives to human destruction; to condemn humanity to a Godless, pointless, empty life, where there is a struggle for survival, but no reason to survive. Their victims line the city streets and the back roads of America.

Karl Marx, the father of Communism, gave his followers their keynote when he declared that "Religion is the opiate of the people." He saw that as long as people had religious faith, they would not be empty, angry and desperate enough to follow his diabolically misguided scheme. And so, his followers, darkened by hatred, set out to kill the faith, or earthly life, of everyone else. They have made a good job of it, killing tens of millions, and recreating themselves a thousand fold.

Godless Utopian scams did not originate with Marx, of course, but arise on schedule out of the long laid and patiently enacted plan of a malevolence far greater even than its followers.

What makes the tragedy of these wasted lives so much worse, is that it is so unnecessary. Blind arrogance and fear lay at the bottom of it; fear that there really is a God; the Creator, Sustainer, Judge of all things in heaven and earth. How does one hide from such an omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient being? Only by closing one's own eyes to the truth, blocking out even the good news that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And fueled by demonic hatred, to attempt to blot out the knowledge of God wherever it is taught, convincing the world, and themselves, that God is a delusion.

Because of its extreme importance, I have included a further commentary on Minns, science, and religion in the appendix.

Now knowing the 'why', the next question to address is the 'how' the change came about. Before the "*bold and open attack*" could threaten our rights and liberties, the "*vile and secret slander*" went after our common education. The attack has taken on many faces, beginning with the most reasonable and innocent appearing, and the most modern, professional, and 'progressive' sounding dogma.

By the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century, when we look at the journals of education, and even the prefaces of school books, we begin to detect the influence of the, so called, "Progressive Movement". That is far too complex a subject for substantial analysis here, but a short overview and a few major points need to be covered. Though some variation of 'Progressivism' is in no sense new, American psychologist and philosopher of education John Dewey is considered the head of the modern "Progressive" movement.

Dewey was a man of unbridled egotism under-girded by demonic inspiration, who saw it as his duty to mankind to provide them with a new "Common Faith"; one with man, and man-made institutions at its center. We often call his new religion, "Secular Humanism". The public schools, he saw only as the vehicle for transforming the old common faith into his new "Common Faith"; whether the parents and students wanted it or not. That's a characteristic of the 'progressive left' – no respect for rights, traditions, laws, or other opinions. Sadly, with his ruthless manipulation of scientific jargon, and appeal to the Godless, human centered socialist myth, he was able to enlist legions of dedicated followers.

Dewey laid out his plan and goals quite openly in his works: *A Common Faith*; and *My Pedagogic Creed*. The final statement of his "*Creed*",

published in *The School Journal*, 1897, is also his ultimate goal for education:

*I believe that in this way the teacher always is the prophet of the true God and the usherer-in of the true kingdom of God.*

To turn the teacher into the prophet of his “true God” is his goal, and merging of the individual into the “social organism” is his “true kingdom of God.” That declaration should have disqualified him from any further association with American public education; but education leaders of the day, seeking to elevate their own profession at the expense of the public good, eagerly accepted it; and the public drifted off to sleep under the lullaby of socialist psycho-babble.

His plan was clearly a violation of the spirit of the US Constitution: “*Amendment I. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;*”. The formation of the Department of Education under the Carter Administration was the literal violation, for the DOE has no other purpose than promotion of the secular state religion.

With that goal in mind, what was his road map? Dewey, in his *Creed*, tells us that, “*The child’s own instincts and powers furnish the material and give the starting point for all education.*” That sentiment seems to connect Dewey with Rousseau, the French ‘Enlightenment’ philosopher who taught that a child’s instincts were all pure, until degraded by the mores of society: religion, tradition, and especially the idea of private property. But Rousseau was only echoing the Serpent’s lie to our first generation parents, “*You can be as gods, knowing good and evil for yourselves.*”

Dewey continued describing his plan to psychologically manipulate the direction of the child’s intellectual development, but warning teachers never “*to substitute the adult for the child*”. What, then, is the purpose of education, if not to raise the child into an adult, “*true men*”, as Minns put it. The upshot of that, was that increasingly ‘Progressive’ textbooks became more and more simply children’s stories; whereas, the older advanced readers consisted mostly of essays and poetry with adult themes. And by ‘adult’ I don’t mean the common misuse of the word to describe self-centered adolescent sexuality and pornography; but that which informs and prepares young people for entering into society as husbands and wives, parents, productive and responsible citizens, and community leaders.

Far too many of our young people, who don’t have better influences at home than they have in public school, are stuck in what is sometimes termed “extended adolescence”, but that, too, is a misleading term. Adolescence cannot be extended indefinitely anymore than fruit picked

too green can remain green forever. It passes from unripe directly into hard, shriveled, and then, rotten. Sadly, the same is true of young people thrown unprepared into the ‘adult’ world; though, unlike fruit, they may be redeemable, but not automatically by time alone.

Such people are easy marks for socialist propaganda. Only the ignorant and immature would believe the lies of socialism that someone else is going to work to provide them with what they need and want. Only the spoiled, or adolescents unsure of their capacity to cope with adult responsibilities would even want the socialist promises. The indisputable truth of socialism, though, is that the masses become the slaves of the few who control government and social institutions.

If I could give just one simple example of the corrosive nature of Progressive ideology in textbooks, it *would be this*: “Where do our American laws come from? ... The laws are our laws. Some of them have come down from very ancient times. Our forefathers used them for hundreds of years. They seem so good and sacred that men have often reverently said that ‘God taught them to men’.” This, from *The Carroll And Brooks Fifth Reader* of 1911 is a sneak attack upon the bedrock of American liberty—that God given rights cannot be taken by man's law.

Let’s take a look now at where “progressivism” had led by the time of the last “advanced reader” in our study. Advanced reader is in quotes, for that is how it bills itself, the final in a series of six, for the eighth grade, but it is advanced in nothing except progressive dogma. The 1918 book, titled *The Golden Deed Book*, part of the *Golden Rule Series*, jointly authored by a Yale professor; the Dean of The Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge; and the Associate Superintendent of Schools, New York City. The title may be designed to fool parents into thinking their children are receiving something of Christian morals in school, but that isn’t so. There were a few offhand mentions of “God”, but only one serious statement, and that cynical, in a poem by a leading humanist of the day.

The preface, for those few who read it, makes the stripping out of God sound very...progressive:

*This series of books embodies a graded system of moral instruction. The method of instruction involved in [this series of readers] is the indirect method. It introduces the pupil, in a concrete and interesting manner, to the subject matter of morals, by means of fairy tale, myth, fable, allegory, parable, legend, stories of real life, of heroes and heroines, biography, and historical incident. This method was adopted in preference to the more formal, direct, and didactic methods, because of an induction based on a questionnaire*

*circulated among the teachers of ten cities, nearly ninety-five percent of whom favored the indirect method. This induction is supported, also, by investigations relating to the moral nature in the field of child psychology, and the psychology of the first years of adolescence....[the teacher] should be especially careful to avoid the direct method. It is eminently desirable that the pupil should do his own moralizing, hence the teacher should not try to exhort or preach.*

The ‘lullaby of psycho-babble’; meanwhile, banning ‘direct moral teaching’ has banished the authoritative source of morality, and opened it up to individual interpretation, and optional compliance; exactly as warned of in Channing’s DEMORALIZATION CONSEQUENT ON IRRELIGION. The older advanced readers, for the same age group, were powerhouses of both direct and indirect moral teaching, all centered on Biblical Christian values. *The Golden Deed Book* is only a small collection of relatively simple stories and poems, displaying ‘good’ values, but no inkling of any reason for them beyond that is the expected behavior in civilized society, and that, of course, varies with time and place.

A telling commentary on the educators’ expectations of their charges is the comparison between the contents of the 8<sup>th</sup> grade *Golden Deed Book* with the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade *Golden Ladder Book*, both ends of the same series; they display little increase in either reading difficulty or maturity of content. These two selections, respectively, are from those readers: THE WAR HORSE AND THE SEVEN KINGS, and TWO FRIENDS.

Perhaps not surprisingly, because of the separation of a continent, California lagged behind New York and New England (the origin of the ‘progressive’ infection in America) in abandoning traditional Christian teachings for the new “Progressive” ideology. But it was on its way there, also, during the period of our study. The California *Eighth Year Literature Reader* of 1917 is the best example of a transitional reader of all those I have read. Although far better than the *Golden Deed Book*, it is dwarfed by its predecessors. And though overtly patriotic, and Christian in significant part, it is also ‘progressive’, and anti-Christian in significant part; though the anti-Christian, secular-humanistic sentiment is somewhat more obscure, and possibly more effective for that. These selections illustrate the splitting personality of California education in 1917: *The Sermon on the Mount*, and *The Prodigal Son* from the Bible, and Bible based selections like the *Death of Absalom*, *The Book My Mother Read* (none of which are included from this reader), *Prayer* by Tennyson, and Kipling’s *Recessional*; against those are, among others, *Unconquered*, by Henly, and *Earth is Enough*, by Markham.

Looking now at the *California State Series Fifth Reader* of that same year, 1917, we see Progressive dogma even more advanced in the lower readers. The Introduction of this reader, though couched in psycho-babble, is very clear in its philosophy:

*We are all children of a a smaller or larger growth and, under the law of imitation, we fashion ourselves after others, "when truth embodied in a tale shall enter in at lowly doors." It is therefore in accordance with the laws of human nature that the lessons of truth, beauty, and goodness set forth in this series have been presented in classic stories without obtrusive preachment of morals.*

So much for Minns' "true men". And so much for St. Paul's clear admonition for Christians to grow up: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." (I Cor. 13:11) The purpose of Progressive 'education' is to stealthily indoctrinate adolescents into some new morality through control of their reading matter in order to curb their maturity.

Another ploy of Progressivism was to "switch the emphasis from heroes of war, to heroes of peace". That sounds very well, and may be a good thing in some cases, but the upshot was to banish the heroes of the fight for liberty; and with that, a clear understanding of the value of liberty, and the cost previous generations have paid for ours. In the 'free world', freedom is all too easily taken for granted as the natural state of mankind. It isn't. Fortunately though, patriotism seemed more resilient in public schools than Christian morality, for a long time anyway. But the absence of real heroes has contributed to the rise of childish fantasy heroes...no, that's not right, they aren't childish; they are the warped and increasingly degenerate product of over-extended adolescence.

### Organization of the Advanced Reader:

Now, having taken a brief look into the 'why' and 'how' of the complete turnaround in the goals of public education over time, let's get back to the content of the *Advanced Reader*.

As previously noted, the *Advanced Reader* is divided into three sections, Pre-Civil War, Post-Civil War, and Early-Modern, and the selections from each book serving as chapters. In addition, there is a partial index of the selections grouped into several broad topics that seem to me to be particularly relevant. Because of the difficulty of separating all the selections into particular categories when they may overlap onto several, only some of the best or most representative of each category are included in the topical index. Even so, some selections, like *If I Live*

*Till Sundown*, are exemplary of several categories; in its case, of Faith and Worship, The American Civil War, Marriage and Family, and Human Compassion. I have placed biographies in with their relevant historical collections.

The following few pages are the partial Topical Index. The topics, or categories, are not arranged in any particular order, except that in which they occurred to me; but perhaps that is something of a ranking of importance. Each topic is accompanied by a a brief explanation. The selections in the categories are also more or less randomly arranged.

## TOPICAL INDEX:

Worship of God as Creator, Saviour, and Lord – Throughout the Pre-Civil War era and well into the Post-Civil War era, this was the major theme of the readers. The selections contain classic, and still valid, arguments for Creation, faith, and following ‘The Way’ that are unexcelled, and seldom equaled today. Many masterpieces of preaching and praise filled those old books, and flow over into this new one. The last selection, noted above, is an example of the anti-Christian “Progressive” influence on later readers.

*THE CREATOR*, Anonymous...43

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

THE SABBATH BELL, Anonymous ...45

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

THE STUDY OF GOD’S WORKS, Carl v. Linnaeus ...320

*Sargent’s Standard Fifth*, 1854

EVIDENCE OF A CREATOR, by John Tillotson ...274

*National Fifth Reader*, 1858;

THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION, Smith ...409

*Emerson’s First Class Reader*, 1833

THE PREACHING OF WHITFIELD, Miss Francis ...397

*The Reader’s Guide*, 1836

PRAYER, Tennyson ...565

*California State Series, Eighth Reader*, 1917

INCENTIVES TO YOUTHFUL DEVOTIONS, Taylor ...338

*McGuffey’s Fifth Reader*, 1844

RELIGION, THE GUARDIAN OF THE SOUL, Orville Dewey ...369

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker*, 1844

THE BIBLE IN A COAL MINE, Anonymous ...383

*The Readers Manual*, 1839.

- THE VALUE OF WISDOM, Holy Bible ...523  
*Heath Fifth Reader*, 1903
- IF I LIVE TILL SUNDOWN, Henry Woodfin Grady ...525  
*Howe Fifth Reader*, 1907
- TRUST IN GOD AND DO RIGHT, Anonymous ...35  
*California State Series Third Reader*, 1886
- THE OLD MAN IN A MODEL CHURCH, John H. Yates ...89  
*Excelsior Fifth Reader*, 1897
- HYMNS, Henry Ward Beecher ...257  
*The National Fifth Reader*, 1873
- SELECTED EXTRACTS, Beecher ...260  
*The National Fifth Reader*, 1873
- THIS LIFE'S EXPERIENCES POINT TO ANOTHER, Wilson ...316  
*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader*, 1854
- THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER, De Lamennais ...322  
*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader*, 1854
- THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, Jane Taylor ...333  
*McGuffey's Fifth Reader*, 1844
- THE FINAL JUDGMENT, Anonymous ...347  
*McGuffey's Fifth Reader*, 1844
- GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS, Moore ...348  
*McGuffey's Fifth Reader*, 1844
- GOD IS EVERYWHERE, Hutton ...349  
*McGuffey's Fifth Reader*, 1844
- PRAYER, *Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools* ...390  
*The Reader's Guide*, 1836
- FAITH, *Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools* ...390  
*The Reader's Guide*, 1836
- PILGRIM'S SONG, George Whitfield ...394  
*The Reader's Guide*, 1836
- SAFETY IN GOD, Isaac Watts ...395  
*The Reader's Guide*, 1836
- ON THE DEATH OF CHRIST, Blair ...475  
*Scott's Lessons in Elocution*, 1820
- UNCONQUERED ('INVICTUS'), William E. Henley ...563  
*California State Series, Eighth Reader*, 1917

Christian and Patriotic – By “Christian *and* Patriotic”, I am not suggesting that they are the same, they aren’t, only pointing out the inherent connection between the two. American patriotism is a celebration of liberty, and that liberty is founded upon the Christian belief that “*All men are created equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights*”. We see the ideals of freedom and liberty exalted even in selections not directly related to the American experience. When Christianity is under attack, liberty is also under attack, and vice versa. Not surprisingly, the two subjects, religious and patriotic, disappeared about the same time from American public school textbooks.

When speaking of patriotism, there is something that G. K. Chesterton set me thinking on, something he likened to a vertical democracy, an inter-generational democracy, of which our forebearers are, by right, participants. The enemies of America are well aware of that and have made that ‘vertical democracy’ a particular target. Should we allow enemies to wantonly destroy all that past generations labored and fought to create, and leave to their descendants, simply because they can’t rise out of the grave and shoulder their rifles now, as they did in their day? That is a question on every ballot, perhaps though in invisible, ghost ink.

AMERICA, NATIONAL HYMN, S. F. Smith ...33  
*California State Series Third Reader, 1886*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC, Julia Ward Howe ...74  
*The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

RELIGION ESSENTIAL TO MORALITY, George Washington ...319  
*Sargent’s Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS TO PRES. WASHINGTON, ...192  
*The Catholic Fifth Reader, 1876*

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS, Rev. Jacob Duche ...151  
*Raub’s Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE, Anonymous ...400  
*Emerson’s First Class Reader, 1833*

THE TRUE GREATNESS OF OUR COUNTRY, Seward ...145  
*Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

UNAPPRECIATED OBLIGATIONS, Sir. A. Park ...319  
*Sargent’s Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

TRUE REGARD FOR ANCESTRY, Webster...289  
*Hilliard’s First Class Reader, 1855*

Puritan Post-Millennialism – Public education in early America was a Puritan project, dominated by Puritan thought. They were very much of a Post-Millennial mind set. That is, they believed the current ‘Church Age’ was the ‘millennial’ period, (post-Christ’s first coming) and that the triumph of the Gospel of Christ, common education, and governance according to Godly principles would usher in the reign of Christ’s righteousness on earth in this age, prior to His return. Out of that expectation came the world-wide mission movements, and in America, the public school movement, the Sunday Schools, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, the Salvation Army, child labor laws, abolition of slavery, the temperance movement, equal rights laws, the Red Cross, YMCA and YWCA, the Orphan Train Movement, and many other social improvement efforts.

That Puritan belief greatly impacted political history in both England and America. In the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century, the view of a developing Christian moral paradise seemed realistic, and was espoused in most readers of the period. That hope of an earthly paradise continues until our day, but time and travail have distorted faith in the triumph of the Gospel of Christ to faith in the Social Gospel, then to socialist government – and to moral anarchy. Those changes can also be seen in the later readers. Horace Bushnell’s *The Reform that is Needed* offered a strong counter to the Social Gospel message.

Many, and perhaps most, Evangelical Christians today are Pre-Millennialists; that is, expecting the Millennial Kingdom of Christ after His second coming. But that begs the question of what Christians should do in this fallen world until Christ’s coming. We are ordered to “occupy”, and to be “salt and light” in society; so what are the obligations, and the limits, of Christians in these days? That dilemma is very much a part of American history, and of the English Civil War, especially of the life of Oliver Cromwell, covered later.

THE UNITED STATES, George Bancroft ...53  
*California State Series Third Reader, 1886*

UNITY AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND, George Bancroft ...322  
*Sargent’s Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

DESTINY OF AMERICA, George Berkley ...264  
*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF OUR COUNTRY, Daniel Webster...315  
*Sander’s Fifth Reader, 1855*

THE PRESS, Joseph T. Buckingham ...361  
*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

CHARACTER OF THE ORIGIN OF NEW ENGLAND, Webster ...246

*The Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE, *Edward Everett ...509*  
*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1901*

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE, Coates ...154  
*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

PROFANITY REPROVED, Dwight ...388  
*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

A PAPER OF TOBACCO, Karr ...327  
*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

THE REFORM THAT IS NEEDED, Bushnell ...219  
*The Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL, Wayland ...404  
*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

EDUCATION, *Dr. Humphrey...370*  
*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

Marriage and Family – In these selections, marriage and family are presented as God ordained institutions in which humanity is most fully expressed. A broad variety of marital situations are displayed however, some according to Biblical standards, others not so. Some selections elevate marriage to the, perhaps unattainable, ideal. Those idealized depictions of marriage are brought back to earth by the witty repartee of marriages not exactly ‘made in heaven’ in popular plays and humorous fiction of the day. The three selections from the 1858 National Fifth Reader listed below illustrate that point well.

Surprisingly, one of the most poignant stories of marriage and family in the readers is Washington Irving’s *Rip Van Winkle*. Having read it before, in my childhood, I was surprised to find it not a children’s story, but a sophisticated allegory of a failed marriage and broken home, alcoholism, and a twenty year ‘lost weekend’, in which both husband and wife failed to live in Biblically appropriate ways. I have used this allegory as a vehicle for a commentary on marriage in the appendix.

The ideal of romance between a man and a woman has taken a beating lately with intimacy being frequently displaced, even nullified, by sexual promiscuity, and now the demonic lunacy of ‘gender fluidity’. We are reminded of the original ideal in Buffon’s recounting of Adam and Eve’s first encounter.

INFLUENCE OF HOME, Richard Henry Dana ...272  
*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

THE GOOD WIFE, D. G. Mitchell ...275

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

CONVERSATIONS AFTER MARRIAGE, Sheridan ...276

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

FEELINGS OF ADAM ON BEING CALLED INTO EXISTENCE, Buffon ...439

*American First Class Book, 1823*

MATERNAL AFFECTION, Scrap Book ...457

*American First Class Book, 1823*

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MASON, Mason ...478

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

RIP VAN WINKLE, Irving ...528

*The Howe Fifth Reader, 1909*

Also see MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE (Humor),  
and IF I LIVE TILL SUNDOWN (American Civil War).

American History, Government and Politics – The authors of the readers were keenly aware of the importance of educating their charges to be proper citizens, with both morality, and political acumen derived from history. Social issues including slavery, temperance (anti-alcohol), Indian relations were extensively covered in the readers. The American Civil War and Revolutionary War are placed in a separate category, as is the English Civil War.

DANGERS TO OUR REPUBLIC, Horace Mann ...209

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

THE RETIREMENT OF WASHINGTON, P. G. Guizot ...291

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

ORIGIN OF PROPERTY, Blackstone ...352

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1844*

THE NECESSITY OF GOVERNMENT, John C. Calhoun ...170

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

APPEAL TO THE PATRIOTISM OF SOUTH CAROLINA, Jackson ...311

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1842*

THE DONNER PARTY, Leroy E. Armstrong ...552

*California State Series Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917*

EDUCATION OF FEMALES, Joseph Story

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

THE SLAVE TRADE, Daniel Webster ...217

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

PHILIP OF MOUNT HOPE, Exeter News Letter ...404

*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1845*

THE NEGRO NURSE, Isabel Drysdale ...432  
 American Sunday School Union, *Scenes in Georgia*, 1827

THE VIRGINIA INDIANS, Capt. John Smith ...520  
*The Heath Fifth Reader*, 1903

THE ESCAPE FROM ONONDEGA, John G. Shea ...194  
 The Catholic National Series, *The Fifth Reader*, 1876

THE STORY OF INDIAN SPRING, Aunt Mary ... 132  
*The New National Fourth Reader*, 1884

A STORY OF THE SIOUX WAR, Anonymous ...135  
*The New National Fourth Reader*, 1884

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, Lord Lyttleton ...460  
*The American First Class Book*, 1823

LETTER FROM THE BRITISH SPY, William Wirt ...464  
*The American First Class Book*, 1823

SLAVERY, Cowper ...459  
*The American First Class Book*, 1823

ON THE SLAVERY OF NEGROES, P. Wakefield ...490  
*Introduction to the English Reader*, 1819

The American Revolution and Civil War – Readers of the Pre-Civil War era contained much Revolutionary War history, eulogy, and expressions of pride in the accomplishments of the ‘American Experiment’. The Post-Civil War era readers also contained some of the same material, but were heavily laden with Civil War stories of one kind or another, and that even extended a little way into the Early-Modern era readers. One Pre-Civil War reader in particular, the 1844 *American Common-School Reader*, perhaps the best of the readers from a historical point of view, documents some of the warnings about partisanship, and a notorious example of over-the-top political invective of the type that was leading directly to disaster.

The Post-Civil War readers contain very little of what we commonly think of as ‘history’ of the War – names, dates, places, victors and vanquished; and almost none of what we might deem ‘triumphalism’. Instead, they reveal a more intimate history, that of a deep and abiding grief. All the anger, hatred, and vainglory had been bled and burnt out by the war, and now, even those...no, especially those, who had fought the war wanted to bind up its wounds and become one America again. Sadly, America’s enemies today are ripping open those old wounds that those who gave and received wanted closed forever. Sad that it is so

successful a scheme to divide us; but these old readers give us a sobering, and timely, warning of what civil war is like.

That deep grief is expressed particularly in poetry of the age, poetry being more suited to expressing emotions among adults. Much of that era's reader selections are what we might consider 'maudlin sentimentality', but perhaps that is because our age has become hard and insensitive to the pain of others. Some selections of that genre I have placed in the 'Life, Death, and Human Compassion' collection.

THE FLAG ON SUMTER, anonymous ...63  
*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

THE TRAILED BANNER, Rev. J. A. Ryan ...75  
*California State Series Third Reader, 1868*

UNITED AT LAST, Anonymous ...131  
*The New National Fourth Reader, 1884*

MUSIC IN CAMP, John R. Thompson ...505  
*McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901*

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON, Jefferson ...98  
*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

ADDRESS TO THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE, Patric Henry ...161  
*Appleton's School Reader, 1878*

OPPOSITION TO INDEPENDENCE, Daniel Webster ... 211  
*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN War, Lord Chatham ...142  
*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS, George Lippard ...185  
*The New Catholic National Fifth Reader, 1876*

IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN, Henry Clay ...363  
*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

PARTY SPIRIT, William Gaston ...368  
*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

NEW ENGLAND, WHAT IS SHE?, Tristram Burgess...365  
*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION, Stephens ...502  
*McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901*

Life, Death, and Human Compassion – While on the subject, I believe that recent generations, especially with the advent of social media, are losing their ability to relate to other humans. In the day of the old readers, families were closer, and 'community' was not online, it was an

extension of the family. Babies were born at home, the sick were nursed at home, the older generation died at home, and family and community buried them, and mourned. These selections are from the age of ‘maudlin sentimentality’, at least in literature, but they are good lessons for today's young people in understanding life, adult life.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING, anonymous ...49  
*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY, Barbauld ...52  
*California Third Reader, 1886*

BROKEN HEARTS, Washington Irving ...262  
*The National Fifth Reader, 1858*

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD, Dr. J. G. Holland ...39  
*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR, Charles Dickens ...239  
*Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

A SHIPWRECK STORY, anonymous ...295  
*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

IF I LIVE TILL SUNDOWN, Henry W. Grady ...525  
*Howe Fifth Reader, 1909*

OLD AGE, Theodore Parker ...175  
*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN, Anonymous ...156  
*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

THE ENGLISH SKYLARK, Samuel H. Stearns ...378  
*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

The English Civil War and the Fight for Liberty – The old readers saw liberty as man's destiny, and all fronts in the fight for liberty were to be honored. The Greek war for independence from the Turkish Empire, and Ireland's rebellion against England were popular topics. Virtually all the older readers contain pieces related to the English Civil War, and for good reason. For all our Founders wide classical education, it was the English Civil War that bore most upon their thought in the American Revolutionary period, and during the building of a new nation. It would be appropriate to state that America was, to a large extent, the product of the English Civil War; from the conflicting ideologies of the contending parties, to the successive waves of Puritans and Royalists, Scots and Irish, Protestants and Catholics fleeing Britain as the fortunes of war turned upon them, to the Constitutional protections carefully constructed to avoid such a calamity in America.

It would also be appropriate, I believe, to consider the American Civil War, as well, to be descended from the English Civil War, at least in the sense of common ideological conflicts. Even today we see the shadows of those contending ideologies in our political sphere.

The duration, and the political, nationalist, and religious complexity of the English Civil War dwarf our Revolutionary and Civil Wars. It is far too great a subject for any one reader to treat properly, or even a compilation of all the readers. I have included a few pieces in the *Old Fashioned School Book, Advanced Reader* to present at least a basic overview. Most of these selections are contained in the Fourth or Fifth Readers.

THE BAPTISM, Wilson ...450

*American First Class Book, 1823*

OLIVER CROMWELL, Goldwin Smith ...220

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY, Lord Macaulay ...230

*Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1874*

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF JOHN HAMPDEN, Macaulay ...280

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

THE PURITANS, Macaulay...256

*National Fifth Reader, 1866*

THE VIRGINIANS, William Makepeace Thackeray ...511

*The New McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901*

HOW THEY KEPT THE BRIDGE AT ATHLONE, Sullivan ...186

*The Catholic National New Fifth Reader, 1876*

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST, Macaulay ...227

*Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1872*

EMMETT'S VINDICATION, Robert Emmett ...159

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

ANECDOTES OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION, Warburton ...284

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

MARCO BOZZARIS, Fitz-Greene Halleck ...164

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO, Anonymous ...395

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

THE GENIUS OF ARISTOPHANES, C. C. Felton ...362

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

Adventure, Biography, and Humor – The older advanced readers were not primarily story books, and so the new *Advanced Reader* does not have a high percentage of stories, but it does contain some fine, Christian oriented stories, and some humor selections. Most of the biographical material is included with the relevant historical events.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT, Thorpe ...65  
*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

HOW THE WATERS COME DOWN AT LODORE, Southey ...46  
*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

THE COMING OF THE HURRICANE, Hearne ...102  
*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

SCENE IN THE BURNING OF ROME BY NERO, George Croly ...391  
*Reader's Guide, 1839*

THE CHARIOT RACE, from Ben-Hur, Lew Wallace ...120  
*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

AN INDIAN FIGHT, Sir Walter Scott ...298  
*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE, Jerrold ...55  
*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

SCENE WITH A PANTHER, Brown...253  
*National Fifth Reader, 1866*

A FOREST ON FIRE, Audubon ...244  
*Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

THE ASCENT TO THE EAGLE'S NEST, Wilson ...165  
*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

GRACE DARLING, *Chambers' Miscellany* ...286  
*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

WEE WILLIE WINKIE, Rudyard Kipling ...566  
*California State Series Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917.*

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER, Lewis Carroll ...513  
*The Heath Fifth Reader, 1903*

DOUBTING CASTLE, *John Bunyan* ...516  
*The Heath Fifth Reader, 1903*

Direct Moral Teaching – The older readers were not at all embarrassed with 'direct moral teaching'; in fact it is a predominant part of the older readers, but, as stated above, direct moral teaching was forced out of schools by 'Progressive' dogma. Along with direct moral teaching, came

instruction in the use of reason also, and examples of reasoned argument in great speeches.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO RIGHT, anonymous ...32  
*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

IMPORTANCE OF VIRTUE, Price ...480  
*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

DEMORALIZATION CONSEQUENT ON IRRELIGION, Channing ...171  
*Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874*

TYRANNY, Byron ... 343  
*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1845*

SPEAKING THE TRUTH, anonymous ...120  
*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

THE MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION, Davy ...286  
*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

SELECT SENTENCES, *The Art of Thinking* ...500  
*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

JOHN LOCKE AND PIERRE BAYLE, Lord Lyttleton ...494  
*Murray's English Reader, 1814*

THE FEMALE CHOICE, Barbault ...484  
*Murray, Introduction to The English Reader, 1819*

SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT, *Miguel de Cervantes* ...152  
*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

NOBLE BEHAVIOR OF SCIPIO, *Dodd* ...486  
*Murray, Introduction to The English Reader, 1819*

GOVERNMENT OF THE THOUGHTS, *Horne* ...289  
*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

The Dignity of Labor – Especially in the older readers, the value, necessity, and virtue of labor are heavily extolled, in prose story and essay, and in poetry. That too, tapers off in the newer readers, to be replaced with a ‘social justice’ emphasis. That is not an entirely bad development, but there are several weaknesses in the social justice model often expounded in the Early-Modern readers. One of those weaknesses is obvious in the poem, *Man With Hoe*, in the *Golden Deed Book*. That is such a fine example of disparagement of labor, and laborers, that I have included it here.

ACHIEVEMENTS AND DIGNITY OF LABOR, Newman Hall ...92  
*The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

THE GOOD GODDESS OF POVERTY, George Sand ...58

*California Third Reader*, 1886

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*The Golden Deed Book*, 1916

### Some final notes:

1. A peculiarity of the older advanced readers, from the modern point of view, is that they emphasize public speaking, both reciting from memory and reading aloud. Having students do this was the 'standard method' of teaching up until the Early-Modern Period. Part of the philosophy behind this was that citizens of a republic should be trained in the exercise of their right of free speech. Most older readers contained large and elaborate lessons on elocution, deportment and other aspects of public speaking. The essays, poetry, and to some extent, the stories were selected for their dramatic reading qualities. In order not to further burden this reader, I have not included any of those lessons in this *Advanced Reader*. Some of those lessons can be found on the Old Fashioned History website however.

Of special note: Understand the punctuation used in these readers.

There are two kinds of punctuation: grammatical punctuation, and rhetorical punctuation. As these old readers were designed to be read aloud, many of them used rhetorical punctuation, and in many cases I have continued that usage in these selections. When you see, for instance, question marks and exclamation marks within sentences, know that they are there as instructions to the reader. Some of the old readers had very elaborate systems of diacritical markings, but I have transposed only the most basic ones. Some grammarians may note an overuse of commas in the following selections; these may be examples of rhetorical punctuation. I am prone to use rhetorical punctuation myself, however, as I tend to write as I would speak. So some critics might find 'comma faults' in my commentaries – but they would be the least of my faults.

2. In the days before child labor laws, mandatory education, and universal public school access, many American children, and adults for

that matter, received what education they got in Sunday School. That was Sunday School's original mission, to educate those who were free to attend school only, through the grace of God, on Sunday. In the early Nineteenth Century, the American Sunday School Union published a vast array of books for the Sunday Schools – readers, math, geography, etc. Though not strictly 'public school' readers, some selections from these readers are included in this *Advanced Reader* for comparison with public school books of the same period.

3. Another system of what we might call *de facto* public schools that developed in this country were the Catholic Schools. The public schools, being, as I said, the special project of Puritan philosophy, were decidedly Protestant oriented, if not overtly anti-Catholic. The genius of American government was that Catholics were not forced into public schools, but were allowed, though at their own expense, to form their own schools. Some selections from a national Catholic reader are included in the *Advanced Reader*. That is only a small sampling, meant to illustrate the fact that the Catholic reader was overwhelmingly similar in content to the public school readers of the period. Only a small portion of the reader was specifically Catholic in theology or historical outlook. Mostly, it was a decidedly American book, emphasizing (in a period of anti-Catholic feeling), Catholic cultural and historical attachment to America.

4. Finally, a note on what else is not included in the *Advanced Reader*, in addition to the rhetoric lessons. Most of the readers contained selections from the Bible, a few of the older ones had as many as a half dozen. Because of the ready availability of the Holy Scriptures to modern readers, and the limited space in this reader, however, I have not included much from the Bible. The same is true of Shakespeare's writings, they are heavily used in the readers but I have not included much in this reader. Also, works of other "standard literary figures" are not much included as I wanted to give preference to more unique works. Many of the readers' selections were excerpts from novels, but only a few of those are included either, because the whole work is not readily available. And many of the selections were in multiple readers, but, of course, are included only once in this reader.

You will also notice that there are very few illustrations, and most of those in the later selections. The older readers, which provide the majority of selections, were not illustrated, or had very few illustrations. I have added a few from other sources for interest's sake, but is largely a book in which the reader's imagination must supply the illustrations. Those few illustrations that I have added are, to the best of my knowledge, in the public domain; and for most them, I am indebted to Wikimedia Commons.

## SECTION ONE

### AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL READERS IN THE POST-CIVIL WAR ERA

These textbooks, in use from the late 1860's to the turn of the Twentieth Century, are transitional from the earlier textbooks to the Early-Modern books. The selections are generally more modern in style and vocabulary, and less rigorous than the earlier ones, though there are many overlaps. That diminishing rigor continued and accelerated in the Early-Modern Period. A dominant theme of this era's readers is melancholia over the Civil War, and a desire to put the old issues behind us, and move forward in unity. One trend to note, is that while the readers of this period contain a high percentage of Christian material, it is more in poetry and essays, not integrated into the historical and fictional pieces as much as in the older books. In other words, we begin seeing a separation of 'religion' and 'real life'.

With the exception of the *California Third Reader* of 1886, which I promoted to the head of the class, these chapters/books are in descending chronological order.

#### CHAPTER 1

### *The California State Series of Readers, Third Reader,* © 1886, State Board of Education of the State of California

This is the advanced reader in a series of three readers for ungraded classrooms. It was designed to serve a wide range of reading levels, but was intended mainly for the upper years of public school, approximately the eighth grade, as eight years was the normal span of public school education in California at the time. This is only a small sampling of the contents, but the selections are in the order in which they appear in the original reader, to show the emphasis, and the progression of reading difficulty.

#### AMERICA – NATIONAL HYMN S. F. Smith\*

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty.  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride;  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring.  
My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love:  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees,  
     Sweet freedom's song;  
 Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
     The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,  
     Author of liberty!  
     To thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by thy might,  
     Great God, our King!

*California State Series Third Reader, 1886*

\*Samuel Francis Smith; Baptist minister and author from Boston, born 1808 and still living at the time of publication, but died in 1895.

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## LIFE, A MIGHTY RIVER

Bishop Heber\*

Life bears us on, like the current of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its happy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which pass before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us.

We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last

leave of the earth, and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is not witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

[**Questions.** What is the river used to illustrate? The ocean? Can you tell what this author chiefly wrote? Sermons? Travels? Hymns? What well known hymn or hymns did he write? What can you learn of his disposition? (*See Cyclopaedia*) Memorize the third verse (third paragraph).

**Words often mispronounced.** Töss'ing; píct'üre.

**Articulation Drill.** Mur'mur-ings; mis'er-a-ble; de-pend'ence; ...

**For Definition.** Striking; depressed; keel; Infinite and Eternal.

**Word Using.** Use, in a sentence, the words for definition with their meaning here.]

*California Third Reader, 1886*

\*Bishop Heber, 1783-1826, was an English clergyman, writer, and author of hymns. He served as Bishop of Calcutta, India until his death at age forty-two.

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TRUST IN GOD AND DO RIGHT  
Anonymous

Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble –  
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,  
And its ending out of sight;  
Foot it bravely – strong or weary,  
Trust in God and do the right.

*California State Series Third Reader, 1886*

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## THE FIRST TEMPTATION

Mrs. E. C. Embury\*

One Saturday evening, when Susan went, as usual, to farmer Thompson's inn to receive the price of her mother's washing for the boarders, which amounted to five dollars, she found the farmer in the stable-yard. He was apparently in a terrible rage with some horse-dealers with whom he had been bargaining.

He held in his hand an open pocketbook of notes; and, scarcely noticing the child as she made her request, except to swear at her, as usual, for troubling him when he was busy, he handed her a banknote. Glad to escape so easily, Susan hurried out of the gate, and then, pausing to pin the money safely in the folds of her shawl, she discovered that he had given her *two* bills instead of one.

She looked around; nobody was near to share her discovery; and her first impulse was joy at the unexpected prize. "It is mine – *all mine*," said she to herself; "I will buy mother a new cloak with it, and she can give her old one to sister Mary, and then Mary can go to the Sunday School with me next winter. I wonder if it will not buy a pair of shoes for brother Tom, too?"

At that moment she remembered that he must have given it to her by mistake, and therefore she had no right to it. But again the voice of the tempter whispered, "He *gave* it, and how do you know that he did not intend to make you a present of it? Keep it; he will never know it, even if it should be a mistake, for he has too many such bills in that great pocketbook to miss one."

While this conflict was going on in her mind between good and evil, she was hurrying home as fast as possible. Yet, before she came in sight of her home, she had repeatedly balanced the comforts which the money would buy against the sin of wronging her neighbor.

As she crossed the little bridge, over the narrow creek, before her mother's door, her eye fell upon a rustic seat which she and her mother had often occupied, and where, only the day before, her mother had explained to her these words of Scripture: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Startled, as if a trumpet sounded in her ears, she turned suddenly round, and, as if flying from some unseen peril, hastened along the road with breathless speed, until she found herself once more at Farmer Thompson's gate. "What do you want now?" asked the gruff old fellow, as he saw her again at his side.

"Sir, you paid me two bills instead of one," said she, trembling in every limb. "Two bills, did I? let me see; well, so I did; but did you just find it out? Why did you not bring it back sooner?" Susan blushed and hung her head. "You wanted to keep it, I suppose," said he. "Well, I am glad your mother was more honest than you, or I should have been five dollars poorer, and none the wiser."

"My mother knows nothing about it, sir," said Susan; "I brought it back before I went home." The old man looked at the child, and he saw the tears running down her cheeks, he seemed touched by her distress. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a shilling and offered it to her.

"No, sir, I thank you," sobbed she; "I do not want to be *paid* for doing right; I only wish you would not think me dishonest, for it was a *great* temptation. O! sir, if you had ever seen those you love best wanting the common comforts of life, you would know how *hard* it is for us always to do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

The heart of the selfish man was touched. "There be things which are little upon the earth, but they are *exceeding wise*," murmured he, as he bade the little girl good night, and entered his house a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a better man. Susan returned to her home with a lightened heart, and, through the course of a long and useful life she *never* forgot her first temptation.

*California State Series Third Reader, 1886*

\*Mrs. Embury (1806-1863) was a prolific American writer in history, fiction, and poetry, also a magazine editor, among many other accomplishments. She lived her entire life in New York City.

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## THE OLD EAGLE TREE

Rev. John Todd\*

On the top of a tall tree, an old eagle, commonly called the Fishing Eagle, had built her nest every year, for many years, and undisturbed had raised her young. What is remarkable, as she procured her food from the ocean, this tree stood full ten miles from the seashore. It had long been known as the Old Eagle Tree.

On a warm, sunny day, some workmen and the farmer's son, Joseph, were hoeing corm in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the seaside, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling and hooting, and throwing

stones, so scared the poor bird, that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

The men soon dispersed, but Joseph sat down under a bush near by, to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon returned to her nest, without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain.

She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next." Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to lie still, balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea!

Joseph was determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned on a slow weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her with another fish in her talons.

On nearing the field, she made a circuit round it, to see if her enemies were there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached the tree: drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner, such as, save the cooking, a king might admire.

"Glorious bird" cried the boy, "what a spirit! Other birds can fly more swiftly, others can sing more sweetly, others scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary, when discouraged, when so far from the sea, would do this?"

"Glorious bird!" I will learn a lesson from thee today. I will never forget, hereafter, that when the spirit is determined, it can do almost anything. Others would have drooped, hung the head, mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestling; but thou, at once recovering from the loss, has forgotten all.

"I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to **do** something, and to **be** something in the world; *I will never yield to discouragements.*"

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

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\*Rev. John Todd, 1800-1873, was an American clergyman and prolific author.

## THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD

J. G. Holland\*

I recall a home, long since left behind in the journey of life; and its memory floats back to me with a shower of emotions and thoughts towards whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily, like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains - humble and lowly - but priceless in its wealth of associations.

The waterfall sings again in my ears, as it used to sing through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tansy under the window, the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the smithy under the hill that flamed with a strange light through the dull winter evenings, the wood-pile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim blue haze upon the retiring mountains – all these come back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eyes.

I sit again in the doorway at summer nightfall, eating my bread and milk, looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys upon the hillside, calling or driving home the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious way of the dusty night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his measured note, and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge toward the earth.

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams into the bay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely open doors – open to the soft south wind of spring - and watch the cattle, whose faces look half human to me, as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate (cud-chewing), while, drop by drop, the dissolving snow from the roof drills holes through the eaves, down into the oozing offal (waste matter) of the yard.

The first little lambs of the season toddle by the side of their dams, and utter their feeble bleatings, while the flock nibbles at the hayrick, or a pair of rival wethers (male sheep) try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play. The proud old rooster crows upon his homely throne, and some delighted member of his silly family leaves her nest and tells to her mates that there is another egg in the world.

The old horse whinnies in his stall, and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof and think of last year's swallows – soon to return again – and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening through which they went and came. How, I know not, and can not tell,

but that old barn is a part of myself – it has entered into my life and given me growth and wealth.

But I look into the house again where the life abides which has appropriated these things, and finds among them its home. The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man in middle life - though very old he seems to me - takes down the well worn Bible, and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages.

A sweet woman sits at his side, with my sleepy head upon her knee, and my brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around. I do not understand the words, but I have been told that they are the word of God, and I believe it. The long chapter ends, and then we all kneel down, and the good man prays.

I fall asleep with my head in the chair; and the next morning remember nothing of the way in which I went to bed. After breakfast the Bible is taken down again, and the good man prays, and again and again is the worship repeated, through all the days of many golden years.

The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks (something unusual or abnormal) of my restless nature, the gentle counsel mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets and assuages (softens) every sorrow and sweetens every little success - all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in heaven, and straying, had lost my way.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819-1881), an American author, journalist and editor.

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH Longfellow\*

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and brawny hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat;

He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.  
He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees the task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought!

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882, professor at Harvard, and considered one of the greatest American poets.

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## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Samuel Woodworth\*

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view!  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,  
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew;  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;  
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;  
 The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;  
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
 As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!  
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Though filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips;  
 And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Woodworth, 1785-1842, was an American poet, playwright, and journalist.

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## THE CREATOR

Anonymous

Come, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, the queen of flowers. Her leaves glow like fire. The air is filled with her sweet odor. She is the delight of every eye.

But there is one fairer than the rose. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose. He is altogether lovely. He is the delight of every heart.

I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong. When he raiseth himself up from his lair, when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves; for he is terrible.

But He who made the lion is stronger than the lion. He can do all things. He gave us life, and in a moment, can take it away, and no one can save us from His hand.

I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on his throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over the earth, he is the most glorious and excellent object the eye can behold.

But He who made the sun is more glorious than the sun. The eye cannot look on His dazzling brightness. He seeth all dark places, by night as well as by day. The light of His countenance is over all the world.

This great Being is God. He made all things, but He is more excellent than all that He has made. He is the Creator, they are the creatures. They may be beautiful, but He is beauty. They may be strong, but He is strength. They may be perfect, but he is perfection.

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*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

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## KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

Anonymous

"What an excellent thing is knowledge," said a sharp looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he. "My boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to

be. Everybody knows something of everything now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

"Why, sir," replied the old man, looking gravely, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing." "That is what I cannot understand," said the bustling little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

"I will tell you," meekly replied the old man; and thus he went on: "when the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes to pieces the carriage that he draws, or throws his rider." "I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

"When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps everything before it, and destroys the produce of the field." "I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

When ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists enables her sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries, the further will she go out of her course." "I see!" said the little man, "I see clearly!"

"Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse."

"I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

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*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

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## THE SABBATH BELL

anonymous

Hark! the deep toned bell is calling,  
Come, O come!  
Weary ones where'er you wander,  
Come, O come!  
Louder now and louder pealing,  
On the heart that voice is stealing,  
Come, nor longer roam.

Now, again, its tones are pealing,  
Come, O come!  
In the sacred temple kneeling,  
Seek thy home;  
Come, and round the altar bending,  
Love the place where God, descending,  
Calls the spirit home.

Still the echoed voice is ringing,  
Come, O come!  
Every heart pure incense bringing,  
Hither come!  
Father, round thy footstool bending,  
May our souls, to heaven ascending,  
Find in thee a home!

California Third Reader, 1886

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## HOW DOES THE WATER COME DOWN AT LODORE<sup>1</sup>?

Robert Southey

"How does the water  
Come down at Lodore?"  
My little boy asked me  
Thus once on a time;  
And moreover he tasked me  
To tell him in rhyme.

Anon, at the word,  
There first came one daughter,  
And then came another,  
To second and third  
The request of their brother,  
And to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore,  
With its rush and its roar,  
As many a time  
They had seen it before.

So I told them in rhyme,  
For of rhymes I had store;  
And 'twas in my vocation  
That so I should sing,  
Because I was laureate  
To them and the king.

From its sources which well  
In the turn on the fell;  
From its fountains  
In the mountains  
Its rills and its gills;

Through moss and through break,  
It runs and it creeps  
For awhile, till it sleeps  
In its own little lake.

And thence at departing  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,  
And away it proceeds,  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood-shelter,  
Among crags in its flurry,  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it goes darkling;  
Now smoking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till, in this rapid race  
On which it is bent  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging  
As if a war raging  
Its caverns and rocks among;

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and ringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around  
With endless rebound;  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound.  
Collecting, projecting,

Receding and speeding,  
 And shocking and rocking,  
 And darting and parting,  
 And threading and spreading,  
 And whizzing and hissing,  
 And dripping and skipping,  
 And hitting and splitting,  
 And shining and twining,  
 And rattling and battling,  
 And shaking and quaking,  
 And pouring and roaring,  
 And waving and raving,  
 And tossing and crossing;

And gurgling and struggling,  
 And heaving and cleaving,  
 And moaning and groaning,  
 and glittering and frittering,  
 And gathering and feathering,  
 And whitening and brightening,  
 And quivering and shivering,  
 And hurrying and scurrying,  
 And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
 And driving and riving and striving,  
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling;

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  
 And so never ending, but always descending,  
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Southey (1774-1843) was a poet of the "Romantic School" and England's poet laureate for thirty years, until his death.

1. The Cataract of Lodore, as this popular piece is sometimes entitled, is a waterfall in Scotland. I can see it as a final exam in elocution; any student who can read, or recite, it without getting tongue-twisted and bursting out laughing is a reader and elocutionist indeed. And any class that can sit quietly through it is a well ordered class.

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## SOMEBODY'S DARLING

Anonymous

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,  
Where the dead and the dying lay –  
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls –  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,  
Wearing still on his pale sweet face,  
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold  
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,  
Pale are the lips of delicate mould –  
Somebody's darling is dying now.  
Back from the beautiful, blue veined face –  
Brush every wandering silken thread;  
Cross his hands as a sign of grace –  
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer soft and low,  
One bright curl from the cluster take –  
They were somebody's pride, you know.  
Somebody's hand had rested there;  
Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,  
Somebody wafted his name above,  
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.  
Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;  
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
There he lies – with the blue eyes dim;  
And the child-like lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head –  
*“Somebody's darling lies buried here!”*

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

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SONG OF THE STARS

William Cullen Bryant\*

When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
 And the empty realms of darkness and death  
 Were moved through their depths by His might breath,  
 And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
 From the void abyss by myriads came,  
 In the joy of youth as they darted away,  
 Through the widening wastes of space to play;  
 Their silver voices, in chorus rang,  
 And this was the song the bright ones sang:

“Away, away, through the wide wide sky,  
 The fair blue fields that before us lie;  
 Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,  
 Each planet poised on her turning pole,  
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the source of glory uncovers his face,  
 And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space.”

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

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\*Bryant (1794-1878) was a prominent American poet.

WHAT I LIVE FOR

Anonymous

I live for those who love me,  
 Whose hearts are kind and true;  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too;  
 For all human ties that bind me,  
 For the task my God assigned me,  
 For the bright hopes left behind me,  
 And the good I can do.

I live to learn their story,  
 Who suffered for my sake;  
 To emulate their glory,

and follow in their wake;  
 Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
 The noble of all ages,  
 Whose deeds crown History's pages,  
 And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,  
 By gifted minds foretold,  
 When men would live by reason,  
 And not alone by gold;  
 When man to man united,  
 And every wrong thing righted,  
 And the whole world shall be lighted  
 As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
 For those who love me true;  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too;  
 For the cause that needs assistance,  
 For the wrongs that need resistance,  
 For the future in the distance,  
 And the good that I can do.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

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## THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

Joseph Addison\*

The spacious firmament on high  
 With all the blue ethereal sky  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.  
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land,  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And, nightly, to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth;  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
 move round the dark terrestrial ball,  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found,  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice  
 Forever singing, as they shine,  
 "The hand that made us is divine."

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Addison, 1672-1719, was a prominent British essayist.

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## MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY

Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld\*

### MORTALITY:

I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the morning sun. I returned: it was dying on the stalk; the grace of the form was gone, its loveliness was vanished away; its leaves were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipped by the east wind; the branches were lopped away by the ax; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it moldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams, their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them, the pike had seized them; there were found none of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowing with beauty, his limbs full of activity; he leaped; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more than those. I returned: he lay stiff and cold upon the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath was gone out of his nostrils.

Therefore do I weep because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God: all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die: let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

#### IMMORTALITY:

I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again; it sprung forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and shades of night shut in the wide horizon; there was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked again: the sun broke from the east, and glided past the mountain tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat; it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet or shape, or power to move. I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die anymore.

#### *California Third Reader, 1886*

\*Mrs. Barauld, 1743 – 1825, was a prominent English poet, essayist, and general “woman of letters”.

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#### THE UNITED STATES

George Bancroft\*

The United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and the defense of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom, and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism.

While the nations of Europe aspire after change, our constitution engages the fond admiration of the people by which it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice, invention is

quicken by the freedom of competition; and labor rewarded with sure and unexampled returns. Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers.

A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic relations connect us, on terms of equality and honest friendship, with the chief powers of the world; while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, and their wars. Our national resources are developed by a earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry; every mind is free to publish its convictions.

Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment for its durability and support. Nor is the constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed; it has the capacity for improvement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay so long as that will retains its energy.

New states are forming in the wilderness; canals intersecting our plains and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce; manufacturers prosper along our water-courses; the use of steam on our rivers and railroads annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold, and the latter is doubled, in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years.

There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government economical; and the public treasury, full. Religion, neither persecuted, nor paid by the state, is sustained by the regard for public morals and the convictions of enlightened faith. Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages. There are more daily journals in the United States than in the world beside.

A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country. An immense concourse of emigrants of the most various lineage is perpetually crowding our shores, and on the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union.

Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighboring states; our constitution is fixed in the affections of the people from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*George Bancroft; [“...the most distinguished historian of the United States, was the son of a Massachusetts clergyman. In early life he delivered frequent addresses on literary and philosophical subjects and in political conventions, and has held various positions of high trust in the government.”] As Sec. of the Navy, he founded the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and gave the orders for the American occupation of California. As Secretary of War *pro tem*, he gave the order for American forces to occupy Texas. He later served in various ambassadorial positions. The above selection was taken from the Introduction of *Bancroft’s History of the United States*, issued in 1834.

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MRS. CAUDLE’S UMBRELLA LECTURE

Douglas Jerrold\*

Well, that’s the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I’m very sure there was nothing about him that would spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn’t look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he’d have better taken cold than taken our umbrella.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I’m alive, if it isn’t St. Swithin’s day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense! you don’t impose upon me; you can’t sleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you do hear it! Well, that’s a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house.

Pooh! don’t think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don’t insult me: *he* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There: do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella.

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. they shan’t go through such weather, I am determined. No; they shall stop at home, and never learn anything, sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they’ll have to thank for knowing nothing? – who, indeed, but their father? People who can’t feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella; oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother’s to-morrow: you knew that, and you did

it on purpose. Don't tell me! you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me.

But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle: no, sir! if it comes down in bucket fulls, I'll go all the more. No, and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours!

A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least. Sixteen-pence? two-and-eight-pence: for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for them; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property and begging your children buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will: and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman: it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold; it always does: but what do you care for that? Nothing at all.

I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course.

Nice clothes I'll get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't wear them then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir: I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. It isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once, – better, I should say; but when I do get out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh, that rain! if it isn't enough to break in the windows! Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow.

How I am going to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell, but, if I die, I'll do it. No, sir, I won't borrow an umbrella; no, and you sha'n't buy me one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I had known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

Oh, it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men indeed! call themselves lord's of creation! – pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club and do as you like; and then nicely my poor, dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy, yes, when your poor, patient wife is dead and gone, then you'll marry that mean little widow Quilp; I know you will.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1878*

\*Jerrold wrote the popular series of Mrs. Caudle's lectures to her husband, for the mid-Nineteenth Century British humor magazine *Punch*. They are a series of monologues in which the hen-pecked Mr. Caudle's comments are implied by her somewhat overly dramatic responses. It is "humor" that may ring too true to many for it to be really funny.

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## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

George Gordon Lord Byron

Based upon 2 Kings 19:35

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath flown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there laid the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And their idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

**[Questions.** This poem is founded on an incident related in the Second Book of Kings. By reading verses 31 to 36, 2 Kings, chapter 19, you will learn: 1. Who Sennacherib was and where he lived. 2. Whether the army was destroyed in camp or on the battlefield. 3. Near what city of Palestine. 4. Whether Sennacherib escaped, or was lost with his army. Perhaps you can tell from the piece whether the destruction was in the day-time or at night. In verse 6, who were called Gentiles?

**Words often mispronounced.** Wid'ōws (*not* widders); swōrd (*not* sōrd); fōr (*not* fur); ...

**Articulation Drill.** Wolf | on; sheen | of; spears | was; stars ...

**For Definition.** *Cohorts; host; strown; blast; waxed; distorted; mail, wail.*

**Word Using.** Use the italicized words in sentences of your own.]

*California Third Reader, 1886*

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## THE GOOD GODDESS OF POVERTY<sup>1</sup>

George Sand\*

Paths sanded with gold, verdant wastes, ravine which the wild-goat loves, great mountains crowned with stars, tumbling torrents, impenetrable forests, – let the good goddess pass, – let the good goddess pass, the goddess of Poverty!

Since the world has existed, since men were in it, she traverses the world, she dwells among men; singing she travels, or working she sings, – the goddess, the good goddess of Poverty!

Some men assembled to curse her; but they found her too beautiful and too glad, too agile and too strong. “Strip off her wings!” said they; “give her chains, give her stripes, crush her, let her perish, – the goddess of Poverty!”

They have chained the good goddess; they have beaten her, and persecuted; but they cannot debase her! She has taken refuge in the souls of poets, of peasants, of artists, of martyrs, and of saints, the good goddess, the goddess of Poverty!

She has walked more than the Wandering Jew; she has traveled more than the swallow; she is older than the cathedral of Prague; she is younger than the egg of the wren; she has increased more than the strawberry in Bohemian forests – the good goddess of Poverty!

Many children has she had, and many a divine secret has she taught them; she knows more than all the doctors and all the lawyers, – the good goddess of Poverty!

She does all the greatest and most beautiful things that are done in the world; it is she who cultivates the fields and prunes the trees; it is she who drives the herds to pasture, singing the while all sweet songs; it is she who sees the day break, and catches the sun's first smile, – the good goddess of poverty!

It is she who builds of green boughs the woodman's cabin, and makes the hunter's eye like that of the eagle; it is she who brings up the handsomest children, and who leaves the plough and the spade light in the hands of the old man, – the good goddess of poverty!

It is she who inspires the poet, and makes eloquent the violin, the guitar, and the flute, under the fingers of the wandering artist; it is she who crowns his head with pearls of the dew, and who makes the stars shine for him larger and more clear, --the goddess, the good goddess of Poverty!

It is she who instructs the dexterous artisan, and teaches him to hew stone, to carve marble, to fashion gold and silver, copper and iron; it is she who makes the flax flexible and fine as hair, under the hands of the old wife and the young girl, – the good goddess of Poverty!

It is she who sustains the cottage shaken by the storm; it is she who saves rosin for the torch and oil for the lamp; it is she who kneads bread for the family, and who weaves garments for them, summer and winter; it is she who maintains and feeds the world, – the good goddess of Poverty!

It is she who has built the great castles and the old cathedrals; it is she who builds and navigates all the ships; it is she who carries the saber and the musket; it is she who makes war and conquests; it is she who buries the dead, cares for the wounded, and shelters the vanquished, – the good goddess of Poverty!

Thou art all gentleness, all patience, all strength, and all compassion, O, good goddess! it is thou who dost reunite all thy children in holy love, givest them charity, faith, hope, O goddess of Poverty!

Thy children will one day cease to bear the world on their shoulders; they will be recompensed for all their pains and labors. The time shall come when there shall be neither rich nor poor on the earth; but when all men shall partake of its fruits, and enjoy equally the bounties of Providence; but thou shalt not be forgotten in their hymns, O good goddess of Poverty!

They will remember that thou wert their faithful mother and their robust nurse. They will pour balm into thy wounds; and, of the fragrant and rejuvenated earth, they will make for thee a couch, where thou canst at length repose, O good goddess of Poverty!

Until that day of the Lord, torrents and woods, mountains and valleys. wastes swarming with little flowers and little birds, paths sanded with gold, without a master, – let pass the goddess, the good goddess of Poverty!

**[Questions.** The lesson suggests many such questions as "How can it be said that poverty prunes the trees, sees the day break," etc.? Every verse of it can be made a study of great interest, as appealing to one of the highest and most pleasure-giving qualities of the mind -- *imagination*.]

*California Third Reader, 1886 / Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1844*

\*George Sand was the pen name of the rather notorious French authoress and socialite, Madame Dudevant.

1. This selection requires some explanation in that it was taken from *Sargent's Fifth Reader of 1844*, rather than *The California Third Reader of 1886*. The version in the *California Third Reader* deleted the first six paragraphs, and the last paragraph. I thought it important to include the entire piece, noting the deletions in the later book. The exercise is from the *California Third Reader*. The *Sargent's Fifth Reader* was in use in some California schools in 1861 (according to the Institute proceedings), though possibly a later edition.

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## THE BIBLE: THE BEST OF CLASSICS

Thomas S. Grimke\*

There is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and angels, yea, even of "God", manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time that can compare with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spoke, we discover it came from heaven in vision, and prophecy, under the sanction of Him who is Creator of all things, and giver of every good and perfect gift.

If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable in his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classical antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness of the world, but by the enduring perfection and and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

If we inquire who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depths of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer: "The patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr."

If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth.

And, if raising our eyes from time to eternity; from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect; from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs; from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

*California Third Reader, 1886*

Thomas Smith Grimke (1786 -1834, when he died of cholera), was a distinguished jurist, Christian scholar, and writer in South Carolina.

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## APPEAL FOR IRELAND IN 1847

Henry Clay\*

Mr. President: If we were to hear that large numbers of the inhabitants of Asia, or Africa, or Australia, or the remotest part of the globe, were daily dying with hunger and famine – no matter what their color, what their religion, or what their civilization – we should deeply lament their condition, and be irresistibly prompted to mitigate, if possible, their sufferings.

But it is not the distresses of any such distant regions that have summoned us together on this occasion. The appalling and heart-rending distresses of Ireland and Irishmen form the subject of our present consultation – that Ireland which has been, in all the vicissitudes of our national existence, our friend, and has ever extended to us her warmest sympathy – those Irishmen, who, in every war in which we have been engaged, on every battlefield, from Quebec to Monterey, have stood by us, shoulder to shoulder, and shared in all the perils and fortunes of the conflict.

The imploring appeal comes to us from the Irish nation, which is so identified with our own as to be almost part and parcel of ours, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Nor is it any ordinary case of human misery, or a few isolated cases of starvation, that we are called upon to consider. Famine is stalking abroad throughout Ireland: whole towns; counties – countless human beings, of every age, and of both sexes – at this very moment are starving, or in danger of starving to death.

Behold the wretched mother – with haggard looks and streaming eyes – her famished children clinging to her tattered garments, and gazing piteously in her face begging for food! And see the distracted husband and father, with pallid cheeks, standing by, horror and despair depicted from his countenance – tortured with the reflection that he can afford no succor or relief to the dearest objects of his heart, about to be snatched forever from him by the most cruel of all deaths.

This is no fancy picture; but, if we are to credit the terrible accounts which reach us from that theater of misery and wretchedness, is one of daily occurrence. Indeed, no imagination can conceive – no tongue express – no pencil paint – the horrors of the scenes which are there daily exhibited.

Shall starving Ireland plead in vain? – shall the young and the old – dying women and children, stretch out their hands to us for bread, and find no relief? Will not this great city, the world's storehouse of an exhaustless supply of all kinds of food, borne to its overflowing warehouses by the Father of Waters, act, on this occasion, in a manner

worthy of its high destiny, and obey the noble impulses of the generous hearts of its blessed inhabitants?

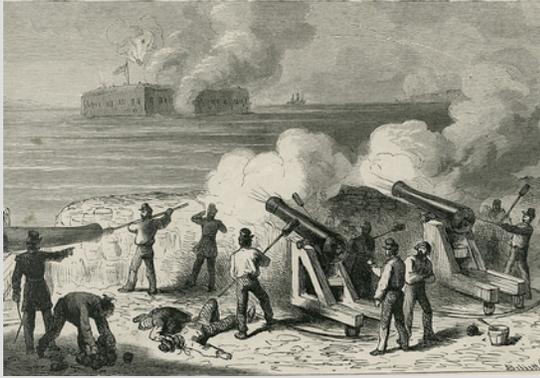
*California Third Reader, 1886*

\*Henry Clay, (1777-1852) the son of a poor Baptist minister on the frontier, became a U. S. Representative and Senator from Virginia, Secretary of State, and three time Presidential candidate. "More than any other man, the legislation of the country on great and vital questions, for thirty years prior to his death, was shaped by him". The great Irish famine of 1847 resulted in the death of over a half-million people, and the emigration of hundreds of thousands more, most to America.

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## THE FLAG ON FT. SUMTER

Anonymous



*[On the fourteenth of April, 1861, the officer in command of Fort Sumter was compelled to lower his flag and evacuate the fort. Four years afterwards, namely, on the fourteenth of April, 1865, the same officer returned, and with his own hands raised the identical flag which he had previously pulled down. The address here given was delivered on that occasion.]*

Hail to the flag of our fathers, and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years, black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! And glory be to God who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace!

At a cannon shot upon this fort, all the nation, as if it had been a trained army lying on its arms awaiting a signal, rose up and began a war which for awfulness rises into the first rank of bad eminence. The front of battle, going with the sun, was twelve hundred miles long, and the depth, measured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast area more than two million men, first and last, for four years, have in skirmish, fight, and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts, while a coast and river line, not less than four thousand miles in length, has swarmed with fleets freighted with artillery.

The very industry of the country seemed to have been touched by some infernal wand, and with sudden wheel changed its front from peace to war. The anvils of the land beat like drums. As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose new and strange machines of war, ironclad. And so in a nation of peaceful habits, without external provocation, there arose such a storm of war as blackened the whole horizon and hemisphere.

Since this flag went down, on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to to angels and men! The soil has drunk blood and is glutted; millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion; towns and villages have been razed; fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness.

It came to pass, as the prophet said: "The sun was turned to darkness and the moon to blood." The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed, morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole states were ravaged by avenging armies.

The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sank here, it was as if political night had come, and all the beasts of prey had come forth to devour. That long night has ended, and for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks.

We raise our fathers' banner, that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restore lawful government and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword, "Return to thy sheath," and to the plow and sickle, "Go forth."

We raise our fathers' banner, that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, compact our strength, purify our principles, noble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong; not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for the peace of the world; giving us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies, to sincerer friendship, to rational instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the cloud, and with solemn fervor, beseech God to look upon it, and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree, that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail.

To thee, God of our fathers! we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace. We invoke peace upon the North. Peace be to the West. Peace be upon the South. In the name of our God, we lift up our banner, and dedicate it to Liberty, Union, and Peace, forevermore.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

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## CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT

Mrs. R. H. Thorpe\*

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,  
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day.  
 And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,  
 He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;  
 He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and  
 white, struggling to keep back the murmur - "Curfew must not ring to-  
 night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,  
 With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,  
 "I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,  
 At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is night;  
 Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white  
 As she breathed the husky whisper: "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart  
 Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,  
 "Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed  
 tower;  
 Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;  
 I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,  
 Now I'm old I still must do it - Curfew must be rung to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful  
 brow,  
 And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.  
 She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,  
 "At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."  
 And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright  
 In an undertone she murmured - "Curfew must not ring tonight."  
 She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church  
 door,  
 Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;  
 Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,  
 Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;

And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,  
Up and up - her white lips saying, - "Curfew must not ring tonight."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;  
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.  
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,  
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow,  
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,  
And she springs and grasps it firmly, - "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,  
"Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,  
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,  
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.  
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and white,  
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, - "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more  
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for a hundred years before  
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done  
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun  
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white,  
Long should tell the little children, Curfew did not ring that night.



O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,  
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.  
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;  
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,  
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:  
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night.!"

Wide they flung the massive portal; led the prisoner forth to die,  
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening English sky  
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-light sweet;  
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon at his feet.

In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face up-turned and white,  
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me, – Curfew will not ring to-night."

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Rose Hardwick Thorpe, 1850-1936, author of many works of prose and poetry. This was one of her first, and most popular, written just after her graduation from school. It is based upon a story from the English Civil War featuring an appeal to Oliver Cromwell for the life of her lover.

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## THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC<sup>1</sup>

Anonymous

The dawn of that eventful day revealed to the astonished gaze of the French commander the entire British army standing in battle array on the table land above the city. It needed no second glance of his experienced eye to enable him to realize the fact that the enemy must be driven from their position, or Quebec was lost. The heart of the brave Montcalm quailed not, even for an instant, in view of this sudden and appalling emergency.

Though certainly outdone in generalship he was not to be surpassed in the exhibition of genuine heroism. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the center column in person. His total force engaged was 7,520, besides Indians. Of this force only 2,000 were regulars, the remainder being undisciplined Canadian farmers, who had been summoned from their agricultural pursuits to save their province from the grasp of the English invaders. The army of Wolfe consisted of only 4,828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long, unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled.

Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady, and to reserve their fire. Not an English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order: "Fire." At once the long row of muskets was leveled, and volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British

line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons (a flag, a streamer) in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt (a fortification), even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline - they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy from their path.

Wolfe was soon wounded in the body; but he concealed his suffering, for his work was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck him the breast. He reeled to one side; but at the moment it was not generally observed. "Support me," said he to a grenadier (soldier armed with grenades) who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sunk to the ground, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle.

His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with is faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered before his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and eagerly asked, "Who run?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer; "they give way everywhere." "Then I die happy," said Wolfe, and falling back upon the ground, he expired.



The fate of Montcalm was hardly less glorious. Everywhere present in the thickest of the fight, he was twice wounded, the last time mortally. "Death is certain," said the surgeon, "you have but ten or twelve hours to live." "I am glad to hear it," Montcalm. I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Three days afterwards the city passed into the hands of the English. With the loss of this gateway to the interior of the continent all hopes of founding a French empire in the New World vanished forever.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

1. The capture of Quebec by the British in 1759, was during the 'French and Indian War' as it was known in America, otherwise known as the 'Seven Years War' in Europe.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT  
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon\*

The world hath its night. It seemeth necessary that it should have one, The sun shineth by day, and men go forth to their labors; but they grow weary, and nightfall cometh on, like a sweet boon (gift) from heaven.

The darkness draweth the curtains, and shutteth out the light, which might prevent our eyes from slumber; while the sweet, calm stillness of the night permits us to rest upon the lap of ease, and there forget awhile our cares, until the morning sun appeareth, and an angel puts his hand upon the curtain, and undraws it once again, touches our eyelids, and bids us rise, and proceed to the labors of the day.

Night is one of the greatest blessing men enjoy; we have many reasons to thank God for it. Yet night is to many a gloomy season. There is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" there is "the terror by night;" there is the dread of robbers and of fell disease, with all those fears that

the timorous know, when they have no light wherewith they can discern objects.

It is then they fancy that spiritual creatures walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, they would find it to be true, that "millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake;" and that at all times they are round about us - not more by night than by day.

Night is the season of terror and alarm to most men. Yet even night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there?

Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive, that yon stars, those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song — that every star was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise?

Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear, - the praises of the mighty God who bears up the unpillared (not supported by pillars) arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1834-1892, was an English Baptist Preacher and writer of great influence in his day, and whose sermons are still widely studied.

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## SIN, SATAN, AND DEATH:

John Milton\*

Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,  
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell  
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;  
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
Up to the fiery concave towering high.

At last appear  
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,

And thrice threefold the gates, three folds were brass,  
Three iron, three of adamant (diamond hard) rock  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat,  
On either side, a formidable shape; ...  
The other shape,  
if shape it might be called, that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;  
Or substance might be called, that shadow seemed,  
For each seemed either; black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast;  
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.  
The undaunted fiend what this might be, admired –  
Admired, not feared: God and his son except,  
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunned;  
And with disdainful look thus first began:  
“Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates? Through which I mean to pass,  
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:  
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven!”

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied:  
“Art thou the traitor angel, art thou he,  
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then  
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
Drew after him the third part of heaven’s sons,  
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou  
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned  
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
And reckonest thyself with spirits of heaven,  
Hell-bound! and breathest defiance here and scorn,  
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
Thy king and lord! Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;  
Lest with a whip of scorpions, I pursue  
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart,  
Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape

So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold  
 More dreadful and deform. On the other side  
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned...  
 So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell  
 Grew darker at the frown; so matched they stood;  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe. ...

.....

Long time in even scale  
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting seraphim confused, at length  
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled  
 Squadrons at once; with huge two handed sway,  
 Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down  
 Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand,  
 He hasted and opposed the rocky orb  
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield  
 Of vast circumference. At his approach,  
 The great archangel from his warlike toil  
 Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end  
 Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued.

Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields,  
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror; from each hand with speed retired,  
 Where erst (before) was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
 And left large fields, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion; such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.

*California State Series Third Reader, 1886*

Both these selections from *Paradise Lost* are abridged in the original reader, and further abridged in this one. They are meant only to serve as a sampler of the very long poem. It may seem somewhat familiar, for it has had many imitators through the years.

\*Milton, 1608-1674, holds places of prominence in both English Literature and in English Political History. First coming of note as a poet in his youth, Milton later dedicated his pen, with all his might, to the Puritan/Parliamentary side in the English

Civil War, and he rose to prominence. After the death of Cromwell and the restoration of the Monarchy, blind from overuse of his eyes, he was proscribed, reduced to poverty, sometimes imprisoned, but always in possession of an overcoming spirit. In his last years, he reverted to poetry, dictating his most notable poetic works.

## THE SOURCE OF THE NILE DISCOVERED

Sir Samuel W. Baker\*

The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between two hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath me the grand expanse of water - a boundless sea - horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment. Here was the reward for all our labor - for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men



in English style in honor of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, my emotions were too deep for utterance.

When I thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery, while so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end.

I was about 1,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters – upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness - upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and, as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name.

Accordingly I called this great lake "the Albert Nyanza." The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magingo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff.

A walk of about a mile through flat, sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile.

My men were perfectly astounded at the appearance of the lake. The journey had been so long, and "hope deferred" had so completely sickened their hearts, that they had long since disbelieved in the existence of the lake, and they were persuaded that I was leading them to the sea. They now looked at the lake with amazement - two of them had already seen the sea at Alexandria, and they unhesitatingly declared that this was the sea, but that it was not salt.

It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the southwest the eye searched as vainly for a bound (limit) as though upon the Atlantic. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water.

We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Caesar yearned to unravel, but in vain. There was the great basin of the Nile that received every drop of water, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa toward the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Sir Samuel White Baker, 1821-1893, was one of the greatest of the British adventurers of the Nineteenth Century. Born into British nobility, he became a military officer, engineer, explorer, big game hunter, and Governor-General of British territory on the upper Nile Basin where he first explored, as he described in the preceding selection. The illustration is of a later expedition.

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## THE TRAILED BANNER

Rev. J. A. Ryan\*

Take that banner down, 'tis weary,  
 Round its staff 'tis drooping weary.  
 Furl it, fold it, let it rest;  
 For there's not a man to wave it,  
 For there's not a sword to save it,  
 And there's not a hand to lave (wash) it,  
 In the blood that heroes gave it,  
 And its foes now scorn and brave it.  
 Furl it, hide it, let it rest.  
 Take that banner down, 'tis tattered;  
 Broken is its staff and shattered,  
 And the valiant hosts are scattered  
 Over whom it fluttered high.  
 Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it!  
 Hard to think there's none to hold it;  
 Hard, for those who once unrolled it  
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

*California State Series Third Reader, 1886*

*\*[Ryan, "the poet priest of the South," has written a number of poems distinguished by grace, fervor, and passion, but it is not known that any collection of them has been made in a single volume. His death occurred April 22, 1886, at Mobile, Alabama, where he was buried with military honors.]*

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## WORDS OF STRENGTH

Johann C. F. Schiller\*

There are three lessons I would write,  
 Three words as with a burning pen,  
 In tracings of eternal light,  
 Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ now,  
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow,  
 No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven –  
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth; –  
 Know this – God rules the hosts of heaven,  
 The inhabitants of earth.  
 Have love! Not love alone for one,

But, man as man thy brother call,  
 And scatter like the circling sun,  
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul –  
 Hope, Faith, and Love – and thou shalt find  
 Strength when life's surges rudest roll,  
 Light when thou else wert blind.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

\*Schiller, 1759-1805, is widely considered the greatest poet, dramatist, and historian of late 18<sup>th</sup> Century Germany.

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### THE BRIGHT SIDE

Mrs. M. A. Kidder\*

There is many a rest in the road of life,  
 If we would only stop to take it,  
 And many a tone from the better land,  
 If the querulous heart would wake it!  
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth  
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
 Though the winter storm prevaieth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low'  
 And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through  
 When the ominous clouds are rifted!  
 There was never a night without a day,  
 Or an evening without a morning;  
 And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
 Is the hour before the dawning.

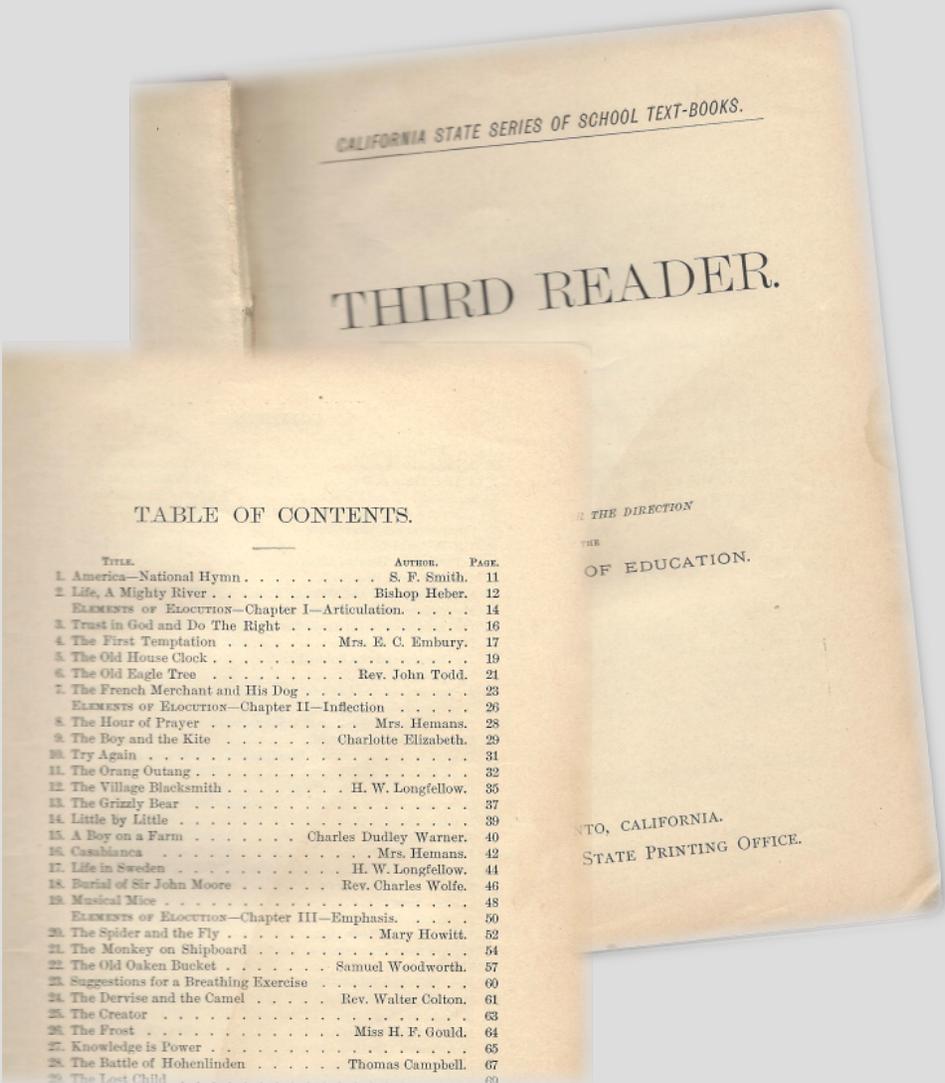
There is many a gem in the path of life,  
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
 That is richer far than the jeweled crown,  
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure.  
 It may be the love of a little child,  
 Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
 For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
 A bright and golden filling,

And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
 And hands that are swift and willing,  
 Than to snap the delicate, slender threads  
 Of our curious lives asunder,  
 And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,  
 And sit and grieve, and wonder.

*California Third Reader, 1886*

\*Mrs. Mary Ann Kidder (1820-1905), a remarkably prolific New England poet, many of her poems were put to music as hymns.



## CHAPTER 2

*The Excelsior Fifth Reader*

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Crane &amp; Company, Topeka, Kansas

## BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe\*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
 He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:  
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
 They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:  
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
 “As ye deal with my contemners<sup>1</sup>, so with you my grace shall deal;  
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
 Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.  
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
 While God is marching on.

\* Mrs. Howe was an American poet, abolitionist and suffragist.

1. Those contemptuous of God.

Hundred of thousands of Union troops marched off to war and death with this song on their lips. The “Battle Hymn of the Republic” has been a fixture in many church hymnals for generations. It is ironic that even today it is a popular hymn in the south, though in the Southern Baptist hymnals the third stanza referring to the “fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel” is omitted.

*The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

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## THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

James R. Lowell\*

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest -  
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;  
Everything is happy now,  
Everything is upward striving;  
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue -  
'Tis the natural way of living:  
What wonder if Sir Launfal now  
Remembered the keeping of his vow.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,  
And bring to me my richest mail,  
For to-morrow I go over land and sea  
In search of the Holy Grail;  
Shall never a bed for me be spread,  
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,  
Till I begin my vow to keep;  
Here on the rushes will I sleep,  
And perchance there may come a vision true  
Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,  
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,  
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,  
The little birds sang as if it were  
The one day of summer in all the year,  
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;  
The castle alone in the landscape lay  
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;  
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Country,  
And never its gates might opened by,  
Save to a lord or lady of high degree;  
Summer besieged it on every side,  
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;  
She could not scale the chilly wall,  
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall  
Stretched left and right,  
Over the hills and out of sight;  
Green and broad was every tent,  
And out of each a murmur went  
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,  
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,  
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,  
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright  
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all  
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall  
In his siege of three hundred summers long,  
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,  
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,  
And lightsome as a locust leaf,  
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,  
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,  
He was 'ware of a leper crouched by the same,  
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;  
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;  
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,  
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,  
And midway its leap his heart stood still  
Like a frozen waterfall;  
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,

And seemed the one blot on the summer morn -  
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:  
"Better to me the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessing of the poor,  
Though he turn me empty from his door;  
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;  
He gives nothing but worthless gold  
    Who gives from a sense of duty;  
But he who gives a slender mite,  
And gives to that which is out of sight,  
    That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite -  
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,  
The heart outstretches its eager palms,  
For a god goes with it and makes it store  
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Within the hall are song and laughter,  
    The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,  
And sprouting in every corbel and rafter  
    With lightsome green of ivy and holly.  
But the wind without was eager and sharp,  
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,  
    And rattles and wrings  
    The icy strings,  
Singing in dreary monotone,  
A Christmas carol of its own,  
Whose burden still, as he might guess,  
Was - "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
For another heir in his earldom sate;  
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;  
Little he wrecked of his earldom's loss,  
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,  
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,  
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,  
For it was just at the Christmas time;  
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,  
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow  
In the light and warmth of long ago;

He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,  
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
He can count the camels in the sun,  
As over the red-hot sands they pass  
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,  
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade  
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"  
The happy camels may reach the spring,  
But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,  
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,  
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone  
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said: "I behold in thee  
An image of Him who died on the tree;  
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,  
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,  
And to thy life were not denied  
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:  
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;  
Behold, through him I give to Thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes  
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he  
Remembered in what a haughtier guise  
He had flung an alms to leprosy,  
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail  
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.  
The heart within him was ashes and dust;  
He parted in twain his single crust,  
He broke the ice on the stream-let's brink,  
And gave the leper to eat and drink;  
"Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,  
"Twas water out of a wooden bowl -  
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,  
And was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,  
A light shone round about the place;  
The leper no longer crouched at his side,  
But stood before him glorified,  
Shining and tall and fair and straight  
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate -

Himself the Gate whereby men can  
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,  
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,  
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one  
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;  
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,  
"Lo! it is I, be not afraid!  
In many climes, without avail,  
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
Behold it is here - this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the stream-let for me but now;  
This crust is my body, broken for thee,  
This water his blood that died on the tree;  
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In what so we share with another's need;  
Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three -  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond:  
"The Grail in my castle here is found!  
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,  
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;  
He must be fenced with stronger mail  
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,  
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall  
As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;  
No longer scowl the turrets tall,  
The summer's long siege at last is o'er;  
When the first poor outcast went in at the door  
She entered with him in disguise,  
And mastered the fortress by surprise;  
There is no spot she loves so well on ground -  
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;  
The meanest of serf on Sir Launfal's land  
Has hall and bower at his command,  
and there is no poor man in the North Country  
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

*The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

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\*James Russel Lowell (1819-1891) was a prominent New England "man of letters".

## NOT ONE CHILD TO SPARE

Mrs. E. L. Beers

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"  
I looked at John - John looked at me,  
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,  
As well as though my locks were jet.)  
And when I found that I must speak,  
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;  
"Tell me again what Robert Said!"  
And then I, listening, bent my head.  
"This is his letter: I will give  
A house and land while you shall live,  
If in return, from out your seven,  
One child to me for aye be given."  
I looked at John's old garments worn,  
I thought of seven mouths to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this: "Come, John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,  
Dear John and I surveyed our band.  
First to the cradle lightly stepped,  
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,  
Her auburn curls like gold a-light,  
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;  
Softly the father stooped to lay  
His rough hand down in loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir,  
And huskily he said, "Not her, not her."  
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,  
And one long ray of lamplight shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so pitiful and fair;  
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek  
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,  
"He's but a baby, too," said I,  
And kissed him as we hurried by.  
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face  
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.  
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"  
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.  
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,  
Turbulent, reckless, idle one -  
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave  
Bid us befriend him to his grave;

Only a mother's heart can be  
 Patient enough for such as he;  
 And so," said John, "I would not dare  
 To send him from her bedside prayer."  
 Then stole we softly up above  
 And knelt by Mary, child of love.  
 "Perhaps for her 't would better be,"  
 I said to John. Quite silently  
 He lifted up a curl that lay  
 Across her cheek in willful way,  
 And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee."  
 The while my heart beat audibly.  
 Only one more, our eldest lad,  
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad -  
 So like his father. "No, John, no -  
 I cannot, will not, let him go."  
 And so we wrote, in a courteous way,  
 We could not drive one child away;  
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,  
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed.  
 Happy in truth that not one face  
 Was missed from its accustomed place;  
 Thankful to work for all the seven,  
 Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

*Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

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## SELLING THE FARM

Beth Day

Well, why don't you say it, husband? I know what  
 you want to say;  
 You want to talk about selling the farm, for the mort-  
 gage we cannot pay.  
 I know we cannot pay it; I have thought of it o'er and  
 o'er;  
 For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where wheat  
 never failed before;  
 And everything here's gone backward since Willie went  
 off to sea  
 To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the homestead,  
 for you and me.  
 I know it was best to give it; it was right that the debts  
 be paid -  
 The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hours of  
 his weakness, made;

And Will would have paid it fairly - you know it as  
well as I -  
If the ship had not gone down that night, when no  
other ship was nigh.  
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've  
tried to to pray -  
(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd surely  
been here to-day.)  
I thought that the merciful Father would somehow care  
for the lad,  
Because he was trying to better the past, and because  
he was all we had.  
But now I am well-nigh hopeless, since the hope for  
my boy has fled,  
For selling the farm means giving him up, and know-  
ing for sure he's dead.

O Thomas! how can we leave it, the home we have  
always known?  
We won it away from the forest, and made it so much  
our own.  
First day we kept house together was the day that you  
brought me here;  
And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever be  
half so dear.  
Of course you remember it, Thomas - I need not ask  
you, I know,  
For this is the month, and this is the day - it was  
twenty-six years ago.  
And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter the  
barn was made,  
How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts  
were paid?  
The crops were good that summer, and everything  
worked like a charm,  
And we felt so rich and contented, to think we had paid  
for the farm.

And now to think we must leave it, when here I was  
hoping to die;  
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the fount  
of my tears is dry.  
There's a man up there in the village that's wanting to  
buy, you say;  
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it; but why does he  
come to-day?  
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have enough

to bear,  
And in all of our petty trouble, you always have borne  
your share;  
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish  
grown:  
There, there, go on to the village; let me have it out  
alone.

Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary  
and slow;  
There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-six  
years ago.  
But I know that his heart if youthful as it was when we  
first were wed,  
And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for Willie,  
our boy that's dead.  
Oh, Willie, my baby Willie! I never shall see him more;  
I never shall hear his footsteps as he comes through the  
open door.  
"How are you, dear little mother?" were always the  
words he'd say;  
It seems as if I could give the world to hear it again  
to-day.

I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so early  
or late -  
He was always a-whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as  
he opened the garden gate.  
and many and many a moment, since the night that  
the ship went down,  
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the  
road from town;  
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence, early  
and late,  
Have I held my breath at a footstep that seemed to  
pause at the gate.  
I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul may be;  
It would grieve him to know the trouble that's come to  
father and me.  
Out there is the tree he planted the day he was twelve  
years old;  
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its leaves  
to gold;  
And often, when I was lonely, and no one near at hand,  
I have talked to it hours together, as it it could under-  
stand;  
And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I spoke of

my boy,

It was waving its leaves together, life clapping its hands  
for joy.

It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to  
buy to-day,

Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and burn-  
ing it out of the way.

And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he  
helped to tend;

Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as a  
tried old friend.

And now we must go and leave them - but there they  
come from town;

I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to change  
my gown.

I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting  
late,

And the stranger's a-whistling "Home, Sweet Home,"  
as he comes up from the gate.

I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to  
look on his face:

What right has he to be whistling that, unless he has  
bought the place?

Why, can that be Thomas coming? He usually steps  
so slow;

There's something come into his footsteps like twenty-  
six years ago;

There's something that sounds like gladness, and the  
man that he used to be

Before our Willie sent out from home to die on the  
stormy sea.

What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and holding my  
hands so tight?

And why don't you tell me quickly - must we go from  
the farm to-night?

What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of  
wonderful joy"?

It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my boy.

O, Thomas! You cannot mean it! Here, let me look  
in your face;

Now tell me again - "It is Willie that's wanting to buy  
the place"?

## THE OLD MAN IN A MODEL CHURCH

John H. Yates\*

Well, wife, I've found the model church! I worshiped there to-day!  
It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray;  
The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago,  
But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;  
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;  
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through  
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring;  
The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!"  
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled,  
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;  
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,  
And sang as in my youthful days: "Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;  
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;  
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,  
And anchor in that blessed port, forever from the storm.

The preaching'? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;  
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;  
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye  
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 't was simple Gospel truth;  
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;  
'T was full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;  
'T was full of invitations to Christ and not to creed.  
How swift the golden minutes fled, within that holy place;  
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face;  
Again I longed for that sweet time, when friend shall meet with friend,  
"Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end."  
I hope to meet that minister - that congregation, too -  
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue.  
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,  
The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory soon be won;  
 The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;  
 O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the shore,  
 To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

*Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

\* Rev. John H. Yates (1837-1900) was an American minister and poet, many of whose poems were produced as hymns.

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## QUOTATIONS AND SAYINGS

A small sampling of several pages.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district,  
 are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.  
 Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790)

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.  
 Lord Chesterfield (1694-1773)

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the  
 best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and  
 compelled to sink or swim for himself. In my acquaintance I never knew  
 a young man to be drowned who was worth the saving.  
 Pres. James A. Garfield (1831-1881)

Fellow-citizens! "Clouds and darkness are round him! His pavilion is  
 dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the  
 establishment of his throne! Mercy and truth shall go before his face!"  
 Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the government at Washington still  
 lives. James A. Garfield [This speech stopped a mob of ten thousand  
 maddened men in New York City, when the news of President Lincoln's  
 assassination reached that place, on April 15, 1865]

It is easier to *stay* out of trouble than it is to *get* out.  
 E. W. Howe

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to  
 guard and defend it.  
 Daniel Webster

Every man is as Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.  
 Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616)

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.  
 Cervantes

Time ripens all things. No man is born wise.  
Cervantes

Help thyself and God will help thee.  
De La Fontane (1621-1695)

There is nothing so *easy* but that it becomes *difficult* when you do it  
with reluctance.  
Terence

This being of mine, whatever it really is, consists of a little flesh, a little  
breath, and a part which governs.  
Marcus Aurelius Antonius (121-180 AD)

Never do a thing concerning the rectitude of which you are in doubt.  
Pliny the Younger (61-105 AD)

Cato used to assert that wise men profited more by fools than fools by  
wise men; for that wise men avoided the faults of fools, but that fools  
would not imitate the good examples of wise men.  
Plutarch (46-120 AD)

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it,  
and not the length.  
Plutarch

Every man is like the company he is wont to keep.  
Euripides (484-406 BC)

I have often regretted my speech, never my silence.  
Seneca (8 BC to 65 AD)

What is left when honor is lost?  
Publius Syrus (ca. 42 BC)

*Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

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## TRUE PATRIOTISM

Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
     "This is my own, my native land"?  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps hath turned  
     From wandering on a foreign strand<sup>1</sup>?  
 If such there breathes, go, mark him well;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell.

High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
 Despite those titles, powers, and pelf<sup>2</sup>  
 The wretch, concentered all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from which he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

*Excelsior Fifth Reader*

1. Shore, strand line of the tide.
  2. An archaic slang term for wealth.
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## ACHIEVEMENTS AND DIGNITY OF LABOR

Rev. Newman Hall\*

The dignity of Labor! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous Labor knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world!

Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labor drives the plow, scatters the seed, reaps the harvest, grinds the corn and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the one thousand millions of the family of man.

Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into raiment soft

and warm and beautiful - the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor molds the brick, splits the slate, quarries the stone, shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous place, the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold, the silver, the copper, the tin, and the oil. Labor smelts the iron, and molds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament - from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead.

Labor hews down the gnarled oak, shapes the timber, builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor brings us India spices and American cotton; African ivory and Greenland oil; fruits from the sunny South, and furs from the frozen north; tea from the East, and sugar from the West; carrying, in exchange, to every land, the products of industry and skill. Labor, by the universally spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying to the doors of all the necessaries and luxuries of life, and, by the pulsations of an untrammelled commerce, maintaining healthy life in the great social system.

Labor, fusing opaque particles of rock, produces transparent glass, which it molds and polishes and combines so wondrously that sight is restored to the blind; while worlds before invisible, from distance, are brought so near as to be weighed and measured with an unerring exactness; and atoms which had escaped all detection, from minuteness, reveal a world of wonder and beauty in themselves, Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends aerial bridges above deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark, undeviating tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows; and, while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying in a literal sense the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low."

Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and, stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fables, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning, and fly as rapidly as thought itself. Labor seizes the thoughts of genius, the discoveries of science, the admonitions of piety, and with its magic types

impressing the vacant page, renders it pregnant with life and power, perpetuating truth to distant ages, and diffusing it to all mankind. Labor sits enthroned in palaces of crystal, whose high-arched roofs proudly sparkle in the sunshine which delighteth to honor it, and whose ample courts are crowded with the trophies of its victories in every country and in every age.

Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then, waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain-slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheels whirl round; the town appears – the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; the wharves are crowded with commercial spoils – the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and him who yields.

Representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; literature, newborn, redoubles and perpetuates its praise; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults – for the voice of Industry and Gladness is heard on every hand. And who, contemplating such achievements, will deny that there is *DIGNITY IN LABOR?*

*The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

\*Rev. Hall, 1816-1904, was a prominent dissenter from the Church of England, an evangelist, and one of the most successful Christian apologist/writers of his day.

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## CHAPTER 3

*Harper's Fifth Reader*

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## A HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

Richard O'Gorman\*

You have all read the Declaration of Independence. A hundred years ago it was a new revelation, startling, with new terror, kings on their thrones, and bidding serfs, in their poor huts, arise and take heart, and look up with new hope of deliverance. It asserted that all men, kings and peasants, master and servant, rich and poor, were born equal, with equal rights, inheritors of equal claim to the protection from the law; that governments derived their just powers, not from conquest or force, but from the consent of the governed, and existed only for their protection and to make them happy. These were the truths eternal, but long unspoken – truths that few dared to utter, which Providence ordained should be revealed here in America, to be the political creed of the peoples all over the earth. Like a trumpet blast blown in the night, it pealed through the dark abodes of misery, and aroused men to thought and hope and action.

And that trumpet blast still is pealing and will peal, still summons whatever of manhood remains in mankind to assert itself. Still, at that sound, the knees of tyrants will be loosened with fear, and the hopes of freemen will rise, and their hearts beat faster and higher as long as this earth hangs poised in air, and men live upon it whose souls are alive with memories of the past.

The Declaration of American Independence was a declaration of war with Great Britain, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. There were fearful odds against the Colonies when they threw down the gage of battle<sup>1</sup>. On one side was was England – strong in the consciousness of wealth and power, strong in the prestige of sovereignty, fully armed and equipped for war, insolent, haughty, scorning even to entertain the idea of possible check or defeat. On the other side, the Thirteen Colonies, stretching, for the most part, along the seaboard, vulnerable at a hundred points, and open to attack by sea and land, without army, without navy, without money or ammunition or material of war, having for troops only crowds of undisciplined citizens, who had left for a while plough and anvil and hurried to the front with what arms they could lay hands on to fight the veterans of King George, skilled in their terrible trade by long service in European wars.

On the second of July, 1776, the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia. There were about forty-nine delegates present. That day was a day of gloom. The air was dark and heavy with ill news: Ill news from the North – Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, and the expedition against Canada had miserably failed; ill news from the South – a fleet of British men-of-war had crossed the bar of Charleston, South Carolina; ill news from New York – Lord Howe’s ships were riding in the Lower bay, and a British army of thirty thousand men menaced the city with attack. From all sides came ill tidings. Everywhere doubt and suspicion and despondency. It was a dark and gloomy time, when even the boldest might be well forgiven for losing heart.

Such was the hour when Congress entered upon the consideration of the great question on which hung the fate of a continent. There were some who clung still to British connection. The King might relent – conciliation was not impossible – a monarchical form of government was dear to them. The past of England was their past, and they were loath to lose it. Then, war was a terrible alternative. They saw the precipice, and they shuddered and started back appalled.

But on the other side were the men of the hour – the men of the people, who listened to the voice of the people, and felt the throbbing of the people’s great heart. They too, saw the great precipice. Their eyes fathomed all the depth of the black abyss, but they saw beyond the glorious vision of the coming years. They saw countless happy homes stretching far and wide across a continent, wherein should dwell for ages generation after generation of men nurtured in strength and virtue and prosperity by the light and warmth of freedom.

Remember that between the Thirteen Colonies there were but few ties. They differed in many things; in race, religion, climate, productions, and habits of thought, as much then as they do now. One grand purpose alone knit their souls together, north to South, Adams of Massachusetts to Jefferson of Virginia – the holy purpose of building up here, for them and their children, a free nation, to be the example, the model, the citadel of freedom; or, failing in that, to die and be forgotten, or remembered only with the stain of rebellion on their names.

The counsel of these brave and generous men prevailed. Some light from the better world illumined their souls and strengthened their hearts. Behind them surged and beat the great tide of popular enthusiasm. The people, ever alive to heroic purpose; the people whose honest instincts are often the wisest statesmanship; the people waited for the word; ready to fight, ready to die, if need be, for independence. And so God’s will was done upon the earth.

The word was spoken, the “Declaration” was made that gave life and name to the “United States of America,” and a new nation breathed and looked into the future, daring all the best or the worst that future might bring. If that declaration became a signal of rescue and relief to countries far away, what word can describe the miracles it has wrought for this people here at home? It was a spell, a talisman, an armor of proof, and a sword of victory. The undisciplined throng of citizen-soldiers, taught in the stern school of hardship and reverse, soon grew to be a great army, before which the veterans of Britain recoiled.

Europe, surprised into sympathy with rebellion, sent her best and bravest here to fight the battle of freedom, and La Fayette of France, De Kalb of Germany, Kosciusko of Poland, and their compeers, drew their bright swords in the ranks of the young republic. Best support of all was that calm, fearless, steadfast soul, which, undismayed in the midst of peril and disaster, undaunted amid wreck and ruin, stood like a tower, reflecting all that was best and noblest in the character of the American people, and personifying its resolute will. Happy is that nation to whom, in its hour of need, bountiful Heaven provides a leader so brave and wise, so fitted to guide and rule, as was, in that early crisis of the American republic, its foremost man – George Washington.

Thus, from the baptism of blood, the young nation came forth purified, triumphant, free. Then the mystic influence, the magic of her accomplished freedom, began to work, and the thoughts of men, and the powers of earth and air and sea, began to do her bidding and cast their reassures at her feet.

From the thirteen parent colonies, thirty-eight great States and Territories have been born. At first a broad land of forest and prairie stretched far and wide, needing only the labor of man to render it fruitful. Men came; across the Atlantic, breasting its storms, sped mighty fleets, carrying hither brigades and divisions of the grand army of labor. On they came, in columns mightier than ever king led to battle – in columns millions strong – to conquer a continent, not to havoc and desolation, but to fertility and wealth, and order, and happiness.

They came from field and forest in the noble German land – from where, amid corn-field and vineyard and flowers, the lordly Rhine flows proudly towards the sea. From Ireland – from heath covered hill and grassy valley – from where the giant cliffs standing as sentinels for Europe meet the first shock of the Atlantic and hurl back its surges, broken and shattered in foam. From France and Switzerland, from Italy and Sweden, from all the winds of heaven, they came; and as their battle line advanced, the desert fell back subdued, and in its stead sprang up corn and fruit, the olive and the vine, and gardens that blossomed like the rose.

Of triumphs like these, who can estimate the value? The population of three millions a hundred years ago has risen to forty-three millions today. We have great cities, great manufacturers, great commerce, great wealth, great luxury and splendor. Seventy-four thousand miles of railway conquer distance, and make all our citizens neighbors to one another. All these things are great and good, and can be turned to good. But they are not all. Whatever fate may befall this republic, whatever vicissitudes or disasters may be before her, this praise, at least, can never be denied to her, this glory she has won forever: that for one hundred years she has been hospitable and generous; that she gave to the stranger a welcome – opened to him all the treasures of her liberty, gave him free scope for all his ability, a free career, and fair play.

And this it is that most endears this republic to other nations, and has made fast friends for her in the homes of the peoples all over the earth; not her riches, not her nuggets of gold, not her mountains of silver, not her prodigies of mechanical skill, great and valuable though these things may be. It is this that most makes her name beloved and honored: that she has been always broad and liberal in her sympathies; that she has given homes to the homeless, land to the landless; that she has secured for the greatest number of those who have dwelt on her wide domain a larger measure of liberty and peace and happiness, and for a greater length of time, than has ever been enjoyed by any other people on this earth. For this reason, the peoples all over the earth, and through all time, will call this republic blessed.

*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

\*O'Gorman was an Irish attorney and political leader, involved in the fight for Irish independence from England. After the failed Irish rebellion of 1848, he came to America and established a law practice. He quickly rose to prominence, and became a judge. It was as Judge O'Gorman that he delivered this speech in 1876.

1. Gage: an armored glove, thrown down, is a challenge to battle.

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## THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

Thomas Jefferson\*

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all

suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with calmness and unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature of his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest, or consanguinity (blood relation), of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity.

His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his hours within-doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place

him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

\* Thomas Jefferson was the third President of the United States, and, along with Washington, one of the founding fathers of the United States. They were not particularly close, and Jefferson seems to be giving an honest portrayal of Washington, as he knew him; for history's sake, I think, rather than simply as a eulogy, as Henry Lee does in the following selection.

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ORATION ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON

Henry Lee\*

How, my fellow citizens, shall I signal to your grateful hearts his preeminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will – all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful Washington supporting in the dismal hour of Indian victory the ill-fated Braddock<sup>1</sup>, and saving, by his judgment and his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or when, oppressed America nobly resolving to risk her all in defense of her violated right, he was elevated by the unanimous vote of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry his presence gave the stability of system and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island (Manhattan), and New Jersey, when combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune?

Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks, to himself unknown? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware,

rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His country called; un-appalled by surrounding dangers, he pressed to the hostile shore; he fought, he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed in the lawns of Princeton what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown, he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high effort of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in war, and famed for his valor on the ever memorable Heights of Abraham<sup>2</sup>, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since, our much lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth! Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga and his much loved compeer<sup>3</sup> of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates, to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight, he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally (France), he brought to submission the since conqueror of India<sup>4</sup>; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in this, his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

...

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending<sup>5</sup>, to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplary tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues. His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

\* Henry Lee, also known as "Light Horse Harry Lee", was a renowned cavalry officer in the Revolutionary War, friend as well as comrade in arms of Washington, and the father of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The eulogy was given in Congress upon news of the death of Washington. It makes an interesting comparison with Jefferson's more academic eulogy

1. British Gen. Braddock was killed in a disastrous battle near present day Pittsburgh in 1755. Washington, aged only twenty-three but already Colonel of Virginia militia, assumed command and saved what remained of the British and American forces.

2. The designation 'Chief' refers to Lord Howe. 'Heights of Abraham' refers to the Battle for Quebec in the French and Indian War. Wolfe and Montcalm were the British and French commanders, respectively, both of whom were killed. Howe became commander of the British forces who won all of French Canada. Montgomery was an American General who led a failed invasion of Canada in 1775. Though prior to the Declaration of Independence, the rebellion was already raging, and British forces were attacking from Canada. The Americans hoped to rouse the French Canadians to join in the rebellion, but the Americans were driven back before the plan got fully underway.

3. Generals Horatio Gates and Nathaniel Greene, heroes, respectively, of the battles of Saratoga, and Eutaw Springs.

4. Lord Cornwallis, later Governor-General of India.

5. "Condescending" in modern American usage has a negative connotation, but quite the reverse as used here by Lee.

## THE COMING OF THE HURRICANE<sup>1</sup>

Lafcadio Hearn\*

One, two, three, four, – seven long swells this time, and the Gulf smoothed itself once more....no cirrus-speck revealed itself through all the violet heights, there was no wind – you might have fancied

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been "a great blow" somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled; and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then, just at sundown, a beautiful cloud-bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of

the iridescent day. And the cloud-bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale, even as the light bridges that traverse the Têche<sup>2</sup> swing open when the luggermen (fishing boats) sound through their conch-shells the long bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the north-east, clear and cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf, as if the rhythm of the sea moulded itself after the rhythm of the air; as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind – a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; the breeze still came cool and clear from the north-east. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again the breeze freshened steadily and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous. The gray morning of the 9<sup>th</sup> dimly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers. The sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain. Evening brought a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent (opening) in the west – a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine (bloody) disk, appallingly magnified, seemed barred (with stripes) like the body of a belted planet. A moment, and the crimson specter vanished, and the moonless night came.

Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world, hooting, uttering nightmare sounds – *Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!* – and with each stupendous owl-cry the moaning of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the north-west the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope into the salines; the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning – a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds, and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's<sup>3</sup> that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it – no one. And nevertheless, men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason. ...

“*Great God!*” shrieked a voice above the shouting storm – “*she is coming!*”. ...It was true. Down the Atchafalaya (river), and thence

through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river-craft had toiled into Chaillou Bay, running close to the main shore – and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging, with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving – a tempest-whirl of spray – ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke – the wind devoured it! The excitement on shore became wild – men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marveled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart; he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While laying at Morgan City he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. “Boys,” he said, “we’ve got to take her out in spite of the storm!” And they “took her out.” Through all the peril, his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar – lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew that the *Star* was running a race with Death. “She’ll win it,” he muttered; “she’ll stand it. ... Perhaps they’ll have need of me tonight.”

She won! With a sonorous steam-chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting lace, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank. ... But she had sung her swan-song. Gathering in from the north-east, the waters of the bay were already marbling in over the salines and half across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flipped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with each passing hour.

The *Star* rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged – dragged in with the flood – twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell – the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward,

sideward. Then one of her hog-chains<sup>4</sup> parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another! ...

Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot house, her cabins, and whirled away. And the naked hull of the *Star*, still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas – hissing through every crevice with the force of steam – appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the Captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors...a sound of music!...

“A dance!” he muttered. “If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance! ... But I guess the *Star* will stay.”...

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on. ...And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the *Star* reeled and shuddered and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But now she dragged away from the great building and all its lights – away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand-piano, with its marvelous musical swing.

“Waltzing!” cried the captain. “God help them! God help us all now! ...*The Wind waltzes tonight, with the Sea for his partner!*”

Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels – some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking, curling about the feet of the dancers ...What could it be? ...

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices, and through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound as of a colossal cannonade, rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came – a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland – across mad Chaillou Bay to the sea marshes – lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes; but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now! ...

There rose a frightful cry – the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear – the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. ...Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet tables, to the sofas, to the billiard tables. During one terrible instant – against fruitless heroisms, against futile generousities – raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of a panic. And then – then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom! ... One crash! the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now? – the tornado is shrieking. Another! – the chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in; the immense hall rises, oscillates, twirls as on a pivot, crepitates, crumbles into ruin. Crash again! the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monstrous billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething....

So the hurricane passed – tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves to hurl them a hundred feet in air, heaping up the ocean against the land, upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses, rivers regorged (vomited), the sea marshes were changed to raging wastes of water ... Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables, shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. ...

But the *Star* remained; and captain Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope around his waist, dashed again and again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death, clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas – saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful, half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But wellnigh two-score (forty) souls had been rescued by him, and the *Star* stayed on through it all.

*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

\*Hearn was born in Greece of Greek and Irish parents. He came to the United States and established a career as a writer. Quite a bit of his American writings revolve around New Orleans. Later in life, he moved permanently to Japan and became best known as a translator of Japanese and Chinese literature.

1. This selection, abridged, describes the Great Hurricane of 1856, and its destruction of Last Island, properly Isle Dernière, a small barrier island, part of a chain stretching from just west of the mouth of the Mississippi River almost to Galveston. The last island in the chain proceeding east from Galveston, it was a popular resort for the wealthy of Louisiana during the oppressive summers. The hurricane swept over the Island leaving only a remnant in five smaller, almost bare isles, and the wreck of the *Star*. Estimates of the casualties range upwards of two hundred to over six hundred, as well as wreaking havoc in New Orleans.

2. Bayou Têche, a main channel of the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico in Louisiana.

3. Heavy chains connecting the front and back of ships to keep the hull from flexing as waves pass under.

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## MUSIC

J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria

“The beginning of literature,” says Emerson, “is the prayers of a people, and they are always hymns.” Music is poetry in tones. It is the language of feeling, the universal language of man. The cry of joy and of sorrow, of triumph and of despair, of ecstasy and of agony, is understood by all because it is the voice of nature. The strong emotions of the heart all seek expression in modulation of sound; and religious sentiment is both awakened and calmed by music which lifts the soul out of the world of sense and elevates it toward the infinite and invisible. Nearer than anything else, it expresses the inner relations and nature of beings; the universal order and harmony which is found even in seemingly discordant and jarring elements. It is the most spiritual of arts, and more than any other is degraded when perverted to low and sensuous uses.

Music is the food of the soul in all its most exalted moods. No other art has such power to minister to the sublime dreams and limitless desires of the heart which aspires to God; and therefore is it held that man who has not music in himself is fit for base purposes and is but sluggish earth. Without its softening and spiritualizing influence we grow wooden and coarse. At its call the universal harmonies of nature stir within us – “birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.”

There is doubtless a music as vast as creation, embracing all sounds, all noises in their numberless combinations, and rising from the bosom of discord in boundless and harmonious swell – the hymn which the universe chants to God. From the dew-drop, that murmurs its inward delight as it kisses the rose-leaf, to the deep and infinite voice of the ocean, sounding like the heart-pant of creation for rest; from the reed that sighs upon the river bank, to the sad and solemn wail of the primeval forest; from the bee that sings upon the wing among the flowers, to the lion who goeth forth into the desert alone and awakens the sleeping echoes of the everlasting hills; from the nightingale who disburdens his full throat of all its music, to man, whose very soul rises on the palpitating bosom of song from the world up to God’s heaven – all nature is vocal in a divine concert. “There is music in all things, if men had ears.”

Music gives repose like prayer or the presence of friends, because it satisfies the heart. "The soul," says Joubert, "sings to itself of all beauty." Silence is golden only to those who have power to hear divine melodies – songs of angels and symphonies of heaven. Silence is the setting of music, its light and background: and therefore melody is sweetest in solitude. Song is the voice of prayer, which is the breathing of the soul in God's presence. Did not the angels sing when Christ was born, and shall man be dumb now that he lives and conquers and is adored? God is essential harmony, the works of his hand are harmonious, and his great precept is love, which is the source and soul and highest expression of harmony. The soul that loves, sings for joy and gratitude.

What sound more heavenly does hill or vale prolong or multiply than the voice of the bell, filling the air, far and near, with benediction, until, as the last peal dies away, heaven and earth grow still and the Lord's day is sanctified? It has a human sense and sympathy. Now it rings out strong and clear like a shout from the heart of a boy; and now its mellow notes dwell and linger like sweet memories of childhood. In the solemn night it seems God's warning voice; and then, pitiless as fate, it beats with iron stroke the hours that make the little life of man.

The organ, the master-instrument, is the voice of the Christian Church, sounding like an echo from the mystic and hidden world. How full and deep and strong it rolls out its great volume of sound – an ocean of melody! Now it bursts forth with irresistible power like the hosts of stars when they wheeled into their orbits and shouted to God; and now, with a veiled and mysterious harmony, it wraps itself around the soul, shuts out all noise, and composes it to sweet, heavenly contemplation. It is tender as a mother's yearning, and fierce as the deaf and raging sea; sad as angel's sighs for souls that are lost; plaintive and pitiful as the cry of repentant sinners; and then its notes faint and die, until we hear their echoes from the eternal shore, where they grow forever and forever.

With the falling day we enter the great cathedral's sacred gloom, and at once are in a vast solitude. The huge pillars rise in giant strength, upholding the high vault already shrouded in the gathering darkness, and silence sits mute in the wide aisle. Suddenly we have been carried into another world, peopled with other beings. We cease to note the passage of time; and earth, with its garish light and distressing noises, has become a dream. As the eye grows accustomed to the gloom we are able to observe the massive building. Its walls rise like the sides of a steep mountain, and in the aisles there is the loneliness and mystery of deep valleys into which the sunlight never falls.

From these adamantine flanks countless beings start forth, until the whole edifice is peopled with fantastic forms, upon which falls the mystic light, reflected from the countenances of angels, patriarchs, apostles, who from celestial windows look down upon this new-born world. In the distance we see the glimmering taper that burns before God's presence, and then suddenly a great volume of sound, like the divine breath infusing life into these inanimate objects, rolls over us, and every stone from pavement to vaulted roof thrills and vibrates; each sculptured image and pictured saint is vocal; and from on high the angels lend their voices, until the soul, trembling on the wings of hope and love, is borne upward with this heavenly harmony, and, entranced in prayer, worships the Invisible alone.

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## RICHES AND POVERTY

Henry Ward Beecher\*

When justly obtained, and rationally used, riches are called a gift of God, an evidence of His favor, and a great reward. When gathered unjustly, and corruptly used, wealth is pronounced as a canker, a rust, a fire, a curse. There is no contradiction, then, when the Bible persuades to industry and integrity, by a promise of riches; and then dissuades from wealth, as a terrible thing destroying soul and body. Blessings are vindictive to abusers, and kind to rightful users; they serve us or rule us. Fire warms our dwellings, or consumes them. Steam serves man, and also destroys him. Iron in the plough, the sickle, the house, the ship, is indispensable. The dirk, the assassin's knife, the cruel sword, and the spear are iron also.

The constitution of, and of society alike, evinces the design of God. Both are made happier by the possession of riches; their full development and perfection are dependent, to a large extent, upon wealth. Without it, there can be neither books nor implements, neither commerce nor arts, neither towns nor cities. It is a folly to denounce that, a love of which God has placed in man by a constitutional faculty; that with which he has associated high grades of happiness; that which has motives touching every faculty of the mind. Wealth is an *Artist* – by its patronage men are encouraged to paint, to carve, to design, to build and adorn; a *Master Mechanic* – it inspires man to invent, to discover, to forge, and to fashion; a *Husbandman* – under its influence men rear the flock, till the earth, plant the vineyard, the field, the orchard, and the garden; a *Manufacturer* – it teaches men to card, to spin, to weave, to color and dress all useful fabrics; a *Merchant* – it sends forth ships, and fills warehouses with their returning cargoes gathered from every zone. It is the scholars *Patron*; sustains his leisure, rewards his labor, builds the college, and gathers the library.

Is a man weak? he can buy the strong. Is he ignorant? the learned will serve his wealth. Is he rude of speech? he may procure the advocacy of the eloquent. The rich cannot buy honor, but honorable places that can; they cannot buy nobility, but they may its titles. Money cannot buy freshness of heart, but it can purchase every luxury which tempts to enjoyment. Laws are its bodyguard, and no earthly power may safely defy it, either while running in the swift channels of commerce or reposing in the reservoirs of ancient families. Here is a wonderful thing, that an inert metal, which neither thinks, nor feels, nor stirs, can set the whole world to thinking, planning, running, digging, fashioning, and drives on the sweaty mass with never ending labors!

Avarice seeks gold; not to build or buy therewith; not to clothe or feed itself, not to make it an instrument of wisdom, of skill, of friendship, or of religion. Avarice seeks to heap it up; to walk around the pile, and gloat upon it; to fondle and court, to kiss and hug to the end of life, with the homage of idolatry.

Pride seeks it; for it gives power and place and titles, and exalts its possessor above his fellows. To be a thread in the fabric of life, just like any other thread, hoisted up and down by the treadle, played across by the shuttle, and woven tightly into the piece – this may suit humility, but not pride.

Vanity seeks it; what else can give it costly clothing, and rare ornaments, and stately dwellings, and showy equipage, and attract the admiring eyes to its gaudy colors and costly jewels?

Taste seeks it; because by it may be had whatever is beautiful, or refining, or instructive. What poverty has leisure for study, and how can it collect books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, coins or curiosities?

Love seeks it; to build a home full of delights for father, wife, or child. And, wisest of all, religion seeks it; to make it the messenger and servant of benevolence, to want, to suffering, and to ignorance.

What a sight does the busy world present, as of a great workshop, when hope and fear, love and pride, pleasure and avarice, separately or in partnership, drive on the universal race for wealth; delving into the mine, digging in the earth, sweltering at the forge, plying the shuttle, ploughing the waters – in houses, in shops, in stores, on the mountainside, or in the valley – by skill, by labor, by thought, by craft, by force, by traffic – all men, in all places, by all labors, fair and unfair, the world around, busy, busy, – ever searching for wealth, that wealth may supply their pleasures! ...

But I warn you against thinking that riches *necessarily* confer happiness; or that poverty confers unhappiness. Do not begin life supposing that you shall be heart-rich when you are purse-rich. A man's happiness depends primarily upon his *disposition*. If that be good, riches will bring pleasure, but only vexation if that be evil. To lavish money upon shining trifles, to make an idol of one's self for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond one's wants, to garnish them for display and not for use, to chatter through the heartless rounds of pleasure, to lounge, to gape, to simper and giggle – can wealth make *vanity* happy by such folly?

...

But riches indeed bless the heart whose almoner (worker of good deeds) is *benevolence*. If the taste is refined, if the affections are pure if the conscience is honest, if charity listens to the needy, and generosity relieves them; if the public-spirited hand fosters all that embellishes and all that ennobles society – then is the rich man happy.

On the other hand, do not suppose that poverty is a waste and howling wilderness. There is a poverty of vice – mean, loathsome, covered with all the sores of depravity. There is a poverty of indolence – where virtues sleep and passions fret and bicker. There is a poverty which despondency (depression) makes – a deep dungeon in which the victim wears hopeless chains. may God save you from that! ...But there is a contented poverty, in which industry and peace rule; and a joyful hope, which looks out into another world where riches shall neither fly nor fade. This poverty may possess an independent mind, a heart ambitious of usefulness, a hand quick to sow the seed of other men's happiness and find its own joy in their enjoyment. ...If God open to your feet the way to wealth, enter it cheerfully; but remember that riches bless or curse you, as your own heart determines. But if circumscribed by necessity, you are still indigent, after all your industry, do not scorn poverty. There is often in the hut more dignity than in the palace – more satisfaction in the poor man's scanty fare than the rich man's satiety.

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\*Beecher was an American clergyman, social reformer, and orator.



## THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

Francis Parkman\*

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The general (Wolfe) was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate:

*"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."*

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp "Qui vive?" (Who goes there?) of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "France!" answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment, from one of

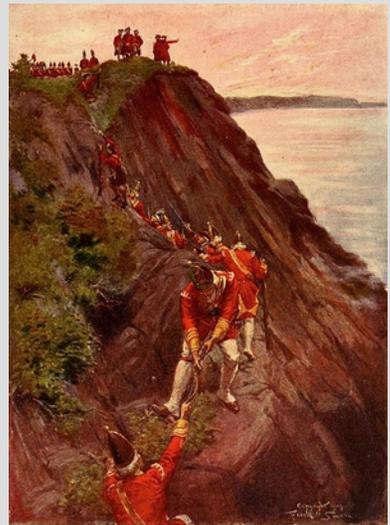
the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

"A' quel re'giment?" (To what regiment?)

"De la Reine," (The Queen's) replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville<sup>1</sup>. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol-shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied in French, "Provision-boats. Don't make a noise, the English will hear us". In fact, the sloop-of-war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top, they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights nearby were cleft by a great ravine choked with forest-trees, and in its depths ran a little brook which, swollen by the late rains, fell splashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this, no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe, but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance parties as they mounted the steeps at some little distance from where he sat listening. At length from the top came a sound of musket-shots, followed by loud huzzas (cheers), and he knew that his men were masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place, near the mouth of the ravine, where the foremost reached the top.



Wolf said to an officer near him, "You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up". He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow, slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abatis (wooden barricades), but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

Before many of them had reached the top, cannon was heard close on the left. It was the battery at Samos firing on the boats in the rear and the vessels descending from Cape Rouge. A party was sent to silence it. This was soon effected, and the more distant battery at Sillery was next attacked and taken. As fast as the boats were emptied they returned for the troops left on board the vessels, and for those waiting on the southern shore under Colonel Burton.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing-place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise, yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport<sup>2</sup>, and Bougainville was on the other.

Wolfe's alternatives were victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know, but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no place in them.

He went to reconnoiter the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham, so called from Abraham Martin, a (ship's) pilot known as Maitre Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with corn-fields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battle-field the plateau was less than a mile wide.

Thither the troops advanced, marched by files till they reached the ground, and then wheeled to form their line of battle, which stretched across the plateau and faced the city. It consisted of six battalions and the detached grenadiers from Louisbourg, all drawn up in ranks three

deep. Its right wing was near the brink of the heights along the St. Lawrence, but the left could not reach those along the St. Charles. On this side a wide space was perforce left open, and there was danger of being out-flanked. To prevent this, Brigadier Townsend was stationed here with two battalions, drawn up at right angles with the rest, and fronting the St. Charles. The battalion of Webb's regiment, under Colonel Burton, formed the reserve; the third battalion of Royal Americans was left to guard the landing; and Howe's light infantry occupied a wood far in the rear. Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, commanded the front line, on which the heavy fighting was to fall, and which, when all the troops had arrived, numbered less than thirty five hundred men.

Quebec was not a mile distant, but they could not see it, for a ridge of broken ground intervened about six hundred paces off. The first division of troops had scarcely come up when, about six o'clock, this ridge was suddenly thronged with white uniforms. It was the battalion of Guienne, arrived at the eleventh hour from its camp by the St. Charles. Some time after there was hot firing in the rear. It came from a detachment of Bougainville's command attacking a house where some of the light infantry were posted. The assailants were of the light infantry were posted. The assailants were repulsed and the firing ceased. Light showers fell at intervals, be sprinkling the troops as they stood patiently waiting the event.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the entrenchments till day, while the general walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town.

It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight, till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is serious business," Montcalm<sup>4</sup> (right) said, and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre (center) and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubtless by the Governor's order. Vandreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him, then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.



The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the rampart of Quebec, entered at the palace gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint, narrow streets of the warlike town: troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians, whose all was at stake – faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets: La Sarre, Languedoc, Rouissillon, Be'arn – victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga<sup>3</sup>. So they swept on, poured out upon the plains, some by the gate swept on, of St. Louis and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe – the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance.

Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He had waited in vain. It is said that the Governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they did so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison at Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its commander, for twenty-five field pieces which were on the palace battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying he wanted them for his own defense. There were orders and counter-orders; mis-understanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the

Governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment, and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him.

If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and camp of Beauport; but he felt that there was no time to lose, for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced, which was impossible, and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves, which was no less an error.

He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this, he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age; "he rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which, if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramesay plied them with cannister (grape-shot), and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of corn fields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of those hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity (slope), among thickets, and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townsend's men. The light infantry was called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the legs, and on recovering consciousness he saw the general standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised

him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French, on the ridge, had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the center, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were in range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload.

The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces, the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the center, which had suffered least from the enemies bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious chattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed; the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating.

The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen (Scottish highlanders) drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as blood-hounds. At the British right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharp-shooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more.

Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg Grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the Grenadiers; one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company and a private soldier; aided by an officer of the artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There is no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy,

sir. They give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few minutes his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town, As he approached the walls, a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Le Marquis est tué!*" (Oh my God ! my God! The Marquis is killed!) "It's nothing, it's nothing, " replied the death-stricken man; "don't be troubled for me, my good friends."

*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

\*Parkman , 1823-1893, was an American historian and writer. He wrote extensively on French history in North America, but is best known for his account of traveling the Oregon Trail.

1. Louis Antoine, Comte de Bouganville, 1729-1811, was a French admiral, statesman, scientist, and explorer. He fought in several battles in New France during the Seven Years War (French and Indian War), held his position west of Quebec from British attack, and afterward defended Montreal. He had been sent to Paris to appeal for more men and supplies but was turned down as France was so hard pressed she couldn't maintain control of New France. He left North America after the general surrender of France, but returned when France allied with the Americans, and fought in several significant naval engagements.

2. A town northeast of Quebec City on the shore of the St. Lawrence River.

3. Battles at three forts where the British were defeated.

4. Louis-Joseph de Montcalm-Grozon, Marquis de Montcalm de Saint-Veran, 1712 - 1759, was a French nobleman and military officer. He had official command of French forces in New France, but was frequently bucked by the Governor-General, which led to disorder in the French forces.

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THE CHARIOT RACE, from *Ben-Hur*  
Lew Wallace\*

The trumpet sounded short and sharp; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable.

Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the trampling of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men; instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well (they may) have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressibly, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so

patiently waited! – this, the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

This line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for – the position next the division wall on the inner line of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true –

"It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,  
And to be swift is less than to be wise."

All on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance – just one – in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them –

Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths – in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought – in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage-poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them – their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distant, now contracted – limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn – limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers – every muscle of the rounded bodies distinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly; and with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction of the deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable – a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove (Jupiter) with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore-leg of the Athenian's right hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will, at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds; a terrible sight, against which Ester covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii<sup>1</sup> on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala ! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur (arrogance) characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increases; but more – it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite

thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined – a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor – everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life, even, should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune: he did not believe in Fortune – far otherwise. He had his plan, and confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall he ceased as soon to doubt; and further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction – no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity, and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the four but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvelous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches; the circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes<sup>2</sup> failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practiced hand. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus; then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love, they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea! And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy, eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only; on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face – a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared, and then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded; still Messala held the inside position, still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side, still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Caesarean period – Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened; gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beast seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bring the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest, which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent - or five talents - or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so", interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins lying loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I See! I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us! Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* (awning) over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed and howled and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Mallunch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come, and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch – sixth round – Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story:

"First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;  
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;  
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,

And seem just mounting on his car behind;  
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,  
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees"

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, "saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial, with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the bent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunction.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, and act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still present. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment, Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again, and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car.

Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs: "on, Altair! On Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse - oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women - singing of the stars, of Altair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory! - and the song will never end. Well done! Home tomorrow, under the black tent-home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! steady! The work is done - soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction - that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all; they saw the signal given - the magnificent response - the four close outside Messala's outer wheel - Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car; all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders (splinters) flew. Down on its right side topples the bed of the Roman's

chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another, and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

*And the race was WON!*

*Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889*

(The following bio is from Harper's Fifth)

\*Lewis Wallace was born in Brookville, Ind., in 1828. He served with distinction in the Civil War as major-general of volunteers. He was appointed United States Minister to Turkey in 1881. Returning to America in 1885, he has since devoted himself almost entirely to literature. He has written "The Fair God," a story of the conquest of Mexico; "Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ"; and "The Boyhood of Christ."

The scene of the chariot race is at Antioch. There are six competitors, the names of whom are here given. As may be inferred, there was already a bitter enmity existing between the two principal characters, Ben-Hur and Messala.

1. Sestertii: Plural of sestertium, a denomination of Roman money equal at this time to about \$40.00 A hundred sestertii = \$4,000.00

Talent: A sum (weight) of money. In silver, equal to about \$1180.00, if the Attic talent is meant; if the Hebrew talent, about \$1645.00. A talent in gold was worth about \$27,000. (i.e. much more now, of course)]

2. A character in Greek Mythology.

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## CHAPTER 4

*The New National Fourth Reader*

By Charles J. Barnes

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American Book Company, New York

This is not the advanced reader in the series, and so I have included only three selections for the purpose of illustrating types of stories. The first is of that 'maudlin sentimentality' common after the Civil War, and the other two of the Indian Wars. Of the latter two, though doubtless historically accurate depictions of occurrences in early America, these may or may not be actual accounts. I have intended them to be considered along side Wirt's "Letter from a British Spy", "King Phillip of Mt. Hope", and other selections as illustrations of the wide range of treatments of relations with 'native Americans'.

## UNITED AT LAST

Anonymous

"O mother! What do they mean by blue?  
 And what do they mean by gray?"  
 Was heard from the lips of a little child  
 As she bounded in from play.  
 The mother's eyes filled up with tears;  
 She turned to her darling fair,  
 And smoothed away from the sunny brow  
 Its treasure of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,  
 And grandpa's hair is gray,  
 And the love we bear our darling child  
 Grows stronger every day."  
 "But what did they mean?" persisted the child;  
 "For I saw two cripples to-day,  
 And one of them said he fought for the blue,  
 The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now he of the blue had lost a leg,  
 And the other had but one arm,  
 And both seemed worn and weary and sad,  
 Yet their greeting was kind and warm.  
 They told of the battles in days gone by,  
 Till it made my young blood thrill;  
 The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight,  
 And the arm on Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone by the farm-yard gate,  
 And talked for an hour or more,

Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed Warm  
 With fighting their battles o'er;  
 And they parted at last with a friendly grasp,  
 In a kindly, brotherly way,  
 Each calling on God to speed the time  
 Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days -  
 Two stalwart boys from her riven (torn);  
 How they knelt at her side and lispingly prayed,  
 "Our Father which art in heaven;"  
 How one wore the gray and the other the blue;  
 How they passed away from sight,  
 And had gone to the land where gray and blue  
 Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,  
 While her heart was sadly wrung  
 With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour  
 By her innocent, prattling tongue:  
 "The blue and the gray are the colors of God,  
 They are seen in the sky at even,  
 And many a noble, gallant soul  
 Has found them a passport to heaven."

*New National Fourth Reader, 1884*

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## THE STORY OF INDIAN SPRING

Aunt Mary\*

"You want to know why this is called Indian Spring, Robbie? I will tell you. When Mary and I were little girls, father moved away from our pleasant home on the bank of the Delaware River, and came to this part of the country. There were Five of us: father, mother, Mary, our dear nurse Lizzie, and I. Lizzie was a colored woman who had lived with us a long time. She was very handsome, and straight as an arrow. She was a few years older than mother. Grandfather Thorpe, your great grandfather, boys, gave her to mother when she was married. Your grandfather was a miller. The old mill that I went to see to-day, was his. Its was the first mill built in this part of Pennsylvania.

O, this was a beautiful country! my eyes never were tired of looking out over these mountains and valleys. But I saw that mother's face was getting thinner and whiter every day; they said she was homesick, and before we had been in the colony a year, a grave was made under an elm tree close by, and that grave was mother's. I thought my heart was

broken then, but I soon forgot my sorrow: I still had father, sister Mary, and Lizzie.

In this part of Pennsylvania at that time there were very few white people, and besides our own, there was no other colony within ten miles. But our people being so near together, and well armed, felt quite safe. Ten miles away on the Susquehanna, was a small village established by a colony from the north, which was used as a trading-post. There the friendly Indians often came to trade. Father went thrice a year to this village to get supplies that came up the river. He often spoke of Red Feather, and old Indian warrior. Father liked Red Feather, and he learned to trust him almost as he would have trusted a white man.

Time passed on until I was thirteen years old, a tall, strong girl, and very brave for a girl. I could shoot almost as well as father. Little Mary was very quiet and shy, not like me at all. I loved fishing, and often went out hunting with father, but she staid at home with Lizzie, or sat down under the trees by the spring, watching the shadow of the trees moving in it.

Our colony had by this time become quite prosperous. A good many of the settlers had built houses for themselves more like those they had left behind on the Delaware. The spring that I was fourteen, father built this house. The mill had already been grinding away for two years. We were very happy when we moved out of our little log cabin into this pleasant house. We had but little furniture, but we had plenty of room.

Up to this time, there had not been much trouble with the Indians, and though we had often dreaded it, and lived in fear many days at a time, only four of our men had been killed by them. We had trusted many of the friendly Indians, and Red Feather had frequently spent days at our settlement. He seemed to like the mill. I became quite attached to the old man; but Mary was always afraid of him, and Lizzie kept her sharp eyes on him whenever he came into the house. She hated him, and he knew it.

One beautiful clear morning in August of that year, father went down to the mill as usual. Lizzie was busy with her work, and little Mary was playing with some tame doves, when looking up, I saw Lizzie start suddenly. She had seen something in the woods that frightened her. Without speaking, she went to the door, closed and fastened it, then turned and looked out of the window. She never told me what she saw.

Father came home early that day; he looked anxious, and I knew that something troubled him. Without waiting to eat his supper, he went out, and very soon most of the men of the colony had gathered round him at the spring. It was as I had feared; we were in danger of an attack from

the Indians. Something had happened at the trading post to provoke them, and rouse their thirst for blood. But a quiet night passed by and the sun shone again over the hills in wonderful beauty.

Suddenly, there sounded from the forest a scream. I had never heard it before, but I knew it. It was the terrible war-whoop. Then all was confusion and horror. I saw Nanito, an Indian that I knew, who had eaten at our table. I saw him strike down our father, while Lizzie fought to save him.

But it was no use, there was no mercy in the heart of the Indian. They carried Lizzie away from us, and we never saw her again. Poor little frightened Mary and I were tied together, our hands fastened behind us, and we were given to whom do you think, Robbie? — to Red Feather. Then I hated him, and resolved that I would kill him if I could.

After a while he took us out of the house, and then I saw that most of the houses in the little village were burning. The women and children were saved alive, but nearly all the men were killed.

I was very quiet, for I wanted my hands untied, and I thought perhaps Red Feather would pity me and unfasten them. Little Mary was frightened nearly to death. She had not spoken since she saw the Indian strike father down, when she screamed and fell senseless. For a good while I thought she was dead. She had revived a great deal, but had not spoken.

About sundown Red Feather led us down past the spring, out into the woods, but not far away. We could still see the smoke rising from the burning houses. The Indians had gone some distance farther and camped with the white prisoners.

Red Feather could speak English, so I told him if he would untie my hands, I would make his fire, and bake his corn cake for him. He was old and feeble, and had lost much of his natural cunning. He knew me, and trusted me; so without speaking, he took his hunting knife from his belt, cut the cords, and I was free.

I took the hatchet that he gave me to cut some branches for a fire, and went to work very meekly, with my head down. I dared not speak to Mary, for fear he might see me, for his eyes were fixed on me every moment. I baked his corn cake in the ashes, and gave it to him. By this time it was dark, but the light from our fire shone far out into the woods.

I noticed Red Feather did not watch me so closely, and his eyes would now and then shut, for he was very tired. He leaned forward to light his

pipe in the ashes, when instantly, almost without thinking, I seized the hatchet, and struck him with all my might.

With a loud scream, I plunged into the woods toward home. Turning an instant, I saw Mary spring up, totter, and fall. With another sharp report (sound of rifle shot) came a twinge of pain in my side. Suddenly I fell, and in the darkness of the woods, they pass on, leaving me stunned and nearly dead.

I will not tell you now, my dear Robbie, how I was cared for, and who brought home little Mary and laid her to rest under the elm, beside mother, but the bullet that struck me then, I still carry in my side, and shall as long as I live.

Many years have passed since that terrible day, but I can never forget it. As long as the history of this country lasts, Indian Spring will be remembered, and other boys will listen, with eyes as wide open as yours, to the tale it has to tell."

*Barnes New National Fourth Reader, 1884*

\*No further identification.

No date is given for this story, but western Pennsylvania was being settled around the time of the Revolution. The Indians are presented in an entirely negative light in this story, though not nearly as negatively as in the popular press of the day. In the following story, we see Indians presented more independently, with one as the heroine.

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## A STORY OF THE SIOUX WAR

Anonymous

In the summer of 1862, while we were living in the state of Minnesota, I had an experience which I regard as one of the most remarkable that I ever met with

We lived at Lac Qui Parle, or rather quite close to it, for we were about a mile from the place. There were only three of us -- father, mother, and myself. We had moved to Minnesota three years before, the main object of my parents being to restore their health; for they were feeble and needed a change of climate.

The first year, both father and mother were much benefited; but not long after, father began to fail. I remember that he used to take his chair out in front of the house in pleasant weather and sit there, with his eyes turned toward the blue horizon, or into the depths of the vast wilderness which was not more than a stone's throw from our door.

Mother would sometimes go out and sit beside father, and they would talk long and earnestly in low tones. I was too young to understand all this at the time, but it was not long afterward that I learned the truth.

Father was steadily and surely declining in health; but mother had become strong and robust, and her disease seemed to have left her altogether. She tried to encourage father, and really believed his weakness was only temporary.

Scarcely a day passed that I did not see some of the Sioux Indians who were scattered through our portion of the State. In going to , and coming from the agency, they would sometimes stop at our house.

Father was very quick in picking up languages, and he was able to converse quite easily with the red men. How I used to laugh to hear them talk in their odd language, which sounded to me just as if they were grunting at each other.

But the visits used to please father and mother, and I was always glad to see some of the ragged and not over-clean warriors stop at the house.

I remember one hot day in June, when father was sitting under a tree in front of the house, and I was inside helping mother, we heard the peculiar noises which told us that father had an Indian visitor. We both went to the door, and I passed outside to laugh at their queer talk.

Sure enough, an Indian was seated in the other chair, and he and father were talking with great animation. The Indian was of a stout build, and wore a straw hat with a broad, red band around it; he had on a fine, black broadcloth coat, but his trousers were shabby and his shoes were pretty well worn.

His face was bright and intelligent, and I watched it very closely as he talked in his earnest way with father, who was equally animated in answering him. The Indian carried a rifle and a revolver -- the latter being in plain sight at his waist -- but I never connected the thought of danger with him as he sat there talking with father.

I describe this Indian rather closely, as he was no other than the well-known chief, Little Crow, who was at the head of the frightful Sioux war, which broke out within sixty days from that time.

The famous chieftain staid until the sun went down. Then he started up and walked away rapidly in the direction of Lac Qui Parle. Father called goodbye to him, but he did not reply and soon disappeared in the woods.

The sky was cloudy, and it looked as if a storm was coming; so, as it was dark and blustering, we remained within doors the rest of the evening. A fine drizzling rain began to fall, and the darkness was intense.

The evening was well advanced, and father was reading to us, when there came a rap upon the door. It was so gentle and timid that it sounded like the pecking of a bird, and we all looked in the direction of the door, uncertain what it meant. "It is a bird, scared by the storm" said father, "and we may as well admit it."

I sat much nearer the door than either of my parents, and instantly started up and opened it. As I did so, I looked out into the gloom, but sprang back the next moment with a low cry of alarm.

"What's the matter?", asked father, hastily lying down his book and walking rapidly toward me. "It isn't a bird; its a person." As I spoke, a little Indian girl, about my own age, walked into the room, and looking in each of our faces, asked in the Sioux language whether she could stay all night.

I closed the door and we gathered around her. she had the prettiest, daintiest moccasins, but her limbs were bare from the knees downward. She wore a large shawl about her shoulders, while her coarse, black hair hung loosely below her waist. Her face was very pretty, and her eyes were as black as coal and seemed to flash fire whenever she looked upon anyone. Of course, her clothing was dripping with moisture, and her call (visit) filled us all with wonder. She could speak only a few words of English, so her face lighted up with pleasure when father addressed her in the Sioux language.

As near as we could find out, her name was Chitto, and she lived with her parents at Lac Qui Parle. She told us that there were several families in a spot by themselves, and that day they had secured a quantity of strong drink, of which they were partaking very freely. At such times Indians are dangerous, and Little Chitto was terrified almost out of her senses. She fled through the storm and the darkness, not caring where she went, but only anxious to get away from the dreadful scene.

Entering, without any intention on her part, the path in the woods, she followed it until she saw in the distance the glimmer of the light in our window, when she hastened to the house and asked for admission. I need scarcely say it was gladly granted. My mother removed the damp clothes from the little Sioux girl, and replaced them with some warm, dry ones belonging to me. At the same time she gave her hot, refreshing tea, and did everything to make her comfortable.

I removed the little moccasins from the wondering Chitto's feet, kissed her dark cheeks, and, as I uttered expressions of pity, though in an unknown tongue, I am quite sure that they were understood by Chitto, who looked the gratitude she could not express.

She soon began to show signs of drowsiness and was put to bed with me, falling asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. I lay awake a little longer and noticed that the storm had ceased. The patter of the rain was heard no more upon the roof, and the wind blew just as it sometimes does late in the fall. At last I sunk into a sound sleep.

I awoke in the morning and saw the rays of the sun entering the window. Recalling the incidents of the previous evening, I turned to speak to my young friend. To my surprise she was gone, and supposing she had risen a short time before, I hurriedly dressed myself and went downstairs to keep her company.

But she was not there, and father and mother had seen nothing of her. She had no doubt risen in the night and gone quietly away.

There was something curious and touching in the fact that she had groped about in the darkness, until she found her own clothing, which she put on and departed without taking so much as a pin that belonged to us.

We all felt a strong interest in Chitto, and father took me with him a few days later when he visited Laq Qui Parle. He made many inquiries for the little girl, but could learn nothing about her. I felt very much disappointed, for I had built up strong hopes of taking her out home with me to spend several days. Father and I went a number of times afterward, and always made an effort to discover Chitto; but we did not gain any knowledge of her.

On the afternoon of August 19, father was sitting in his accustomed seat in front of the house, and mother was engaged as usual about her household duties. I was playing and amusing myself as a girl of my age is inclined to do at all times.

The day was sultry and close, and I remember that father was unusually pale and weak. He coughed a great deal, and sat for a long time so still that I thought he must be asleep.

"Mother," said I, "what is that smoke yonder?" I pointed in the direction of Lac Qui Parle. She saw a dark column of smoke floating off in the horizon, its location being such that there could be no doubt that it was the agency.

"There is a fire of some kind there," she said, while she shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed long and earnestly in that direction. "The Indians are coming, Edward," she called to father; "they will be here in a few minutes!"

Suddenly, a splendid black horse came galloping from the woods, and with two or three powerful bounds, halted directly in front of me. As it did so, I saw that the bareback rider was a small girl, and she was our little Sioux friend, Chitto.

She made a striking picture, with her long, black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dress fluttering in the wind.

"Why, Chitto," said I, in amazement, "where did you come from?"

"Must go -- must go!" she exclaimed, in great excitement. "Indian soon be here!"

So it seemed that, in the few weeks since she had been here, she had picked up enough of the English language to make herself understood.

"What do you mean?" asked mother, as she and I advanced to the side of the black steed upon which the little Sioux sat; "what are the Indians doing?"

"They burn buildings -- have killed people -- coming this way!"

Chitto spoke the truth, for the Sioux were raging like demons at that very hour at Lac Qui Parle.

"What shall we do, Chitto?" asked my mother.

"Get on horse, -- he carry you."

"But my husband; the horse cannot carry all three of us."

My poor mother scarcely knew what to do. All this time father sat like a statue in his chair. A terrible suspicion suddenly entered her mind, and she ran to him. Placing her hand upon his shoulder, she addressed him in a low tone, and then uttered a fearful shriek, as she staggered backward, saying: "He is dead! he is dead!"

Such was the fact. The shock of the news brought by the little Indian girl was too much, and he expired in his chair without a struggle. The wild cry which escaped my mother was answered by several whoops from the woods, and Chitto became frantic with terror.

"Indian be here in minute!" said she.

Mother instantly helped me upon the back of the horse and then followed herself. She was a skillful rider, but she allowed Chitto to retain the bridle, and we started off.

Looking back I saw a half-dozen Sioux horsemen come out of the woods and start at a trot toward us. Just then Chitto spoke to the horse, and he bounded off at a terrible rate, never halting until we had gone two or three miles. Then, when we looked back, we saw nothing of the Indians, and the horse was brought down to a walk; and finally, when the sun went down, we entered a dense wood, where we staid all night.

I shall not attempt to describe those fearful hours. Not one of us slept a wink. Mother sat weeping over the loss of father, while I was heart broken too.

Chitto, like the Indian she was, kept on the move continually. Here and there she stole as noiselessly through the wood as a shadow, while playing the part of sentinel.

At daylight we all fell into a feverish slumber, which lasted several hours. When we awoke, we were hungry and miserable. Seeing a settler's house in the distance, Chitto offered to go to it for food. We were afraid she would get into trouble, but she was sure there was no danger and went. In less than an hour she was back again with an abundance of bread. She said there was no one in the house, and we supposed the people had become alarmed and escaped.

We staid where we were for three days, during which time we saw a party of Sioux warriors burn the house where Chitto had obtained the food for us.

It seemed to mother that the Indians would not remain at Lac Qui Parle long, and that we would be likely to find safety there. Accordingly, she induced Chitto to start on the return. When we reached our house, nothing was to be seen of father's body; but we soon discovered a newly made grave, where we had reason to believe he was buried.

As we afterward ascertained, he had been given a decent burial by orders of little Crow himself, who, doubtless, would have protected us, had we awaited his coming.

We rode carefully through the woods, and when we came out the other side, our hearts were made glad by the sight of the white tents of United States soldiers. Colonel Sibley was encamped at Lac Qui Parle, and we felt safe at last.

Chitto disappeared from this post in the same sudden manner as before; but i am happy to say that I have seen her several times since. Mother and i were afraid her people would punish her for the part she took in helping us, but they did not.

Probably the friendship which Little Crow showed toward our family may have had something to do with the gentle treatment which the Indians showed her.

*Barnes' New National Fourth Reader, 1884*

[Language lesson --

Supply the words omitted from the following sentences.

"Must go! Indian soon be here!"

"Indian be here in minute!"

Let pupils make out an analysis for the subject --

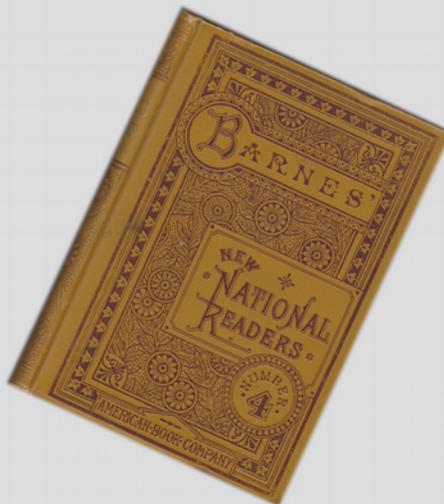
"Our second visit from Chitto,"

and use it in giving that part of the story in their own words.]

The Sioux War was one of the bloodiest of the Indian Wars. Coming during the Civil War, the US Army was stretched thin and the frontier was left vulnerable. That vulnerability encouraged the Sioux into the suicidal delusion that they could 'drive out the whiteman'. It eventuated in the state's volunteer militia, augmented by US Army forces, driving the Sioux out of Minnesota.

The Sioux undeniably had legitimate grievances, foremostly being cheated by corrupt Indian officials out of promised, and desperately needed, food and supplies. The indiscriminate slaughter of whites proved to be an unwise response however.

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## CHAPTER 5

*The Normal Fifth Reader*

Albert N. Raub, copyright 1878,  
Porter & Coates, Philadelphia

## SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR

Lord Chatham\*

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the illusion and darkness which envelope it and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence.

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us; supplied with every military store, their interest consulted and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy!<sup>1</sup> – and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know the conquest of English America *is an impossibility*.

You cannot, my lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot<sup>2</sup>; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent – doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devouring them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms – *never, never, never!*

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?<sup>3</sup> – to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods? – to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all means which God and Nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country!

My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such horrible barbarity. “That God and Nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain I do not know; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

What! To attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! – to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victim! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; – upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character.

*Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*William Pitt “The Elder”, First Lord Chatham, 1708-1778, was, at this time, leader of the Whig Party, Opposition to the Tory Party, and Royal power, in the British House of Lords. Had his party been in power in Parliament, the American Revolution might not have come about, at least at the time it did.

1. A reference to the French, who were aiding the Americans.

2. A reference to hiring mercenary forces from minor German princes (before the creation of the modern unified German nation).

3. A reference to the British policy of buying the scalps of Americans. The British continued that policy long after the Revolutionary War, until Gen. Andrew Jackson hanged two British agents for buying scalps during the First Seminole War.

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## PROCRASTINATION

Young

Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time.  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
 And to the mercies of a moment, leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
 If not so frequent, would this not be strange?  
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.  
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
 The palm, that all men are about to live,  
 Forever on the brink of being born.  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think  
 They one day shall not drivel; and their pride  
 On this reversion takes takes up ready praise,  
 At least their own; their future selves applaud;  
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!  
 Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails (valleys);  
 That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign:  
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.  
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool;  
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.  
 All promise is poor dilatory man,  
 And that through every stage; when young indeed,  
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest  
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish  
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
  
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

*Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

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## THE TRUE GREATNESS OF OUR COUNTRY

Seward\*

Behold here, then, the philosophy of all our studies on this grateful theme. We see only the rising of the sun of empire – only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian height, or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere – whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumnal ripeness, or shall perish yielding no harvest – depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty or caprice, but by fixed and revealed laws.

If we would secure the greatness set before us, we must find the way which those laws indicate, and keep within it. That way is new and all untried. We departed early - we departed at the beginning - from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution - a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government - from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion - from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature. It was ours to lead the way, to take up the cross of republicanism, and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire.

A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine and oppression and the sword crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Ambition for martial fame and the lust of conquest have entered the warm, living, youthful heart of the republic. Our empire enlarges.

The castles of enemies fall before our advancing armies; the gates of cities open to receive them. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seduction as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified under circumstances so new and peculiar.

Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the desk? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and cannot change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could

compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions, in all free countries, have begun there. Where, then, shall we go, to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go, but there, where all republican virtue begins and must end - where the Promethean fire is ever to be rekindled, until it shall finally expire - where motives are formed and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humble school, where the American citizen is trained.

*Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

\* William Henry Seward; an American political leader, US Secretary of State during the Civil War, wounded in the assassination plot in which President Lincoln was killed, and probably most remembered for negotiating "Seward's Folly" - the purchase of Alaska.

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## SPEAKING THE TRUTH

Anonymous

How shall we speak the truth? That may seem a strange question, but taking for granted a quick (alive), enlightened conscience, and strong desire for truth in the inward part, there yet remains a necessity for cultivating the *art of speaking the truth*. Instead of assuming an unimpeachable veracity and trustworthiness as the framework of our whole nature, let us grant that we are human, and thus weak and finite, both mentally and morally.

The love and habit of truth needs to be guarded and strengthened in us all, in the line both of conscience and intellect. We need the power of clear perception, careful discrimination, and accurate thinking, as well as integrity of speech. There are lies and there are untruths. There is a fault in the mind as well as in the conscience.

"A hundred cats!" said my uncle sarcastically, looking across the table to my aunt, who was giving a glowing account of something she had just witnessed. "I don't care," was the quick retort; "I saw a hundred cats where you say but one."

There is just that difference in the perceptions of different temperaments, while the fact observed remains the same. The cold, careless, sluggish, fail to see all that really is there. The enthusiastic, impassible, ardent, magnify and duplicate whatever interest them. To see a thing as it is, to have its outlines sharply defined in the thought, is not so common as we might suppose. If we think loosely, we shall speak loosely. The first step to be taken is to make sure that truth or fact is clearly perceived, and accurately grasped by the mind.

The man who never excuses himself for making a mistake, or for a careless, incorrect statement, and will suffer his mind to be in a haze about things concerning which he must deal practically, is not likely to be truthful in his speech. Conversely, the man who is careful in his words, will probably be clear-thoughted on the subjects about which he speaks.

Let us not be content with making truth simply a matter of intention. Let us not infer, because we *intent* to speak the truth, that that intention will steer us safely through the misconception, blunders, obtuseness, and ignorance incident to our finiteness and moral obliquity. Let us deal frankly with ourselves, and, admitting our faulty mental habits and careless speech, be an uncompromising inquisitor into our thoughts and words until we learn to *know things as they are*, and speak our thoughts honestly and accurately. Especially let children be taught how to speak the truth. Not only should the weak, young conscience be trained into clear moral perceptions and right impulses, braced into fearless courage, and steadied into unyielding adherence to the truth, but through their home and school like children should be helped and required to be exact in statement, to use language intelligently and correctly, to mean the true thing, and express the thing they mean.

In short, to speak the truth we must *know* the truth. What we are not sure of, we must not express as fact. Accuracy in the matter in hand may be of little consequence, but accuracy as a mental and moral habit is beyond estimate.

*Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

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## THE PROBLEM OF CREATION

Gen. O. M. Mitchell\*

If we look out upon the starry heavens by which we are surrounded, we find them diversified in every possible way. Our own mighty stellar system takes upon itself the form of a flat disc, which may be compared to a mighty ring breaking into two distinct branches, severed from each other, the interior with stars less densely populous than upon the exterior.

But take the telescope and go beyond this; and here you find, coming out from the depths of space, universes of every possible shape and fashion; some of them assuming a globular form, and, when we apply the highest possible penetrating power of the telescope, breaking into ten thousand brilliant stars, all crushed and condenses into one luminous, bright, and magnificent center.

But look yet farther. Away yonder, in the distance, you behold a faint, hazy, nebulous ring of light, the interior almost entirely dark, but the exterior ring-shaped, and exhibiting to the eye, under the most powerful telescope, the fact that it may be resolved entirely into stars, producing a universe somewhat analogous to the one we inhabit. Go yet deeper into space, and there you will behold another universe - voluminous scrolls of light, glittering with beauty, flashing with splendor, and sweeping a curve of most extraordinary form, and of most tremendous outlines.

Thus we may pass from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from system to system. We may reach beyond the limits of this mighty stellar cluster with which we are allied. We may find other island universes sweeping through space. The great unfinished problem still remains - Whence came this universe? Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining from all eternity? Has our globe been rolling around the sun for ceaseless ages? Whence, whence this magnificent architecture, whose architraves rise in splendor before us in every direction? Is it all the work of chance? I answer, No. It is not the work of chance.

Who shall reveal to us the true cosmogony of the universe by which we are surrounded? Is it the work of an Omnipotent Architect? If so, who is this August Being? Go with me to-night, in imagination, and stand with old Paul, the great Apostle, upon Mars' Hill, and there look around you as he did. Here rises that magnificent building, the Parthenon, sacred to Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. There towers her colossal statue, rising in its majesty above the city of which she was the guardian - the first object to catch the rays of the rising, and the last to be kissed by the rays of the getting sun. There are the temples of all the gods; and there are the shrines of every divinity.

And yet I tell you these gods and these divinities, though created under the inspiring fire of poetic fancy and Greek imagination, never reared the stupendous structure by which we are surrounded. The Olympian Jove never built these heavens. The wisdom of Minerva never organized these magnificent systems. I say with St. Paul, "O Athenians, in all things I find you too superstitious; for in passing along your streets, I find an altar inscribed to the Unknown God - Him whom ye ignorantly worship; and this is the God I declare unto you - the God that made heaven and earth, who dwells not in temples made with hands." No, here is the temple of our Divinity. Around us and above us rise sun and system, cluster and universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun and from system to system - heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity!

*Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*Mitchel was a Professor of Astronomy and a well known lecturer before the Civil War. As a graduate of West Point (where he had also taught mathematics), he went into the U.S. Army at the outbreak of the Civil War, and was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

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## A MAN OVERBOARD

J. T. Headley

Off the Azores we were overtaken by a series of severe squalls. We were preparing ourselves for the coming storm, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef<sup>1</sup>, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves.

In a moment that most terrific of all cries at sea "A man overboard! A man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprang upon the quarter-deck, just as the poor fellow, with his "fearful human face, riding the top of a billow, fled past.



In an instant all was commotion; plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern that I seem to hear it yet, shouted, "In, men, In, Men!"

But the poor sailors hung back, - the sea was too wild. The second mate sprang to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed.

"Cut away the lashings!" exclaimed the officer. The knife glanced round the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern.

The brave mate stood erect, the help in his hand, his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay to, to look for the lost sailor.

Just then I turned my eyes to the southern horizon, and saw a squall, blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered, rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it, and was terrible excited.

He called for a flag, and, springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal, and pulled for ship.

But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it; it would either go down at once, drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could.

I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon, between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track.

I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew, now settling the question of life and death to themselves, and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm.

The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode on it like a duck. Every time she sank away she carried my heart down with her; and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes with horror; the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray.

The captain knew that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew; he called for his trumpet, and, springing up the ratlines, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "Pull away, my brave boys; the squall is coming! give way, my hearties!" and the bold fellows did "give way" with a will.

I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the lifelike boat sprang to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on a leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on; but the gallant little boat conquered.

O, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head, as if in delight to find her shelter again!

The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good-will on a rope as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport.

As they stepped on deck, not a question was asked, no report given; but "Forward, men!" broke from the captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way.

If that squall had pursued the course of all former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off), the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows.

The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birthday (he was twenty-five years old), and, alas! it was his death-day.

We saw him no more, and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts.

As I walked to the stern, and looked back on the foam and tumult of the vessel's wake, in which the poor sailor had disappeared, I instinctively murmured the mariner's hymn, closing with the sincere prayer, -

"O sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to the soul!"

*Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

1. A 'reef' is a fold to reduce the surface area of a sail, as for coming high winds.

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## THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS

Rev. Jacob Duche\*

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires, and governments, look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on the American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee. To Thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee do they look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, unto Thy nurturing care. Give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malice of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their course, and, if they still persist in sanguinary (bloody) purposes, oh! let the voice of Thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be Thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly.

Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundations, that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail and flourish among Thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour. Amen

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

\*Rev. Duche, an Anglican minister, gave this prayer to the First Continental Congress in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, September 1774.

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## ON STUDIES

Francis Bacon\*

Studies are for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in the quiet of private life; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from one who is learned.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use too much for ornament is affectation (pretense); to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of the scholar; they perfect nature and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn (despise) studies; simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without (outside) them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and to confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; – that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in less important arguments (subjects), and the meaner (lessor) sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a *full* man, conversation a *ready* man, and writing an *exact* man; and therefore, if a man write little, he hath need a great

memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Indeed, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may, by appropriate exercises.

Bowling is good for the back; shooting (archery) for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head and the like; so, if a man's wits be wandering, let him study mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wits be called away ever so little, he must begin again.

If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the disputations of the schoolmen<sup>1</sup>; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

*Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*Bacon was a statesman, writer, philosopher, and one of the leading figures in Elizabethan England. His works are credited with helping establish the philosophic basis of modern science.

1. 'Schoolmen' were Church scholars whose elegant and learned 'disputations' over obscure points were famous. "How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?" is a popular illustration of one of their disputes.

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Thomas Moore

'T is the last rose of summer  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rose-bud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter

Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
When thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

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THE GAMBLER'S WIFE  
Reynell Coates\*

Dark is the night! – How dark! No light! No fire!  
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks fade expire!  
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,  
For him who pledged her love – last year a bride!

“Hark! ‘Tis his footstep! – ‘tis gone!  
Tick! – Tick! How wearily the time crawls on!  
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!  
And I believed ‘t would last – how mad! how blind!  
“Rest thee my babe! – Rest on! – ‘Tis hunger’s cry!  
Sleep! – for there is no food! – the fount is dry!  
Famine and cold their wearying work has done –  
My heart must break! – and thou!” – The clock strikes one.

“Hush! ‘tis the dice-box! Yes, he’s there, he’s there:  
For this! – for this, he leaves me to despair!  
Leaves love! Leaves truth! his wife! his child! For what?  
The wanton’s smile – the villain – and the sot!

“Yet I’ll not curse him! No! ‘tis all in vain!  
‘Tis long to wait, but sure he’ll come again!  
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,  
My child! – *his* child! – Oh, fiend!” – The clock strikes two.

“Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!  
Moan! Moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!  
Ha! ‘tis his knock! he comes! – he comes once more! –  
‘Tis but the lattice flaps!” Thy hope is o’er!

“Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay  
 Night after night in loneliness, to pray  
 For his return – and yet he sees no tear!  
 No! no! It *can* not be. He *will* be here.

“Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!  
 Thou’rt cold! Thou’rt freezing! But we will not part!  
 Husband! – I die! – Father! – It is not he!  
 O God! protect my child!” – The clock strikes three.  
 They’re gone! they’re gone! the glimmering spark hath sped!  
 The wife and child are numbered with the dead!  
 On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,  
 The babe lay frozen on its mother’s breast!  
 The gambler came at last – but all was o’er –  
 Dead silence reigned around. – The clock struck four.

*Raub’s Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

*\*Coates, 1802-1854, was an American physician, writer, and politician. He became interested in natural science while traveling extensively on exploratory expeditions as a navy surgeon, and later became a university professor of natural sciences.*

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## NOTHING BUT LEAVES

Anonymous

Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves  
 Over a wasted life;  
 O'er sins committed while conscience slept;  
 Promises made but never kept;  
 Folly, and shame, and strife;  
 Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves  
 Of life's fair ripening grain;  
 We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,  
 Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;  
 We reap with toil and pain,  
 Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves  
 No veil to hide the past;  
 And as we trace our weary way,  
 Counting each lost and misspent day,  
 Sadly we find at last  
 Nothing but leaves.

Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,

Bearing but withered leaves?  
 Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
 Before the awful judgment-seat,  
 Lay down for golden sheaves  
 Nothing but leaves?

*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

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## GETTING THE RIGHT START

Anonymous

The first great lesson a young man should learn is that *he knows nothing*; and that the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind, and his success in life. A young man bred at home, and growing up in the light of parental admiration and fraternal pride, cannot really understand how it is that everyone else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. If bred in the country, and he seek the life of the town, he will very early obtain an idea of his insignificance.

This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning will decide his fate. If, at this time, he thoroughly comprehend, and in his soul admit and accept the fact, that he knows nothing and is nothing

*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

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## FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN

Anonymous

Our father's growing old, John!  
 His eyes are growing dim,  
 And years are on his shoulders laid -  
 A heavy weight for him.  
 And you and I are young and hale,  
 And each a stalwart man,  
 And we must make his load as light  
 And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John,  
 At cradle and the plough,  
 And earned our porridge by the sweat  
 That trickled down his brow.  
 Yet never heard we him complain,

Whate'er his toil might be,  
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat  
Upon his solid knee.

And when our boy-strength came, John,  
And sturdy grew each limb,  
He brought us to the yellow field,  
To share the toil with him;  
But he went foremost in the swath,  
Tossing aside the grain,  
Just like the plough that heaves the soil,  
Or ships that cleave the main.

Now we must lead the van, John,  
Through weather foul and fair,  
And let the old man read and doze,  
And tilt his easy-chair;  
And he'll not mind it, John you know,  
At eve to tell us o'er  
Those brave old days of British times -  
Our grandsires and the war.

I heard you speak of ma'am, John;  
'T is Gospel what you say,  
That caring for the like of us  
Has turned her hair to gray?  
Yet, John, I do remember well  
When neighbors called her vain,  
And when her hair was long, and like  
A gleaming sheaf of grain.  
Her lips were cherry red, John,  
Her cheeks were round and fair,  
And like a ripened peach they swelled  
Against her wavy hair.  
Her step fell lightly as the leaf  
From off the summer tree,  
And all day busy at the wheel,  
She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John,  
That wielded well the rod,  
Whene'er with willful step our feet  
The path forbidden trod;  
But to the heaven of her eye  
We never looked in vain,  
And evermore our yielding cry  
Brought down her tears like rain.

But this is long ago, John,  
 And we are what we are,  
 And little heed we, day by day,  
 Her fading cheek and hair:  
 And when beneath her faithful breast  
 The tides no longer stir,  
 'T is then John, we the most shall feel  
 We had no friend like her!

Yes, father's growing old, John,  
 His eyes are getting dim,  
 And mother's treading softly down  
 The deep descent with him;  
 But you and I are young and hale,  
 And each a stalwart man,  
 And we must make their path as smooth  
 And level as we can.

*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

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## DISCRETION AND CUNNING

Joseph Addison

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular situation of life. At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon **cunning** to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds.

Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon, Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, which discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, ...

*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

## CHAPTER 6

*Appletons' School Readers: The Fifth Reader.*

William T. Harris, Andrew J. Rickoff, Mark Bailey

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## EMMETT'S VINDICATION

Robert Emmett\*

My Lords: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusations and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy (dishonor); for there must be guilt somewhere – whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish – that it may live in the respect of my countrymen – I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.



When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue; this is my hope – I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most high, which displays its powers over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard – a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear – by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me – that my conduct has been, through all this peril and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than the emancipation of my country from the super-inhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, wild and chimerical as it may appear, that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life! I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from the doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the *keystone* of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord – men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man taint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country’s liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence – as I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No! God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them I this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the

conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven!

Be ye patient: I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world – it is the charity of silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now to vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse (criticize) them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*Robert Emmett, born in Cork in 1780, an ardent supporter of Irish independence. At the age of twenty-three he placed himself at the head of a party of insurgents in Dublin who killed the Chief Justice, Lord Kilwarden, before they were dispersed by the military. Emmett was subsequently taken prisoner, having lost his opportunity to escape from the country by imprudently returning to Dublin to bid adieu to the daughter of the famous barrister, Curran. He was tried before Lord Norbury, convicted of high treason, and executed the next day. In reply to the usual question asked of the prisoner after the verdict has been rendered in such cases, Emmett made an eloquent and impassioned speech, vindicating his course, of which more than one half is given in the above extract – omission being made of those portions in which he exculpates himself from the charge of being an emissary of France.

His is part of a tragic, and once famous, love story and example of the price of liberty. Other parts of the story appear in *Broken Hearts*, and *Curran's Reply to Threats of Violence*, selected from other readers.

#### ADDRESS TO THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE:

*Give me liberty or give me death!*

Patrick Henry\*

Mr. President: It is natural for a man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of a siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal

salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there is in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation: the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which we have not already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have spurned, with contempt, from the feet of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free – if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have for so long been contending – if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have pledged ourselves never to

abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained – we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the illusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any large force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election (choice). If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir: Let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry “Peace! peace!” but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

*Appleton’s Fifth Reader, 1878*

*\*Patrick Henry – an American political leader of the Revolutionary War. The above piece is part of a speech delivered in march, 1775, in the Second Virginia Convention, in support of the resolution “that the colony be immediately put in a state of defense.”*

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MARCO BOZZARIS<sup>1</sup>  
Fitz-Greene Halleck\*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.  
In dreams, through camp and court he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarchs signet-ring;  
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing,  
As Edens garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
As in old Plateau's day;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on; the Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,  
"To arms! They come – the Greek! the Greek!"  
He woke to die 'mid flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud,  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band:  
"Strike, till the last armed foe expires!  
Strike, for your altars and your fires!  
Strike, for the green graves of your sires –  
God, and your native land!"  
They fought, like brave men, long and well;  
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;  
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won;

They saw in death his eyelids close,  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
Come to the mother when she feels  
For the first time her first-born's breath;  
Come when the blessed seals  
Which close the pestilence are broke  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm  
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,  
And thou art terrible: the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.  
But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
We tell thy doom without a sigh,  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's –  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*An American poet, prominent in the Nineteenth Century.

1. A leader and martyr on the Greek war for freedom from the Ottoman Turkish Empire.

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## THE ASCENT TO THE EAGLE'S NEST

John Wilson\*

Almost all the people in the parish were loading in their meadow hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge, heaped up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with second growth,

were moving in all directions toward the snug farm yard. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song.

But the tree-gnomons<sup>1</sup> threw the shadow of “one o’clock” on the green dial-face of the earth; the horses were unyoked and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row; graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread looked down from His eternal throne, well pleased with the piety of His thankful creatures.

The great golden eagle, the pride and pest of the parish, swooped down and flew away with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose, and then shouts and outcries, as if a church-spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament. “Hannah Lamond’s bairn! Hannah Lamond’s bairn!” was the loud, fast-spreading cry. “The eagle has ta’en off Hannah Lamond’s bairn!” and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying toward the mountain.

Two miles of hill and dale, and copse and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Stewart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain?

All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forward, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture. “What’s the use – what’s the use o’ ony pair human means? We have no power but in prayer!” and many knelt down – fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies – as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for, strong as all the sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight.

“Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o’ the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!” and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up – up – up – faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted – no one could doubt – that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated staircases, deep as draw-wells or coal pits, and returned with open, unseeing eyes, unharmed, to their beds at midnight?

It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and, fiercer and more furious far in the passion of love than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God?

No stop – no stay: she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went up – up – up – to the little image of her own flesh and blood. “The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?”

Down came the fierce rushing eagles' wings – each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they were quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash, jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother, falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child – dead – dead – dead – , no doubt, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in the nook of the harvest-field.

Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry: “It lives! it lives! it lives! and baring her bosom with loud laughter and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! “O Thou great and Thou dreadful God! whither hast Thou brought me, one of the most sinful of Thy creatures? Oh, save my soul, lest it perish, even for Thy own name's sake! O Thou, who died'st to save sinners, have mercy upon me!”

Below were cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees – far, far down, and dwindled into specs – and a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath (valley)? – and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands

the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die; and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

## THE DESCENT FROM THE EAGLES NEST

Where, all this time, was mark Stewart, the sailor? Half-way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim and his heart sick; and he, who had so often reefed the topgallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gail was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights.

“And who will take care of my poor, bed-ridden mother?” thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered “God.” She looked around, expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved, except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, from some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object, watched it fall; and it seemed to stop not far off, on a small platform.

Her child was bound within her bosom – she remembered not how or when, but it was safe; and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down, by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf birch. Here, a loosened stone leaped over a ledge; and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattles down the screes (cliffs), and she hesitated not to follow.

Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was as callous as the cliff. Steep as the upright wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems, petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and, with hands and feet, clung to the fearful ladder.

Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish – so great was the multitude – on their knees! and, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like, breathing not of death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very

words – but them she heard not – in her own hut, she and her mother; or in the kirk, along with the congregation.

An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth, the psalm was hushed, but a tremulous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat with two little kids, at her feet! “Wild heights,” thought she, do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths; for, oh! even in the brute creatures, what’s the holy power of a mother’s love!” and, turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept. Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that well, in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this mountain-side, though scarred and seamed and chasmed, was yet accessible; and more than one person in the Parrish had reached the bottom of the Glead’s Cliff.

Many were now attempting it; and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her child, in safety, into the care of their fellow creatures.

Not a word was spoken – eyes said enough; she hushed her friends with her hands, and, uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides lent her by Heaven. Small green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie; then had succeeded silence deep as death; in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway; and, now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony and joy? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many, even by name; one who had few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day, here, there,

anywhere, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child; and who, on Sabbath, took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

“Fall back, and give her fresh air!” said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened around her, lying as in death. “Give me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms!” cried first one mother, and then another; and it was tenderly handed around the circle of kisses, many of the snooded<sup>2</sup> maidens bathing its face in tears. “There’s na a scratch about the puir innocent, for the eagle, you see, maun hae (must have) stuck its talons into the lang claes (long clothes) and shawl. Blin’, blin’ maun they be, who see not the finger o’ God in this thing!”

Hannah started up from her swoon, and, looking wildly around, cried: “Oh! the bird! the bird! the eagle! The eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter! Is there nane (none) to pursue?” A neighbor put her baby to her breast, and, shutting her eyes and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice: “Am I wauken (awakened)? Oh, tell me if I am wauken! or if a’ this be the wark (work) o’ a fever, and the delirium of a dream!”

*Appleton’s Fifth Reader, 1878*

\* Professor Wilson of Edinburgh University, a writer of popular tales of his native Scotland.

1. Trees acting as the pointer (gnomon) of a sundial.
  2. Hair in a bun on the back of the head covered in a net.
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## THE NECESSITY OF GOVERNMENT

John C. Calhoun\*

Society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. The political, then, is man’s natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and the only one in which his race can exist and all his faculties be fully developed.

It follows that even the worst form of government is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty or freedom must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within or destruction from without.

Just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic

power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty becomes extinct.

So, on the contrary, just as people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, the power necessary becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater.

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*A prominent Southern Senator and statesman.  
From a speech in the Senate, June 27, 1848

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## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow\*

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he;  
“Have naught but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”  
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The reaper said, and smiled;  
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.  
“They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care;  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;

'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*One of the great American poets of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century.

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## ABSALOM

N. P. Willis

Based upon 2 Samuel 18:33

The last eight stanzas only.

The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,  
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,  
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,  
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,  
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.  
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade  
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form  
Of David entered, and he gave command  
In a low tone, to his few followers,  
And left him with his dead.

The King stood still  
Till the last echo died; then throwing off  
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back  
The pall from the still features of his child,  
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth  
In the restless eloquence of woe:

“Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!  
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!  
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,  
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair.  
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb –  
My proud boy, Absalom!

“Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill.  
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee,  
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,  
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,  
And hear thy sweet ‘*My Father!*’ from these dumb  
And cold lips, Absalom!

“The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush  
Of music, and the voices of the young’

And life shall pass me in the mantling blush,  
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;  
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come  
 To meet me, Absalom!

“And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,  
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,  
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!  
 It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,  
 To see thee, Absalom!

“And now, farewell! ‘Tis hard to give thee up,  
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee –  
 And thy dark sin! – oh, I could drink the cup,  
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.  
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,  
 My erring Absalom!

He covered up his face, and bowed himself  
 A moment on his child: then, giving him  
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasped  
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;  
 And, as if strength were given him of God  
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall  
 Firmly and decently, and left him there,  
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

*Appleton’s Fifth Reader, 1878*

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### THE GRAVE

James Montgomery\*

There is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
 No more disturbs their deep repose  
 Than summer evening’s latest sigh,  
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
 And aching heart beneath the soil –  
 To slumber in that dreamless bed

From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,  
And cast em helpless in the wild.  
I perish – oh, my mother earth,  
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,  
Shall gently molder into thee;  
Nor leave one wretched trace behind  
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;  
My pulse, my brain runs wild! I rave!  
Ah, who art thou whose voice I hear?  
“I am the Grave!

“The Grave, that never spoke before,  
Hath found, at last, a tongue to chide:  
O Listen! I will speak no more –  
Be silent, pride!

“Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,  
The victim of consuming care?  
Is thy distracted conscience torn  
By fell despair?

Do foul deeds of former times  
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?  
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
Murder thy rest?

“Lashed by the furies of the mind,  
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?  
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find  
A friend in me!

“I charge thee, live – repent and pray!  
In dust thine infamy deplore!  
There yet is mercy. Go thy way,  
And sin no more.

“Whatever thy lot, whoe'er thou be,  
Confess thy folly – kiss the rod,  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

“A bruised reed He will not break:

Afflictions all His children feel;  
 He wounds them for His mercy's sake –  
 He wounds to heal!

“Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
 Prostrate His providence adore.  
 ‘Tis done! – Arise! He bids thee stand,  
 To fall no more.

“Now, traveler in the vale of tears,  
 To realms of everlasting light,  
 Through Time's dark wilderness of years  
 Pursue thy flight!

“There is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found:  
 And while the moldering ashes sleep  
 Low in the ground,

“The soul, of origin divine  
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
 A star of day!

“The sun is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky;  
 The soul, immortal as its sire,  
 Shall never die.”

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

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\*Montgomery, 1717-1854, was a Scottish poet, hymn writer, and editor, and an advocate for the abolition of slavery, and for child labor laws. He was the son of Moravian Missionaries who died on the mission field.

## OLD AGE

Theodore Parker\*

There is a period when the apple blossoms with its fellows of the wood and field. How fair a time it is! All nature is woosome (romantic) and winning; the material world celebrates its vegetable loves, and the flower-bells, touched by the winds of spring, usher in the universal marriage of Nature.

Then comes the summer. Many a blossom falls fruitless to the ground, littering the earth with beauty, never to be used. Thick leaves hide the process of creation, which first blushed public in the flowers, and now

unseen goes on. For so life's most deep and fruitful hours are hid in mystery. Apples are growing on every tree; all summer long they grow, and in early autumn.

At length the fruit is fully formed; the leaves begin to fall, letting the sun approach more near. The apple hangs there yet -- not to grow, only to ripen. Weeks long it clings to the tree; it gains nothing in size and weight. Externally, there is increase of beauty.

Having finished the form from within, Nature brings out the added grace of color. It is not a tricky fashion painted on, but an expression which of itself comes out -- a fragrance and a loveliness of the apple's innermost. Within, at the same time the component elements are changing.

The apple grows mild and pleasant. It softens, sweetens -- in one word, it mellows. Some night, the vital forces of the tree get drowsy, and the autumn, with gentle breath, just shakes the bough; the expectant fruit lets go its hold, full-grown, full-ripe, full-colored too, and, with plump and happy sound, the apple falls into the autumn's lap, and the spring's marriage-promise is complete.

Such is the natural process which each fruit goes through, blooming, growing, ripening. The same divine law is appropriate for every kind of animal, from the lowest reptile up to imperial man. It is very beautiful.

The parts of the process are perfect; the whole is complete. Birth is human blossom; youth, manhood, they are our summer growth; old age is ripeness. The hands let go the mortal bough; that is natural death.

I cannot tell where childhood ends and manhood begins, nor where manhood ends and old age begins. It is a wavering and uncertain line, not straight and definite, which borders betwixt the two. But the outward characteristics of old age are obvious enough. The weight diminishes.

Man is commonly heaviest at forty, woman at fifty. After that the body shrinks a little; the height shortens as the cartilages become thin and dry. The hair thins and falls away. The frame stoops; the bones become smaller, feebler, have less animal and more mere earthy matter. The senses decay, slowly and handsomely.

The eye is not so sharp, and, while it penetrates farther into space, it has less power clearly to define the outline of what it sees. The ear is dull; the appetite less. Bodily heat is lower; the breath produces less carbonic acid than before. The old man consumes less food, water, air. The hands grasp less strongly; the feet less firmly tread.

The lungs suck the breast of heaven with less powerful collapse. The eye and ear take not so strong a hold upon the world;

*"and the big manly voice,  
Turning again to childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound."*<sup>1</sup>

The animal life is making ready to go out. The very old man loves the sunshine and the fire, the armchair and the shady nook. A rude wind would jostle the full-grown apple from its bough, full-ripe, full-colored too. The internal characteristics correspond. General activity is less. Salient love of new things and new persons, which bit the young man's heart, fades away. He thinks the old is better.

...

The man reaps in his old age as he sowed in his youth and manhood. He ripens what he grew. The quality and quantity of his life are the result of all his time. If he has been faithful to his better nature, true to his conscience, and his heart and his soul, in his old age he often reaps a most abundant reward in the richest delight of his own quiet consciousness.

Private selfishness is less now than ever before. He loves the eternal justice of God, the great Higher Law. Once his hot blood tempted him, and he broke perhaps that law; now he thinks thereof with grief at the wrong he made others suffer, though he clasps his hands and thanks God for the lesson he has learned even from his sin.

He heeds now the great attraction whereby all things gravitate toward God. He knows there is a swift justice for nations and for men, and he says to the youth: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth! let thy heart cheer thee!" "But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into account." "Hear the sum of the whole matter: Love God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."<sup>2</sup>

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*Parker (1810-1860) was a New England minister, social activist, and writer. Though a brilliant scholar and writer, his ministry, and personal life, suffered from increasing liberal drift, and moral failing.

1. From Shakespeare's "*As You Like It*."

2. From the Bible, *Ecclesiastes* 11:9, 12:13.

## SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT

Miguel de Cervantes\*

The first case that occurred was a question put by a stranger, in presence of the steward and the rest of the assistants. "My lord," said he, "a certain manor is divided by a large river – I beg your honor will be attentive, for the case is of great consequence and some difficulty.

"I say, then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it is a gibbet (gallows), together with a sort of court-hall, in which four judges usually sit, to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge, and manor, which runs to this effect: 'Whosoever shall pass over this bridge, must first swear whence he comes and whither he goes; if he swear the truth, he shall be allowed to pass; but if he forswears (lies) himself, he shall die upon the gallows, without mercy or respite.'

"This law, together with the rigorous penalty, being long known, numbers passed, and as it appeared they swore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to pass freely and without control. It happened, however, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed, and swore by his deposition, that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention.

"The judges, having considered this oath, observed: 'If we allow the man to pass freely, he swore to a lie, and therefore, ought to be hanged according to law. And if we order him to be hanged, after he hath sworn he was going to be suspended on that gibbet, he will have sworn the truth, and, by the same law, ought to be acquitted.' I beg, therefore, to know of your honor, my lord governor, what the judges must do with this man? For hitherto they are doubtful and in suspense; and, having heard of your lordship's acute and elevated understanding, they have sent me to entreat your honor, in their names, to favor them with your opinion in a case of such doubt and intricacy."

To this address Sancho replied: "Assuredly, those judges who sent you to me might have spared themselves the trouble; for I am a man that might be said to be rather blunt than acute; nevertheless, repeat the business so that I may understand it fully, and who knows but I may chance to hit the nail on the head?"

The interrogator, having repeated his story again and again, Sancho said: "I think I can now explain the case in the twinkling of an eye; and it is this: A man swears he is going to be hanged on such a gibbet; if he actually suffers upon that gibbet, he swore the truth, and, by the enacted law, ought to be allowed to freely pass the bridge; but if he is not hanged, he swore false, and for that reason he ought to suffer upon the gibbet."

“The case is exactly as my lord governor conceives it,” said the messenger; “and, with respect to the scope and understanding of the matter, there is no further room for doubt or interrogation.” “I say, then,” replied Sancho, “that part of the man which swore truth ought to be allowed to pass; and that which told a lie ought to be hanged; and in this manner, the terms or conditions of passing will be literally fulfilled.”

“But, my lord governor,” replied the questioner, “in that case it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, namely the false and the true; and if he is so divided, he must certainly die; therefore, the intent of the law will be frustrated, whereas there is an express necessity for its being accomplished.”

“Come hither, honest friend,” said Sancho; “either I am a blockhead, or this passenger you mention has an equal title to be hanged and to live and pass over the bridge; for, if the truth saves him on one side, his falsehood condemns him equally on the other. Now, this being the case, as it certainly is, I think you must tell the gentlemen who sent you hither, that, as the reasons for condemning and for acquitting the culprit are equally balanced, they shall let him freely pass; for it is always more laudable to do good than to do harm; and to this opinion I would subscribe, if I could write my name.

“Nor, indeed, have I spoken my own sentiment on this occasion; but I have recollected one among the many precepts I received from my master, Don Quixote, the night before I set out for the government of this island: he said that when justice is doubtful, I should choose and lean toward mercy; and it pleased God that I should now remember this maxim, which falls so pat to the present purpose.”

*Appleton’s Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*I have chosen to include this excerpt from the satirical novel *Don Quixote*, by Renaissance Spain’s greatest writer, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, in part because of the lesson in logic that accompanied it in the textbook. A copy of that lesson, in brackets and italics, follows. The situation in the story, is that amiable, but not so bright Sancho (whom we might call the ‘comic relief’ sidekick to the mad knight, Don Quixote), has somehow ended up ruler of the isle of Barataria.

*[The question here involved is the old sophism of Eubulides, “The liar or the Crocodile.” “Is the man a liar who says that he tells lies? If he is, then he does not tell lies; and if he does not tell lies, is he a liar? If not, then is not his assertion a lie?”*

*“The crocodile stole a man’s child, and, on being asked by the father to return it, promised to do so on condition that the father answered truly the question he was about to ask; otherwise he would keep the child. His question was: ‘Will I return you the child?’ If the father says ‘Yes’, then the crocodile keeps the child, and the father*

*answers falsely; if 'No', then the crocodile can not keep the child, nor is the father entitled to receive it according to the conditions."*

*It will be noticed that the perplexity comes from the fact of self-relation: the one assertion relates to another assertion of the same person; and the one assertion being conditioned upon the other, the difficulty arises. It is the problem of self contradiction -- of two mutually contradictory statements, one must be false. It is a sophism, but one that continually occurs among unsophisticated reasoners. It is also a practical sophism, for it is continually being acted in the world around us (e.g., a person seeks pleasure by such means that, while he enjoys himself, he undermines his health, or sins against his conscience, and thus draws inevitably upon him physical suffering and an uneasy soul). It is therefore well worthy of study in its pure logical form. All universal negative assertions (and a lie is a negation) are liable to involve the assertion itself in self-contradiction: "I never tell the truth" (if you do now, your assertion is false; if what you say is true, then it is false).*

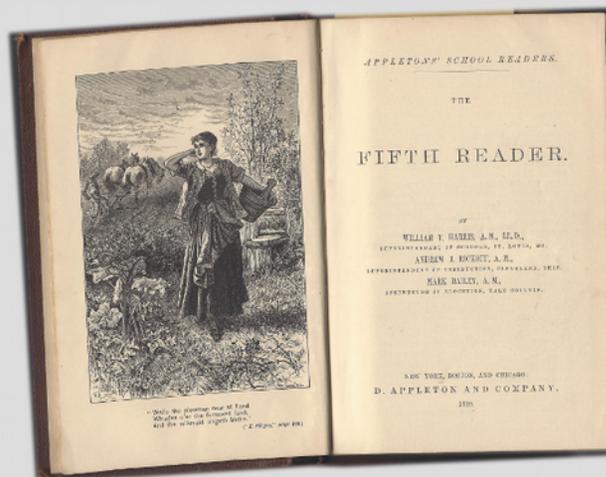
*Said a selfish clown: "I wish all men were dead except my family; then we would keep a hotel." Suicide is a practical application of this sophism. In the interest of pleasure, to escape physical pain, he precludes also physical pleasure. Murder incurs the punishment of death; self-murder unites crime and punishment. "Killing the goose that lays the golden egg" is another application.]*

The old fable of killing the goose that laid the golden egg has tremendous application in today's world. As you may remember, there was a certain goose owned by a poor but honest peasant. It laid one golden egg a day, for which the, soon rich, peasant waited patiently. A thief stole the goose and cut it open to get all the gold at once; but he found no gold, and, of course, the dead hen laid no more golden eggs.

Free market capitalism has produced more wealth for more people than any other system ever devised; that is is unequally distributed results from differences in people's abilities, interests, work ethics, life styles, and, yes, inter-generational family opportunities and advantages.

Socialism preys upon jealousy, and where it is allowed to become dominant, it always destroys the prosperity, as well as the freedom, of the masses; and eventually, of the ruling class as well.

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## CHAPTER 7

*The Catholic National Series,  
The New Fifth Reader*

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New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:  
Benzinger Brothers,  
Printers to the Holy Apostolic See.

This is the Catholic School Fifth Reader of 1876, and is equivalent to the other Fifth Readers of the period. Though not in the same sense a “public school” reader, many American students used it, and I think it important to point out its similarities with the public school books of the day, and its dissimilarities. It uses the same teaching methods and contains a long section on public speaking and reading very similar to that in the other readers. The majority of the list of reading selections, and the authors, are quite similar also, featuring similar religious, patriotic, and moral themes.

There are smaller parts of the book that are specifically Catholic, of course; more biographical matter on Catholic figures, and coverage of some events of more significance to Catholicism. Some of the stories have a distinctly Catholic flavor, an emphasis on the Sacraments for instance, whereas the public school books show a more Protestant oriented emphasis. That Protestant emphasis in the public schools caused the Catholics to develop their own school systems – something that the freedom of America offered, and was greatly appreciated by the Catholics. Of note in that regard is that the heroes of *HOW THEY KEPT THE BRIDGE AT ATHLONE* were supporters of the Stuarts in the English Civil War, whereas the protestants supported the Parliamentary and, later, William of Orange side.

There is a certain attitude evident in some of the selections, especially “*The American Flag*”; not anger or bitterness over the school situation, or the prejudices and anger aroused by the mass immigration of many poor Italian and Irish Catholics that roiled late Nineteenth Century America; but more of a demand that their fellow American accept their loyalty to, and their unity with America. They understood that it was our unity, our common heritage and linked destiny, that was important, not our diversity in matters outside the sphere of government interest. The nonsensical notion that “Our strength is our diversity” had not yet hatched at that time, else the current chaos and division it is causing might have spoiled the harmony that settled into America in the late Nineteenth and early to mid-Twentieth Centuries.

I am including several particularly appropriate selections in the *Old Fashioned School Book* that are unique to the Catholic Reader.

## CATHOLICITY AND AMERICAN LIBERTY

Archbishop Hughes

In passing so rapidly on the direct line of my subject, I have been obliged to leave unnoticed innumerable incidents, many of which possess attraction enough to have made one turn aside and dally by the way. For instance, the missionary labors of the Jesuits and other apostles of the cross, who, thirsting not for gold but for souls, had not ceased to traverse this country, in every direction, from the earliest period. Time

has, to a great extent, obliterated their footsteps on the soil; but the reason is, in part, that the Indian tribes, among whom they labored, are gone – shrinking away into the deeper or more distant wilderness.

The memory of the illustrious Jesuit Fathers, who labored for their conversion, has accompanied their descendants even to their present remotest hunting-grounds. But it has become comparatively weak, and is now reduced to a symbolic term, which they cherish with great affection, and express in their words “black-gown,” or “robe noir.” Two hundred years ago the poor Franciscans trod the golden sand of California beneath their bare feet, without noticing or appreciating its value.

They looked more to heaven than to earth; and it would have been almost out of keeping with their character to make the discovery which has recently startled the minds and whetted the cupidity of the world.

Two hundred years ago Father Le Moyne, laboring among the Onondagas of this state, discovered the salt springs which abound near Salina and Syracuse.

.....

Neither the descendants of the Virginia Colonists nor those of the Pilgrim Fathers have allowed their ancestors to pass away “unwept, unhonored, and unsung.” They are proud of being the descendants of such parentage. Nor need a Catholic be ashamed if he is told that he was born near the site of old St. Mary’s in Maryland. As a colony and as a State she has had her distinguished men.

Of the primitive colony of Catholic Maryland, what shall I say? Of course I shall invite your attention to those features which show that if civil, but especially religious, liberty be a dear and justly cherished privilege of the American people, the palm of having been the first to preach and practice it is due, beyond all controversy, to the Catholic colony of Maryland. The history of the whole human race had furnished them no previous example from which they could copy, although Catholic Poland had extended a measure of toleration to certain Protestants of Germany which had been denied them by their own brethren in their own country.

George Calvert, known as Lord Baltimore, was the projector of the Catholic colony of Maryland, although it was actually settled under the leadership of his brother Leonard Calvert, “who,” says Bancroft, “together with about two hundred people, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, sailed for the Potomac early in 1634.” Their landing is described as having taken place on the 27<sup>th</sup> of March. On the spot on which they landed, and in their first humble village of St. Mary’s, the historian goes on to state that – “there religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world.”

From the impartial pen of a Protestant historian, a native of New England, of whose reputation the whole country may well be proud – I mean the Hon. George Bancroft, – I give the following character of Lord Baltimore:

“Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State.”

He goes on further to remark that at that period, “every other country in the world had persecuting laws; ‘I will not,’ – such was the oath of the Governor of Maryland, – ‘I will not, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion.’” Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of a prosperous settlement; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbor of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance.”

*The New Catholic National Fifth Reader, 1876*

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### THE AMERICAN FLAG

Charles C. Pise\*

They say I do not love thee,  
 Flag of my native land,  
 Whose meteor-folds above me  
 To the free breeze expand:  
 Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,  
 And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee,  
 Should some dark crisis lower;  
 That, recreant, I should make thee  
 Crouch to a foreign power:  
 Seduced by license ample,  
 On thee, blest flag, to trample.

False are the words they utter,  
 Ungenerous their brand,  
 And rash the oaths they mutter,  
 Flag of my native land;  
 While still, in hope, above me  
 Thou wavest – and I love thee!

They say that bolts of thunder,  
 Hurl'd by the Pontiff's hand,  
 May rive and bring thee under,  
 Flag of my native land,  
 And with one blow dissever  
 My heart from thee forever.

God's is my love's first duty,  
 To whose eternal Name  
 Be praise for all thy beauty,  
 Thy grandeur, and thy fame;  
 But ever have I reckoned  
 Thine, native flag, its second.

Woe to the foe or stranger  
 Whose sacrilegious hand  
 Would touch thee, or endanger,  
 Flag of my native land!  
 Though some would fain discard me,  
 Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,  
 Thou labarum<sup>1</sup> of light,  
 While in one general chorus  
 Our vows to thee we plight;  
 Unfaithful to thee? – Never!  
 My country's flag forever.

*The New Catholic National Fifth Reader, 1876*

\*Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D.D., served as the only Catholic Chaplain of the US Senate at that time.

1. The 'labarum' was the insignia of the Christian Roman Emperors.

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## THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS

George Lippard\*

Come to the window, old man! Come, and look your last upon this beautiful earth! The day is dying – the year is dying – you are dying; so light, and leaf, and life mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

Clad in a dark morning gown, that revealed the outline of his tall form, now bent with age – once so beautiful in its erect manhood, rises a man from his chair, which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window, spreading forth his thin, white hands. Did you ever see an old man's face that combines all the sweetness of childhood with the vigor of mature intellect. ow-white hair, in waving flakes, around a high and open brow; eyes that gleam with clear light, a mouth molded in an expression of benignity almost divine!

It is the fourteenth of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS. Ninety-five years of age, a weak and trembling old man, he has summoned all his strength, and gone along the carpeted chamber to the window, his dark gown contrasting with the purple curtains.

He is the last! Of the noble fifty-six who in the Revolution stood undismayed by the ax or gibbet (gallows) – their mission, the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country – he alone remains! One by one, the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last – a trembling column – glows in the sunlight, as it s about to fall. But for the pillar that crumbles there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again, while for this old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of its God, but on the tongues and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one can never be forgotten.

The last! As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his face with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound: he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration – he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work. All gone but he! Upon the woods dyed with the rainbow of the closing year, upon the stream darkened by masses of shadow, upon the home peeping from among the leaves, falls mellowing the last light of the declining day.

He will never see the sun rise again! He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes upon him as sleep, as a pleasant

dream, as a kiss from beloved lips! He feels that the land of his birth has become a mighty people, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold it blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

In the recesses near the window, you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death-chamber. The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on, he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands – he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified.

There, in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer, we will leave him. There where, amid the deepening shadows, glows the image of the Saviour; there where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch. The smile of the Saviour was upon that perilous day, the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1776; and now that its promise has brightened into fruition, He seems to – he does smile on it once again – even as his sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carrol, of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

*The New Catholic National Fifth Reader, 1876*

\* Lippard, 1822-1854, was a popular American novelist, playwright, and journalist; and a noted social activist in his day.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland, was the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the only Catholic among the signers. He later served as the first US Senator from Maryland. Carroll was born in 1737 died in 1832.

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## HOW THEY KEPT THE BRIDGE AT ATHLONE

A. M. Sullivan

*[Though James II (Stuart) was defeated by William at the Battle of the Boyne, in 1690, and escaped to France, the Irish Jacobites<sup>1</sup> still kept up the struggle. At Athlone, at limerick, and at other places, they made a gallant defense; but at the Battle of Aghrim, in 1691, St. Ruth, who led the Irish troops, was killed and his army totally defeated. The surrender of limerick, two months later, brought the struggle in Ireland to a close.]*

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of June, 1691, the army of King William – “the ranks one blaze of scarlet, and the artillery such a had never before been seen in Ireland” – appeared in full force before Athlone. Ginkle summoned the town to surrender.

On a previous occasion when besieged, the governor had relinquished, as untenable, the Leinster (or “English”) side of the town, and made his stand successfully from the Connaught (or “Irish”) side. The governor on

this occasion, Colonel Fitzgerald, resolved to defend both the English and Irish sides. St. Ruth having strongly counseled him to do so, and promised to reach him soon with the bulk of the Irish Army from Limerick. Colonel Fitzgerald had not more than three hundred and fifty men as a garrison. Nevertheless, knowing that all depended on holding out till St. Ruth could come up, he did not wait for Ginkle to appear in sight, but sallied out with his small force, and disputed with the Williamite army the approaches to the town, thus successfully retarding them for five or six hours.

But Ginkle had merely to plant his artillery, and the only walls Athlone possessed, on *that* side at least, were breached, and crumbled like pastry. Toward evening, on the 19<sup>th</sup> of June, the whole bastion at the "Dublin Gate," near the river, on the north side, being leveled, the town was assaulted. The storming party, as told off, were four thousand men, headed by three hundred grenadiers.

To meet these, Fitzgerald had barely the survivors of his three hundred and fifty men, now exhausted after forty-eight hours' constant fighting. In the breach, when the assault was delivered, *two hundred* of that gallant band fell, to rise no more. The remainder, fiercely fighting, fell back, inch by inch toward the bridge, pressed by their four thousand foes. From the Williamites shouts now arose from all sides of "The bridge, the bridge!" and a furious rush was made to get over the bridge along with, if not before, the retreating Irish. In this event, of course, all would be lost.

But brave Fitzgerald and his handful of heroes knew the fact well. Turning to bay at the bridge-end, they opposed themselves like an impenetrable wall to the mass of the enemy; while above the din of battle and the shouts of the combatants could be heard sounds in the rear, that to Mackay's ear needed no explanation – the Irish were breaking down the arches behind, while they yet fought in front! "They are destroying the bridge!" he shouted wildly: "on! on! save the bridge – the bridge!" Flinging themselves in hundreds on the few score men now resisting them, the stormers sought to clear the way by freely giving man for man, life for life, nay, four for one.

But it would not do. There Fitzgerald and his companions stood like adamant; the space at the bridge-end was small; one man could keep five at bay; and a few paces behind, wielding pick and spade and crowbar, like furies, were the engineers of the Irish garrison. Soon a low rumbling noise was heard, followed by a crash; and a shout of triumph broke from the Irish side, a yell of rage from the assailants. A portion, but a portion only, of two arches had fallen into the stream; the bridge was still passable. Again a wild eager shout from Mackay: "On! on! now! now! the bridge!" But still there stood the decimated defenders, with

clutched guns and clenched teeth, resolved to die but not to yield. Suddenly a cry from the Irish rear, "Back! back men, for your lives!" The brave band turned from the front, and saw the half-broken arches behind them tottering. Most of them rushed with lightening speed over the falling mass; but the last company – it had wheeled around, even at that moment, to face and keep back the enemy – were too late. As they rushed for the passage, the mass of masonry heaved over with a roar into the boiling surges, leaving the devoted band on the brink in the midst of their foes.

There was a moment's pause, and almost a wail burst from the Irish on the Connaught side; but just as the enemy rushed with vengeance upon the doomed group, they were seen to draw back a pace or two from the edge of the chasm, fling away their arms, then dash forward and plunge into the stream. Like a clap of thunder broke a volley from a thousand guns on the Leinster shore, tearing the water into foam. There was a minute of suspense on each side, and then a cheer rang out, of defiance, exultation, victory, as the brave fellows were seen to reach the other bank, pulled to land by a hundred welcoming hands!

St. Ruth, at Ballinasloe, on his way up from limerick, heard the next day that the English town had fallen. He instantly set out at the head of fifteen hundred horse and foot, leaving the main army to follow as quickly as possible. On his arrival, he encamped about two miles west of the town, and appointed Lieutenant-General D'Uson governor, instead of the gallant Fitzgerald, "as being best skilled in defending fortified places."

Now came the opportunity for that splendid artillery, "the like of which," Macaulay has told us, "had never been seen in Ireland." For seven long days of midsummer there poured against the Irish town such a storm of iron from seven batteries of heavy siege-guns and mortars, that by the 27<sup>th</sup> the place was literally a mass of ruins, amongst which, we are told, two men could not walk abreast. On that day, a hundred wagons arrived in the Williamite camp from Dublin, laden with a further supply of ammunition for the siege-guns. That evening, the enemy, by grenades, set on fire the fascines (brushwood barricades) of the Irish breastwork at the bridge; and that night, under cover of a tremendous bombardment, they succeeded in flinging some beams over the broken arches, and partially planking them.

Next morning – it was Sunday, the 28<sup>th</sup> June – the Irish saw with consternation that barely a few planks more laid on would complete the bridge. Their own few cannon were now nearly all buried in the ruined masonry, and the enemy beyond had battery on battery trained on the narrow spot – it was *death* to show in the line of the all but finished causeway!

Out stepped from the ranks of Maxwell's regiment a sergeant of dragoons, Custume by name.

"Are there ten men here who will die with me for Ireland?"

A hundred eager voices shouted "Aye!"

"Then," said he, "we will save Athlone; *the bridge must go down.*"

Grasping axes and crowbars, the devoted band rushed from behind the breastwork and dashed forward upon the newly-laid beams. A peal of artillery, a fusillade of musketry from the other side, and the space was swept with grape-shot and bullets. When the smoke cleared away, the bodies of the brave Custume and his ten heroes lay on the bridge riddled with balls. they had torn away some of the beams, but *every man of the eleven had perished.*

Out from the ranks of the same regiment dashed as many more volunteers: "There are eleven more who will die for Ireland!" Again across the bridge rushed the heroes. Again the spot was swept by a murderous fusillade. The smoke lifts from the scene; nine of the second band lie dead upon the bridge – two survive – but the work is done; the last beam is gone! Athlone once more is saved.

*The Catholic National New Fifth Reader, 1876*

1. 'Jacobites' were supporters of King James II Stuart (*Jacobus* in Latin) of England, Ireland, and Scotland who had been dethroned by Parliament in the Glorious Revolution of 1688, ending the Royalist 'Restoration' that followed Cromwell's death. The Jacobite Wars, more formally known as The Wars of the English Succession, a century long conflict to restore the Stuart family to the throne, integrated several factors – French versus English rivalry, Parliamentary power versus Divine Right of Kings, independence movements for Ireland and Scotland, and Catholic versus Protestant rivalry invested in the family dynasties of the Catholic Stuarts (James II and his son, and his grandson, "Bonnie Prince Charlie") and the Protestant Hanover Dynasty of William of Orange and Mary Stuart (daughter of James II) and their descendants. The Stuarts had promised Catholic Ireland a measure of autonomy, and direct rule by the king without interference by the largely English and Protestant Parliament.

Athlone, a town built on both sides of the river Shannon.

Godard van Ginkle, one of William's Dutch generals.

St. Ruth, a French general on the side of James.

Mackay, a general in William's army.

Ballinasloe, a town in Galway and Roscommon counties.

Macaulay, an eminent English historian.

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## THE EARLY CHRISTIANS

Anonymous

The regeneration of the moral nature of man, effected by the coming of the Redeemer, was to exhibit itself in the bosom of Christianity by a new life and by manners unknown to the corruption of ancient society. The picture of the rising church forms a striking contrast between the virtues inspired by the doctrine of the Gospel and the vices of the pagan world.

The church of Jerusalem began with three thousand converts. They prayed and held communion together in the breaking of bread. They placed their goods in common and sold their inheritances to distribute the price among their brethren. Their mode of life, which conformed to the counsels of evangelic perfection, has been well depicted by the apologists of the first centuries.

“Among us,” says Athenagoras, “will be found the ignorant and the poor, laborers and old women, who cannot, perhaps, prove by reasoning, the truth of our doctrine; they do not enter into discussions, but they do good works. Loving our neighbor as ourselves, we have learned not to strike those who strike us; not to go to law against those who have robbed us; if any one gives us a blow on one cheek we present the other; if they ask us of our coat, we offer them also our cloak. Allowing for the difference of years, we consider some as our children, others as our brethren and sisters. The most aged we honor as our fathers and mothers. The hope of another life makes us despise the present, even in the midst of legal pleasures. Marriage with us is a holy vocation, which imparts the necessary grace to bring up children in the fear of the Lord. “We have renounced your bloody spectacles, being persuaded that there is very little difference between looking at murder and committing it. The pagans expose (abandon outside) their children to get rid of them, we consider this action as homicide.”

“We are accused of being factious,” says Tertullian, “the fractiousness of Christians is to be united in the same religion, in the same morals, in the same hope. We conspire to pray to God in common and to read the Holy Scriptures. If any one of us has sinned, he is deprived of communion and forbidden to take part in our assemblies of prayer until he has done penance. Old men, whose wisdom merits this honor, preside at our meetings. Every one contributes a monthly sum according to his means and inclination. This treasure serves to feed the needy and bury the poor, support orphans, shipwrecked sufferers, exiles, and those condemned for the cause of Christ to the mines or to prisons. Our repasts in common are explained by their name of *agape*, which signifies charity.”

Prayer and the study of the Holy Scriptures were the constant occupation of every Christian family. Many saints of the primitive ages have been found buried with the book of the Gospels on their breast. The austerity of their lives fostered the spirit of prayer amongst them.

Generally, all who assisted at the celebration of the holy mass, communicated (received communion); even children received the celebration of the altar. The agape, which followed the celebration of the holy mysteries, was an ordinary repast, composed of offerings from the faithful.

“I have examined the conduct of the Christians,” writes Pliny to Trajan, both of whom were heathens: “they are accustomed to assemble on a certain day before sunrise and to sing hymns in honor of Christ, whom they worship as a god. They bind themselves by an oath to avoid all crimes; to commit no fraud, adultery, nor robbery; never to break their word nor violate a trust.”

St. Justin, in his first apology (a defense of Christian doctrine), writes thus: “We have among us men who formerly were violent and passionate, but are now humble and patient, converted by the exemplary life of the Christians or by their integrity in business.... We do not receive the Eucharist as common bread, nor as an ordinary beverage; but as by the word of God Jesus Christ was incarnate and took upon Himself flesh and blood for our salvation, thus the bread and wine, sanctified by the prayer of His word, become the flesh and blood of the same Jesus Christ incarnate, and so becomes flesh and blood by its transformation into our food.”<sup>1</sup>

Antoninus, a heathen emperor, found himself obliged to acknowledge the virtues of the Christians. Writing to the governors of the provinces, he says: “You, who never cease to torment those people, to accuse their doctrines of atheism, and to impute to them crimes for which you can furnish no proof, beware, lest instead of bringing them to better ways of thinking, you do but render them more obstinate; for they desire less to live than to die for their God. As they are always ready to give up their lives rather than submit to your will, they seem to remain victors in their combats with you.

As for the earthquakes, past or present, be advised, and compare your conduct with that of the Christians. When these misfortunes occur, you become entirely discouraged, while the Christians, on the contrary, feel their confidence in their God redoubled. In the midst of public calamity, you seem to have no confidence in the gods; you neglect their worship and forge their divinity; but when the Christians honor their God, you become envious and put them to death.” It was as much by the pure

lives of the early Christians as by their preaching that the heathen was converted to Christianity.

*Catholic National Series, Fifth Reader, 1876*

1. The "Eucharist", also known as 'Communion', is part of the 'holy mass' in Catholicism, and is considered a 'sacrament', necessary to salvation. Catholic doctrine of "Transubstantiation" holds that the communion 'hosts', the bread and wine, literally become the flesh and blood of Jesus. Most Protestant denominations have more or less differing beliefs and practices regarding communion, and in many Protestant churches, communion is considered an 'ordinance', that is, something ordered by Christ, but is symbolic only; "remembering" the Gospel, and having no saving power in itself. Those differences have been a major cause of contention for centuries. When one considers the importance of the issue to believers, one can understand the passion about it.

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THE ADDRESS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sir, We have long been impatient to testify our joy and unbounded confidence on your being called, by a unanimous vote to the first station of a country, in which, that unanimity could not have been obtained without the previous merit of unexampled services, of eminent wisdom, and unblemished virtue.

Our congratulations have not reached you sooner, because our scattered situation prevented our communication and the collecting of those sentiments which warmed every breast. But the delay has furnished us with the opportunity, not merely of presaging the happiness to be expected under your administration, but of bearing testimony to that which we experience already.

It is your peculiar talent, in war and in peace, to afford security to those who commit their protection into your hands. In war, you shield them from the ravages of armed hostility; in peace, you establish public tranquility, by the justice and moderation, no less than by the vigor, of your government. By example, as well as by vigilance, you extend the influence of laws on the manners of our fellow citizens. You encourage respect for religion, and inculcate, by words and actions, that principle, on which the welfare of nations so much depends, that a superintending Providence governs the events of the world, and watches over the conduct of men. your exalted maxims and unwearied attention to the moral and physical improvement of our country have produced already the happiest effects. Under your administration, America is animated with zeal for the attainment and encouragement of useful literature. She improves her agriculture, extends her commerce, and acquires with foreign nations, a dignity unknown to her before.

From these happy events, in which none can feel a warmer interest than ourselves, we derive additional pleasure by recollecting that you, Sir, have been the principal instrument to effect so rapid a change in our political situation.

This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account, because, whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well-founded title to claim her justice, the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defense, under your auspicious conduct -- right rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships.

When we pray for the preservation of them, where they have been granted, and expect the full extension of them from the justice of those States which still restrict them; when we solicit the protection of heaven over our common country, we neither omit, nor can we omit, recommending your preservation to the singular care of Divine Providence; because we conceive that no human means are so available to promote the welfare of the United States as the preservation of your health and life, in which are included the energy of your example, the wisdom of your counsels, and the persuasive eloquence of your virtues.

John Carroll, in behalf of the Roman Catholic Clergy.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Dominick Lynch, Thomas Fitzsimmons; in behalf of the Roman Catholic Laity.

#### WASHINGTON'S ANSWER

Gentlemen: While I now receive, with satisfaction, your congratulations on my being called, by a unanimous vote, to the first station in my country -- I cannot but duly notice your politeness in offering an apology for the unavoidable delay. As that delay has given you an opportunity of realizing, instead of anticipating, the benefits of the general government, -- you will do me the justice to believe that your testimony of the increase of the public prosperity enhances the pleasure which I should otherwise have experienced from your affectionate address.

I feel that my conduct, in war and in peace, has met with more general approbation than could reasonably have been expected; and I find myself disposed to consider that fortunate circumstance, in a great degree, resulting from the able support and extraordinary candor of my fellow citizens of all denominations.

The prospect of national prosperity now before us is truly animating, and ought to excite the exertions of all good men to establish and secure

the happiness of their country, in the permanent duration of its freedom and independence. America, under the smiles of Divine Providence -- the protection of a good government -- and the cultivation of manners, morals, and piety -- cannot fail of attaining an uncommon degree of eminence in literature, commerce, agriculture, improvements at home, and respectability abroad.

As mankind become[s] more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves [as] worthy members of the community, are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government -- or the assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed (France).

I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind concern for me. While my life and health shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments which you are pleased to express of my conduct.

And may the members of your society in America, animated by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity.

George Washington, March 12, 1790

*Catholic National Fifth Reader, 1876*

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## THE ESCAPE FROM ONODAGA

John Gilmary Shea\*

Catholic missionaries visited the banks of the Mohawk and the shores of Lake Onondaga more than two hundred years ago. Though Father Jogues was slain by the fierce Mohawks, the Onondagas listened to the missionaries, who came to announce the faith in their palisaded towns, and they even urged the French to come and settle among them.

In July, 1656, a little fleet of canoes, bearing the banner of the cross, with cannon echoing over the waters and through the woods that lined the shore of Lake Onondaga, brought colonists to found St. Mary's. The missionaries blessed the ground, and a fort and a house soon rose on the hillside near a spring, still known as the Jesuit's Well.

Here the little Catholic colony prospered for a time; but the red men were treacherous. Though many listened to the words of the missionaries and sincerely embraced Christianity, there were many hot-headed young braves who panted for war with the French missionaries were scattered through the wilderness from the Mohawk to the Niagara, and it was determined to slay them all and to butcher the settlers at St. Mary's.

The governor of Canada, suspecting some treachery, seized a number of Indians and held them as hostages for the safe return of the French. This deferred the intended slaughter, and the sachems at Onondaga waited, hoping to cut them all off without the risk to their own hostages at Quebec.

Foreseeing a bloody catastrophe, the Superior had recalled all the Fathers, and the French commander all his colonists within the fort and house at St. Mary's, to resist, escape, or fall together. Thus the winter wore slowly away, and day by day their longing eyes looked in vain for a ray of hope; spring came, and, in a new council on the Mohawk, the final resolution of the Sachems was taken. But before they could carry out their bloody design, while the (wood) piles were actually being prepared for the execution, the missionaries resolved to attempt a secret flight, impossible as it seemed to escape unobserved through a country of defiles, where a dozen braves could destroy them all.

Silently and rapidly, in the residence of St. Mary's, skillful hands were constructing two swift, light boats, each large enough to carry fourteen or fifteen individuals and a weight of a thousand pounds. They also concealed in the house their canoes, four of Algonquin, five of Iroquois make.

The great difficulty now remained; this was to embark unseen, for the slightest suspicion of their intent would draw the whole force of the canton upon them. At last a favorable moment arrived. A young Frenchman was adopted into the tribe; and, in accordance with their customs, gave a banquet. Availing himself of one of their usages, he proclaimed to be one where everything must be eaten and nothing left, immense as might be the mass of eatables placed before the guest.

To this feast every neighbor was invited; the plenteous board groaned beneath the weight of viands, and as none could refuse his portion, the overloaded guests, excited by the dances and games which the French kept up in quick succession, the Onondagas, lulled by the music, were insensible to all but the festivities before them. Amid the uproar and noise, the boats were silently borne to the water's edge, and as silently loaded. Gradually, as the night closed in, the weary guests began to drop away, the music and dance being kept up by the French. When these

ceased, all the Onondagas departed, and were soon after buried in sleep. Silence reigned around.

The whole French colony hurried to their flotilla and pushed off, about midnight, on the 20th of March, 1658. The water of the lake froze around them as they advanced, and fear almost froze their blood, yet on they went all night long, and all the next day; hand succeeded hand at the oar and paddle, till, on the second evening, without having met a single living soul, they saw Ontario spread its sea-like expanse before them. Their greatest danger was now past, and the distance between them and their treacherous hosts gave them time to breathe.

When the Onondagas had slept off their revel, they strolled from their huts, and, as they rambled towards St. Mary's of Ganentaa, were surprised by the silence that reigned around it. Supposing the inmates at prayer or in council, they awaited the result calmly, for an Indian never betrays curiosity. Of their presence there they had no doubt; the cocks were crowing, the dog answered the knock at the door.

Yet, as the afternoon waned, their patience was exhausted, and, scaling the side of the house, they entered. No sound echoed through the building but that of their own cautious steps. In fright, they stole through and opened the main door. The sagest chiefs enter; from garret to cellar every spot is examined; not a Frenchman can be found. Fear and terror seize them; gazing at each other in silence, they fled from the house. No trace betrayed the flight of the French. "They have become invisible," cried the Onondagas, "and flown or walked upon the waters, for canoes they had not."

The fugitives, meanwhile, amid a thousand dangers, by an unknown route, through lake, and river, and rapid, and fall, reached Montreal, after seeing one of their canoes and three of their party engulfed in the St. Lawrence. In the colony, they were received as men from beyond the grave.

Thus ended, after a brief existence, the mission of St. Mary's of Ganentaa in the Onondaga country, with its dependent missions among the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas. It had been founded and conducted with great toil, and at great expense; it was now crushed, but its effect was not lost; many had been brought to the faith, and many more were convinced of the truth and beauty of Christianity, but from motives of policy still many held back.

*Catholic National Fifth Reader, 1876*

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\*Shea (1824-1892) was an early write of American Catholic history.

## CHAPTER 8

*The Pacific Coast Fifth Reader**Revised Edition*

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San Francisco, California

This reader was an adjunct reader published especially for California schools. It contained material dealing specifically with California, but I have not included those selections in this reader.

## DEMORALIZATION CONSEQUENT ON IRRELIGION

W. E. Channing\*

Once let men thoroughly believe that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and that death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow! We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably, we might believe that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation! What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man be the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace of hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be – a companion for brutes.

*Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874*

\*William Ellery Channing, an American preacher, writer, and theologian, influential in the founding of Unitarianism. The views expressed here vary greatly with later Unitarian beliefs.

THE BLIND PREACHER<sup>1</sup>

William Wirt\*

As I traveled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed: The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manners, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion. I knew the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his

audience down from the height to which he had would them, without, impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But, no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few moments of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which held it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher" – then, pausing, raising his other, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice – "but Jesus Christ – like a God!"

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau, a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his Bard.

*The Pacific Coast Fifth Reader, 1874*

1. The foregoing selection, all that is given in the textbook, is about half of Letter Number Seven from Wirt's, *The Letters of a British Spy*. Gray's "Bard" is a reference to Thomas Gray's poem, *The Bard*. Though not included in the original, I am including the relevant section below, along with another short section identifying the "Blind preacher" as James Waddell, an Irish-American scholar and tutor to prominent Virginians, and later, renowned as an eloquent preacher, even after going blind in middle age. Wirt's account constitutes the only written record of Waddell's sermons.

Gray's introductory picture of his Bard:

“On a rock, whose haughty brow,  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood;  
(Loose his beard and hoary hair  
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air:)  
And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.”

“Guess my surprise, when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of JAMES WADDELL!” – Wirt

The remainder of the “Letter” is devoted to criticizing Virginia's lack of regard for Waddell's sermonizing, said by Wirt, President James Madison, and others to be among the finest ever delivered.

\*William Wirt, a prominent American writer, politician (“statesman”), and attorney. A more complete biography is given under his other citation “Letter from the British Spy”.

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## THE MAD ENGINEER

Anonymous

My train left Dantzic in the morning, generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel and found that my engineer had been run over by a railway carriage, and was too seriously injured to perform his work. Here was a fix. The steamer arrived, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were ready for a fresh start.

The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets were bought, the different carriages assigned to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house. It was past nine o'clock. “Come, why don't we start?”, growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture someone touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger at my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye

was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant – so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

“You want an engineer, I understand;” he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

“I do,” I replied. “My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place.”

“Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg: I must go, and I will run the engine for you!”

“Ha!” I uttered, “are you an engineer?”

“I am, sir – one of the oldest in the country – and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg: and I will show you running that is running.”

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man’s offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety.

I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff – a groaning of the heavy axletrees – a trembling of the building – and the train was in motion.

I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

“How we go!” uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had passed Dirsham.

“The new engineer is trying the speed,” I replied, not yet having any fear. But ere long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers.

“Good heavens!” cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, “hwt is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going.”

I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

“Sir,” he gasped, “is Martin Kroller on the engine?”

“Yes,” I told him.

“Holy Virgin! didn’t you know him?”

“Know?” I repeated, somewhat puzzled, “what do you mean? He told me that his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and – ”

“You took *him!*” interrupted the man. “Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were gone this morning, and you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow.”

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible.

I reached the platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus was glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel.

The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red-hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

“Kroller! Kroller!” I cried, at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. O, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

“Ha! ha! ha!” he yelled demoniacally, glaring on me like a roused lion.

“They swore that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Danzic, and I was determined to have it. And I’ve got it! Ho! ho! ho! we’re on the way to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we’ll be in the moon in four and twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I’ll shoot you.”

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

“Here’s little Oscue just before us!” cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightening. I knew if the officers had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash, – it was another engine, – I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on.

The officers had seen our speed, and, knowing that we would not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch so that we went forward. But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula; and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

“Merciful heavens!” gasped the guardsman, “there’s not a moment to lose; Schwartz is close. But hold,” he added, “let’s shoot him.” At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and he saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac’s hand.

I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was past. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fully recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

*Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874*

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AN EXCERPT FROM LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS  
Abraham Lincoln

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan – to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

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FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM

Thomas Moore\*

From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?  
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?  
Hark, hark! 'tis the the trumpet, the call of the brave,  
The death song of tyrants, and dirge of the slave.  
Our country lies bleeding, oh! fly to her aid;  
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.  
In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains;  
The dead fear no tyrants; the grave has no chains.  
On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed  
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed!  
And oh! even if Freedom from this world be driven,  
Despair not – at least we shall find her in heaven!

---

\*Moore was an Irish poet, singer, song writer, and champion of Irish nationalism in the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century.

EXCERPTS FROM  
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER  
S. T. Coleridge\*

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But, or ever a prayer had gushed,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

...

Oh, wedding guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be.

...

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

*Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874*

\*Samuel Taylor Coleridge was an English poet, known for brilliance and imagination in his early years, but his life and art were destroyed by opium addiction. Some of his opium dreams may color even his early work like the macabre imagery in the *Mariner*.

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## THE OLD MAN DREAMS

Oliver Wendell Holmes\*

O for one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy  
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!  
Away with learning's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame!  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And calmly smiling, said,  
"If I but touch your silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind!  
Without thee, what were life?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind:  
I'll take my precious wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
"The man would be a boy again,  
And a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall  
My fond parental joys;  
I could not bear to leave them all;  
I'll take my girl and boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,  
 “Why this will never do;  
 The man would be a boy again,  
 And be a father too!”

And so I laughed, – my laughter woke  
 The household with its noise,  
 And wrote my dream, when morning broke,  
 To please the gray-hired boys.

*Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874*

*\*Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., 1809-1884, was a professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard, and a distinguished and popular writer. He was the father of Associate Supreme Court Judge Oliver W. Holmes, Jr.*

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## TRUE GREATNESS

Charles Sumner\*

God only is great! is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Masillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased monarch of France, called in his own age ‘Louis the Great’. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness.

Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, benevolence, knowledge, and power. And as justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only.

Should all these qualities auspiciously combine in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal, supremely endowed, reflecting the image of his maker. But even knowledge and power, without those higher attributes, cannot constitute true greatness. It is by his goodness that God is most truly known; so, also, is the great man. When Moses said unto the Lord: “Show me thy glory,” the Lord said: “I will make all my goodness pass before thee.” It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are only memorable in the world’s annals and those who are truly great.

If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery or a false appreciation (understanding) of character has expressly awarded this title, we shall find its grievous inaptitude.

Alexander, drunk with victory and wine, whose remains after death, at the early age of thirty-two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great. Caesar, the ravager of distant

lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great. Peter of Russia, the organizer of the material prosperity of his country, the murder of his own son – despotic, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great. Frederic of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous art of war, who played the game of robbery with “human lives for dice,” was not truly great. Surely there is no Christian grandeur in their careers. None of the beatitudes showered upon them a blessed influence. They were not poor in spirit, or meek, or merciful, or pure in heart. They did not hunger and thirst after justice. They were not peacemakers. They did not suffer persecution for justice’s sake.

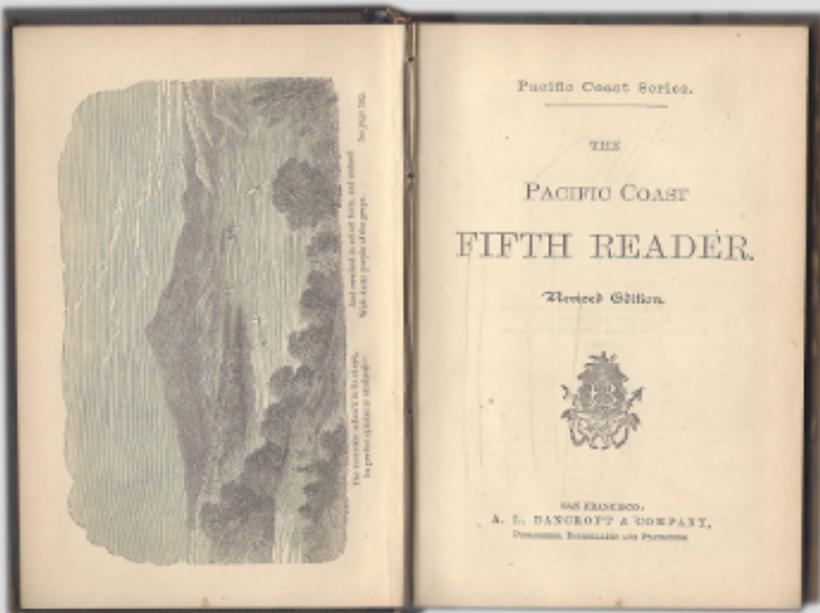
It is men like these that the good Abbé St. Pierre of France, in works that deserve well of mankind, has termed *illustrious* in contradistinction to *great*. Their influence has been extensive, their power mighty, their names have been famous: but they were groveling, selfish, and inhuman in their aims, with little of love to God, and less to man.

...

*Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader*

An excerpt only.

\*Sumner was an American lawyer, orator, writer, and politician of the Civil War era. As a Senator, he was a leader of the anti-slavery movement. He was severely beaten, on the floor of the Senate, after a speech insulting a Southern, pro-slavery Senator.



## CHAPTER 9

*The Franklin Sixth Reader and Speaker*

George S. Hilliard and Homer B. Sprague

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## DANGERS TO OUR REPUBLIC

Horace Mann\*

Behold, on this side, crowding to the polls, and even candidates for the highest offices in the gift of the people, are men whose hands are red with a brother's blood, slain in a private quarrel (duel)! Close pressing upon these, urges onward a haughty band glittering in wealth; but, for every flash that gleams from jewel and diamond, a father, a mother, and helpless children have been stolen and sold into ransomless bondage (slavery).

Invading their ranks, struggles forward a troop of riotous incendiaries (anarchists), who have hitherto escaped the retribution of the law, and would now annihilate the law whose judgments they fear. Behind these pours on, tumultuous, the chaotic rout of atheism; and yonder dashes forward a sea of remorseless life, – thousands and tens of thousands, – condemned by the laws of God and man. In all the dread catalogue of mortal sins there, is not one (sin) but there are hearts in that host which have willed and hands which have perpetrated it.

The gallows has spared its victim, the prison has released its tenants; from dark cells, where malice had brooded, where revenge and robbery had held their nightly rehearsals, the leprous multitude is disgorged, and comes up to the ballot box to foredoom the destinies of this nation.

But look again, on the other side, at that deep and dense array of ignorance, whose limits the eye cannot discover. Its van leans against us here, its rear is beyond the distant hills. They, too, in this hour of their country's peril, have come up to turn the folly of which they are unconscious into measures which they cannot understand, by votes which they cannot read. Nay, more, and worse! for, from the ranks of crime, emissaries are sallying forth towards the ranks of ignorance, and hying to and fro amongst them, shouting the war-cries of faction, and flaunting banners with lying symbols, such as cheat the eye of a mindless brain; and thus the hosts of crime are to lead on the hosts of ignorance in their assault upon Liberty and Law!

What shall now be done to save the citadel of freedom, where are treasured all the hopes of posterity? Or, if we can survive the peril of such a day, what shall be done to prevent the next generation from

sending forth still more numerous hordes, afflicted with deeper blindness and incited by darker depravity?

Are there any here who would counsel us to save the people from themselves, by wresting from their hands this formidable right of ballot? Better for the man who would propose this remedy to an infuriated multitude, that he should stand in the lightning's path as it descends from heaven to earth.

And answer me this question, you who would reconquer for the few the power which has been won by the many, – you would disfranchise the common mass of mankind, and re-condemn them to become Helots (slaves of the Spartans) and bondmen and feudal serfs, – tell me, were they again in the power of your castes, would you not again neglect them, again oppress them, again make them slaves?

Tell me, you royalists and hierarchs, or advocates of royalty and hierarchy, were the poor and the ignorant again in your power, to be tasked and tithed at your pleasure, would you not turn another Ireland into paupers, and colonize another Botany Bay with criminals?

O, far better, that the atheist and the blasphemer, and he who, since the last setting sun, has dyed his hands in parricide (murder of parents), or his soul in sacrilege, should challenge equal political power with the wisest and the best!

Better that these blind Samsons, in the wantonness of their gigantic strength, should tear down the pillars of the Republic, than that the great lesson which Heaven, for six thousand years, has been teaching to the world, should be lost upon it, – the lesson that the intellectual and moral nature of man is the one thing precious in the sight of God, and therefore that, until this nature is cultivated and enlightened and purified, neither opulence nor power, nor learning nor genius, nor domestic sanctity nor the holiness of God's altars, can ever be safe.

Until the immortal and godlike capacities of every being that comes into the world are deemed more worthy, are watched more tenderly, than any other thing, no dynasty of men, no form of government, can stand or shall stand upon the face of the earth; and the force of the fraud which would seek to uphold them shall be but “as fetters of flax to bind the flame.”

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

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\*Mann was a Massachusetts politician and advocate of public education.

OPPOSITION TO INDEPENDENCE<sup>1</sup>

Daniel Webster\*

Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer Colonies, with charters and privileges, these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors.

For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England; for she will exert that strength to the utmost? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputed to us.

But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretense, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious, subjects. I shudder before this responsibility.

It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unreasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold.

## MR. ADAMS' REPLY

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is

now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then should we defer the declaration?

Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We shall never submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty; may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king; set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of every army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it; and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls: proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am,

and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that , live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. it is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, – independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Webster (1782-1852) “Perhaps the greatest American orator, famous for services as United States Senator from Massachusetts...and for many speeches of special occasions.”

1. This lesson and the one which succeeds it are taken from Mr. Webster’s “Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson,” delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826. The first speech presents such arguments as might have been urged against the declaration of the independence of the Colonies by a man of timid and desponding temperament; and the views of bolder and far-seeing statesmen are uttered by the lips of Mr. Adams. Many persons have supposed that the speech put into the mouth of Mr. Adams was really delivered by him, but that is not the case. It was written by Mr. Webster.

## OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO ENGLAND

Edward Everett\*

What citizen of our republic does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British Empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there?

Who does not remember that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the stars of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that, in the eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke or of Chatham within the walls of the British Parliament and at the foot of the British throne?

No; for myself, I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat; to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable

parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity (blood relation) of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is as music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.

I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the institutions under which I have been brought up. I wander, delighted, through a thousand scenes which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us, of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; – the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, – rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not – I need not say I am not – the panegyrist (spokesman) of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The scepter, the miter, and the coronet, – stars, garters, and blue ribbons, – seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies mustered for the battles of Europe, her navies overshadowing the ocean, nor her empire, grasping the farthest east. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections.

But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the pilgrim; – it is these I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of any enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not feel it also for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Everett was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and was still living at the time of publication of the Franklin Reader. He trained as a minister but soon became a professor of Greek literature at Harvard. From that position he succeeded to be a renowned orator, author, politician and statesman.

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## NATIONAL INJUSTICE

Rev. Theodore Parker\*

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states eat up the little; as with fish, so with nations. Ay, but how do the great states come to an end? By their own injustice and no other cause.

Come with me into the *Inferno* of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Nivevitish dove upon thy emerald crown. What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground."

O queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who trodest the people under thee, bridgest the Hellespont with ships, and pourest thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me, bridged the Hellespont with ships and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds."

Thou muse-like Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art and most seductive song, why liest there with beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone (fine white marble): I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than Parian speech: but the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth. Lo, therefore have I become as those barbarous states, – as one of them."

O manly, majestic Rome! Thy seven-fold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low, for thy great book of law is prefaced with these words, JUSTICE IS THE UNCHANGING, EVERLASTING WILL TO GIVE EACH MAN HIS RIGHT! "It was not the saint's ideal: it was the hypocrite's pretense. I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces. Where thou mayest see the fox and hear the owl, it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet counselors. The flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfalls as you see!

"Go back and tell the new-born child who sitteth on the Alleghenies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars upon

his brow, – tell him there are rights which states must keep, or they shall suffer wrong. Tell him there is a God, who keeps the black man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks his just, eternal law! Warn the young empire, that he come not down, dim and dishonored, to my shameful tomb! Tell him that justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. I knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him keep it and be safe!”

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Born in Lexington, Massachusetts, August 24, 1810; and died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. An early and fervent abolitionist.

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## THE SLAVE TRADE

Daniel Webster

If the blessings of our political and social condition have not been too highly estimated, we cannot well overrate the responsibility which they impose upon us. We hold these institutions of government, religion, and learning to be transmitted as well as enjoyed. We are in the line of conveyance through which whatever has been obtained by the spirit and efforts of our ancestors is to be communicated to our children.

We are bound to maintain public liberty, and, by the example of our own systems, to convince the world that order and law, religion and morality, the right of conscience, the rights of persons, and the right of property, may all be preserved and secured in the most perfect manner by a government entirely and purely elective. If we fail in this, our disaster will be signal, and will furnish an argument, stronger than yet has been found, in support of those opinions which maintain that government can rest safely on nothing but power and coercion.

As far as experience may show errors in our establishments, we are bound to correct them; and if any practices exist contrary to the principles of justice and humanity, within reach of our laws or influence, we are inexcusable if we do not exert ourselves to restrain and abolish them.

I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest that the land is not yet wholly free from a traffic at which every feeling of humanity must revolt, – I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has yet been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian

states, in whose hearts no sentiment of justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control.

In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and felon<sup>1</sup>; and in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call upon all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven.

If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it.

It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrim's should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, – I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized men henceforth have no communion with it. I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner, bloody with his guilt, within hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust.

I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates that ever infested them. That ocean which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence, to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil, – what is it to the victim of this oppression when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it for the first time from beneath chains and bleeding with stripes? – What is it to him, but a widespread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer; nor is the air fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and cursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

*The Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

*[The (preceding) passage is taken from a discourse, pronounced at Plymouth, December 22, 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement of New England.]*

1. The Constitution provided that the importation of slaves into the US be banned twenty years after its ratification. That was a compromise necessary to bring the south into agreement. After 1808, slave traders were considered ‘pirates’ and subject to hanging if convicted, but smuggling persisted. It was for that reason that slave smugglers would throw their human cargoes, the evidence, overboard, weighted down with chains, when being pursued by the Coast Guard.

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**THE REFORM THAT IS NEEDED**

Rev. Horace Bushnell\*

It is getting to be a great hope of our time, that society is about to slide into something better, by a course of natural progress, – by the advance of education, by great public reforms, by courses of self-culture, and philanthropic practice. We have a new gospel that corresponds, – a gospel that preaches not so much a faith in God’s salvation as a faith in human nature, – an attenuated, moralizing gospel, that proposes development, not regeneration; that shows men how to grow better, how to cultivate their amiable instincts, how to be rational in their own light, and govern themselves by their own power.

Sometimes it is given as the true problem, how to reform the shape and reconstruct the style of their heads (Phrenology)! Alas, that we are taken, or can be, with so great a folly! How plain it is that no such gospel meets our want! What can it do for us but turn us away, more and more fatally, from that gospel of the Son of God which is our only hope? Man, as a ruin, going after development and progress and philanthropy and social culture, and by this firefly glimmer, to make a day of glory!

And this is the doctrine that proposes shortly to restore society, to settle the passion, regenerate the affection, re-glorify the thought, fill the aspiration of a desiring and disjointed world. As if any being but God had power to grapple with these human disorders; as if man or society, crazed and maddened by the demoniacal frenzy of sin, were going to rebuild the state of order, and reconstruct the harmony of nature by such kind of desultry (superficial) counsel and unsteady application as it can manage to enforce in its own cause; going to do this miracle by its science, its compacts, and self-executed reforms!

As soon will the desolations of Karnak (ancient Egyptian ruins) gather up their fragments and reconstruct the proportions out of which they have fallen. No; it is not progress, not reforms, that are wanted as any

principal thing. Nothing meets our case, but to come unto God and be medicated in him; to be born of God, and so, by his regenerative power, to be set in heaven's own order. He alone can rebuild the ruin, he alone set up the glorious temple of the mind, and those divine affinities in us that raven with immortal hunger; he alone can satisfy them in the bestowment of himself!

*The Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., 1802-1876, was an influential, though controversial, New England theologian. He is identified as a leader in theological liberalism, although he defended many orthodox positions, including opposition to Darwinism. The above piece seems to place him more with the Evangelical tradition than his reputation would warrant.

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## OLIVER CROMWELL

Goldwin Smith\*

Cromwell was a fanatic<sup>1</sup>, and all fanatics are morally the worse for their fanaticism: they set dogma above virtue, they take their own ends for God's ends, and take their own enemies for his. But that this man's religion was sincere, who can doubt?



It not only fills his most private letters, as well as his speeches and dispatches, but is the only clue to his life. For it, when past forty, happy in his family, well-to-do in the world, he turned out with his children and exposed his life to sword and bullet in obscure skirmishes as well as in glorious fields. On his death-bed his thoughts wandered, not, like those of Napoleon, among the eddies of battle, or in the mazes of state-craft, but among the religious questions of his youth. Constant hypocrisy would have been fatal to his decision. The double minded man is unstable in all his ways. This man was not unstable in any of his ways; his course is as straight as that of a great force of nature. There is something not only more than animal, but more than natural in his courage. If fanatics so often beat men of the world in council, it is because they throw the die of earthly destiny with a steady hand, as those whose great treasure is not here.

Walking amid such perils, not of sword and bullet only, but of envious factions and intriguing enemies on every side, it was impossible that Cromwell should not contract a wariness, and perhaps more than a wariness, of step. It was impossible that his character should not in some measure reflect the darkness of his time.

In establishing his government, he had to feel his way to sound men's dispositions, to conciliate different interests; and these are processes not

favorable to simplicity of mind, still less favorable to the appearance of it, yet compatible with general honesty of purpose. As to what is called his hypocritical use of Scriptural language, Scriptural language was his native tongue. In it he spoke to his wife and children, as well as to his armies and his Parliaments; it burst from his lips when he saw victory at Dunbar; it hovered on them in death, when policy, and almost consciousness was gone.

He said that he would gladly have gone back to private life. It is incredible that he should have formed the design, perhaps not incredible that he should have felt the desire. Nature, no doubt, with high powers gives the wish to use them; and it must be bitter for one who knows that he can do great things to pass away before great things have been done.

But when great things have been done for a great end on an illustrious scene, the victor of Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester, the savior of a nation's cause, may be ready to welcome the evening hour of memory and repose, especially if, like Cromwell, he has a heart full of affection, and a happy home.

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*British historian and journalist, 1823 – 1910.

1. Who was Oliver Cromwell – fanatic or hero? Neither bronze statue, nor cartoon villain, but flesh and blood. One of the most prominent figures in English history, certainly, and in the history of democracy and religious liberty. But whether he was saint or monster was, and probably always will be, in dispute. To the right, he is depicted as a usurper of the crown.

He organized and led the Army of Parliament against the English King and his Royalist forces in the English Civil War, to determine whether England would be ruled by an absolute monarch, or by an elected parliament. Cromwell and his forces were ultimately victorious, but it was a long, brutal, and bloody war that took on the unpleasant appearance of religious war. The Royalists were largely Catholic, and their King intent on restoring England to the Catholic fold after years of Protestant rule. The Catholic strongholds, especially in Scotland and Ireland were ravaged cruelly and Cromwell thereafter hated with a burning passion by many in the British Commonwealth.



Cromwell and his “New Model Army” were Protestant, and mostly Puritan. Cromwell was a strict Puritan, and saw himself as God’s chosen instrument to save his people from the attempt to restore England to the Catholic fold, and absolute monarchy. One of his greatest accomplishments, though, was the “Religious Tolerance Act” legalizing Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish religious observance. He also saw as the role of government to enforce strict morality upon the public. When he was made “Lord Protector of the Commonwealth”, his moral strictures upon the rather ribald English culture of the day turned many of the common people, for whose rights he had fought, against him.

A few years after his death, and burial in Westminster Abbey, the Royalists regained power. His Religious Tolerance Act was overturned, and his body disinterred, hanged and beheaded, with his head being on public display for years; such was their hatred for him.

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## THE MISERIES OF WAR

Rev. Robert Hall\*

Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home, yet at each successive moment, life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war; death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of Death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

It is remarked by the most ancient of poets (Homer), that in peace, children bury their parents; in war, parents bury their children; nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow which is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, everything but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

But to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses and the insults of an enraged foe!

If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife or mother or sister is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

....

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Rev. Hall, 1764-1831, pastored Baptist churches in England and Scotland, and was known for his eloquence.

This is an excerpt from the original piece, one of several in this book, published less than a decade after the Civil War, lamenting the miseries of war.

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## GOD IN NATURE

Edwin H. Chapin, D. D.\*

The grandest scale on which the operation of a Providence appears is the entire system of the natural world. It is true that here is the field from which, in theory, many seem to exclude the notion of a Providence. They speak of Nature as a stupendous machine, wound up and running by its own vitality, – an automaton which, by a kind of clock-work, simulates a life, and an intelligence that are really absent from it. Or, if they do not deny the operation of a Divine Providence, they refer to what are termed “the laws of nature” in such a manner as to shut off the immediate agency of God.

But what is a law of nature, except a fixed way in which the Creator works? The finest element that the chemist can detect – the subtle, immaterial force whatever it may be – is not the law, but merely an expression of the law. And in the last analysis we cannot separate law from the operation of intelligent will.

I do not say that God acts only through nature, or that God is identical with nature; but in a profound sense it is true that nature is Providence. God, who in essence is distinct from his works, is perpetually in his works. And so every night and every day his providence is illustrated before us. His beneficence streams out from the morning sun, and his love looks down upon us from the starry eyes of midnight. It is his solicitude that wraps us in the air, and the pressure of his hand, so to speak, that keeps our pulses beating.

O, it is a great thing to realize that the Divine Power is always working; that nature, in every valve and every artery, is full of the presence of God! It is a great thing to conceive of providence as both general and special, comprehending immensity in its plan, yet sustaining the frailest being, and elaborating the humblest form. Take up as much as you can, in your imagination, the great circle of existence. How wide its sweep! How immeasurable its currents! And are there some who tell us that God cares only for the grand whole, and has no regard for details, – that is beneath the majesty of his nature, the dignity of his scheme?

I say, again, that the nature is providence; and this tells us a different story. For it is full of minute ministrations, as though the Divine solicitude were concentrated upon the insect or the worm; so that whatever thing you observe, it seems as though the universe were concentrated and arranged for that alone.

And the sublimities of God's glory beam upon us in his care for the little, as well as in his adjustments of the great; in the comfort which surrounds the little wood-bird and blesses the denizen of a single leaf, as well as in happiness that streams through the hierarchies of being that cluster and swarm in yon forests of the firmament; in the skill displayed in the spider's eye, in the beauty that quivers upon the butterfly's wing, as in the splendors that emboss the chariot wheels of night, or glitter in the sandals of the morning.

*Franklin Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Chapin was a Universalist clergyman and noted orator in New York State in the mid-Nineteenth Century.

This is an excellent statement on the distinctions between Naturalism, and Theism, and as relevant today as in 1874.

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## CHAPTER 10

*The Sixth Reader*

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DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC<sup>1</sup>

Edmund Burke\*

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals, a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection.

He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors (backers) of the Nabob of Arcot<sup>3</sup>, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and of which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine. For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these

masters of their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one women, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

*Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1872*

\*Burke, 1729-1797, was an influential British statesman, politician, writer, philosopher. He was a friend of the American colonies in the English Parliament leading up to the American Revolution. The forgoing is an abridged selection from his speech to Parliament in behalf of aid to the Carnatic.

1. The Carnatic is the coastal plain region of south eastern India. Much of the food production of India came from the Carnatic.

2. Hyder Ali Khan, also known as the Sultan of Mysore, was the military leader of the Kingdom of Mysore in the mountainous region west of the Carnatic. He was an able soldier and built a powerful army. Siding with the French in their colonial wars against the British in India, he gave a major defeat to the British/Indian Army in 1780. Only a few years before, during the Seven Years War (better known in America as the 'French and Indian War') the British had largely ousted the French from India. The French alliance with the rebellious American colonies reopened the world wide war between Great Britain and France, forcing the British to shift tens of thousands of troops from America to defend its far flung colonial empire. That may have been the greatest accomplishment of the French alliance. The destruction of the Carnatic was one of those unforeseen tragedies that accompany wars.

2. The Nabob of Arcot, also carrying the title 'Ali Khan', was the ruler of the Carnatic, and allied with the British. Centuries before this time, Islamic invaders had conquered most of the Indian subcontinent and India was ruled by local warlords, mostly Islamic, others Hindu. India was unified under British rule, but at the end of British rule, civil war and mass migration broke up British India into mostly Islamic Pakistan and mostly Hindu India, and later, predominantly Islamic Bangladesh.

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## DISCIPLINE

Anonymous

A block of marble caught the glance of  
 Of Buonarotti's<sup>1</sup> eyes,  
 Which brightened in their solemn deeps,  
 Like meteor lightened skies,  
 And one who stood beside him listened,  
 Smiling as he heard;  
 For "I will make an angel of it,"  
 Was the sculptor's word.  
 And mallet and chisel sharp  
 The stubborn block assailed,  
 And blow by blow, and pang by pang,

The prisoner unveiled.  
 A brow was lifted, high and pure;  
 The waking eyes outshone;  
 And as the master sharply wrought,  
 A smile broke through the stone!

Beneath the chisel's edge the hair  
 Escaped in flowing rings;  
 And, plume by plume, was slowly freed  
 The sweep of half furl'd wings.  
 The stately bust and graceful limbs  
 Their marble fetters shed,  
 And where the shapeless block had been,  
 An angel stood instead!

O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce  
 This shrinking heart of mine!  
 What are ye but the master's tools,  
 Forming a work divine?  
 O hope that crumbles at my feet!  
 O joy that mocks and flies!  
 What are ye but the clogs that bind  
 My spirit from the skies!

Sculptor of souls! I lift to Thee  
 Encumbered heart and hands;  
 Spare not the chisel, set me free,  
 However dear the bands.  
 How blest, if all these seeming ills,  
 Which draw my thoughts to Thee,  
 Should only prove that thou wilt make  
 An Angel out of me!

*Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1872*

1. Bwō-nä-röt-te; *Michaelangelo* Buonarotti, one of the greatest artists and sculptors.

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## THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST

Lord Macaulay\*

The advocates of Charles I<sup>1</sup>, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second<sup>2</sup> no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, with his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues?

And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

Right, is Charles I, painted by Daniel Mytens the Elder.



We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defense is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, 'a good man, but a bad king'. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at the table, and all his regularity at chapel.

*Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1872*

\*Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, was a British statesman, scholar, and historian.

1. Charles I Stuart, King of England, Ireland, and Scotland, was overthrown and executed in 1649 by the army of the English Parliament under Oliver Cromwell.
2. James II was the son of Charles II who inherited the throne after the Restoration of the Stuart Monarchy in 1660. James II was ousted by the "Glorious Revolution of 1688", and replaced on the throne by his nephew and daughter, William and Mary.

## GOD IS ALL IN ALL

Convers Francis\*

Every moment of our lives, we breathe, stand, or move in the temple of the Most High; for the whole universe is that temple. Wherever we go, the testimony to His power, the impress of His hand are there.

Ask of the bright worlds around us, as they roll in the everlasting harmony of their circles; and they shall tell you of Him, whose power launched them in their courses.

Ask of the mountains, that lift their heads among and above the clouds; and the bleak summit of one shall seem to call aloud to the snow clad top of another, in proclaiming their testimony to the Agency which has laid their deep foundations.

Ask of ocean's water; and the roar of their boundless waves shall chant from shore to shore a hymn of ascription to that Being, who hath said, "Hitherto shall ye come and no further."

Ask of the rivers; as they roll onward to the sea, do they not bear along their ceaseless tribute to the ever-working Energy, which struck upon their fountains and poured them down through the valleys?

Ask of every region of the earth, from the burning equator to the icy pole, from the rock bound coast to the plain covered with luxuriant vegetation; and will you not find on them all the record of the Creator's presence?

Ask of the countless tribes of plants and animals; and shall they not testify to the action of the great Source of Life?

Yes, from every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice: everywhere we hear Thy name, O God; everywhere we see Thy love. Creation, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of Thy Spirit, and without Thee the world were dark and dead.

The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw: God is ever present in it, for it burns with His glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy.

*Monroe Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Convers Francis was an American writer, Unitarian minister, and professor at Harvard

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Victorious Oliver Cromwell finding treasonous documents in the King's baggage after the battle of Naseby.



## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY<sup>1</sup>

Lord Macaulay

Oh, wherefore (why) come ye forth, in triumph from the North,  
 With your hands, and your feet, and your rainment (clothes) all red?  
 And wherefore doth your rout (riding men) send forth a joyous shout?  
 And whence (from where) be the grapes of the wine-press which ye  
 tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
 Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about noon, of a glorious day of June,  
 That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses (armor) shine:  
 And the Man of Blood (Charles I) was there, with his long essenced hair<sup>2</sup>  
 And Ashley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
 The general rode along us, to form us to the fight,  
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,  
 Among the godless horsemen, upon the tyrants right.

And, hark! the roar of the billows on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line!  
 For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the Laws!  
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,  
 His bravos of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall<sup>3</sup>;  
 They are bursting our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks,  
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!  
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
 O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!  
 Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippton hath a wound; the center hath given ground;  
 Hark! hark! What means this trampling of horsemen in our rear?  
 Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God! 'tis he, boys.  
 Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes;  
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,  
 And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple bar<sup>4</sup>;  
 And he – he turns, he flies: shame on those cruel eyes –  
 That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

*Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1874*

1. Naseby was a pivotal battle in the English Civil War, when the Parliamentary forces began their march to victory over the Stuart monarchy. This selection displays the opinions of the, mostly Puritan, Parliamentary side in the war. It is a little confusing because both sides claimed to be doing God's will – the Puritan general "Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword," and on the other side, "For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the Laws! For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!"

The following is the note from Monroe's Sixth Reader.

["Naseby is a village in Northamptonshire, England. Here was fought a decisive battle between the royal forces commanded by Charles I, and those of the Parliament under Fairfax, June 14, 1645. The royal center was commanded by the king in person, the right wing by Prince Rupert (nephew of Charles I, German prince, and famed cavalry officer in the Wars of the Reformation in Europe), and the left by Sir Marmaduke Langdal.

Fairfax, supported by Skippton, commanded the center of his army, with Cromwell on his right wing, and Ireton on his left. The royal army, though successful in the first part of the action, was totally defeated."]

2. Charles I, as most of the nobility of the day, wore his hair long and perfumed. The Parliamentary army wore their hair close cropped, and were derisively known as "roundheads".

3. The “bravos of Alsatia” is an apparent reference to thugs (in the Puritan’s opinion) from the notorious semi-autonomous district of London called ‘Alsatia’, after the disputed territory between France and Germany. Charles’ father, James I (also known as “the Man of Blood”), had declared the area a sanctuary. It was a destination for criminals, and all kinds of vice prospered there. ‘Alsations’ were thus loyal to the crown (the loyalty of the street mob has always been useful to tyrants), and a particular thorn in the side of the Puritans. During Oliver Cromwell’s rule, efforts were made to break up Alsatia, but with only limited success, and it returned to its former protected state after the Restoration of the Stuart monarchy. Only the Great Fire and subsequent rebuilding of London had much impact on it.

The “pages of Whitehall” refers to the other end of the social spectrum supporting the king. The children of the aristocracy often became page boys in the government.

4. A gated (bar) entrance in London where the heads of traitors were placed on pikes and left to rot.

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## ONE OF MR. CROWFIELD’S MOODS

Mrs. H. B. Stowe\*

It was evening, and I had just laid up the fire in the most approved style of architecture, and projecting my feet into slippers, sat, spitefully cutting the leaves<sup>1</sup> of a caustic review. Mrs. Crowfield took the tongs and altered the disposition of a stick.

“My dear, “ I said, “I do wish you’d let the fire alone, – you always put it out.”

“I was merely admitting a little air between the sticks,” said my wife.

“You always make matters worse, when you touch the fire.”

As in contradiction, a bright tongue of flame darted up between the sticks, and the fire began chattering and snapping at me. Now, if there’s anything which would provoke a saint, is to be jeered and snapped at, in that way, by a man’s own fire. It’s an unbearable impertinence. I threw up my leg impatiently, and hit Rover, who yelped a yelp that finished the upset of my nerves. I gave him a hearty kick, that he might have something to yelp for, and, in the movement, upset Jennie’s embroidery basket.

“O, papa!”

“Confound your baskets and balls! – they are everywhere, so that a man can’t move; useless, wasteful things, too.”

“Wasteful?” said Jennie, coloring indignantly; for if there’s anything Jennie piques herself upon, it’s her economy.

“Yes, wasteful, – wasting time and money both. Here are hundreds of shivering poor to be clothed, and Christian females sit and do nothing but crochet worsted into useless knick-knacks. If they would be working for the poor, there would be some sense in it. But it’s all just alike; no real Christianity in the world, – nothing but organized selfishness and self-indulgence.”

“Why, dear,” said Mrs. Crowfield, “you are not well tonight. Things are not so desperate as they appear. You haven’t gotten over Christmas week.”

“I am well. Never was better. But I can see, I hope, what’s before my eyes; and the fact is, Mrs. Crowfield, things must not go on as they are going. There must be more care, more attention to details. There’s Maggie, – that girl never does what she is told.

You are too slack with her, ma’am. She will light the fire with the last paper, and she won’t put my slippers in the right place; and I can’t have my study made the general catchall and menagerie for Rover and Jennie, and her baskets and balls, and for all the family litter.”

Just at that moment, I overheard a sort of sigh from Jennie, who was swelling with repressed indignation at my attack on her worsted (wool cloth). She sat, with her back to me, knitting energetically, and said, in a low, but very decisive tone, as she twitched her yarn:

“Now, if I should talk in that way, people would call me cross, and that’s the whole of it.”

I pretended to be looking into the fire in an absent minded state; but Jennie’s words had started a new idea. Was *that* it? Was that the whole matter? Was it then a fact, that the house, the servants, Jennie and her worsted, Rover and Mrs. Crowfield, were all going on pretty much as usual, and that the difficulty was that I was – *cross*? How many times had I encouraged Rover to lie just where he was lying when I kicked him! How many times, in better moods, had I complimented Jennie on her neat little fancy-works, and declared that I liked the social companionship of ladies work baskets among my papers!

Yes, it was clear. After all, things were much as they had been, only I was *cross*.

Cross! I put it to myself, in that simple, old fashioned word, instead of saying that I was out of spirits, or nervous, or using any other smooth phrases with which we, good Christians, cover up our little sins of temper. “Here you are, Christopher,” said I to myself, “a literary man, with a somewhat delicate nervous organization, and a sensitive stomach, and you have been eating like a sailor or a ploughman; you have been merry-making and playing the boy for two weeks; up at all

sorts of irregular hours, and into all sorts of boyish performances; and the consequence is, that, like a thoughtless young scape-grace (rascal) you have used up, in ten days, the capital of nervous energy that was meant to last you ten weeks.

“You can’t eat your cake and have it too, Christopher. When the nervous fluid – source of cheerfulness, giver of pleasant sensations and pleasant views – is all spent, you can’t feel cheerful; things cannot look as they did when you were full of life and vigor. When the tide is out, there is nothing but unsightly, ill smelling tide-mud, and you can’t help it; but you can keep your senses, – you can know what is the matter with you, – you can keep from visiting your overdose of Christmas mince-pies, and candies, and jocularities on the heads of Mrs. Crowfield, Rover, and Jennie, whether in the form of virulent morality, pungent criticism, or a free kick, such as you just gave the poor brute.”

“Come here, Rover, poor dog!” said I, extending my hand to Rover, who cowered at the farther corner of the room, eyeing me wistfully, – “come here, you poor doggie, and make up with your master. There, there! Was his master cross? Well, he knows it. We must forgive and forget, old boy, mustn’t we?” And Rover nearly broke his own back and tore me to pieces, with his tremulous tail-wagging.

“As to you,” I said to Jennie, “I am much obliged to you for your free suggestion. You must take my cynical moralities for what they are worth, and put your little traps into as many of my drawers as you please.”

In short, I made it up handsomely all around – even apologizing to Mrs. Crowfield, who, by-the-by, has summered me and wintered me so many years, and knows all my airs and cuts and crinkles so well, that she took my irritable, unreasonable spirit as tranquilly as if I had been a baby cutting a new tooth.

“Of course, Chris, I knew what the matter was; don’t disturb yourself,” she said, as I began my apology’ “we understand each other.”

### *Monroe’s Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Harriet Beecher Stowe, an American writer, best known for the abolitionist polemical novel, *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. President Lincoln supposedly said to Mrs. Stowe, “*So you are the little woman who wrote the book that started this great war.*” Whether he actually said that, or in what sense he meant it, is a matter of dispute; but *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* did greatly add to the inflamed passions on both sides of the slavery issue. It was those inflamed passions, rather than economic or political reasons that led to the Civil War; and it took four years of death and destruction to cool them off.

1. At one time, books were printed on large folded sheets and the edges were not trimmed, leaving reader's to cut apart the pages. When printed on folded sheets today, the edges are usually trimmed.

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## SYMPATHY WITH THE GREEKS

Henry Clay\*

And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece<sup>1</sup>, – that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in a humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies.

How shall it run? “We the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency,” – I cannot go through the disgusting recital! My lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven? at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian suffering; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our humanity. Ah! sir, “what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” – or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties?

*Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1874*

\*Henry Clay, was an American politician, and statesman; one of the generation born in a log cabin on the frontier who rose to prominence, he as a U. S. Representative for Virginia, Speaker of the House, Senator, and Secretary of State.

1. A reference to the brutal war for Greek independence from the Turkish Empire in the 1820's and early 1830's. Eventually, Great Britain, France, and Russia intervened to secure an independent Greek nation.

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## NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON

By J. G. Whittier

Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, who of old  
 Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing Cape<sup>1</sup>  
 Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds  
 Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream  
 Of a good angel dropping in his hand  
 A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day  
 Far inland, where the voices of the waves  
 Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,  
 As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods,  
 He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor bird  
 He found; though meanwhile in the reedy pools  
 The otter plashed, and underneath the pines  
 The partridge drummed; and as his thoughts went back  
 To the sick wife and little child at home,  
 What marvel that the poor man felt his faith  
 Too weak to bear its burdens, – like a rope  
 That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks above  
 The hand that grasps it. "Even now, O Lord!  
 "Send me," he prayed, "the angel of my dream!  
 Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot wait."

Even as he spake, he heard at his bare feet  
 A low, metallic clink, and looking down,  
 He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold  
 Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held  
 The treasure up before his eyes, alone  
 With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins  
 Slide through his eager fingers, one by one,  
 So then the dream was true.

The angel brought  
 One broad piece only; should he take all these?

Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods?  
The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss  
This dropped crumb from a table always full.  
Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry  
Of a starved child; the sick face of his wife  
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt  
Urged the wild license of his savage youth  
Against his later scruples.

All the while

The low rebuking of the distant waves  
Stole in upon him like the voice of God  
Among the trees of Eden. Girding up  
His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust  
The base thought from him: Nauhaught, be a man  
Starve, if need be; but, while you live, look out  
From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.

"God help me! I am deacon of the church,  
A baptized, praying Indian! Should I do  
This secret meanness, even the barken knots  
Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it,  
The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves  
Whisper above me: 'Nauhaught is a thief!'  
The sun would know it, and the stars that hide  
Behind his light would watch me, and at night  
Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes.  
Yea, thou, God, seest me!"

Then Nauhaught drew

Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus  
The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back  
To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea;  
And, pausing at the inn door, cheerily asked:  
"Who hath lost aught to-day?"

"I," said a voice;

"Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,  
My daughter's handiwork." He looked, and lo!  
One stood before him in a coat of frieze (cloth),  
And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,  
Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of wings.

Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's hand  
The silken web, and turned to go his way.  
But the man said: "A tithe (tenth) at least is yours;

Take it, in God's name, as an honest man."  
And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed  
Over the golden gift, "Yea, in God name  
I take it, with a poor man's thanks," he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand,  
Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,  
He sought his home, singing, to the summer sea,  
And while his neighbors in their careless way  
Spoke of the owner of the silken purse –  
A Wellfleet<sup>2</sup> skipper, known in every port  
That the Cape opens in its sandy wall –  
He answered, with a wise smile, to himself:  
"I saw the angel where they see the man."

*Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1872*

1. Cape Cod
  2. A town on Cape Cod Bay
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## CHAPTER 11

*The Webster-Franklin-Fifth Reader.*

George S. Hilliard, 1871

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A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR<sup>1</sup>

Charles Dickens\*

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and was his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die; would the flower, and the water, and the sky, be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear, shining star, that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, – O, very, very young, – the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came – all too soon – when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little

grave, among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him he saw it through his tears. Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star, and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant; but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night, and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought he did not belong to the earth alone but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him. And the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother."

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said the sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three; and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom. And her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!" And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered to one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And, O my father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

*Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

\*Dickens really needs, or should need, no introduction in an advanced English reader. He was one of the most popular writers of the Nineteenth Century, and in the history of English literature.

1. This selection is an unusual piece from Mr. Dickens' large body of work, though such sentimentalism was common place in his era. In reading it, we should remember the title words "A Child's Dream". It should not be considered a theological statement; it would not stand scrutiny for Christian orthodoxy, but is a reminder of Christians' hope in a time of grief. Those were days of closer family relations, and more uncertain expectation of life, especially of infant mortality; and a time when people were much closer to the struggles of life and death. They were born at home, and they died at home, surrounded by family, not in some massive sterile institution surrounded by strangers. The central theme is expressed in this one sentence, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!" Those are the very sentiments expressed in many gospel songs popular even today.

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## ADDRESS TO THE WEBSTER REGIMENT

Everett\*

You are entering, sir, with your patriotic associates, upon an untried field of duty; but you are descended from a stock which, in more than one generation, teaches lessons of loyal devotion. Your grandfather, Captain Ebenezer Webster, a grave and thoughtful man, was one of those frontier rangers who bore the brunt of the Seven Years War in the wilderness which separated our then feeble settlements from Canada, and he stood with Stark at Bennington. Your noble father, in defense of the menaced constitution of his country, led the mighty conflicts of the Senate, not less decisive than the conflicts of the field. Your only brother, following the impulses of a generous ambition, left his young life on the sickly plains of Mexico. On the family that bears these proud memories, nothing less worthy than duty well performed, danger bravely met, and the country honorably served, will ever, I am confident, be inscribed in connection with your name.

It is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that, on behalf of the patriotic ladies who take a friendly interest in the regiment, I now present you this beautiful banner, well assured that you and all in your command will regard it with grateful interest, as a token of their kind wishes and a pledge of their sympathy; and that you will look upon it with patriotic reverence, as a symbol of the Union, the emblem of the cause you defend, and the country you serve.

It bears upon its field as a motto, from that stirring speech of your father, the soul stirring words, "Not a stripe erased or polluted, not a

single star obscured.” It is to maintain their high significance that the contest you are embarking is waged.

These emblems of our Union, I need not tell you, were first displayed in the camp of Washington, on yonder shore, on the 1<sup>st</sup> of January, 1776.

They have been borne by the armies of the United States against a foreign enemy on hard fought fields, from the snows of Canada to the burning plains of Mexico. With our navies, they have encircled the globe. They are now displayed in defense of the Union itself, in this most unrighteous and fratricidal war; and, like the holy symbol which the first Christian Emperor saw in the heavens, they shall marshal its defenders to victory.

Your noble father, sir, with prophetic foresight, uttered these solemn words: “There can be no such thing as peaceful secession.” Your country calls you to discharge your part in the duty, as imperative as it is sad, which that principle devolves on all good citizens, each in his appropriate sphere. You would gladly have avoided, we should all have gladly avoided, the stern necessity which is laid upon us.

We spoke the words of conciliation and peace, till they inspired nothing but contempt, and invited new exactions on the part of our brethren to whom they were addressed; and it was not until they themselves had cried, “Havoc! And let slip the dogs of war,” that the outraged spirit of a loyal people was roused to a tardy resistance. Not upon us rests the dread responsibility of the unnatural conflict.

And now, sir, on behalf of this favoring and sympathizing multitude, I bid you, with your officers and men, God speed! The best wishes of those you leave behind will bear you company. The memories of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill will hover round your march. The example of the Massachusetts troops who have preceded you will kindle your emulation. Let the fair banner I now confide to you be seen in the front of the battle. When it returns, in God’s good time, with your regiment, it may come back torn and faded, but it will not, it shall not return disgraced. Dust and blood may stain it, – the iron hail of battle may mar its beautiful blazonry, – it may hang in honorable tatters from its staff, – but loyalty and patriotism shall cling to its last shred; treachery shall blast it never, never!

*Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

*\*[Edward Everett, a highly distinguished statesman, orator, and scholar, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794, and died in Boston, universally honored and lamented, January 15, 1865.*

*[The following (preceding) extract is a portion of an address at the presentation of colors to the Webster Regiment (Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers), on Boston Common, July 19, 1861. Colonel Fletcher Webster, by whom the regiment was commanded, was the son of Daniel Webster. Captain Ebenezer Webster, father of the*

*latter, had served with distinction in both the old French war and that of the Revolution. Major Edward Webster, a younger brother of Colonel Webster, died near the city of Mexico, January 23, 1848, in the service of his country, as Major of the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers. Colonel Webster was killed, gallantly fighting at the head of his regiment, at the second battle of Bull Run, August 29, 1862.]*

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## A FOREST ON FIRE

John James Audubon\*

We were sound asleep one night, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of horses and lowing of our cattle which were ranging in the woods, suddenly awoke us. I took my rifle and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them in great consternation,

On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I felt that every moment was precious to us.

We then mounted our horses, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; and my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, I looked back, and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it to bring, if possible, the remainder of my livestock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but before an hour had passed, they all ran, as if mad, through the woods and that was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in great numbers sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

By this time, we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop down every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she turned towards either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered in sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us.

The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee-side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged, by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a night may we never again see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds and smoke rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as to nearly break our hearts.

The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed, and I cannot tell you how. Smoldering fire covers the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burned cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell; for about some of it, I remember nothing.

When morning came, all was calm; but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past; so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly, to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us; but this was soon remedied. Several deer were standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted, and after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

By this time, the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go

amongst the burned trees. After resting a while, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the hard woods, which had been free from the fire. Soon after, we came to a house, where we were kindly treated. Since then, I have worked hard as a lumberman; and thanks to God, we are safe, sound, and happy!

*The Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

\*Audubon, ca. 1780-1851, was born of French parentage either in Haiti, before the Haitian revolt, or in Louisiana. He spent his early years in France, where he studied art under the famous painter David (Dah-veed'). He came to America in his late teens to avoid impressment into Napoleon's army. He spent many years in various business ventures on the frontier with his wife and children, painting only as a hobby. Finally he struck out to make a living as a painter, roaming the frontier painting birds and other animals for his book, *The Birds of America*. That established him as a foremost painter of wildlife, and he painted and wrote successfully afterward. The above is from his *Ornithological Biography*.

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## THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE ORIGIN OF NEW ENGLAND

Daniel Webster\*

Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed by its light and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political, or literary.

Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend this influence still more widely, in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceful spirit of Christianity.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of the future, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century.

We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will recount the steps of New England's advancement.

On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims till it loses itself in the murmurs of the Pacific Seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of a civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men.

And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also, to meet our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you as you rise, in your long succession, to fill the places we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and shall soon have passed our own human duration.

We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty.

We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

*The Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

*\*[Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. He was one of the greatest men our country has ever produced, having been equally eminent as a statesman, a lawyer, and a writer. His style is remarkable for strength, dignity, simplicity, and manly eloquence. He died October 24, 1852.]*

*The (foregoing) extract is the closing part of a discourse pronounced by him at Plymouth, December 22, 1820, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims.]*

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## THE TWO ROADS

Jean Paul Frederic Richter\*

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal – the tomb.

Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads – one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away.

He saw wandering lights float away over dark marshes, and then disappear. These were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons thy had taught him, the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which had visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth return! O, give me back my early days!"

*Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

\*Richter (1763-1825) was a noted German writer.

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THE BURIAL OF MOSES<sup>1</sup>  
Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander\*



*"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." – Deuteronomy XXXIV.6*

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave.

And no man dug that sepulcher,  
And no man saw it e'er:  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.  
That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth.

.....

In the deep grave, without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again – most wondrous thought! –  
Before the judgment day,

And stand with glory wrapped around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,  
O dark Bethpeor's hill,  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath his mysteries of grace –  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

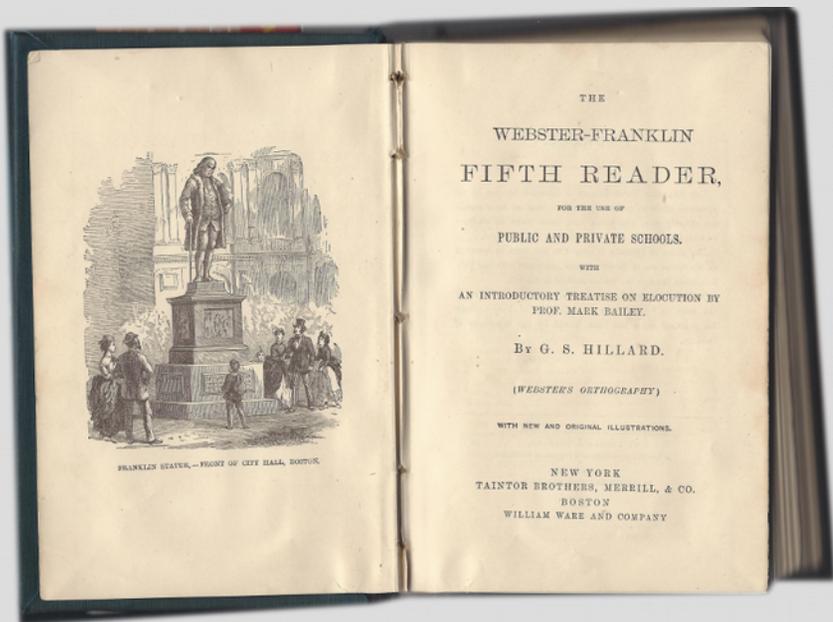
*Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader 1871*

\*Mrs. Alexander, 1823-1895, was a prolific and popular poet and hymn writer. She donated the profits from her hymns to charity.

1. The above selection is an abridged version of the poem.

The accompanying lithograph is one of the very rare illustrations in books of that age.

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## SECTION TWO: AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL READERS IN THE PRE-CIVIL WAR ERA.

This section covers many of the popular public school readers during the period of 1814 through the Civil War. The books are presented here in descending chronological order beginning with the *National Fifth Reader* of 1866 and continuing on to *Murray's English Reader* of 1814. The most obvious difference in these is, of course, is the lack of reference to the Civil War; but as the calendar of our national life is rolled back we also see a notably increasing Christian emphasis. Or, put another way, the later books have less and less of a Christian emphasis; that trend continues through the Post-War Period, and through the Early-Modern Period to a full blown anti – Christian agenda today.

One chapter in this section is a selection from the American Sunday School Union. Though not supported by government, Sunday Schools were in every other way 'public schools'. As explained before, the ASSU published large numbers of books covering the major common school subjects. You will note a similarity between this selection and selections in public school readers during the same period.

### CHAPTER 12

#### *The National Fifth Reader*

Richard G. Parker, A.M., and J. Madison Watson  
A. S. Barnes & Burr,  
New York, copyright 1866, published 1873

This is a later edition of the reader George Minns spoke highly of in his 1861 speech, and indeed, is one of the finest readers of the period, in my opinion. The 1866 reader differs little from the 1858 edition of which Minns spoke, and only a few selections are provided here from the later edition; just to get the feel of it. The next chapter consists of a somewhat longer collection from the 1858 edition.

### LIBERTY

Orville Dewey

Liberty, gentlemen, is a solemn thing – a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please; but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing ever done in the world – to govern itself.

That hour in *human life* is most serious, when it passes from parental control into free manhood: then must the man bind the righteous law unto himself, more strongly than father or mother ever bound it upon him.

And when a people leaves the leading-strings of prescriptive authority, and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church must be built there, to entrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred heritage.

Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon – not as a bond. And there is nothing, I seriously believe, in the present crises of human affairs – there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men’s ideas so much need to be cleared up – to be advanced – to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom.

In the universe there is no trust so awful as *moral freedom*; and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it. Around every human, every rational being, is drawn a circle; the space within is cleared from obstruction, or, at least from all coercion; it is sacred to the being himself who stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it? – God himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coercive power! He compels the wind and the waves to obey him, he compels animal instincts to obey him; but he does not *compel man* to obey. That sphere he leaves free; he brings influences to bear upon it; but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrong, he leaves to man himself.

Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous prerogative is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust; nothing but a heroism greater than that which fights battles, and pours out its blood on its country’s altar – the heroism of self-renunciation and self-control.

Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poets and orators of freedom; with Spenser and Milton, with Hampdon and Sydney, with Rienzi and Dante, with Hamilton and Washington, I invoke it. Come that liberty! come none that does not lead to that! Come the liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron, and iron-law, but of painful constriction, of fear, of enslaving passion, and mad self-will; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience!

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*National Fifth Reader, 1866*

## SCENE WITH A PANTHER

C. B. Brown\*

As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. While thus occupied, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle.

At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibers by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another, would be experienced myself.

I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should cross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in place by one or two fibers which were already stretched to breaking. To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak.

Just as I had disposed of this encumbrance, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly present itself. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry, which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is particularly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untameable of that detested race.

The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastness (remoteness) of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely, that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod, without caution, the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defense.

The infrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provisions, made me neglect, on this occasion to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity (judgment) was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed.

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum. Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibers of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently, the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was lenient in comparison with being rent into pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose a portion of my existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length, he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me, the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrible visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This

opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder at my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had it been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens, the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind-legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed, at first, as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

Still, there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his forelegs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

*National Fifth Reader, 1866*

*\*Charles Brockden Brown, 1771-1810, is known as the first American to make literature a paying career. The above selection is from his early mystery/murder novel, "Edgar Huntley, the Memoirs of a Somnabulist" (sleep walker). In this scene he has followed a murder suspect deep into the wilderness, and found himself enmeshed in an entirely new set of adventures.*

## THE INQUIRY

Charles Mackay

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,  
 Do ye know some spot where mortals weep no more?  
 Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,  
 Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?  
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,

And sighed for pity as it answered – “No.”

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,  
 Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,  
 Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs, –  
 Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?  
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,  
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer – “No.”

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,  
 Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;  
 Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,  
 Where miserable man might find a happier lot?  
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
 And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded – “No.”  
 Tell me, my secret soul; – oh! tell me, Hope and faith,  
 Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin, and death? –  
 Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,  
 Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?  
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,  
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered – “Yes, in Heaven!”

*National Fifth Reader, 1866*

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## THE PURITANS

Macaulay\*

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The differences between the greatest and meanest (least) of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God; if their names were not found in the registers of heraldry, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials (servants), legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should not fade away!

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language – nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged – on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest – who had been destined before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Events which short sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his (the least believer's) account. For his sake, empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed; for his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe; he had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, and the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of the expiring God!

*National Fifth Reader, 1866*

*\*Thomas Babington Macaulay was an English orator, poet, politician, and considered one of the greatest English essayists of the Nineteenth Century.*

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## HYMNS

H. W. Beecher\*

The discovery of a statue, a vase, or even of a cameo, inspires art-critics and collectors with enthusiastic industry, to search whether it be a copy or an original, of what age, and by what artist. But I think that a heart-hymn, sprung from the soul's deepest life, and which is, as it were, the words of the heart in those hours of transfiguration in which it beholds God, and heavenly angels, is nobler by far than any old simulacrum (image), or carved ring, or heathen head, however exquisite in lines and features!

To trace back a hymn to its source, to return upon the path along which it has trodden on its mission of mercy through generations, to witness its changes, its obscurations and reappearances, is a work of the truest religious enthusiasm, and far surpasses in importance the tracing of the ideas of mere art. For hymns are the exponents of the inmost piety of the Church. They are crystalline tears, or blossoms of joy, or holy prayers, or incarnated raptures. They are the jewels which the Church has worn: the pearls, the diamonds and precious stones, formed into amulets more potent against sorrow and sadness than the most famous charms of wizard or magician. And he who knows the way that hymns flowed, knows where the blood of piety ran, and can trace its veins and arteries to the very heart.

No other composition is like an experimental hymn. It is not a mere poetic impulse. It is not a thought, a fancy, a feeling threaded upon words. It is the voice of experience speaking from the soul a few words that condense and often represent a whole life. It is the life, too, not of the natural feelings growing wild, but of regenerated feeling, inspired by God to a heavenly destiny, and making its way through troubles and hindrances, through joys and victories, dark or light, sad or serene, yet always struggling forward. Forty years the heart may have been in battle, and one verse shall express the fruit of the whole.

One great hope may come to fruit only at the end of many years, and as the ripening of a hundred experiences. As there be flowers that drink up the dews of spring and summer, and feed upon all the rains, and, only just before the winter comes, burst forth into bloom, so it is with some of the noblest blossoms of the soul. The bolt that prostrated Saul gave him the exceeding brightness of Christ; and so some hymns could never have been written but for a heart-stroke that well-nigh crushed out the life. It is cleft in two by bereavement, and out of the rift comes forth, as by resurrection, the form and voice that shall never die out of the world. Angels sat at the grave's mouth; and so hymns are the angels that rise up out of our griefs and darkness and dismay.

Thus born, a hymn is one of those silent ministers which God sends to those who are to be heirs of salvation. It enters into the tender imagination of childhood, and casts down upon the chambers of its thought a holy radiance which shall never quite depart. It goes with the Christian, singing to him all the way, as if it were the airy voice of some guardian spirit. When darkness of trouble, settling fast, is shutting out every star, a hymn burst through and brings light like a torch. It abides by our side in sickness. It goes forth with us in joy to syllable that joy.

And thus, after a time, we clothe a hymn with the memories and associations of our own life. It is garlanded with flowers which grew in our hearts. Born of the experience of one mind, it becomes the

unconscious record of many minds. We sang it, perhaps, the morning that our child died. We sang this one on that Sabbath evening when, after ten years, the family were once more all together. There be hymns that were sung while the mother lay a-dying; that were sung when the child, just converted, was filling the family with the joy of Christ new-born, and laid, not now in a manger, but in a heart. And thus sprung from a wondrous life, they lead a life yet more wonderful. When they first come to us they are like the single strokes of a bell ringing down to us from above; but, at length, a single hymn becomes a whole chime of bells, mingling and discoursing to us the harmonies of life's Christian experience.

And oftentimes, when in the mountain country, far from noise and interruption, we wrought upon these hymns for our vacation tasks, we almost forgot the living world, and were lifted up by noble lyrics as upon mighty wings, and went back to the days when Christ sang with his disciples, when the disciples sang too, as in our churches they have almost ceased to do. Oh! but for one moment even, to have sat transfixed, and to have listened to the hymn that Christ sang and to the singing! But the olive-trees did not hear his murmured notes more clearly than, rapt in imagination, we have heard them!

There, too, are the hymns of St. Ambrose<sup>1</sup> and many others, that rose up like birds in the early centuries, and have come flying and singing all the way down to us. Their wing is untired yet, nor is the voice less sweet now than it was a thousand years ago. Though they sometimes disappeared, they never sank; but, as engineers for destruction send bombs that, rising high up in wide curves, over-leap great spaces and drop down in a distant spot, so God, in times of darkness, seems to have caught up these hymns, spanning long periods of time, and letting them fall at distant eras, not for explosion and wounding, but for healing and consolation.

There are crusaders' hymns, that rolled forth their truths upon the oriental air, while a thousand horses' hoofs kept time below, and ten thousand palm-leaves whispered and kept time above! Other hymns, fulfilling the promise of God that His saints should mount up with wings as eagles, have borne up the sorrows, the desires, and the aspirations of the poor, the oppressed, and the persecuted, of Huguenots, of Covenanters, and of Puritans and winged them to the bosom of God.

In our own time, and in the familiar experiences of daily life, how are hymns mossed over and vine-clad with domestic associations! One hymn hath opened the morning in ten thousand families, and dear children with sweet voices have charmed the evening in a thousand places with the utterance of another. Nor do I know of any steps now left on earth

by which one may so soon rise above trouble or weariness as the verses of a hymn and the notes of a tune. And if the angels, that Jacob saw, sang when they appeared, then I know that the ladder which he beheld was but the scale of divine music let sown from heaven to earth.

*The National Fifth Reader, 1866.*

\*Henry Ward Beecher was one of the most prominent preachers of his day, a leading abolitionist, and brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

1. St. Ambrose: a celebrated Christian father, was probably born at Treves, in 340 AD. After a careful education at Rome, he practiced with great success, as an advocate, at Milan; and about 370 AD was appointed prefect of the provinces of Liguria and Aemilia, whose seat of government was Milan. He was appointed Bishop of Milan in 374 AD; and finally acquired so much influence, that after the massacre of Thessalonica in 390, he refused the Emperor Theodosius to the Church of Milan for a period of eight months, and then caused him to perform a public penance. Ambrose was a man of eloquence, firmness, and ability. The best edition of his works is that of the Benedictines.

2. "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," published in 1855.

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## SHORT SELECTIONS

Henry Ward Beecher

Would that I could break this Gospel as a bread of life to all of you! My best presentations of it to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I am alone, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of God and the truths of His word, that I think if I could speak to you then, I should move your hearts. I am like a child, who, walking forth some sunny summer's morning, sees grass and flowers all shining with drops of dew, that reflect every hue of the rainbow. "Oh!" he cries, "I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother," and eagerly shakes them off into his little palm. But the charm is gone – they are no more water-pearls.

The man who carries a lantern in a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he be not defrauded (misled). So he who has the God-given light of hope in his breast, can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to his precious gain.

As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear-drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem, – so one who is bowed down with affliction longs for a friend to lift him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon violet roots.

Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose a gardener takes it when just sprouting forth with buds, and let it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glorious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when God's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

I think that in the life to come my heart will have feelings like God's. The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers may strike the same note as the great bell of Moscow. Its note may be soft as a bird's whisper, and yet it is the same. And so God may have a feeling, and I, standing next to him, shall have the same feeling. Where he loves, I shall love. All the processes of the Divine mind will be reflected in mine. And there will be this companionship with him in eternity. What else can be the meaning of those expressions that all we have is Christ's, and God is ours, and we are the heirs of God? To inherit God – who can conceive of it? It is the growing marvel, and will be the growing wonder of eternity.

We are beleaguered by time,...And as the sense of hearing, and touch, and sight fails, and a man finds all these marks of time upon him, oh woe! if he he has no Hereafter as a final citadel into which to retreat.

We are glad that there is a bosom of God to which we can go and find refuge. As prisoners in castles look out of their gated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look forth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

*The National Fifth Reader, 1866*

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## CHAPTER 13

*The National Fifth Reader*

Richard G. Parker, A.M., and J. Madison Watson  
A. S. Barnes & Burr,  
New York, copyright 1858, published 1862

## BROKEN HEARTS

Washington Irving\*

Every one must recollect the tragic story of young Emmett<sup>1</sup>, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, the noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation – all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister<sup>2</sup> (lawyer). She loved him with the disinterested (selfless) fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth – who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But the horrors of such a grave! So frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation – none of those tender though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene – nothing to melt the sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and

cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragic story of her love.

But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scath and scorch the soul – that permeate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom.

She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and “heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a specter, lonely and joyless, where all around it is gay – to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow.

After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted everyone into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another’s.

He took her to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She

wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\*Irving was a leading early American novelist and essayist who wrote on a wide variety of subjects. The above is the second part of an essay of Irving's on the nature of woman, very different from what we usually think of with Irving – Rip van Winkle, and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. I have included it primarily because it forms part of a tragic romance, along with Emmet's Vindication<sup>1</sup>, and Curran's Reply<sup>2</sup>, which contains a brief biography of Curran.

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## LINES RELATING TO CURRAN'S DAUGHTER

Thomas Moore

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
 And lovers around her are sighing;  
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
 Every note which he loved awaking –  
 Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love – for his country he died;  
 They were all that to life had entwined him –  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
 When they promise a glorious morrow:  
 They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,  
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

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## DESTINY OF AMERICA

George Berkley\*

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
 Barren of every glorious theme,  
 In distant lands now waits a better time  
 Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where, from the genial sun  
 And virgin earth, such scenes ensue;

The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
 And fancied beauties by the true:  
 In happy climes, the seat of innocence,  
 Where nature guides, and virtue rules;  
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense  
 The pedantry (doctrine) of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,  
 The rise of empire and arts;  
 The good and the great inspiring epic rage,  
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts,

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay:  
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way:  
 The first four acts already past,  
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day  
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

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\*“George Berkley, Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Thomastown, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1684, and died at Oxford, England, in 1753. He was the author of several works, principally on metaphysical science. He visited America in 1728 for the purpose of founding a college for the conversion of the Indians; but failing to obtain the promised funds from the government, after remaining seven years in Rhode Island, he returned to Europe. While inspired with his transatlantic mission, he penned the above moral verses, so truly prophetic of the progress of the United States.”

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## SPEECH AND SILENCE

T. Carlyle\*

He who speaks honestly and cares not, need not care, though his words be preserved to remotest time. The dishonest speaker – not he only who purposely utters falsehood, but he who does not purposely, and with sincere heart, utter truth and truth alone; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue, but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility, – is among the most indisputable malefactors omitted, or inserted, in the Criminal Calendar.

To him that will well consider it, idle speaking is precisely the beginning of all Hollowness, Halfness, Infidelity; the genial atmosphere in which rank weeds of very kind attain the mastery over noble fruits in man's life, and utterly choke them out; one of the most crying maladies of

these days, and to be testified against, and in all ways to the uttermost, withstood.

Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept: “Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of Life!” Man is, properly, an incarnated *word*; the *word* he speaks is the *man* himself. Were eyes put into our head that we might see – or that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend, we had seen? Was the tongue suspended there that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul’s brother of man; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon, soul-confusing, and so divide man, as by enchanted walls of Darkness, from union with man?

Consider the significance of SILENCE: it is boundless, never by mediating to be exhausted, unspeakably profitable to thee! Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of Silence comes thy strength. “Speech is silvern, Silence is Golden; Speech is human; Silence is divine.”

Fool! thinkest thou that because no one stands near with parchment and blacklead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable, but the truest of truths; the paper tablets thou canst burn, of the “iron leaf” there is no burning.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\*Thomas Carlyle was a Victorian Era British “man of letters” prominent in several fields of writing, but perhaps best known for his voluminous histories.

## THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET

William Hazlitt\*

Hamlet is a name: his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet’s brain. But are they not *real*? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader’s mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play is a prophetic truth, which is above that of history.

Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself “too much in the sun” (in a bad spot); whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank, with nothing remarkable in it; whoever has known “the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes (abuse powerless just

must take from powerful unjust);” he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady’ who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who can not be well at ease while he sees evil hovering near him like a specter; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences: this is the true Hamlet.

We have been so used to this tragedy, that we hardly know how to criticize it, any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakespeare’s plays that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of the mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves; because he applies it so himself, as a means of general reasoning.

He is a great moralizer, and what makes him worth attending to, is that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If Lear shows the greatest depth of passion, Hamlet is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act, just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point.

The observations are suggested by the passing scene – the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted, as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on.

But here we are more than spectators. We have not only “the outward pageants and the signs of grief,” but “we have that within which passes show.” We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakespeare together with his own comment, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a great advantage.

The character of Hamlet is itself a pure effusion of genius. It is not a character marked by strength of will, or even of passion, but of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as man can be: but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility, – the sport (plaything) of circumstances, questioning with fortune (luck), and refining on his own feelings; and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\*Hazlitt was an English writer, best known for essays on subjects related to the British theater.

A lengthy excerpt from Hamlet follows in the book. Another short selection, *Hamlet's Soliloquy*, is also included in another section of the Reader; but is coupled here with the Essay on Hamlet's Character.

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*HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY*

William Shakespeare

To be – or not to be – that is the question!  
 Whether it is nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them. To die – to sleep; –  
 No more? and by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished! To die – to sleep:  
 To sleep! perchance to dream! Ay; there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give me pause!

There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely (insult)  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin (dagger)?

Who would fardels (burdens) bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;

But that the dread of something after death, –  
 That undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveler returns, – puzzles the will  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

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### THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE

William Cullen Bryant\*

Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies;  
 And yet the monument proclaims it not,  
 Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought  
 The emblems of a fame that never dies –  
 Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf  
 Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.  
     A simple name alone,  
     To the great world unknown,  
 Is graven here, and wild flowers rising round,  
 Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,  
 Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart  
 No man of iron mold and bloody hands,  
 Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands  
 The passions that consumed his restless heart;  
 But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,  
     Gentlest in mien and mind  
     Of gentle womankind,  
 Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;  
 One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made  
 Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May:  
 Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade  
 Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that molders here  
 Was raised in menace, realms chilled with fear,

And armies mustered at the sign, as when  
Clouds rise before the rainy east, –  
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men  
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.  
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave  
The victory to her who fills this grave;  
    Alone her task was wrought;  
    Alone her battle fought;  
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid  
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She meets the hosts of sorrow with a look  
That altered not beneath the frown they wore;  
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took  
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.  
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,  
    And calmly broke in twain  
    The fiery shafts of pain,  
And rent the nets of passion from her path.  
By that victorious hand despair was slain:  
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame  
Evil with good in her great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,  
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;  
But when she entered at the sapphire gate,  
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!  
How heaven's bright depths with resounding welcomes rung,  
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!  
    And He who, long before,  
    Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,  
The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,  
He who, returning glorious from the grave,  
Dragged death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;  
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.  
O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go  
Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear.  
    Brief is the time, I know,  
    The warfare scarce begun;  
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won;  
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.  
The victors' names are yet too few to fill  
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory  
That ministered to thee is open still.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\*American poet and journalist.

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## WORK

Thomas Carlyle\*

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, ever so Mammonish (from Mamon, Syrian god of riches), mean, is in communication with nature: the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it. How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows! – draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of a pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small!

Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God: from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge,"self-knowledge," and much else, as soon as work fitly begins.

...

Older than all preached gospels was the unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, 'forever enduring gospel: work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work: and burns like a painful smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is un-methodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient, productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy: attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity, and thee! ...

But above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness – attack it, I say, smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite it in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still

audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even he, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the *silence* of deep eternities, of worlds beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old graves, with their long-moldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry – do these not speak to thee what ear has not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called today; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdoms – up to that “agony of bloody sweat, ‘ which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky.

...

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\*Thomas Carlyle, prominent British essayist and historian.

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## INFLUENCE OF HOME

Richard Henry Dana\*

Home gives a certain serenity to the mind, so that every thing is well defined, and in a clear atmosphere, and the lesser beauties brought out to rejoice in the pure glow which floats over and beneath them from the earth and sky. In this state of mind, afflictions come to us chastened; and if the wrongs of the world cross us in our door path, we put them aside without anger. Vices are about us, not to lure us away, or make us morose, but to remind us of our frailty and keep down our pride.

We are put into a right relation with the world; neither holding it in proud scorn, like the solitary man, nor being carried along by shifting and hurried feelings, and vague and careless notions of things, like the world’s man. We do not take novelty for improvement, or set up vogue (pop culture) for a rule of conduct; neither do we despair, as if all great virtues had departed with the years gone by, though we see new vices and frailties taking growth in the very light which is spreading over the earth.

Our safest way of coming into communion with mankind is through our own household. For there our sorrow and regret at the failings of the

bad are in proportion to our love, while our familiar intercourse with the good has a secretly assimilating influence upon our characters. The domestic man has an independence of thought which puts him at ease in society, and a cheerfulness and benevolence of feeling which seem to ray out from him, and to diffuse a pleasurable sense over those near him, like a soft, bright day.

As domestic life strengthens a man's virtue, so does it help to a sound judgment and a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whole character. God, in his goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that wherever a vice or frailty is rooted out, something should spring up to be a beauty and delight in its stead. But a man of character, rightly cast, has pleasures at home, which, though fitted to his highest nature, are common to him as his daily food; and he moves about his house under a continued sense of them, and is happy almost without heeding it.

Women have been called angels in love-tales and sonnets, till we have almost learned to think of angels as little better than women. Yet a man who knows a woman thoroughly, and loves her truly, – and there are women who may be so known and loved, will find, after a few years, that his relish for the grosser pleasures is lessened, and that he has grown into a fondness for the intellectual and refined without an effort, and almost unawares.

He has been led on to virtue through his pleasures; and the delights of the eye, and the gentle play of that passion which is the most inward and romantic in our nature, and which keeps much of its character amidst the concerns of life, have held him in a kind of spiritualized existence: he shares his very being with one who, a creature of this world, and with something of the world's frailties,

Is yet a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel light.

With all the sincerity of a companionship of feeling, cares, sorrows, and enjoyments, her presence is as the presence of a purer being, and there is that in her nature which seems to bring him nearer to a better world. She is, as it were, linked to angels, and in his exalted moments he feels himself held by the same tie.

In the ordinary affairs of life, a woman has a greater influence over those near her than a man. While our feelings are, for the most part, as retired as anchorites (keeping feelings inside like hermits), hers are in play before us. We hear them in her varying voice; we see them in the beautiful and harmonious undulations of her movements – in the quick shifting hues of her face – in her eye, glad and bright, then fond and

suffused (blushing); her frame is alive and active with what is at her heart, and all the outward for m speaks.

She seems of a finer mold than we, and cast in a form of beauty, which, like all beauty, acts as a moral influence upon our hearts; and as she moves about us, we feel a movement within which rises and spreads over us, harmonizing us with her own. And can any man listen to this – can his eye, day after day, rest upon this – and he not be touched by it, and made better?

The dignity of a woman has its particular character; it awes more than that of a man. His is more physical, bearing itself up with an energy of courage which we may brave, or a strength which we may struggle against; he is his own avenger, and we may stand the brunt. A woman's has nothing of this force in it; it is of a higher quality, and too delicate for mortal touch.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\*Richard Henry Dana, an American lawyer turned writer, born in Massachusetts in 1787, and still living at the time of the National Reader.

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## EVIDENCE OF A CREATOR

John Tillotson\*

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them upon the ground before they would fall out into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? – How long might a man be in sprinkling colors upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man! And is a man easier made by chance than this picture! How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army! And yet this is much easier to be imagined, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\*John Tillotston, Archbishop of Canterbury, born in 1630 and died in 1694. His sermons were very popular and widely read for generations. This one informs us that the arguments of atheists against Divine Creation are not freshly plucked from the fields of science.

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## THE GOOD WIFE

D. G. Mitchell\*

The heart of a man, with whom affection is not a mere name, and love a mere passion of the hour, yearns toward the quiet of a home, as toward the goal of his earthly joy and hope. And as you fasten there your thought, an indulgent, yet dreamy fancy paints the loved image that is to adorn it, and to make it sacred.

She is there to bid you – God speed! and an adieu, that hangs like music in your ear, as you go out to the every-day labor of life. At evening, she is there to greet you, as you come back wearied with a day's toil; and her look so full of gladness, cheats you of your fatigue; and she steals her arm around you, with a soul of welcome, that beams like sunshine on her brow and fills your eye with tears of a twin gratitude – to here and Heaven.

She is not unmindful of those old-fashioned virtues of cleanliness and order, which give an air of quiet, and which secure content. Your wants are all anticipated; the fire is burning brightly; the clean hearth flashes under the joyous blaze; the old elbow-chair is in its place. Your very unworthiness of all this haunts you like an accusing spirit, and yet penetrates your heart with a new devotion toward the loved one who is thus watchful of your comfort.

She is gentle; – keeping your love, as she won it, by a thousand nameless and modest virtues, which radiate from her whole life and action. She steals upon your affections like a summer wind breathing softly over sleeping valleys. She gains a mastery over your sterner nature, by very contrast; and wins you unwittingly to her lightest wish. And yet her wishes are guided by that delicate tact, which avoids conflict with your manly pride; she subdues, by seeming to yield. By a simple soft word of appeal, she robs your vexation of its anger; and with a slight touch of her fair hand, and one pleading look of that earnest eye, she disarms your sternest pride.

She is kind; – shedding her kindness, as Heaven sheds dew. Who indeed could doubt it? – least of all you who are living on her kindness, day by day, as flowers live on light? There is none of that officious parade, which blunts the point of benevolence; but it tempers every action with a blessing.

If trouble has come upon you, she knows that her voice, beguiling you into cheerfulness, will lay your fears; and as she draws her chair beside you, she knows that the tender and confiding way with which she takes your hand and looks up into your earnest face, will drive away from your annoyance all its weight. As she lingers, leading off your thought

with pleasant words, she knows well that she is redeeming you from care, and soothing you to that sweet calm, which such home and such wife can alone bestow.

And in sickness, – sickness that you almost covet for the sympathy it brings, – that hand of hers resting on your fevered forehead, or those fingers playing with the scattered locks, are more full of kindness than the loudest vaunt of friends; and when your failing strength will permit no more, you grasp that cherished hand, with a fullness of joy, of thankfulness, and of love, which your tender tears only can tell.

She is good; – her hopes live where the angels live. Her kindness and gentleness are sweetly tempered with that meekness and forbearance which are born of Faith. Trust comes into her heart as rivers come to the sea. And in the dark hours of doubt and foreboding, you rest fondly upon her buoyant faith, as the treasure of your common life; and in your holier musings, you look to that frail hand, and that gentle spirit, to lead you away from the vanities of worldly ambition, to the fullness of that joy which the good inherit.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\*Donald G. Mitchell was an American writer, still living when the National Fifth Reader was written.

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## CONVERSATIONS AFTER MARRIAGE

Richard B. Sheridan\*

*Enter Lady Teazle and Sir Peter.*

*Sir Peter.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady Teazle. [Right.]* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my way in everything; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir P. [Left.]* Very well, ma'am, very well – so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! No, to be sure: – if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you are old enough.

*Sir P.* Old enough! – ay – there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

*Sir P.* No, no madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house.

*Lady T.* Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the weather, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

*Sir P.* Zounds! madam – if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style, – the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambor (embroidery frame), in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

*Lady T.* Oh yes! I remember it it very well, and a curious life I led, – my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap dog.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, madam, 'twas so indeed.

*Lady T.* And then, you know, my evening amusements; – to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not material to make up; to play Pope Joan (card game) with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [Crosses, L.]

*Sir P.* I'm glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach – *vis-à-vis* – and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

*Lady T.* [L.] No – I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir P.* This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short; I have made you my wife.

*Lady T.* Well, then; and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is-

*Sir P.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady T.* Hem! hem!

*Sir P.* I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you; however; I am equally obliged to you for the hint.  
[Crosses L.]

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart every little elegant expense?

*Sir P.* 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady T.* Lud, Sir Peter! would have me be out of fashion?

*Sir P.* The fashion indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir P.* Ay; there again – taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady T.* That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have had our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir P.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance – a charming set of acquaintances you have made there.

*Lady T.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir P.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! – such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle (gone to execution) who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady T.* What! Would restrain the freedom of speech?

*Sir P.* Ah! They have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady T.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir P.* Grace, indeed!

*Lady P.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir peter, you know you promised to come to lady Sneerwell's too.

*Sir P.* Well, well, I'll call unjust to look after my own character.

*Lady T.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you.

*[Exit Lady Teazle]*

*Sir P.* So – I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

*National Fifth Reader, 1858*

\* “Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the celebrated orator, statesman, and comic play-writer, was born at Dublin in 1751.” The preceding excerpt is from his most popular play, “*The School for Scandal*”. The text of the Reader declares that the play, “...in plot, character, incident, dialogue, humor, and wit, perhaps, surpasses any comedy of modern times”.

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## CHAPTER 14

*Hilliard's First Class Reader*

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Brewer and Tileston, Boston

*DEATH AND CHARACTER OF JOHN HAMPDEN*

Macaulay\*

In the early part of 1643, the shires lying in the neighborhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert (Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles 1) and his cavalry. Essex had extended his lines so far that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently surprised post, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

The languid proceedings of Essex (The Earl of Essex) were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been entrusted to him. But it was decreed that at this juncture England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness (unselfishness) to eminent talents - the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

In the evening of the 17th of June, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day, he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the proceeding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry he could master, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy, till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. "But he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all man." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In

the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which, in his youth, he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither and die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London, concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Greencoats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter described as a famous and excellent divine.

A short time before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that although he disliked the government of the church of England, he yet agreed with that church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to ---." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His solders, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffle drums and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hamden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next Weekly Intelligencer: "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good

of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army, now that he is gone.

The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem; a man so religious and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind." He had indeed left none his like behind him.

There still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon (Cromwell) whose talents were discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the state - the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney.

Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers (cavalry) who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skillful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar<sup>1</sup>. But it was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge, - it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, - that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

\*Thomas Babington Macaulay, 1800 -1859, was a prominent British historian and politician.

1. Both Marston Moor and Dunbar are references to brilliant military victories of Oliver Cromwell. The following disparaging comments refer to Cromwell's inability to establish a successful government.

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## HYMN AT THE CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY

Rev. William Newell\*

Changing, fading, falling, flying  
From the homes that gave them birth,  
Autumn leaves, in beauty dying,  
Seek the mother breast of earth.

Soon shall all the songless wood  
Shiver in the deepening snow,  
Mourning in its solitude,  
Like some Rachel in her woe

Slowly sinks the evening sun,  
Softly wanes the cheerful light,  
And – the twelve hours' labor done –  
onward sweeps the solemn night.  
So on many a home of gladness  
Falls, O Death, thy winter gloom;  
Stands there still in doubt and sadness  
Many a Mary at the tomb.  
But the genial spring, returning,  
Will the sylvan pomp renew,  
And the new-born flame of morning  
Kindle rainbows in the dew.

So shall God, his promise keeping,  
To the world by Jesus given,  
Wake our loved ones, sweetly sleeping,  
At the breaking dawn of heaven.

Light from darkness! Life from death!  
Dies the body, not the soul;  
From the chrysalis beneath  
Soars the spirit to its goal

Father, when the mourners come  
With the slowly moving bier,  
Weeping at the open tomb  
For the lovely and the dear, –  
Breathe into the bleeding heart  
Hopes that die not with the dead;  
And the peace of Christ impart  
When the joys of life have fled!

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

\*Newell was a writer of hymns, and pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, MA. This hymn was written for the consecration of a cemetery belonging to his church in 1854.

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## ANECDOTES OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION

Eliot Warburton\*

When Missolonghi was beleaguered by the Turkish forces, Marco Botzaris<sup>1</sup> commanded a garrison of about twelve hundred men, who had barely fortifications enough to form breastworks. Intelligence reached the Greek leaders that the Egyptian army, under Ismail Pasha, was about to form a junction with the formidable besieging host. A parade was ordered; the garrison, "faint and few, but fearless still," scarcely amounted to one thousand men. Marco Botzaris told them of the destruction that impended over Missolonghi, proposed a sortie, and announced that it should consist only of volunteers, as the expedition was a "forlorn hope." Volunteers!

The whole garrison stepped forward as one man, and demanded the post of honor and death. "I will only take the Thermopylae number," said their leader, and selected the three hundred that were nearest to him.

In the dead of night this devoted band marched out in six divisions, and placed themselves, in profound silence, round the Turkish camp. Their orders were simply, "When you hear my bugle blow, seek me in the Pasha's tent."

Marco Botzaris, disguised as an Albanian bearing dispatches to the Pasha from the Egyptian army, passed unquestioned through the Turkish camp, and was only arrested by the sentinels around the Pasha's tent, who informed him that he must wait till morning. Then wildly through the stillness of the night that bugle blew; faithfully it was echoed from without; and the war cry of the avenging Greek broke upon the Moslem's ear. From every side that terrible storm seemed to burst at once; shrieks of agony and terror swelled the tumult. The Turks fled in all directions, and the Grecian leader was soon surrounded by his comrades. Struck to the ground by a musket ball, he had himself raised on the shoulders of two Greeks, and, thus supported, he pressed on the flying enemy. A bullet pierced his brain in the moment of his triumph; but Missolonghi was saved, and the delivery of Greece begun.

Shortly afterwards, Missolonghi was again beleaguered; all hope of successful resistance had vanished. The small remnant of the garrison, placing their wives and children in their center, cut their way at midnight through the Turkish army, and escaped to the mountains. The aged, and wounded, and infirm alone remained, with some women and children. These assembled round the powder magazine, and calmly waited, "*Till the morning's sun should rise and give them light to die.*"

At the first dawn, the Turks stormed the almost defenseless fortifications, received one faint volley from the Greeks, and rushed on to the work of slaughter. A wounded veteran smiled grimly as he saw them come; with one hand he beckoned them on, with the other he fired his pistol into the powder magazine. The explosion annihilated friend and foe; the remains of the heroic garrison perished; but, Samson-like, they involved their enemies in their own destruction. The name of Missolonghi destroyed, but thus destroyed, became a tower of strength to the Grecian cause.

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

\*Warburton was an English gentleman adventurer and author. He was lost at sea in 1852. This story recounts the history of the siege and destruction of the Greek city of Missolonghi during the Greek war for independence from the Turkish Empire in the mid-1820's.

1. Also spelled 'Bozzaris', a hero of Greek independence.

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## THE DUTY OF LABOR

Rev. Orville Dewey

Such, I repeat, is the world, and such is man. The earth he stands upon, and the air he breathes, are, so far as his improvement is concerned, but elements to be wrought by him to certain purposes. If he stood on earth passively and unconscious, imbibing the dew and sap, and spreading his arms to the light and air, he would be but a tree. If he grew up capable neither of purpose nor of improvement, with no guidance but instinct, and no powers but those of digestion and locomotion, he would be but an animal. But he is more than this; he is a man; he is made to improve; he is made, therefore, to think, to act, to work. Labor is his great function, his peculiar distinction, his privilege. Can he not think so? Can he not see, that from being an animal, to eat and drink, and sleep, to become a worker, – to put forth the hand of ingenuity, and to pour his own thought into the moulds of nature, fashioning them into forms of grace and fabrics of convenience, and converting them to purposes of improvement and happiness, – can he not see, I repeat, that this is the greatest possible step in privilege?

Labor, I say, is man's great function. The earth and the atmosphere are his laboratory. With spade and plow, with mining shafts and furnaces and forges, with fire and steam, amidst the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery, and abroad in the silent fields, beneath the roofing sky, man was made to be ever working, ever experimenting. And while he, and all his dwellings of care and toil, are borne onward with the circling skies, and the shows of heaven are around him, and their infinite depths image and invite his thought, still in all the worlds of

philosophy, in the universe of intellect, man must be a worker. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfill nothing, without working.

Not only can he gain no lofty improvement without this, but without it he can gain no tolerable happiness. So that he who gives himself up to utter indolence finds it too hard for him, and is obliged in self-defense, unless he be an idiot, to do something. The miserable victims of idleness and ennui, driven at last from their chosen resort, are compelled to work, to do something; yes, to employ their wretched and worthless lives in – “killing time.” They must hunt down the hours as their prey. Yes, time, that mere abstraction, that sinks light as air upon the eyelids of the busy and the weary, to the idle is an enemy, clothed with gigantic armor; and they must kill it, or themselves die. They cannot live in mere idleness; and all the difference between them and others is, that they employ their activity to no useful end. They find, indeed, that the hardest work in the world is to do nothing!

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

## GRACE DARLING

*Chambers' Miscellany*

Opposite the northern part of the coast of the county of Northumberland, in England, at a short distance from the shore, is a group of small islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, called the Farne Islands. Their aspect is wild and desolate in no common degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in many places ending in sheer precipices, they are the residence of little else than wild fowl. Between the smaller islets the sea makes with great force, and many a goodly ship in times past has laid her bones upon the pitiless rocks which every ebb tide exposes to view. Upon Longstone, one of these islands, there stands a lighthouse, which, at the time of the incident about to be related, was kept by William Darling, a worthy and intelligent man, of quiet manners, with resources of mind and character sufficient to turn to profitable use the many lonely hours which his position necessarily entailed upon him.

He had a numerous family of children; among them a daughter, Grace, who had reached the age of twenty-two years when the incident occurred which has made her name so famous. She had passed most of her life upon the little island of Longstone, and is described as having been of a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In personal appearance, she was about the middle size, of a fair complexion and



pleasing countenance; with nothing masculine in her aspect, but gentle and feminine, and, as might be supposed, with a winning expression of benevolence in her face. Her smile was particularly sweet. She had a good understanding, and had been respectably educated.

On Wednesday evening, September 5, 1838, the Fortarshire steamer, of about tree hundred tons' burden, under the command of Captain John Humble, sailed from Hull on a voyage to Dundee, in Scotland. She had a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron; and her company, including twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, comprised sixty-three persons. On the evening of the next day, when in the neighborhood of the Farne Islands, she encountered a severe storm of wind, attended with heavy rain and a dense fog. She leaked to such a degree that the fires could not be kept burning, and her engines soon ceased to work. She became wholly unmanageable, and drifting violently, at the mercy of the winds and waves, struck on one of the reefs of Longstone Island, about four o'clock on Friday morning.

As too often happens in such fearful emergences, the master lost his self-possession, order and discipline ceased, and nothing but self-preservation was thought of. A portion of the crew, including the first mate, lowered one of the boasts and left the ship. With them was a single cabin passenger, who threw himself into the boat by means of a rope. These men were picked up, after some hours, and carried into the port of Shields. The scene on board was of a most fearful description - men paralyzed by despair - women wringing their hands and shrieking with anguish - and among them the helpless and bewildered master, whose wife, cling to him, frantically besought the protection he could no longer give. The vessel struck aft the paddle boxes; and not above three minutes after the passengers (most of whom had been below, and many of them in their berths) had rushed upon the deck, a second shock broke her into two pieces. The after part, with most of the passengers and the captain and his wife, was swept away through a tremendous current, and all upon it were lost. The fore part, on which were five of the crew and four passengers, stuck fast to the rock.

These few survivors remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak, with a fearful sea running around them, and expecting every moment to be swept into the deep. With what anxious eyes did they wait for the morning light! and yet what could mortal help avail them even then? Craggy and dangerous rocky islets lay between them and the nearest land, and around these rocks a sea was raging in which no boat was likely to live. But, through the providence of God, a deliverance was in store for them - a deliverance wrought by the strong heart of an heroic girl.

As soon as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone light, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. None of the family were at home, except Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Grace. Although the wind had somewhat abated, the sea - never calm among these jagged rocks - was still fiercely raging; and to have braved its perils would have done the highest honor to the strong muscles and well-trying nerves of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy having been undertaken and accomplished mainly through a female heart and arm! Mr. Darling, it is said, was reluctant to expose himself to what seemed certain destruction; but the earnest entreaties of his daughter determined him to make the attempt. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the mother's assistance; and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the Forfarshire, other of the family being always at hand.

It was only by the exertion of great muscular strength, as well as by the utmost coolness and resolution, that the father and daughter rowed the boat up to the rock. And when there, a great danger arose from the difficulty of so managing it as to prevent its being dashed to pieces upon the sharp ridge which had proved fatal to the steamer.



GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER PLEASING TO THE WRECK.

With much difficulty and danger, the father scrambled upon the rock, and the boat was left for a while to the unaided strength and skill of the daughter. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The delight with which the boat was first seen was converted into amazement when they perceived that it was guided and impelled by an old man and a young woman. Owing to the violence of the storm, the rescued persons were obliged to remain at the lighthouse of the Darlings from Friday morning till Sunday, during which time Grace was most assiduous in her kind attentions to the sufferers, giving up her bed to one of them, a poor woman, who had seen her two children perish in her arms, while on the wreck.

This heroic deed of Grace Darling's shot a thrill of sympathy and admiration through all Great Britain, and indeed through all Christendom. The Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate (silver memento), and a considerable sum of money was raised for her from the voluntary contributions of an admiring public. The lonely lighthouse became the center of attraction to

thousand of curious and sympathizing travelers; and Grace was pursued, questioned, and stared at to an extent that became a serious annoyance to her gentle and retiring spirit. But in all this hot blaze of admiration, and in her improved fortunes, she preserved unimpaired the simplicity and modesty of her nature. her head was not in the least turned by the world-wide fame she had earned, or by the flattering caresses of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the distinguished, which were lavished upon her. The meekness with which she bore her honors equaled the courage which had won them. She resumed her former way of life, and her accustomed duties, as quietly as if nothing had happened. Several advantageous offers of marriage were made to her, but she declined them all; usually alleging her determination not to leave her parents while they lived.

But she was not long destined to enjoy the applause she had earned, or the more substantial tokens of regard which had been bestowed upon her. She began to show symptoms of consumption (tuberculosis) towards the latter part of 1841; and although all the means of restoration which the most affectionate care and the best medical advice could suggest were resorted to, she gradually declined, and breathed her last, in calm submission to the will of God, October 20, 1842. Her funeral was very numerously attended, and a monument has been erected to her memory in Bamborough churchyard, where she was buried.

Such was Grace Darling – one of the heroines of humanity – whose name is destined to live as long as the sympathies and affections of humanity endure. Such calm heroism as hers – so generously exerted for the good of others – is one of the noblest attributes of the soul of man.



It had no alloy of blind animal passion, like the bravery of a soldier on the field of battle, but it was spiritual, celestial, and, we may reverently add, godlike. Never does man appear more distinctly in the image of his Maker than when, like the noble-hearted Grace Darling, he deliberately exposes his own life to save the lives of others.

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

## TRUE REGARD FOR ANCESTRY

Webster\*

It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness, with what is distant in place or time; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal although we

are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time, nor the spot on earth, in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of history, and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character; by partaking their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils, by sympathizing in their sufferings, and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs, we seem to belong to their age, and to mingle our own existence with theirs. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endured what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed.

And in like manner, by running along the line of future time, by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us, by attempting something which may promote their happiness and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard when we shall sleep with the fathers, we protract our earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow confines of our earthly existence. As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb, which, amidst this universe of worlds the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow beings which his goodness has peopled the infinite space.

So neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race, through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear the stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed, and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it.

Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is, in this respect, but the handmaid of true philosophy and morality; it deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of existence is severed, and who may yet exercise we know not what sympathy with ourselves; and when it carries us forward, also, and shows us the long-continued result of all the good we do in the prosperity of those who follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generations after us, it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

*\* Daniel Webster, a leading American writer, speaker, and political leader.*

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## THE RETIREMENT OF WASHINGTON

P. G. Guizot\*

Washington did well to withdraw from public business. He had entered upon it at one of those moments, at once difficult and favorable, when nations, surrounded by perils, summon all their virtue and all their wisdom to surmount them.

He was admirably suited to this position. He held the sentiments and opinions of his age without slavishness or fanaticism. The past, its institutions, its interests, its manners, inspired him with neither hatred nor regret. His thoughts and his ambition did not impatiently reach forward into the future. The society, in the midst of which he lived, suited his taste and his judgment. He had faith in its principles and its destiny, but a confidence enlightened and qualified by an accurate instinctive perception of the eternal principles of social order. He served it with heartiness and independence, with that combination of faith and fear which is wisdom in the affairs of the world, as well as before God. On this account, especially, he was qualified to govern it; for democracy requires two things for its tranquility and its success; it must feel itself to be trusted and yet restrained, and must believe alike in the genuine devotedness and the moral superiority of its leaders. On these conditions alone can it govern itself while in a process of development, and hope to take a place among the durable and glorious forms of human society. It is the honor of the American people to have, at this period, understood and accepted these conditions. It is the glory of Washington to have been their interpreter and instrument.

He did the two greatest things which, in politics, man can have the privilege of attempting. He maintained, by peace, that independence of his country which he had acquired by war. He founded a free government, in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway.

When he retired from public life, both tasks were accomplished, and he could enjoy the result. For, in such high enterprises, the labor they have cost matters but little. The sweat of any toil is dried at once on the brow where God places such laurels.

He retired voluntarily, and a conqueror. To the very last, his policy prevailed. If he had wished, he could still have kept the direction of it. His successor was one of his most attached friends, one whom he had himself designated. Still, the epoch was a critical one. He had governed successfully for eight years – a long time in a democratic state, and that in its infancy. For some time, a policy opposed to his own had been gaining ground. American society seemed disposed to make a trial of new paths, more in conformity, perhaps, with its bias. Perhaps the hour had come for Washington to quit the arena. His successor was there to overcome. Mr. Adams was succeeded by Mr. Jefferson, the leader of the opposition. Since that time the Democratic Party has governed the United States.

Is this a good or an evil? Could it be otherwise? Had the government continued in the hands of the Federal Party, would it have done better? Was this possible?

What have been the consequences, to the United States, of the triumph of the Democratic Party? What changes have the society and constitution of America undergone, what have they yet to undergo, under their influence?

These are great questions; difficult, if I mistake not, for natives to solve, and certainly impossible for a foreigner. However it may be, one thing is certain; that which Washington did – the founding of a free government, by order and peace, at the close of a revolution – no other policy than his could have accomplished. He has had this true glory – of triumphing so long as he governed; and of rendering the triumph of his adversaries possible, after him, without disturbance to the state.

More than once, perhaps, this result presented itself to his mind without disturbing his composure. “With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions; and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.”

The people of the United States are virtually the arbiters of their own fortunes. Washington had aimed at that high object. He reached his mark. Who has succeeded like him? Who has seen his own success so near and so soon? Who has enjoyed to such a degree, and to the last, the confidence and gratitude of his country?

Still at the close of his life, in the delightful and honorable retirement at Mount Vernon, which he had so longed for, this great man, serene as he was, was inwardly conscious of a slight feeling of lassitude (weariness) and melancholy; a feeling very natural at the close of a long life employed in the affairs of men. Power is an oppressive burden, and men are hard to serve, when one is struggling virtuously and strenuously against their passions and their errors. Even success does not efface the sad impressions which contest has given birth to, and the exhaustion which succeeds the struggle is still felt in the quiet of repose.

The disposition of the most eminent men, and of the best among the most eminent, to keep aloof from public affairs in a free democratic society, is a serious fact. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, all ardently sighed for retirement. It would seem as if, in this form of society, the task of government were too severe for men who are capable of comprehending its extent, and desirous of discharging the trust in a proper manner.

Still to such men alone this task is suited, and ought to be entrusted. Government will be, always, and everywhere, the greatest exercise of the faculties of man, and consequently that which requires minds of the highest order. It is for the honor, as well as for the interest, of society that such minds should be drawn into the administration of its affairs, and retained there; for no institutions, no securities, can supply their place.

And, on the other hand, in men who are worthy of the destiny, all weariness, all sadness of spirit, however it might be permitted in others, is a weakness. Their vocation is labor. Very often they die, bent under the burden, before the day of recompense arrives. Washington lived to receive it. He deserved and enjoyed both success and repose. Of all great men, he was the most virtuous, and the most fortunate. In this world God has no higher favors to bestow.

*Hilliard First Class Reader, 1855*

*\*M. Guizot was French Statesman and Historian. The following is from essay on Washington published in Paris in 1840.*

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## MOUNT AUBURN

Joseph Story\*

A rural cemetery seems to combine in itself all the advantages which can be composed to gratify human feelings, or tranquillize human fears; to secure the best religious influences, and to cherish all those associations which cast a cheerful light over the darkness of the grave. And what spot can be more appropriate for this purpose? Nature seems to point it out, with significant energy, as the favorite retirement of the dead. There are around her all the varied features of her beauty and grandeur – the forest crowned height, the abrupt acclivity, the sheltered valley, the deep glen, the grassy glade, and the silent grove. Here are the lofty oak, the beech, that “wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,” the rustling pine, and the drooping willow; the tree that sheds its pale leaves with every autumn, a fit emblem of our own transitory bloom; and the evergreen, with its perennial shoots, instructing us that “the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue.” Here is the thick shrubbery to protect and conceal the new-made grave; and there is the wild flower creeping along the narrow path, and planting its seeds in the upturned earth. All around us there breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of the wilderness, broken only by the breeze as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler, pouring forth his matin (morning prayer) or his evening song.

...

Within the flight of one half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise will be gathered here! How many in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands, and the forsaker of the world, the stranger in his solitary grave, and the patriarch surrounded by the kindred of a long lineage! How many will here bury their brightest hopes, or blasted expectations! How many bitter tears will here be shed! How many agonizing sighs will here be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the pathways, and, returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their reverence or their love!

And if this were all, sad indeed, and funereal, would be our thoughts; gloomy indeed would be those shades, and desolate these prospects.

But – thanks be to God – the evils which he permits have their attendant mercies, and are blessings in disguise. The bruised reed will not be laid utterly prostrate. The wounded heart will not always bleed. The voice of consolation will spring up in the midst of the silence of these regions of death. The mourner will revisit these shades with a secret, though melancholy pleasure. The hand of friendship will delight to cherish the flowers and the shrubs that fringe the lowly grave or the

sculptured monument. The earliest beams of the morning will play upon these summits with a refreshing cheerfulness, and the lingering tints of evening hover on them with a tranquilizing glow. Spring will invite hither the footsteps of the young by its opening foliage, and autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of learning and science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the selfishness of avarice will be checked; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees “what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,” will acknowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far, beyond that of fame.

But that which will be ever present, pervading these shades like the noonday sun, and shedding cheerfulness around, is the consciousness, the irrepressible consciousness, amidst all these lessons of human mortality, of the higher truth, that we are beings, not of time, but of eternity; that “this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality;” that this is but the threshold and starting-point of an existence, compared with whose duration the ocean is as but a drop – nay, the whole creation an evanescent quantity.

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

*\*Story was a Massachusetts attorney, Harvard Law School professor, Associate Justice of the US Supreme Court, and is buried at the cemetery described in this selection.*

## A SHIPWRECK STORY

Anonymous

The *Grosvenor* (*grōves'-ner*), East Indiaman<sup>1</sup>, homeward bound, goes ashore (rt) on the coast of Caffaria (southern Africa). It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number, one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate, on foot, across the trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separated into two parties, never more to meet on earth.



There is a solitary child among the passengers – a little boy of seven years old, who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving

away, he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity, but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed, on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sands and long grass, he patiently walking at all other times; they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who, who becomes his especial friend lags behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never – O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it! – forgot this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful cockswain goes back, and is seen to sit down by his side; and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is gripped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet.

Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand, and bury their friend the cooper – these two companions alone in the wilderness; and then the time comes when they both are ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day – they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying, – and the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great; he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit – who can doubt it! – with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*"

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

1. An East Indiaman was a ship that made the circuit around the 'horn' of Africa between England and India. The *Grosvenor* went ashore in 1782.

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## THE BLIND PREACHER

Rev. L. T. Kosegarten\*

Blind with old age, the venerable Bede  
 Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth  
 The news from heaven – the tidings of great joy.  
 From town to town, – through all the villages, –  
 With trusty guidance, roamed the aged saint,  
 And preached the word with all the fire of youth.

One day, his boy had led him to a vale  
 That lay all thickly sowed with might rocks.  
 In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy:  
 “Most reverend father, there are many men  
 Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice.”  
 The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,  
 Chose him his text, expounded, then applied:  
 Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,  
 So fervently, that soon the gushing tears  
 Streamed thick and fast down his hoary beard.  
 When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,  
 He prayed, “Our Father,” and pronounced aloud,  
 “Thine is the kingdom and the power, thine  
 The glory now, and through eternity,”  
 At once there rang, through all the echoing vale,  
 A sound of many voices, crying,  
 “Amen! most reverend sire, Amen! Amen!”

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy  
 Knelt before the saint, and owned his sin;  
 “Son,” said the old man, “hast thou, then, ne’er read,  
 ‘When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud’  
 Henceforth, mock not, son, the word of God!  
 Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,  
 Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart  
 Of flesh grows hard and stubborn like the stone,  
 A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves.”

*Hilliard’s First Reader, 1855*

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\*Kosegarten, 1758-1818, was a German poet and Lutheran minister.  
 Translated from the German by Rev. C. T. Brooks

AN INDIAN FIGHT<sup>1</sup>

Sir Walter Scott

Among my wanderings, the transatlantic settlements have not escaped me; more especially the country of New England, into which our native land has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings from him his treasures so much that is precious in the eyes of God and of his children. There thousands of our best and most godly men – such as whose righteousness might come between the Almighty and his wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities – are content to be the inhabitants of the desert, rather encountering the unenlightened savages than stooping to extinguish, under the oppression practiced in Britain, the light that is within their own minds. There I remained for a time, during the wars which the colony maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem, as they were called, who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great, his dissimulation (deceit) profound, and the skill and promptness with which he maintained a destructive and desultory (scattered) warfare inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement.

I was, by chance, at a small village in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets. Nevertheless, there was no idea of any danger from the Indians at that time, for men trusted to the protection of a considerable body of troops, who had taken the field for the protection of the frontiers, and who lay, or were supposed to lie, betwixt the hamlet and the enemy's country. But they had to do with a foe whom the evil one himself had inspired at once with cunning and cruelty.

It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was constructed of wooden logs; but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes<sup>2</sup> amid the aisles of a minister, arise so sweetly to heaven as did the psalm in which we united at once our voices and our hearts! An excellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Nehemiah Solsgrace, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered looks and disheveled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted (hysterical) manner, screaming incessantly, "The Indians! The Indians!" In that land, no man dares separate himself from his means of defense, and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the rebuilding of the Temple. So we sallied forth with our guns and pikes (spear-like weapons), and heard the whoop of these incarnate demons, already in possession of a great part of the town, and exercising their cruelty on the few whom weighty causes or indisposition had withheld from public worship; and it

was remarked as a judgment, that, upon that bloody Sabbath, Adrian Hanson, a Dutchman, a man well enough disposed towards man, but whose mind was given altogether given to worldly gain, was shot and scalped as he was summing his weekly gains in his warehouse. In fine (sum), there was much damage done; and although our arrival and entrance into combat did in some sort put them back, yet being surprised, and confused, and having no appointed leader of our band, the cruel enemy shot hard at us, and had some advantage.

It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children amid the report of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages, which they term their war whoop. Several houses in the upper part of the village were soon on fire; and the roaring of the flames, and crackling of the great beams as they blazed, added to the horrible confusion; while the smoke which the wind drove against us gave further advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were, invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire.

In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and, placing the women and children in the center, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased Heaven to send us unexpected assistance.

A tall man, of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore sword and carried gun. I never saw anything more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same color. "Men and brethren," he said, in a voice like that which turns back the flight, "why sink your hearts? and why are you disquieted? Fear ye that the God whom we serve will give you up to yonder heathen dogs? Follow me, and you shall see this day that thee is a captain in Israel."

He uttered a few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; such was the influence of his appearance, his mein (bearing), his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were hastily divided, by his orders, into two bodies; one of which maintained the defense of the village with more courage than ever, convinced that the unknown was sent by God to our rescue. At his command they assumed the best and most sheltered positions for exchanging their deadly fire with the Indians; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied from the town at the head of the other division of the New England men and, making a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear. The surprise, as is unusual amongst savages, had complete effect; for they doubted not that they were assailed in

their turn, and placed between two hostile parties by the return of a detachment from the provincial army. The heathens fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of their warriors, that the tribe hath never recovered its loss.

Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and not they only, but the women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping knife, stood crowded around him, yet scarce venturing to approach his person, and more minded, perhaps, to worship him as a descended angel than to thank him as a fellow mortal.

"Not unto me be the glory," he said; "I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver. Bring me a cup of water, that I may allay my parched throat ere I assay the task of offering thanks where they are most due." I was nearest to him as he spoke, and I gave into his hand the water he requested. At that moment we exchanged glances, and it seemed to me that I recognized a noble friend whom I had long since deemed to be in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his knees, and signing us to obey him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice loud and clear as a war trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrow of the hearers.

I have heard many an act of devotion in my life, had Heaven vouchsafed me grace to profit by them; but such a prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled triumph and adoration, was beyond them all; it was like the song of the inspired prophetess who dwelt beneath the palm tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent; and for a brief space we remained with our faces bent to the earth, no man daring to lift his head. At length we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer among us; nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued.

*Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855*

1. [This account of the attack upon a New England village by a band of Indians, and of their repulse, is taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Peveril of the Peak*, and is there given by Major Bridgeworth, a Puritan soldier and gentleman, to Julian Peveril, the hero of the story and the lover of Bridgeworth's daughter. The incident is substantially true, and took place at the town of Hadley, in Massachusetts, in 1675. William Goffe was the person whose opportune and unexpected appearance turned the tide of battle. He was one of the 'regicides', as they were popularly called; that is, one of the judges, by whom Charles I, King of England, was condemned to death. Upon the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660, Goffe, together with Edward Whalley, his father-in-law (also one of King Charles' judges) fled to New England; and here they lived for many years, in strict seclusion, though more than one effort was made by the English government to arrest them. Whalley died in 1678, and Goffe about two years afterwards; both at Hadley. Here they had lived, since 1664, under the roof of Mr. Russel, the minister,

who had two concealed rooms built in his house for their accommodation. They were both brave men and tried soldiers.

John Dixwell, another of the regicides, came also to New England, some time after Whalley and Goffe, and remained here till his death.]

2. This is a reference to the ceremony of the Church of England, modeled on Roman Catholic ceremony, and the prevalence of foreign mercenaries and ministers at the Anglican services; as opposed to the simple services of the Puritan worshipers.

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## CHAPTER 15

*Sander's Fifth Reader*

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## MOUNT TABOR

J. T. Headley

## Part 1

What strange contrasts this earth of ours presents! Noonday and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes that are constantly passing before our eyes. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day. The hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy, and the carriage of Dives<sup>1</sup> every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus.

Health and sickness lie down in the same apartment; joy and grief look out of the same window; and hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The cry of the infant, and the groan of the dying, rise together from the same dwelling; the funeral procession treads close on the heels of the bridal party, and the tones of the lute and viol, have scarcely died away before the requiem for the dead comes swelling after. OH! the beautiful and deformed, the pure and corrupt, joy and sorrow, ecstasies and agonies, life and death, are strangely blended on this our restless planet.

What different events have transpired on the same spot! Where the smoke of the Indian's wigwam arose, and the stealthy tread of the wolf and panther, was heard over the autumn leaves at twilight, the population of New York now surges along. Where once Tyre,<sup>2</sup> the queen of the sea, stood, fishermen are spreading their nets on the desolate rocks, and the bright waves are rolling over its marble columns. In the empty apartments of Edom,<sup>3</sup> the fox makes his den, and the dust of the desert is sifting over the forsaken ruins of Palmyra.

The owl hoots in the ancient halls of kings, and the wind of the summer night, makes sad music through the rents of the once gorgeous palaces. The Arab spurs his steed along the streets of ancient Jerusalem, or scornfully stands and curls his lip at the pilgrim pressing wearily to the sepulcher of the Savior. The Muezzin's<sup>4</sup> voice rings over the bones of the prophets, and the desert wind heaps the dust above the foundations of the seven churches of Asia. O, how good and evil, light and darkness, chase each other over the world!

Forty-seven years ago, a form was seen standing on Mount Tabor, with which the world has since become familiar. It was a bright spring morning, and as he sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye rested on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and appalling enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart. That form was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE; and the scene before him, the fierce and terrible "BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR".

From Nazareth, where the Savior once trod, Kleber<sup>5</sup> had marched with three thousand French soldiers forth into the plain, when lo! at the foot of Mount Tabor he saw the whole Turkish army, drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry and twelve and twelve thousand splendid cavalry moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French. Kleber had scarcely time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon the angles, before those twelve thousand horse, making the earth smoke and thunder as they came, burst in a headlong gallop upon them.

But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horsemen with frightful rapidity, and strewing the earth with the bodies of riders and steeds together. Again and again did those splendid squadrons wheel, reform and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing scimitars gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle; but that same wasting fire received them, till those squares seemed bound by a girdle of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges.

Before their certain and deadly aim, as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around them. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses, this band of warriors stood and fought for six dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon debauched (to split) with a single division on Mount Tabor, and turned his eye below.

What a scene met his gaze! The whole plain was filled with marching columns and charging squadrons of wildly galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry, amid which now and then was heard the blast of thousands of trumpets, and strains of martial music filled the air. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight.

Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain, and enveloped their enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling, only by the steady simultaneous volleys which showed how discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering

numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies, were life spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field.

Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve-pounder, fired from the heights, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Then for the first time he took the offensive, and pouring his enthusiastic followers on the foe, carried death and terror over the field. Thrown into confusion, and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back toward the Jordan, where MURAT<sup>6</sup> was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight.

Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabered them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid the prey. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared that the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on these thrice consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight, and nerved him with ten-fold courage.

As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim ray over the rent, and trodden, and dead-covered field, a sulphurous(sulfurous) cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans, and shrieks, and cries, rent the air. Nazareth, Jordan, and Mount Tabor! what spots for battle-fields!

## Part 2

Roll back eighteen centuries, and again view that Mount. The day is bright and beautiful, as on the day of battle, and the same rich oriental landscape is smiling in the same sun. There is Nazareth, with its busy population, - the same Nazareth, from which Kleber marched his army; and there is Jordan, rolling its bright waters along, - the same Jordan, along whose banks charged the glittering squadrons of Murat's cavalry; and there is Mount Tabor, - the same, on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon; and the same beautiful plain where rolled the smoke of battle, and straggled thirty thousand men in mortal combat.

But how different is the scene that is passing there. The Son of God stands on that high, and casts his eye over the quiet valley, through which Jordan winds its silvery current. Three friends are beside Him. They have walked together up the toilsome way, and now they stand, mere specks on the distant summit. Far away to the north-west, shines the blue Mediterranean, - all around is the great plain of Esdraelon<sup>1</sup> and Galilee, - eastward the lake of Tiberias dots the landscape while Mount Carmel lifts its naked summit in the distance.

But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublimer scene that is passing before them. The son of Mary - the carpenter of

Nazareth – the wanderer, with whom they have traveled on foot many a weary league, in all the intimacy of companions and friends, begins to change before their eyes. (Read the 17th Chapter of Matthew) Over his garments is spreading a strange light, steadily brightening into intenser beauty, till that form glows with such splendor that it seems to waver to and fro, and dissolve in the still radiance.

The three astonished friends gaze on it in speechless admiration, then turn to that familiar face. But lo! a greater change has passed over it. That sad and solemn countenance which has been so often seen stooping over the couch of the dying, entering the door of the hut of poverty, passing through the streets of Jerusalem, and pausing by the weary wayside – aye, bedewed (wet with) with the tears of pity, - now burns like the sun in his mid-day splendor. Meekness has given way to majesty, – sadness to dazzling glory, – the look of pity to the grandeur of (a) God.

The still radiance of Heaven sits on that serene brow, and all around that divine form flows an atmosphere of strange and wondrous beauty. Heaven has poured its brightness over that consecrated spot, and on the beams of light, which glitter there, Moses and Elias have descended, and, wrapped in the same shining vestments, stand beside him. Wonder follows wonder, for those three glittering forms are talking with each other, and amid the thrilling accents are heard the words: "Mount Olivet", "Calvary" – "the agony and the death of the crucifixion!"

No wonder a sudden fear came over Peter, that paralyzed his tongue, and crushed him to the earth, when, in the midst of his speech, he saw a cloud descend like a falling star from heaven, and, bright and dazzling, balance itself over those form of light, while from its bright foldings came a voice, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him!"

How long the vision lasted we can tell; but all that night did Jesus, with his friends, stay on that lonely mountain. Of the conversation that passed between them there, we know nothing; but little sleep, we imagine, visited their eyes that night; and as they sat on the high summit, and watched the stars, as they rose one after another above the horizon, and gazed on the moon as she poured her light over the dim and darkened landscape, words were spoken, that seemed born of Heaven, and truths never to be forgotten were uttered in the ears of the subdued and reverent disciples.

O, how different is Heaven land earth! Can there be a stronger contrast than the BATTLE and TRANSFIGURATION of Mount Tabor? One shudders to think of Bonaparte and the Son of God on the same mountain - one with his wasting cannon by his side, and the other with

Moses and Elias just from Heaven. But no after desecration can destroy the first consecration of Mount Tabor; for, surrounded with the glory of Heaven, and honored with the wondrous scene of the TRANSFIGURATION, it stands a SACRED MOUNTAIN on earth.

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1855*

Part 1:

<sup>1</sup> DIVES is a Latin word meaning 'rich'. It is used as a name and applied to the rich man, referred to in the 16th chapter of Luke.

<sup>2</sup> TYRE, one of the most celebrated cities of antiquity, was for a long time considered the emporium of commerce. It was in its most flourishing state about 500 years before Christ. It was situated on an island near the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was joined by Alexander to the main land by a mole or mound, by means of which he took the city after a siege of seven months. It was surrounded by a wall 150 feet high and of proportionate width. Its palaces are now supplanted by miserable hovels, though relics of its ancient splendor are everywhere still seen, and the poor fisherman now inhabits those cellars where were once stored the treasures of the world.

<sup>3</sup> EDOM, or IDUMEA, is a country including the south of Palestine.

<sup>4</sup> MUEZZIN, in Mohammedan countries, is the public crier who announces the hours of prayer from the minaret. Five prayers are repeated daily.

<sup>5</sup> KLEBER was a French general, distinguished not less for his humanity and integrity, than for his courage, activity, and coolness.

<sup>6</sup> MURAT was a French general, distinguished more for his daring courage and impetuosity, than for his sagacity and strength of mind.

Part 2:

<sup>1</sup> ESDRAELON is a plain of Palestine, often mentioned in sacred history. It has been from the earliest history often the scene of bloody conflicts. It is situated south of the plain of Galilee.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE

Anonymous

“Say, what is hope?” I asked an ancient sage,  
With tottering gate, and head quite white with age; –  
“Hope!” he replied, “ ‘tis but a meteor ray,  
A breath, a dream, the phantom of a day.”

I asked the mariner on ocean's wave,  
Where many thousands find an early grave; –  
“My hope,” he said, lies on that distant strand,  
The happy spot, I call my native land.”

I asked the warrior on the tented plain,

Now strewn with bodies of the conquered slain; –  
 “My hope,” he said, “consists in high renown,  
 In wreaths of laurels, or in mural crown<sup>1</sup>.”

I asked the airy sons of folly gay,  
 The bright ephemera<sup>2</sup> of fashion’s ray; –  
 “Hope is the sun of life, his quickening power  
 Gilds as they pass each tiresome, ling’ring hour.”

I asked an aged worldling who had run  
 His giddy race, – his course was well nigh done; –  
 With haggard looks he gazed on all around,  
 And dashed fair pleasure’s chalice on the ground,  
 And in tones of deepest misery,  
 “What’s hope! alas! there is no hope for me.  
 Oh! ‘tis a bubble, false, delusive, fair, –  
 Inflated but to burst in wild despair!”

I asked an aged Christian, and his eye  
 Beamed with unearthly luster in reply; –  
 “Hope is my anchor, steadfast, sure, and strong,  
 In many sorrows, and in trials long;  
 Although, I am a worm of feeble dust,  
 On this Almighty Rock, I place my trust.

“But when my earthly pilgrimage is o’er,  
 And I shall reach yon blest, celestial shore,  
 Then veiled from weeping mortals’ finite sight,  
 Hope shall be lost in full, supreme delight; –  
 And every passion shall be hushed to bliss,  
 In pure, ecstatic, lasting happiness.”

*Sanders’ Fifth Reader, 1855*

1. The term “mural crown” refers to the ancient Roman practice of awarding a golden crown to the one who first scales the wall of a besieged city (“mural” comes from a Latin term for ‘wall’) and plants Rome’s banner.

2. The word “ephemera” here refers to showy but short lived species like butterflies.

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## THE VOICES OF THE DEAD

O. Dewey\*

The world is filled with the voices of the dead. They speak not from the public records of the great world only, but from the private history of our own experience. They speak to us in a thousand remembrances, in a thousand incidents, events, and associations. They speak to us, not only

from their silent graves, but from the throng of life. Though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. They are with us by the silent fireside and in the secluded chamber. They are with us in the paths of society, and in the crowded assemblies of men.

They speak to us from the lonely way-side; and they speak to us from the venerable walls that echo to the steps of a multitude, and to the voice of prayer. Go where we will, the dead are with us. We live, we converse with those who once lived and conversed with us. Their well-remembered tone mingles with the whispering breeze, with the sound of the falling leaf, with the jubilee shout of the spring-time. The earth is filled with their shadowy train.

But there are more substantial expressions of the presence of the dead with the living. The earth is filled with the labors, the works, of the dead. Almost all the literature in the world, the discoveries of science, the glories of art, the ever-enduring temples, the dwelling places of generations, the comforts and improvement of life, the languages, the maxims, the opinions of the living, the very frame-work of society, the institutions of nations, the fabrics of empires, – all are the works of the dead; by these, they who are dead yet speak.

Life, - busy, eager, craving, importunate, absorbing life, - yet what is its sphere compared with the empire of death? What is the sphere of visible, compared with the vast empire of invisible, life? A moment in time; a speck in immensity; a shadow amidst enduring and unchangeable realities; a breath of existence amidst the ages and regions of undying life! They live, - they live indeed, whom, we call dead. They live in our thoughts; they live in our blessings; they live in our life, - "death hath no power over them."

The effect of a last sickness to develop and perfect the virtues of our friends, is often so striking and beautiful, as to seem more than a compensation for all the sufferings of disease. How often does that touching decay, that gradual unclothing of the mortal body, seem to be a putting on the garments of immortal beauty and life!

That pale cheek; that placid brow; that sweet serenity spread over the whole countenance; that spiritual, almost supernatural brightness of the eye, as if light from another world shone through it; that noble and touching disinterestedness of the parting spirit, which utters no complaint, which breathes no sigh, which speaks no word of fear nor apprehension to wound its friend, which is calm and cheerful, amidst daily declining strength and the sure approach to death; and then, at length, that last, firm, triumphant, consoling discourse, and that last look of all mortal tenderness and immortal trust; what hallowed memories are these to soothe, to purify, to enrapture surviving love!

Death, too, set a seal upon the excellence that sickness unfolds and consecrates. There is no living virtue, concerning which, such is our frailty, we must not fear that it may fall; or at least, that it may somewhat fail from its steadfastness. It is a painful, it is a just fear, in the bosoms of the best and purest beings on earth, that some dreadful lapse may come over them, or over those whom they hold in the highest reverence.

But death, fearful, mighty as is its power, is yet a power that is subject to virtue. It gives victory to virtue. It brings relief to the heart from its profoundest fear. Yes, death, dark power of earth though it seems, does yet inspire virtue, as it were, in Heaven. It sets it up on high, for eternal admiration. It fixes its places never more to be changes; as a star to shine onward, and onward, through the depths of the everlasting ages.

In life there are many things which interfere with a just estimate of the virtues of others. There are, in some cases, jealousies and misconstructions, and there are false appearances, there are veils upon the heart that hide its most secret workings and its sweetest affections from us; there are earthly clouds that come between us and the excellence that we love. So that it is not, perhaps, till a friend is taken from us that we entirely feel his value, and appreciate his worth. The vision is loveliest at its vanishing away; and we perceive not, perhaps, till we see the parting wing, that an angel has been with us!

Yet if we are not, in any degree, blind to the excellence we possess, if we do feel all the value of the treasure which our affections hold dear, - yet, how does that earthly excellence take not only a permanent, but a saintly character, as it passes beyond the bounds of mortal frailty and imperfection! How does death enshrine it, for a homage, more reverential and holy than is ever given to living worth!

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1855*

\*Orville Dewey

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## THE PRESENT AGE

Channing\*

The Present Age! In these brief words, what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movement! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith, and double! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period, through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellows! what hopes of

philanthropy, have been blighted! and, at the same time, what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations!

It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement, is never to die. Its impression on history indelible. Amidst its events, the American Revolution, - the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of man, - and the French Revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its center, are never to pass from men's minds.

Over this age, the night will indeed gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear, WASHINGTON and NAPOLEON; - the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying (does not decay) star. Another American name will live in history, - your FRANKLIN; and the kite<sup>1</sup> which brought lightning from heaven, will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins.

There is, however, something greater in the age than in its greatest men; it is the appearance of a new power in the world, - the appearance of the multitude of men on that stage where as yet the few have acted their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps much, of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day, which we have not deigned (condescend) to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us, is at work in his closet, whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world, - who is to open a new era in history. - who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring.

What else is there to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all, - the SOUL, the Immortal Spirit. Of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements of our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age, - to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence. As yet, however, we are encompassed with darkness. The issues of our time, how obscure! The future, into which it opens, who of us can foresee? To the Father of all ages, I commit this future with humble, yet courageous and unflinching hope.

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1855*

<sup>1</sup>[“Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the great American philosopher, was the first to prove the identity of lightning and electricity. This he did by means of a kite with a hempen string, on which the fluid (electricity) descended from a passing cloud. This discovery led to the invention of the lightning rod.”]

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## AN APPEAL TO THE PATRIOTISM OF SOUTH CAROLINA<sup>1</sup>

Pres. Andrew Jackson\*

Fellow Citizens of my native State! let me not only admonish you, as the first magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you, my country men, that you are deluded by men who either are deceived themselves or wish to deceive you. Mark under what pretenses you have been led on to the brink of insurrection and treason, on which you stand.

You were told that this opposition might be peaceably, – might be constitutionally made, – that you might enjoy all the advantages of the Union, and bear none of its burdens. Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your state pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury, were used to prepare you for the period when the mask which concealed the hideous features of DISUNION, should be taken off.

It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which not long since you would have regarded with horror.

Look back at the acts which have brought you to this state, – look forward to the consequences, to which it must inevitably lead. Something more is necessary. Contemplate the condition of that country, of which you still form an important part! – consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection, so many different states, – giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of AMERICAN CITIZENS, – protecting their commerce, – securing their literature and their arts, – facilitating their intercommunication, – defending their frontiers, – and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth!

Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, humanity, and general information, into every cottage in this wide extent of our territories and states! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find refuge and support! Look on this picture of happiness and honor, and say, "WE, TOO, ARE CITIZENS OF AMERICA; Carolina is one of these proud states; her arms have defended, – her best blood has cemented this happy Union!" And then

add, if you can, without horror and remorse, "This happy Union we will dissolve, – this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface, – this free intercourse we will interrupt, – these fertile fields we will deluge with blood, – the protection of that glorious flag we renounce, – the very name of AMERICANS we discard."

And for what, mistaken men! for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings, – for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence, a DREAM interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on foreign power? If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home, – are you free from the apprehensions of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighboring republics, every day suffering some new revolution, or contending with some new insurrection, – do they excite your envy?

But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you can not succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed, I have no discretionary power on the subject, – my duty is emphatically pronounced in the constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you, – they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names; *disunion*, by armed force is TREASON.

Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act, be the dreadful consequences, – on their heads be the dishonor, but on yours may fall the punishment, – on your unhappy state will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the government of your country. It can not accede to the mad project of disunion, of which you would be the first victims, – its first magistrate can not, if he would, avoid the performance of his duty, – the consequence must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world.

Its enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal, – it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to disappoint them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pinckneys,<sup>2</sup> the Sumters,<sup>3</sup> the Rutledges<sup>4</sup>, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your Revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union, to support which so many of them fought, and bled, and died.

I adjure you, as you honor their memories, – as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives, – as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your state the disorganizing edict of its convention, – bid its members to re-assemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor, – tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all, – declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you, – that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the constitution of your country!

Its destroyers you can not be. You may disturb its peace, – you may interrupt the course of its prosperity, – you may cloud its reputation for stability, – but its tranquility will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.

May the great Ruler of nations grant, that the signal blessings, with which He has favored ours, may not, by the madness of party or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see the folly, before they feel the misery, of civil strife; and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies, to which we may reasonably aspire.

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1855*

\*Andrew Jackson (right) was a penniless frontiersman who rose to leading Tennessee political figure, Tennessee militia Colonel, then US Army General, and President of the United States. His success in holding the US together through his turbulent time was no less remarkable than his defeat of the British army at New Orleans.



1. This is part of President Jackson's response to the "Nullification Controversy" which threatened to break apart the country into civil war a generation before it actually happened. The particular point at issue here was tariffs on imported goods to help Northern industrial development, but at the expense of the agricultural South.

In addition to his appeal to patriotism, Jackson declared his intention to hold together the Union even if it meant war, and he also urged compromise legislation to mollify the South Carolinians. At the same time, Georgia and Alabama were also threatening to secede from the Union, and carry the rest of the South with them, over federal recognition of Indian land claims within their borders. That led to the Indian Removal

Act, which relocated the tribes remaining in the Southeast to the Indian Territory west of the Mississippi.

This is a significant document in American history, first because it reveals the force of Jackson's character and how seriously the enemies of the Union regarded his threat; and secondly, it sheds some light on the cause of the Civil War. His repeated allusions to traitors deceiving the people seems in line with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, "... that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." Not government by a self-styled aristocracy that ruled by political chicanery. Jackson's dire prediction certainly proved correct.

The following notes are in the textbook:

*[In the year 1832, a state convention of South Carolina passed an ordinance, declaring that certain enactments of Congress, in regard to imposts, were unconstitutional, and therefore null and void, and that any attempt on the part of the United States' government to enforce them, would produce the withdrawal of that State from the Union, and the establishment of an independent government. This doctrine was promptly met by the President of the United States, ANDREW JACKSON, in a proclamation, which he issued Dec. 11, 1832, from which the following is an extract. The sentiments of the proclamation met with a cordial response from all the friends of the Union, and South Carolina with becoming promptness and patriotism receded from her hostile position.]*

2. CHARLES C. PINKNEY and THOMAS PINKNEY, brothers, were distinguished Revolutionary officers. They were natives of South Carolina, but were educated at Oxford in England. The former was made an Aide-Camp to General Washington, and was also a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United states.

3. SUMTER was a celebrated general of South Carolina, in the American Revolution. He was distinguished for his insuperable firmness and courage.

4. JOHN RUTLEDGE and EDWARD RUTLEDGE were eminent Revolutionary Patriots of South Carolina. The former was a member of the first Continental Congress, 1774, and was distinguished for his Demosthenian (name taken from the Greek orator Demosthenes, famous for his debating) eloquence. The latter was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and also an officer in the army in South Carolina.]

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## THE RESPONSIBILITY OF OUR COUNTRY

James Madison, President

Let it be remembered, that it has ever been the pride and boast of America, that the rights, for which she contended, were the rights of human nature. By the blessing of the Author of these rights on the means exerted for their defense, they have prevailed over all opposition. No instance has heretofore occurred, nor can any instance be expected hereafter to occur, in which the unadulterated form of republican government, can pretend (lay claim) to so fair an opportunity for justifying themselves by their fruits.

In this view, the citizens of the United States are responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society. If justice, good faith, honor, gratitude, and all the other qualities which enoble the character of a nation, and fulfill the ends of government, be the fruits of our establishments, the cause of Liberty will acquire a dignity and luster which can not but have the most favorable influence on the rights of mankind.

If, on the other hand, our government should be unfortunately blotted with the reverse of these cardinal and essential virtues, the great cause which we have engaged to vindicate, will be dishonored and betrayed; and the last and fairest experiment in favor of the rights of human nature, will be turned against them; and their patrons and friends exposed to be insulted and silenced by the votaries of tyranny and usurpation.

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## THE RESPONSIBILITY OF OUR COUNTRY

Daniel Webster

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours, – ours to enjoy, – ours to preserve, – ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious, parental voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither with its solicitous eye; all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in this relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing of our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children.

Let us feel deeply how much of what we are, and what we possess, we owe to this liberty and these institutions of government. Nature has indeed given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hand of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1855*

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## CHAPTER 16

*The Standard Fifth Reader*

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## THIS LIFE'S EXPERIENCES POINT TO ANOTHER

Professor Wilson

O, my friends, if this winged and swift life be all our life, what a mournful taste have we of a *possible* happiness! We have, as it were, from some cold and dark edge of a bright world, just looked in and been plucked away again! Have we come to experience pleasure by fits and glimpses, but intertwined with pain, burdensome labor, weariness, and indifference? Have we come to try the solace of a warm, fearless, and confiding affection, to be then chilled or blighted by bitterness, by separation, by change of heart, or by the dread sunderer of love – Death? Have we found the gladness and the strength of knowledge, when some rays of truth flashed in on our souls, in the midst of error and uncertainty, or amidst continuous, necessitated, uninformative avocations of the understanding; and is that all?

Have we felt in fortunate hour the charm of the beautiful, that invests as with a mantle the visible creation, or have we found ourselves lifted above the earth by sudden apprehensions of sublimity (glimpses of Divine glory), – have we had the consciousness of such feelings, which seemed to tell us as if they might themselves make up a life, – almost an angel's life, – and were they “instant come and instant gone”? Have we known the consolation of *doing right*, in the midst of much that we have done wrong, and was that also a coruscation (flash) of a transient sunshine? Have we lifted up our thoughts to see Him who is Love, Light, and Truth, and Bliss, to be in the next instant plunged into the darkness of annihilation? Have all these things been but flowers that we have pulled by the side of a hard and tedious way, and that, after gladdening us for a brief season with hue and color, wither in our hands, and are like ourselves – nothing?

Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854

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## NAPOLEON

Lamartine\*

Napoleon's reign was nothing but a campaign; his empire, a field of battle as extensive as all Europe. He concentrated the rights of people and of kings in his sword; all morality in the number and strength of his armies. Nothing which threatened him was innocent; nothing which placed an obstacle in his way was sacred; nothing which preceded him

in date was worthy of respect. From himself alone he wished Europe to date its epoch. He swept away the republic with the tread of his soldiers. He trampled on the throne of the Bourbons in exile. Like a murderer, in the darkness of night, he seized upon the bravest and most confiding of the military princes of this race, the Duke d'Enghien, in a foreign country. He slew him in the ditch of Vincennes, by a singular presentiment of crime, which showed him, in this youth, the only armed competitor of the throne against him, or against his race. He conquered Italy, which had again been lost, Germany, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Naples, – kingdoms and republics. He threatened England, and caressed Russia, in order to lull her to sleep. He carved out the continent, made a new distribution of nations, and raised up thrones for all his family. He expended ten generations of France to establish a royal or imperial dynasty for each of the sons and daughters of his mother.

His fame, which grew incessantly in noise and splendor, imparted to France and to Europe that vertigo of glory which hides the immorality and the abyss of such a reign. He created the attraction, and was followed even to the delirium of the Russian campaign. He floated in a whirlwind of events so vast and so rapid, that even three years of errors did not occasion his fall. Glory, which had elevated him, sustained him over the vacuity of all other principles which he had despised. Spain devoured his armies; Russia was a sepulcher to seven hundred thousand men; Dresden and Leipzig swallowed up the rest. Germany, exasperated, deserted his cause. The whole of Europe hemmed him in, and pursued him from the Rhine to the Pyrenees with a mighty tide of people. France, exhausted and disaffected, saw him combat and sink without raising an arm in his cause.

Yet, when he had nothing against the whole world but a handful of soldiers, he did not fall. Everything was annihilated around his throne, but his glory remained soaring above his head. He at length capitulated, or, rather, France capitulated without him, and he traveled alone, across his conquered country and his ravaged provinces, the rout to his first exile – his only *cortège* the resentments and the murmurs of his country. What remains behind him of his long reign? for this is the criterion by which God and man judge the political genius of founders. All truth is fruitful; all falsehood barren. In policy, whatever does not create has no existence. Life is judged by what survives it.

He left freedom chained, equality compromised by posthumous institutions, feudalism parodied, without power to exist, human conscience resold, philosophy proscribed, prejudices encouraged, the human mind diminished, instruction materialized and concentrated in the pure sciences alone, schools converted into barracks, literature degraded by censorship or humbled by baseness, national representation perverted, election abolished, the arts enslaved,

commerce destroyed, credit annihilated, navigation suppressed, international hatred revived, the people oppressed, or enrolled in the army, paying, in blood or taxes, the ambition of an unequalled soldier; but covering with the great name of France the contradiction of the age – the miseries and degradations of the country.

This is the founder! This is the man! – a man, instead of a revolution! – a man, instead of an epoch! – a man, instead of a country! – a man, instead of a nation! Nothing after him! nothing around him but his shadow, making sterile the eighteenth century, absorbed and concentrated in himself alone. Personal glory will always be spoken of as characterizing the age of napoleon; but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustine, of Charlemagne, and of Louis the Fourteenth. There is no age; there is only a name; and this name signifies nothing to humanity, but himself.

False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed, – he was true only in war; for he shed torrents of human blood. But what, then, can we allow him? His individual genius was great; but it was the genius of materialism. his intelligence was vast and clear; but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not, he loved not, he sympathized with none; he was a statue rather than a man.

His metallic nature was felt even in his style. Much superior to Caesar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone, – it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a color wasted between the fact and the word, – and the word is himself. His phrases, concise, but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet (Ottoman Turk Sultan) and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their joints impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature; it was the hand itself of the hero, thus fixed eternally before the eyes; and such were the pages of his campaigns, dictated by Napoleon, – the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crimes, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his without lessening it; for it is equally encrusted with his greatness and his faults. She wished for renown; and what she primarily owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world. This celebrity, which will

descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted the means to his end. Let him, therefore, enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. He is admired as a soldier; he is measured as a sovereign; he is judged as a founder of nations; – great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue. Such is the man.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Alphonse de Lamartine was a prominent poet, politician, and historian in post-Napoleonic France. His family was loyal to the Bourbon monarchy, and mourned the 'murder' of the Duke d'Enghien, an heir to the French throne.

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## RELIGION ESSENTIAL TO MORALITY

George Washington

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

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## UNAPPRECIATED OBLIGATIONS

Sir. A. Park

We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is upon it, not a law which does not

owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity, not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, beautiful parts, to the Gospel.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

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## JOYS OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE

South

The testimony of a good conscience will make the comforts of heaven descend upon a man's weary head, like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched land. It will give him lively earnestness and secret anticipations of approaching joy; it will bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. The comfort which it conveys is greater than the capacities of mortality can appreciate, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it is felt.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

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## ON THE STUDY OF GOD'S WORKS

Carl von Linnaeus\*

The just relations of all created things to one another prove them to be the work of one Almighty Designer. The great globe may be considered as a museum, furnished forth with the works of the Supreme Being; man being placed in the midst of it, as alone capable of comprehending and valuing it. And, if this be true, as certainly it is, what then becomes man's duty? Moralists and divines, with nature herself, testify that the purpose of so much beauty and perfection being made manifest to man is that he may study and celebrate the works of God. If we have no faith in the things which are seen, how should we believe those which are not seen? The man who takes no interest in the contemplation of the marvels of God's external universe resembles those animals which, wandering in the woods, are fattened with acorns, but never look upwards to the tree which affords them food, much less have they an idea of the beneficent Author of the tree and its fruit. Whoever shall regard with contempt the economy of the Creator here, is as truly impious as the man who takes no thought of the future.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Linnaeus was a Swedish naturalist and pioneer in The field of biology.

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## THE MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION

Sir Humphrey Davy\*

I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune, and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

\*Davy was a pioneering British chemist and inventor who discovered several new elements.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

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## DEATH

Orville Dewey, D. D.\*

O, death! dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness even the shadows of an avenging retribution were brightness and relief – death! – what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer; great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery; hour of release from life's burden; hour of reunion with the loved and lost, – what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfillment in thee! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars; what dread emotions of curiosity; what deep meditations of joy; what hallowed impossibilities shadowing forth realities of the soul, all verge to their culmination in thee! O, death! the Christian's death! What art thou, but a gate of life, a portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity!

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Dewey was a prominent early Unitarian minister; a time in the history of Unitarianism vastly different from later periods.

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## THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

De Lamennais\*

There are some who say, "What good to pray? God is too far above us to hear creatures so insignificant." And who made these creatures so insignificant? Who but God has given them thought, sentiment, and the faculty of speech? And if He has been this good towards them, was it to abandon them afterwards, and repel them far from Him? Verily, I say to you, whoever says in his heart that God despises his work, the same blasphemes God. There are others who say, "What good to pray to God? Does not God know better than we what we have need of?" Yes; God knows better than you what you have need of, and that is why He would have you ask it of Him; for God himself is your first need, and to pray to God is to begin to possess God. The father knoweth the needs of his son; must the son therefore never make a request of his father, nor thank him for his benefits? There sometimes passes over the land a wind which dries the plants, and then we see their withered stems droop towards the earth; but, moistened by the dew, they recover their freshness, and lift up their languishing heads. The world has its scorching winds which pass over the soul of man, and make it arid. Prayer is the dew which refreshes the soul.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Félicité Robert de Lamennais, a French Catholic priest, theologian, and writer who was a very prominent and controversial figure during the Restoration of the French Monarchy after Napoleon.

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## UNITY AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND

George Bancroft\*

The authors of the American Revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the service of their own and all future generations. Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers, and all are bondsmen for one another.

All nations, too, are brothers, and each is responsible for that federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none. New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged unity of the race.

To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind was the distinctive glory of the Christian religion. No more were the nations to be severed by the worship of exclusive deities. The world was instructed that all men are of one blood; that for all there is but one divine nature and one moral law; and the renovating faith taught the singleness of the race, of which it embodied the aspirations and guided the advancement.

In due time appeared the mariner from Genoa. To Columbus, God gave the keys that unlock the barriers of the ocean, so that he filled Christendom with his glory. The voice of the world had whispered to him that the world is one; and as he went forth towards the west, ploughing a wave no European keel had entered, it was his high purpose not merely to open new paths to islands and continents, but to bring together the ends of the earth, and join all nations in commerce and spiritual life.

While the world of mankind is accomplishing its nearer connection, it is also advancing in the power of its intelligence. No period of time has a separate being. We are cheered by rays from former centuries, and live in the sunny reflection of all their light. Thought, invisible, and even when effective seems as transient as the wind that raised the cloud, is yet free and indestructible; can as little be bound in chains as the aspiring flame; and, when once generated, takes eternity for its guardian.

We are the children and the heirs of the past, with which, as with the future, we are indissolubly linked together; and he that truly has sympathy with everything belonging to man will, with his toils for posterity blend affection for the time that are gone by, and seek to live in the vast life of the ages. It is by thankfully recognizing those ages as a part of the great existence in which we share, that history wins power to move the soul. She comes to us with tidings of that which for us still lives, of that which has become the life of our life.

And because the idea of improvement belongs to that of continuous being, history is, of all pursuits, the most cheering. It throws a halo of delight and hope even over the sorrows of humanity, and finds promises of joy among the ruins of empires and the graves of nations. It sees the footsteps of Providential Intelligence everywhere, and hears the gentle tones of His voice in the hour of tranquility;

“Nor God alone in the still calm we find;  
He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind.”

Institutions may crumble, and governments may fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth, and mount upwards like the eagle. The petals of the flower wither, that fruit may form. The desire of perfection,

springing always from moral power, rules even as the sword, and escapes unharmed from the field of carnage; giving to battles all that they can have of luster, and to warriors their only glory; surviving martyrdoms, and safe amid the wreck of states.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*George Bancroft was one of the earliest and most prominent American historians.

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## KOSCIUSKO<sup>1</sup> Campbell

O! bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
Sarmatia (Poland) fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;  
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

1. Tadeusz Kosciusko was a young, idealistic, Polish military officer and engineer who offered his services to Gen. Washington and the Continental Army. His military and engineering abilities were indispensable to the American victory. Later, he led the Polish forces against Russian military occupation. The line "Kosciusko fell" is a reference to his being seriously wounded in battle and taken prisoner, effectively ending the resistance.

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## GOVERNMENT OF THE THOUGHTS

Horne

Let us consider our thoughts as so much company, and inquire, which of them would one would wish to exclude and send away, – which to let in and receive? It is much easier to prevent disagreeable visitants from entering than to get rid of them when they are entered. It will be a great matter, therefore, to have a trusty porter at the gate, to keep a good guard at the door by which bad thoughts come in, and to avoid those occasions which commonly excite them.

2. In the first place, then, it may be taken for granted, no one would choose to entertain guests which were peevish and discontented with everything. Their room is certainly much better than their company. They are uneasy in themselves, and will soon make the whole house so; like wasps, that not only are restless, but will cause universal

uneasiness, and sting the family. Watch, therefore, against all thoughts of this kind, which do but chafe and corrode the mind to no purpose. It is equally a Christian's interest and duty to learn, in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content.

3. There is another set of people, who are not the most comfortable companions in the world; such are evermore anxious about what is to happen – fearful of everything, and apprehensive of the worst. Open not the door to thoughts of this complexion; since, by giving way to tormenting fears and suspicions of some approaching danger, or troublesome event, you not only anticipate but double the evil you fear; and undergo much more from the apprehension of it before it comes, than from the whole weight of it when present. Are not all these events under the direction of a wise and gracious Providence? Learn to trust God and be at peace. “In quietness and peace shall be your strength.”

4. You esteem it a dreadful thing to be obliged to live with persons who are passionate and quarrelsome. You undoubtedly judge right; it is like living in a house that is on fire. Dismiss therefore, as soon as may be, all angry and wrathful thoughts. They canker the mind, and dispose it to the worst temper in the world – that of fixed malice and revenge. Never ruminate upon past injuries and provocations. Anger may steal into the heart of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools. ... Above all things, be sure to set a guard on the tongue, while the angry fit is upon you. In anger, as in a fever, it is good to have the tongue kept smooth and clean.

5. Whoever has been much conversant with the world, must have met with sill, trifling, and unreasonable people, who will talk forever about nothing. How far preferable is solitude to such society! There are silly, trifling, and unreasonable thoughts, as well as persons; such are always about, and, if care not be taken, they will get into the mind we know not how, and seize and possess it before we are aware. there is little difference whether we spend the time in sleep, or in these waking dreams. They ought to be dismissed, because they keep out better company.

6. There is something particularly tiresome in your projectors and castle-builders, who will detain you for hours with relations of their probable and improbable schemes. One should never be at home to this sort of visitants. Give your porter, therefore, directions to be in a more special manner upon guard against all wild and extravagant thoughts, all vain and fantastical imaginations. It is unknown how much time is wasted by man persons in these airy and chimerical (unlikely) schemes, while they neglect their duty to God and man, and even their own worldly interest; thus losing substance by grasping at the shadow, and dreaming themselves princes, till they awake beggars.

7. There is one sort of guests who are no strangers to the mind of man. These are gloomy and melancholy thoughts. There are times and seasons when, to some, everything appears dismal and disconsolate, though they know not why. A black cloud hangs hovering over their minds, which, when it falls in showers through their eyes, is dispersed, and all is serene again. This is often purely mechanical, and owing either to some fault in the bodily constitution, or some accidental disorder in the animal frame. It comes in a dark month, a thick sky, and an east wind. Constant employment and a cheerful friend are two excellent remedies. Certain, however it is, that, whatever means can be devised, they should instantly and incessantly be used to drive away such dreary and desponding imaginations.

8. It is needless to say that we should repel all impure thoughts; because, if we possess a fair character, and frequent good company, it is to be hoped they will not have the assurance to knock at our door. lastly – with abhorrence reject immediately all profane and blasphemous thoughts. When the body is disordered, the mind will be o too, and thoughts will arise in it of which no account can be given. But let those who are thus afflicted know, for their comfort, the bare thoughts will not be imputed to them for sins, while they do not cherish and encourage them, but, on the contrary, exert all their endeavors to expel and banish them; which, with prayers and help from above, will not fail of success in the end.

9. These, then, are the thoughts against which you should carefully guard: such as are peevish and discontented, anxious and fearful, passionate and quarrelsome, silly and trifling, vain and fantastical, gloomy and melancholy, impure, profane, and blasphemous. A formidable band! to whose importunity, more or less, every one is subject. Reason, aided by the grace of God, must watch diligently at the gate, either to bar their entrance, or drive them away forthwith when entered, not only as impertinent, but mischievous intruders, that will otherwise forever destroy the peace and quiet of the family.

10. The best method, after all, perhaps, is to contrive matters so as always to be pre-engaged when they come; engaged with better company, and there will be no room for them. For, other kinds of thoughts there are, to which, when they stand at the door and knock, the porter should open immediately; which you should let in and receive, retain and improve, to your soul's health and happiness.

11. The grand secret in this, as in many other cases, is employment. An empty house is everybody's property. All the vagrants about the country will take up their quarters in it. Always, therefore, have something to do, and you will always have something to think about. God has placed

every person in some station; and every station has a set of duties belonging to it. Did we not forget or neglect these, evil thoughts would sue for admission in vain. Indeed, they would not come near our dwelling, any more than idle, vain, profligate people would think of visiting and teasing a man who labored constantly for his daily bread.

12. And let no one imagine, as too many are apt to do, that it is a matter of indifference what thoughts he entertains in his heart, since the reason of things concurs with the testimony of Scripture, to assure us that “the thought of foolishness,” when allowed by us, “is itself sin.” Therefore, in the excellent words of an excellent poet,

“Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.”

(Proverbs 4:23)

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

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## A PAPER OF TOBACCO

Alphonse Karr\*

There is a family of poisonous plants, amongst which we may notice the henbane, the datura stramonium, and the tobacco plant. The tobacco plant is perhaps a little less poisonous than the datura, but it is more so than the henbane. Here is the tobacco plant, as fine a plant as you can wish to see. It grows to a height of six feet; and from the center of a tuft of leaves, of a beautiful green, shoot out elegant and graceful clusters of pink flowers.

For a long while the tobacco plant grew unknown and solitary in the wilds of America. The savages, to whom we had given brandy gave us in exchange tobacco, with the smoke of which, they used to intoxicate themselves on grand occasions. The intercourse between the two worlds began by this amiable exchange of poisons.

Those who first thought of putting tobacco dust up their noses were at first laughed at, and then persecuted more or less. James I of England wrote, against snuff takers, a book entitled *Misocapnos* (smoke hater). Some years later, Pope Urban VIII excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the penalty of excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorized the beadles (ushers) to confiscate the snuff boxes to their own use. Amurath IV (Turkish Sultan) forbade the use of snuff under pain of having the nose cut off.

No useful plant could have withstood such attacks. If, before this invention, a man had been found to say, "Let us seek the means of filling the coffers of the state by a voluntary tax; let us set about selling something which everybody will like to do without: in America there is a plant essentially poisonous; if from its leaves you extract an empyreumatic (burnt odor) oil, a single drop of it will cause an animal to die in horrible convulsions; suppose we offer this plant for sale chopped up or reduced to a powder; we will sell it very dear, and tell people to stuff the powder up their noses – "

"That is to say," might a hearer remark, "I suppose you will force them to do so by law?"

"Not a bit of it: I spoke of a voluntary tax. As to the portion we chop up, we will tell them to inhale it, and swallow a little of the smoke from it besides."

"But it will kill them – "

"No; they will become rather pale, perhaps feel giddy, spit blood, and suffer from colics (stomach ache), or have pains in the chest, that's all. Besides, you know, although it has been often said that habit is second nature, people are not yet aware how completely man resembles the knife of which the blade first and then the handle has been changed too or three times. In man there is sometimes no nature left; nothing but habit remains. People will become like Mithridates<sup>1</sup>, who learnt to live on poisons.

"The first time that a man will smoke he will feel sickness, nausea, giddiness, and colics; but that will go off by degrees, and in time he will get so accustomed to it that he will feel such symptoms now and then, – when he smokes tobacco that is particularly bad, or too strong, or when he is not well, and in five or six other cases. Those who take it in powder will sneeze, have a disagreeable odor, lose the sense of smelling, and establish in their nose a sort of perpetual blister."

"Then I suppose it smells very nice?"

"Quite the reverse. It has an unpleasant smell; but, as I said, we'll sell it very dear, and reserve to ourselves the monopoly of it."

"My good friend," one would have said to anyone absurd enough to hold a similar view, "nobody will envy you the privilege of selling a weed that no one will care to buy. You might as well open a shop and write on it, Kicks sold here; or, Such-a-one sells blows, wholesale and retail. You can find as many customers as for your poisonous weed."

Well, who would have believed that the first speaker was right, and that the tobacco speculation would answer perfectly? The King's of France have written no satires against snuff, have had no noses cut off, no snuff boxes confiscated. Far from it. They have sold tobacco, laid an impost (tax) on noses, and given snuff boxes, with their portraits on it and diamonds all round, to poets. This little trade has brought them in I don't know how many millions a year. The potato was far more difficult to popularize, and has still some adversaries.

*Sargent's Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Karr was a French writer, and botany enthusiast. This piece is a satirical commentary on the French government's tobacco sale monopoly.

1. A legendary king so worried about being poisoned that he accustomed himself to poisons by taking small doses.

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SHORT SELECTIONS FROM SARGENT'S FIFTH READER, 1854

A PRAYER

Thomson

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!  
 O, teach me what is good! teach me thyself!  
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
 From every low pursuit, and feed my soul  
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure.  
 Sacred, substantial, never-ending bliss!

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PROVIDENCE INSCRUTABLE

Addison

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate:  
 Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors,  
 Our understanding traces them in vain,  
 Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;  
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,  
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

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ESSENTIAL KNOWLEDGE ATTAINABLE BY ALL.

Wordsworth

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;  
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
 Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers;  
 The generous inclination, the just rule,

Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts,  
 No mystery is here, no special boon  
 For high and not for low, for proudly graced  
 And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends  
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth  
 As from the haughty palace. He whose soul  
 Ponders this true equality may walk  
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope.

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## KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

Cowper

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;  
 Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge – a rude, unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,  
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,  
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

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## HOPE AND GLOOM

Whittier

The night is mother of the day, the winter of the spring,  
 And ever upon old decay the greenest mosses cling.  
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks, thro' showers the sunbeams fall;  
 For God, who loveth all his works, hath left his hope with all.

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## VALUE OF REPUTATION

Shakespeare, Othello Act 3

Good name in man, and woman, dear my lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls;  
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
 But he that filches from me my good name  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.

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## THE REPUBLIC: Basis of our Political System

George Washington\*

The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government; but, the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government. All obstructions to the execution of the laws, – all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe, the regular deliberations and action of the constituted authorities, – are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common counsels and modified by mutual interests.

\*Commanding General of the Continental Army, first President of the United States of America.

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## A REPUBLIC: THE STRONGEST GOVERNMENT

Thomas Jefferson

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong, – that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government – the world's best hope – may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not; I believe this [is], on the contrary, the strongest government on earth; I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

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## THE TRUE BOND OF UNION

Andrew Jackson\*

But the constitution cannot be maintained, nor the union preserved, in opposition to the public feeling, by the mere exertion of the coercive powers confided to the central government. The foundations must be laid in the affections of the people; in the security it gives to life, liberty, character, and property, in every quarter of the country; and in the fraternal attachment which the citizens of the several states bear to one another, as members of one political family, mutually contributing to promote the happiness of one another.

Jackson, of course, was President of the United States and, ironically, he and Wirt (see below) were bitter political enemies.

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## OUR POLITICAL EXPERIMENT

William Wirt\*

The great argument of despots against free governments is, that large bodies of men are incapable of self-rule, and that the inevitable and rapid tendency of such a government as ours is to faction, strife, anarchy, and dissolution. Let it be our effort to give to the expecting world a great practical and splendid refutation of this charge. If *we* cannot do this, the world may despair. To what other nation can we look to do it? We claim no natural superiority to other nations. But circumstances have conspired to give us an advantage, in making this great political experiment, which no other modern nation enjoys. If, therefore, our experiment shall fail, the world may well despair. Warned as we are by the taunts of European monarchists, and by the mournful example of the ancient republics, are we willing to split the same rock on which we have been shipwrecked? Shall we forfeit all the bright honors that we have hitherto won by our example, and now admit by our conduct that, although free government may subsist for a while, under the pressure of extrinsic and momentary causes, yet that it cannot bear a long season of peace and prosperity, but that as soon as thus left to itself, it speedily hastens to faction, demoralization, anarchy, and ruin?

\*Wirt was an attorney and writer from Maryland in the early days of the American Republic.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

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CHAPTER 17  
*McGuffey's Fifth Reader*  
 Winthrop B. Smith & Co.  
 copyright 1844

The term 'iconic' is terribly overused these days, but I think it applies to the *McGuffey's Readers*. They were probably the most popular readers in the mid to late 19<sup>th</sup> Century, and are remarkably popular even today. The series was first organized and edited by William Holmes McGuffey (1800-1873), a Scottish born American preacher and teacher, with the help of his brother Alexander, in the 1830's and 40's. These early McGuffey's were very Christian oriented, and geared to rigorous but practical teaching methods like phonetic spelling and introduction of new vocabulary by using the words in the reading lessons. That, and favorable pricing, accounts for their popularity then, and now. After the first few editions though, the McGuffey's had nothing to do with the books, and they lost their Christian character and the rigor of the series rapidly diminished, as it did in all the other readers.

This 1844 edition Fifth Reader is the advanced reader in the series at the time. A sixth Reader was split off a little later with some of the more advanced material from the old Fifth Reader. There were some notable differences however, such as the deletion of the very fine Christian selection "*Incentives to Youthful Devotion*", and the inclusion of Blackstone's '*Origin of Property*.' The Blackstone piece from the 1857 edition is appended to the end of this chapter.

## THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER<sup>1</sup>

Jane Taylor

In a remote period of antiquity, when the supernatural and the marvelous obtained a readier credence than now, it was fabled, that a stranger of extraordinary appearance was observed passing the streets of one of the magnificent cities of the east, remarking, with an eye of intelligent curiosity, every surrounding object.

Several individuals gathering about him, questioned him concerning his country and his business; but they presently perceived that he was unacquainted with their language, and he soon discovered himself to be equally ignorant of the most common usages of society. At the same time, the dignity and intelligence of his air and demeanor, forbade the idea of his being either a barbarian or a lunatic.

When, at length, he understood their signs, that they wished to be informed whence he came, he pointed with great significance to the sky; upon which, the crowd, concluding him to be one of their deities, were proceeding to pay him divine honors; but he no sooner comprehended their design, than he rejected it with horror; and bending his knees and raising his hands toward heaven, in the attitude of prayer, gave them to understand that he also was a worshiper of the powers above.

After a time, it is said, the mysterious stranger accepted the hospitalities of one of the nobles of the city; under whose roof he applied himself with great diligence to the acquirement of the language, in which he made such surprising proficiency, that, in a few days, he was able to hold intelligent intercourse with those around him.

The noble host now resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying his curiosity respecting the country and quality of his guest; and upon his expressing his desire, the stranger assured him, that he would answer his inquiries that evening, after sunset. Accordingly, as night approached, he led him forth upon the balconies of the palace, which overlooked the wealthy and populous city. Innumerable lights from the busy streets and splendid palaces, were now reflected in the dark bosom of its noble river; where stately vessels, laden with rich merchandise from all parts of the known world, lay anchored in the port. This was a city in which the voice of the harp and the viol, and the sound of the millstone, were continually heard; and craftsmen of all kinds of craft were there; and the light of a candle was seen in every dwelling; and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride were heard there.

The stranger mused a while upon the glittering scene; and listened to the confused murmur of mingling sounds. Then, suddenly raising his eyes to the starry firmament, he fixed them with an expressive gesture, on the the beautiful evening star, which was just sinking behind a dark grove, that surrounded one of the principal temples of the city. “Marvel not,” said he to his host, “that I am wont to gaze with fond affection on yon silvery star. That was my home; yes, I was lately an inhabitant of that tranquil planet; from whence a vain curiosity has tempted me to wander.

Often I beheld, with wondering admiration, this brilliant world of yours, even one of the brightest gems of our firmament, and the ardent desire I had long felt to know something of its condition, was at length unexpectedly gratified. I received permission and power from above to traverse the mighty void, and to direct my course to this distant sphere. To that permission, however, one condition was annexed, to which my eagerness for the enterprise induced me to hastily consent – namely, that I must thenceforth remain an inhabitant of this strange earth, and undergo all the vicissitudes to which its natives are subject. Tell me, therefore, I pray you, what is the lot of man; and explain more fully than I yet understand, all that I see and hear around me.”

“Truly, sir,” replied the astonished noble, “although I am altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs, products and privileges of your country, yet methinks, I cannot but congratulate you on your arrival in our world; especially since it has been your good fortune to alight on a part of it, affording such various sources of enjoyment, as our

opulent and luxuriant city. And be assured it will be my pride and pleasure, to introduce you to all that is most worthy the attention of such a distinguished foreigner.”

Our adventurer, accordingly, was presently initiated into those arts of luxury and pleasure, which were well understood. He was introduced by his obliging friend to their public games and festivals; to their theatrical diversions and convivial assemblies; and, in a short time, he began to feel some relish for amusements, the meaning of which, at first, he could scarcely comprehend. The next lesson which became desirable to impart to him, was the necessity of acquiring wealth, as the only means of obtaining pleasure. This fact was no sooner understood by the stranger, than he gratefully accepted the offer of his friendly host, to place him in a situation in which he might amass riches. To this object he began to apply himself with diligence; and soon became, in some measure, reconciled to the manners and customs of our planet, strangely as they differed from those of his own.

He had been but a few weeks diligently engaged in his new plans for the acquisition of wealth, when, walking in the cool of the day with his friend, in the outskirts of the city, his attentions was arrested by the appearance of a spacious enclosure near which they passed. He inquired the use to which it was appropriated. “it is,” replied the nobleman, “a place of public internment.” “I do not understand you,” replied the stranger. “It is the place,” repeated his friend, “where we bury our dead.” “Excuse me, sir,” replied his companion, with some embarrassment, “I must trouble you to explain yourself further.”

The nobleman repeated the information in still plainer terms. “I am still at a loss to comprehend you perfectly,” said the stranger, turning deadly pale. “This must relate to something of which I was not only totally ignorant in my own world, but of which I have, as yet, had no intimation in yours. I pray you, therefore, to satisfy my curiosity; for if I have any clue to your meaning, this, surely, is a matter of more mighty concern, than any to which you have hitherto directed me.”

“My good friend,” replied the nobleman, “you must indeed be a novice among us, if you have yet to learn that we must all, sooner or later, submit to take our place in these dismal abodes. Nor will I deny, that it is one of the least desirable of the circumstances which appertain to our condition; for which reason it is rarely referred to in polished society; and this accounts for your being hitherto uninformed on the subject, But truly, sir, if the inhabitants of the place from whence you came are not liable to a similar misfortune, I advise you to betake yourself back again with all speed; for be assured there is no escape here, nor could I guaranty your safety even for a single hour.”

“Alas!” replied the adventurer, “I must submit to the conditions of my enterprise, of which, till now, I little understood the import. But explain to me, I beseech you, something more of the nature and consequence of this wondrous change, and tell me at what period it commonly happens to man.” While he thus spake, his voice faltered, and his whole frame shook violently; his countenance was as pale as death. By this time his companion, finding the discourse becoming more serious than was agreeable, declared he must refer him to the priests for further information, this subject being very much out of his province.

“How!” exclaimed the stranger, “then I cannot have understood you. Do the priests only die? Are you not to die also?” His friend, evading these questions, hastily conducted his importunate (imploring) companion to one of their magnificent temples, where he gladly consigned him to the instructions of the priesthood.

The emotion, which the stranger had betrayed when he received the first idea of his death, was yet slight in comparison with that which he experienced as soon as he gathered, from the discourses of the the priests, some notions of immortality, and of the alternative of happiness or misery in a future state. But this agony of mind was exchanged for transport, when he learned that, by the performance of certain duties before death, the state of happiness might be secured. His eagerness to learn the nature of these terms, excited the surprise and even the contempt of his sacred teachers. They advised him to remain satisfied for the present with the instructions he had received, and to defer the remainder of the discussion till tomorrow. “How!” exclaimed the novice, “say ye not that death may come at any hour? May it not come this hour? And what if it should come, before I have performed these conditions? O! withhold not the excellent knowledge from me, a single moment!”

The priests, suppressing a smile at his simplicity, proceeded to explain their theology to the attentive auditor (listener). But who can describe the ecstasy of his happiness, when he was given to understand the required conditions were, generally, of easy and pleasant performance, and the occasional difficulties, which might attend them, would entirely cease with the short term of his earthly existence. “If, then, I understand you rightly,” said he to his instructors, “this event you call death, and which seems in itself strange and terrible, is most desirable and blissful. What a favor is this which has been granted to me, in being sent to inhabit a planet in which I can die!”

The priests again exchanged smiles with each other; but their ridicule was wholly lost on the enraptured stranger. When the first transports of his emotion had subsided, he began to reflect with more uneasiness on the time he had already lost since his arrival.

“Alas! what have I been doing?” exclaimed he. “This gold which I have been collecting, tell me, reverend priests, will it avail me anything when the thirty or forty years are expired, which you say I may possibly sojourn on your planet?” “Nay,” replied the priests, “but verily you will find it of excellent use so long as you remain in it.”

“A very little of it will suffice me,” replied he; “for consider how soon this period will be past. What avails it what my condition may be for so short a season? I will betake myself from this hour, to the grand concerns of which you have so charitably informed me.”

Accordingly, from that period, continued the legend, the stranger devoted himself to the performance of those conditions on which, he was told, his future welfare depended; but, in so doing, he had an opposition to encounter wholly unexpected, and for which he was at a loss even to account. By thus devoting his chief attention to his chief interests, he excited the surprise, the contempt, and even the enmity of most of the inhabitants of the city; and they rarely mentioned him but with a term of reproach, which has been variously rendered in all the modern languages.

Nothing could equal the stranger’s surprise at this circumstance; as well as that of his fellow citizens’ appearing, generally, so extremely indifferent as they did, to their own interests. That they should have so little prudence and forethought, as to provide only for the necessities and pleasures, for that short part of their existence in which they were to remain on this planet, he but consider as the effect of disordered intellect; so that he even returned their incivilities to himself with affectionate expostulation accompanied by lively emotions of compassion and amazement.

If ever he was tempted for a moment to violate any of the conditions of his future happiness, he bewailed his own madness with agonizing emotions; and to all the invitations he received from others to do anything inconsistent with his real interests, he had but one answer – “Oh,” he would say, “I am to die, I am to die.”

*McGuffey’s Fifth Reader, 1844*

1. Bear in mind that this ‘fable’ or “legend” is an allegory, not a theological statement. It was meant simply to illustrate the folly of concentrating upon the temporal and ignoring the eternal. It presents the picture of salvation by works, which is not a Scriptural view. That potential misrepresentation of the basic Christian doctrine of ‘salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ’ is corrected in other selections in the old reader, especially “Paul’s Defense before King Agrippa” extracted from the Book of the Acts of the Apostles.

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## INCENTIVES TO YOUTHFUL DEVOTIONS

Taylor

I honestly wish that I could induce all young persons to divest religion of every gloomy and repulsive association; to feel that it does not consist, as some would fain (maliciously) represent it, in solemn looks and a sanctified demeanor, or in an affected fondness for long sermons or long prayers; but that, properly understood, it is – and especially for the young – a cheerful and lightsome spirit, reposing with affectionate confidence in an Almighty Father, unalloyed with fear, unshaken by distrust.

Would you have within your bosoms, that peace which the world can neither give, nor take away? Would possess a source of the purest and sweetest pleasures? Would have the highest of all blessings, a disposition to relish, in their highest perfection, all the innocent and rational enjoyments of life? Then let me conjure you to cherish a spirit of devotion; a simple-hearted, fervent, and affectionate piety. Accustom yourselves to conceive of God as a merciful and gracious parent, continually looking down upon you with the tenderest concern, and inviting you to be good, only that you may become everlastingly happy. Consider yourselves as placed upon earth for the express purpose of doing the will of God; and remember, if this be your constant object, whatever trials, disappointments, and sorrows you may be doomed to experience, you will be sustained under them all by the noblest consolations.

With a view of keeping up a perpetual sense of your dependence upon God, never omit to seek him habitually in prayer, and to connect the thought of him with all that is affecting or impressive, in the events of your lives; with all that is stupendous, and vast, and beautiful in the productions of his creative power and skill. Whatever excites you; whatever in the world of nature, or the world of man, strikes you as new and extraordinary; refer it all to God; discover in it some token of his providence, some proof of his goodness; convert it into some fresh occasion of praising and blessing his holy and venerable name. Do not regard the exercise of devotion as a bare duty, which has merit in itself however it is performed, but recur to them as a privilege and a happiness which ennobles and purifies your nature, and binds you, by the holiest of ties, to the greatest and best of all beings.

When you consider what God is, and what he has done; when you cast your eyes over the broad field of creation, which he has replenished with so many curious and beautiful objects, or raise them to the brilliant canopy of heaven, where other worlds, and systems of worlds, beam upon the wondering view; when day and night, and summer and winter,

and seed-time and harvest; when the things nearest and most familiar to you, the very structure of your own bodily frame, and that principle of conscious life and intelligence which glows within you; all speak to you of God, and call upon your awakened hearts to tremble and adore; when a Being thus vast, thus awful (awe inspiring), you are permitted to approach in prayer; when you are encouraged to address him by the endearing name of a Father in heaven, and with all the confidence and ingenuousness of affectionate children, to tell him your wants and your fears, to implore his forgiveness, and earnestly to beseech him for a continuance of his mercies. You cannot, my young friends, if you have any feeling, any seriousness about you, regard the exercises of devotion as a task; but must rejoice in it as an unspeakable privilege to hold direct intercourse with that great and good Being, that unseen but universal Spirit, to whose presence all things in heaven and on earth bear witness, and in whom we all live, and move, and have our being.

Thus excite and cherish the spirit of devotion. Whenever any thing touches your hearts, or powerfully appeals to your moral feelings, give way to the impulse of the occasion, and send up a silent prayer to the Power who hears you in secret. And, in your daily addresses to God, do not confine yourselves to any stated form of words, which may be repeated mechanically without any concurrence of the heart or of the head; but after having reviewed the mercies of your particular condition; after having collected your thoughts, and endeavored to ascertain the wants and weaknesses of your own character; give utterance, in the simple and unstudied language which comes spontaneously to the lips, to all those emotions of gratitude and holy fear, of submission and trust, which cannot fail to arise in your hearts, when you have previously reflected what you are, and find yourself alone in the presence of an Almighty God.

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## ELIJAH ON MOUNT HOREB

Krummacher

“Go forth,” it had been said to Elijah, “and stand upon the mount before the Lord.” The prophet hears it, and leaves his cave; and no sooner has he gone forth, than signs occur which announce to him the approach of the Almighty. The sacred historian here, indeed, depicts in simple language, a most sublime scene.

The first sign was a tremendous wind. Just before, probably, the deepest silence had prevailed throughout the dreary wilderness. The mountain-tempest breaks forth, and the bursting rocks thunder, as if the four winds, having been confined there, had in an instant broken from their prisons to fight together. The clouds are driven about in the sky, like

squadrons of combatants rushing to the conflict. The sandy desert is like a raging sea, tossing, tossing its curling billows to the sky. Sinai is agitated, as if the terrors of the law-giving were renewing around it. The prophet feels the majesty of Jehovah; it is awful and appalling. It is not a feeling of peace, and of the Lord's blissful nearness, which possesses Elijah's soul in this tremendous scene; it is rather a feeling of distressing distance; "a strong wind went before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind."

The terrors of an earthquake next ensue. The very foundations of the hills shake and are removed. The mountains and the rocks which were rent by the mighty wind, threaten now to fall upon one another. Hills sink down, and valleys rise; chasms yawn, and horrible depths unfold, as if the earth were removed out of his place. The prophet, surrounded by the ruins of nature, feels still more of that divine majesty, which "looketh upon the earth, and it trembleth." But he remains without any gracious communication of Jehovah in the inner man. The earthquake was only the second herald of the Deity. It went before the Lord, "but the Lord was not in the earthquake."

When this had ceased, an awful fire passes by. As the winds had done before, so now the flames come upon him from every side, and the deepest shades of night are turned into the light of day. Elijah, lost in adoring astonishment, beholds the awfully sublime spectacle, and the inmost sensation of his heart must have been that of surprise and dread; but he enjoys, as yet, no delightful sensation of the divine presence; "the Lord was not in the fire."

The fire disappears, and tranquility, like the stillness of the sanctuary, spreads gradually over all nature; and it seems as if every hill and dale, yea, the whole earth and shies, lay in silent homage at the footstool of eternal Majesty. The very mountains seemed to worship; the whole scene is hushed to profound peace; and now, he hears a "still small voice." "And it was so, when Elijah heard it, he wrapt his face in his mantle," in token of reverential awe and adoring wonder, and went forth, "and stood at the entrance of the cave."

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## IRONICAL EULOGY ON DEBT

Anonymous

Debt is of the very highest antiquity. The first debt in the history of man is the debt of nature, and the first instinct is to put off the payment of it to the last moment. Many persons, it will be observed, following the natural procedure, would die before they would pay their debts.

Society is composed of two classes, debtors and creditors. The creditor class has been erroneously supposed the more enviable. Never was there a greater misconception; and the hold it yet maintains upon opinion, is a remarkable example of the obstinacy of error, notwithstanding the plainest lessons of experience. The debtor has the sympathies of mankind. He is seldom spoken of but with expressions of tenderness and compassion – “the poor debtor!” – and “the unfortunate debtor!” On the other hand, “harsh” and “hard-hearted” are the epithets allotted to the creditor. Who ever heard the “poor creditor,” the “unfortunate creditor,” spoken of No, the creditor never becomes the object of pity, until he passes into the debtor class. A creditor may be ruined by the poor debtor, but it is not until he becomes unable to pay his own debts that he begins to be compassionated.

A debtor is a man of mark. Many eyes are fixed upon him, many have invested in his well-being, his movements are of concern, he can not disappear unheeded, his name is in many mouths, his name his upon many books; he is a man of note – of *promissory* note, he fills the speculation of many minds, men conjecture about him, wonder about him, wonder and conjecture whether *will pay*. He is a man of consequence, for many are running after him. His door is thronged with duns. He is inquired about every hour of the day. Judges hear of him and know him. Every meal he swallows, every coat he puts upon his back, every dollar he borrows, appears before the country in some formal document. Compare *his* notoriety with the obscure lot of the creditor; the man who has nothing but *claims* on the world – a landlord, or fund-holder, or some other such disagreeable, hard character.

The man who pays his way is *unknown* in his neighborhood. You ask the milkman at his door, and he cannot tell his name. You ask the butcher where Mr. Payall lives, and he tells you that he knows no such name, for it is not in his books. You shall ask the baker, and he will tell you that there is no such person in the neighborhood. People that have his money fast in their pockets, have no thought of his person or appellation. His house is only known. No. 31 is a good pay. No. 31 is ready money. Not a scrap of paper is ever made out for No. 31. It is an anonymous house; it's owner pays his way to obscurity. No one knows anything about him, or heeds his movements. If a carriage be seen at his door, the neighborhood is not full of concern lest he be going to run away. If a package be removed from his house, a score of boys are not employed to watch whether it be carried to the pawnbroker. Mr. Payall fills no place in the public mind; no one has nay hopes or fears about him.

The creditor always in the fancy as a sour, single man, with grizzled hair, a scowling countenance, and a peremptory air, who lives in a dark apartment, with must deeds about him, and an iron safe, as impenetrable as his heart, grabbing together what he does not enjoy,

and what there is no one about him to enjoy. The debtor, on the other hand, is always pictured with a wife and six fair-haired daughters, bound together in affection and misery, full of sensibility, and suffering without a fault. The creditor, it is never doubted, thrives without a merit. He has no wife and children to pity. No one ever thinks it desirable that *he* should have the means of living. He is a brute for insisting that he must receive, in order to pay. It is not in the imagination of man to *conceive* that his creditor has demands upon him which must be satisfied, and that he must do to others as others must do to him. A creditor is a personification of exaction. He is supposed to be always taking in, and never giving out.

People idly fancy, that the possession of riches is desirable. What blindness! Spend and regale (party). Save a shilling and you lay it by for a thief. The *prudent men* are the men who live beyond their means. Happen what may, *they* are safe. *They* have taken time by the forelock. *They* have anticipated fortune. "The wealthy fool, with gold in store," has only denied himself so much enjoyment, which another will seize at his expense. Look at these people in a *panic*. See who are the fools *then*. You know them by their long faces. You may say, as one of them goes by, in an agony of apprehension, "There is a stupid fellow who fancied himself rich because he had fifty thousand in the bank." The history of the last ten years has taught the moral, "spend and regale." Whatever is laid up beyond the *present hour*, is put in jeopardy. There is no certainty but in instant enjoyment. Look at school-boys sharing a plum cake. The knowing ones eat, as for a race; but a *stupid* fellow *saves his* portion; just a nibble, and "keeps the rest for another time." Most provident blockhead! The others, when they have gobbled up *their* shares, set upon *him*, to plunder him, and thresh him for crying out.

Before the terms "depreciation," "suspension," and "going into liquidation," were heard, there might have been some reason in the practice of "laying up"; but *now* it denotes the darkest blindness. The *prudent men* of the present time, are the men in debt. The tendency being to sacrifice creditors to debtors, and the debtor class acquiring daily new strength, everyone is in haste to get into the favored class. In any case, the *debtor* is safe. He has put his enjoyments *behind* him; they are safe; no turns of fortune can disturb them.

The substance he has eaten up, is irrecoverable. The future cannot trouble his past. He has nothing to apprehend. He has anticipated more than fortune would ever have granted him. He has *tricked* fortune; and his creditors – bah! who feels for creditors? Landlords; a pitiless and unpitiable tribe; all griping extortioners! What would become of the world of debtors if they did not steal a march upon this rapacious class?

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McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1844

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## INFLUENCE OF NATURAL SCENERY

Dewey\*

Whatever leads the mind habitually to the Author of the universe; whatever mingles the voice of nature with the inspiration of the Gospel; whatever teaches us to see all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of *Him*, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," brings us nearer to the spirit of the Savior of mankind. But it is not only as encouraging as a sincere *devotion*, that these reflections are favorable to Christianity; there is something, moreover, *peculiarly* allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature.

When our Savior prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judea, to inhale, we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amid its solitary scenes, and to approach to a nearer communion with his Father, amid the sublimest<sup>1</sup> of his works. It is with similar feelings, and to worship the same Father, that the Christian is permitted to enter the temple of nature, and, by the spirit of his religion, there is a language infused into the objects which she presents, unknown to the worshiper of former times.

To all, indeed, the same objects appear, the same sun shines, the same heavens are open; but to the Christian alone it is permitted to know the *Author* of these things; to see his spirit "move in the breeze, and blossom in the spring;" and to read, in the changes which occur in the material world, the varied expression of eternal love. It is from the influence of Christianity, accordingly, that the key has been given to the signs of nature. It was only when the *spirit of God* moved upon the face of the deep, that order and beauty were seen in the world.

It is, accordingly, peculiarly well worthy of observation, that the *beauty of nature*, as felt in modern times, seems to have been almost unknown to the writers of antiquity. They described, occasionally, the scenes in which they dwelt; but, – if we except Virgil, whose gentle mind seems to have anticipated, in this instance, the influence of the Gospel, – never with any deep feeling of their beauty.

*Then*, as *now*, the citadel of Athens looked upon the evening sun, and her temples flamed in his setting beam; but what Athenian writer ever described the matchless glories of the scene? *Then*, as *now*, the silvery clouds of the Aegean sea rolled round her verdant isles, and sported in the azure vault of heaven; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight?

The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky, and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them; yet even Eustace tells us, that a few detached lines is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets. The Alps *themselves*,

*“The palaces of nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche – the thunderbolt of snow,”*

even *these*, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold, were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror; as a barrier from hostile nations, or as the dwelling of barbarous tribes. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit, which, to the Christian, gives the *sublimity* of these scenes.

There is something, therefore, in religious reflections on the objects or the changes of nature, which is peculiarly fitting in a Christian teacher. No man will impress them on his heart without becoming happier and better, without feeling warmer gratitude for the beneficence of nature, and deeper thankfulness for the means of knowing the Author of this beneficence which revelation has afforded.

“Behold the lilies of the field,” says our Savior: “they toil not, neither do they spin; yet, verily I say unto you, that even *Solomon*, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.” In these words, we perceive the deep sense which he entertained of the beauty even of the minutest of the works of nature. If the admiration of external objects is not directly made the object of his precepts (teachings), it is not, on that account, the less allied to the spirit of religion; it springs from the revelation which he has made, and grows with the spirit which he inculcates.

The cultivation of this feeling, we may suppose, is purposefully left to the human mind, that man may be induced to follow it from the charms which novelty confers; and the sentiments which it awakens are not expressly enjoined, that they may be enjoyed as the spontaneous growth of our own imagination. While they seem, however, to spring unbidden in the mind, they are, in fact, produced by the spirit of religion; and those who imagine that they are not the fit subject of Christian instruction, are ignorant of the secret workings, and finer analogies, of the faith which they profess.

*McGuffey’s, Fifth Reader, 1844*

\* Not otherwise identified, but probably Orville Dewey.

1. This entire piece revolves around the rather complex idea of the 'sublime'. We consider something as 'sublime' (great scenes, or music, or thoughts) when it gives us the feeling that we are lifted out of the material world into another, and higher, world.

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## INVASION OF SWITZERLAND BY THE FRENCH<sup>1</sup>

Sydney Smith\*

The vengeance which the French took upon the Swiss, for their determined opposition to the invasion of their country, was decisive and terrible. The history of Europe can afford no parallel to such cruelty. In dark ages, and the most barbarous nations of the east, we must turn for similar scenes of horror, and perhaps, must turn in vain. The soldiers, dispersed over the country, carried fire, and sword, and robbery, into the most tranquil and hidden valleys of Switzerland. From the depth of sweet retreats, echoed the shrieks of murdered men, stabbed in their humble dwellings, under the shadow of the high mountains, in the midst of those scenes of nature which make solemn and pure the secret thoughts of man, and appall him with the majesty of God.

The flying peasants saw, in the midst of the night, their cottages, their implements of husbandry, and the hopes of the future year, expiring in one cruel conflagration. The men were shot upon the slightest provocation; innumerable women, after being exposed to the most atrocious indignities, were murdered, and their bodies thrown into the woods. In some instances this conduct was resented; and for such symptoms of an honorable spirit, the beautiful town of Altdorf was burnt to the ground, and not a single house left to show where it had stood.

The town of Staritz, a town peculiarly dear to the Swiss, as it gave birth to one of the founders of their liberty, was reduced to a heap of cinders. In this town, in the fourteenth century, a Swiss general surprised and took prisoner the Austrian commander, who had murdered his father; yet he forgave and released him, upon the simple condition that he would not again serve against the Swiss cantons (city states).

When the French got possession of this place, they burnt it to ashes, not in a barbarous age, but now, yesterday, in an age we call philosophical; they burnt it, because the inhabitants had endeavored to preserve their liberty.

The Swiss was a simple peasant; the French, a mighty people, combined for the regeneration of Europe. Oh Europe, what dost thou owe to this mighty people? Dead bodies, ruinous heaps, broken hearts, waste places, childless mothers, widows, orphans, tears, endless confusion, and unutterable woe. For this mighty nation, we have suffered seven years

of unexampled wretchedness, a long period of discord, jealousy, privation, and horror, which every reflecting man would almost wish blotted out of his existence. By this mighty people, the Swiss have lost their country; that country which they have loved so well, that if they heard the simple song of their childhood, tears fell down every many face, and the most intrepid soldiers sobbed with grief.

What then? Is all this done with impunity? Are the thunders of God dumb? Are there no lightnings in his right hand? Pause a little, before you decide upon the ways of Providence; tarry and see what will come to pass. There is a solemn and awful courage in the human heart, placed there by God himself, to guard against the tyranny of his fellows, and while this lives, the world is safe. There slumbers even now, perchance, upon the mountains of Switzerland, some youthful peasant, unconscious of the soul he bears, that shall lead down these bold people from their rocks, to such deeds of courage as they have heard with their ears, and their fathers have declared unto them; to such as were done in their days, and in the old times before them, by those magnanimous rustics, who first taught foolish ambition to respect the wisdom and the spirit of simple men, righteously and honestly striving for every human blessing.

Let us go on a little further in this dreadful enumeration. More than thirty villages were sacked in the canton of Bern alone; not only was all the produce of the present year destroyed, but all the cattle fit for human consumption were slaughtered, and the agricultural implements burnt, and thus the certainty of famine was entailed upon them for the ensuing year. At the end of all this, military executions, civil executions, still more cruel and oppressive, were begun; and under the forms of government and law, the most unprincipled men gave loose to their avarice and rapacity, till Switzerland has sunk at last under the complication of her misfortunes, reduced to the lowest ebb of misery and despair.

*McGuffey's, Fifth Reader, 1844*

\*Smith (1771-1845), was a prominent English preacher and writer.

1. This 'sermon' recounts, in a somewhat over-simplified and one-sided fashion, the invasion of Switzerland in 1798. It was one of the many wars of the French Revolutionary period when Napoleon Bonaparte was, to all intents and purposes, the military dictator of France, but had not yet fully deposed the Revolutionary government and declared himself Emperor. At his direction, the French instigated a civil war between the ethnic French and the ethnic German cantons of the Swiss Confederation, thereby presenting an excuse for French intervention, and the establishment of another French puppet state in the collection that was ringing Europe. As is common in civil wars, many of the worst atrocities were committed by one faction of the Swiss against the other. One can see in this tragic episode, the genesis of the Swiss practice of an armed citizenry.

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## RESOLUTION OF RUTH

Anonymous\*

Farewell? O no! it may not be;  
 My firm resolve is heard on high:  
 I will not breathe farewell to thee,  
 Save only in my dying sigh.

I know not, that I now could bear  
 Forever from thy side to part,  
 And live without a friend to share  
 The treasured sadness of my heart.

I did not love, in former years,  
 To leave thee solitary now,  
 When sorrow dims thine eyes with tears,  
 And shades the beauty of thy brow,  
 I'll share the trial and pain;  
 And strong the furnace fires must be,  
 To melt away the willing chain  
 That binds a daughter's heart to thee.

McGuffey's, Fifth Reader, 1844

\*An excerpt from a much longer piece in the Reader;  
 originally from the *Christian Examiner*, no author given.

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## THE FINAL JUDGMENT

Anonymous

Before that assembly every man's good deeds will be declared, and his secret sins disclosed. As no elevation of rank will give a title to respect, no obscurity of condition shall exclude the just from public honor, or screen the guilty from public shame. Opulence will find itself no longer powerful; poverty will be no longer weak. Birth will no longer be distinguished; meanness (of low position) will no longer pass unnoticed. The rich and the poor will indeed strangely mingle together; all the inequalities of the present life shall disappear, and the conqueror and his captive; the monarch and his subject; the lord and his vassals; the statesman and the peasant; the philosopher and the unlettered shall find their distinctions to have been mere illusions.

*McGuffey's, Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## LIBERTY

Addison

Meanwhile, we'll sacrifice to liberty.  
 Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,  
 The generous plan of power delivered down,  
 From age to age, by your renowned forefathers,  
 (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood;)  
 O let it never perish in your hands,  
 But piously transmit it to your children.  
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,  
 And make our lives in thy possession happy,  
 Or our deaths glorious in thy just defense.

*McGuffey's, Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## TOMORROW

Cotton

Tomorrow, didst thou say?  
 Methought I heard Horatio say, "tomorrow":  
 Go to, I will not hear of it; 'tomorrow'!  
 'Tis a sharper (con-man), who stakes his penury (poverty)  
 Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash,  
 And pays thee naught, but wishes, hopes, and promises,  
 The currency of idiots; – injurious bankrupt,  
 That gulls the easy creditor. "Tomorrow"!  
 It is a period nowhere to be found  
 In all the registers of Time,  
 Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.  
 Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society  
 With those who own it. No, my Horatio,  
 'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;  
 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless  
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.

*McGuffey's, Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS

Moore

Thou art, O God! the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see;  
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from thee.  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

... An excerpt only.

*McGuffey's, Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## GOD IS EVERYWHERE

Hutton

Oh! show me where is He,  
 The high and holy One,  
 To whom thou bend'st the knee,  
 And pray'st, "Thy will be done!"  
 I hear thy song of praise,  
 And lo! no *form* is near;  
 Thine *eyes* I see thee raise,  
 But where doth God appear?  
 Oh! teach me who *is* God,  
 And where his glories shine,  
 That I may kneel and pray,  
 And call *thy* Father *mine*.

... An excerpt.

*McGuffey's, Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## SONG OF THE STARS

Bryant

When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
 And the empty realms of darkness and death  
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,  
 And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
 From the void abyss, by myriads came,  
 In the joy of youth as they darted away,  
 Through the widening waste of space to play.

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## A POLITICAL PAUSE<sup>1</sup>

Fox\*

"But we must pause," says the honorable gentleman. What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out, her best blood spilt, her treasures wasted, that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves, O! that you *would* put yourselves on the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors you excite. In former wars, a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which such a scene of carnage and death must inflict.

But if a man were present now at the field of slaughter, and were to inquire, for what they were fighting, – “Fighting!” would be the answer: “they are not *fighting*, they are *pausing*.” “Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?”

The answer must be, “You are quite wrong sir, you *deceive* yourself, – they are not *fighting*, – do not disturb them, – they are are merely *pausing*! This man is not expiring with agony, – that man is not *dead*, he is only pausing! Bless you, sir, they are not angry with one another; they have no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see is nothing like fighting, – there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it; it is nothing more than a political pause! It is merely to try an experiment – to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and in the meantime, we have agreed to a pause, in pure friendship!

And is this the way that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world, to destroy order, to trample on religion, to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.

*McGuffey’s Fifth Reader, 1844*

\*Not otherwise identified, but probably Charles James Fox (1749-1806), a leading member of the British House of Commons, and one time Secretary of State For Foreign Affairs. He was a leader of the Whig Party, an opponent of King George III, and was usually in the minority in the House of Commons. He was most noted for his oratory in opposition to the majority.

1. Fox had been an opponent of war but came to realize it had to prosecuted with vigor to victory, or all was in vain. As an illustration of what he meant about Bonaparte not behaving himself see “*Invasion of Switzerland by the French*” from this same reader.

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## THE GRAVE

Washington Irving

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget: but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open. The affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother, who would willingly forget the infant that has perished like a blossom in her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child, that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember be but to lament?

Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend, over whom he mourns?

No, the love which survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish, and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was, in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, through a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet, who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn, even from the arms of the living.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom, spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him? But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is, that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded, in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is, that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the passing scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities (kindnesses)! the last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, – oh, how thrilling – pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give us one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never – never – never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured into happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure, that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the

unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then wave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature upon the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning, by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth, be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1844*

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## ORIGIN OF PROPERTY

From Blackstone\*

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man "dominion over all the earth; and over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moved upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy, metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers on the subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the common stock, to his own use, such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all purposes of human life; and might, perhaps, still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to remain in a state of primeval simplicity, in which "all things were common to him." Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earlier stages, to aught but the *substance* of the thing; nor could it be extended to the *use* of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it, acquired therein, a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer. Or, to speak with greater precision, the *right* of possession continued for the same time, only, that the *act* of possession lasted.

Thus, the ground was in common, and no part of it was the property of any man in particular; yet, whoever was in the occupation of any determined spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time, a sort of ownership, from which, it would have been unjust and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the instant he quitted the use of occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus, also, a vine or a tree might be said to be in

common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet, any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit which he had gained for his own repast – a doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theater which is common to the public, and yet the place any man has taken, is, for the time, his own.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of a more permanent dominion; and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate *use* only, but the very *substance* of the thing to be used. Otherwise, innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life grew more and more refined, many conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only an usufructuary<sup>1</sup> property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession; if, as soon as he walked out of his tent or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one and wear the other.

In the case of habitations, in particular, it was natural to observe that even the brute creation, to whom everything else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the fields had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and in the preservation of which, they would sacrifice their lives. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestead; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or movable cabins, suited to the design of providence for the more speedily peopling the earth, and to the wandering life of the owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established.

There can be no doubt but that movables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent, substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continued for months together, without any sensible interruption, and at length, by usage, ripen into an established right; but principally, because few of them could be fit for use, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labor of the occupant; which bodily labor, bestowed upon any subject that lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous

products of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were more tame and sequacious nature<sup>2</sup>, and to establish a more permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young.

The support of their cattle, made the article of *water* also a very important point. And, therefore, the book of Genesis, (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history,) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus, we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for security, "because he had digged that well." And Isaac, about ninety years afterward, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace.

All this while, the soil and pasture of the earth, remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant; except, perhaps, in the neighborhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands, (for the sake of agriculture,) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon, and occupy such other lands, as would more easily supply their necessities.

We have a striking example of this, in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot. When their joint substance became so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention, Abraham thus endeavored to compose: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. Is not the whole of the land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either, to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not preoccupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east; and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

As the world grew by degrees more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon

former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous products destroyed, without any provision for future supply or succession. It, therefore, became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted.

It was clear, that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities without the assistance of tillage; but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labor? Had not, therefore, a separate property in lands, as well as movables, been vested in some individuals, the world might have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey. Whereas, now, (so generously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together,) the result of this necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its *rational*, as well as of exerting its *natural* faculties.

Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants; states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labor, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

*McGuffey's New Sixth Reader, 1857*

\* William Blackstone (1723-1780) was a prominent English legal scholar and jurist. His *Commentaries on the English Law* were the foundation of British and American jurisprudence for more than a century, and are still influential today in “originalist” legal interpretations.

1. The meaning of ‘usufructuary’ is obvious by its context in the selection; a temporary right of usage.
  2. Animals with a ‘sequacious nature’ readily stay together and follow a leader – sheep, cattle, goats, etc.
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## CHAPTER 18

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker*

John Goldsbury and William Russell

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Tappan, Whittemore and Mason

Boston, MA

## CULTIVATION OF THE MIND

S. Reed\*

It was the design of Providence that the infant mind should possess the germ of every science. If it were not so, the sciences could hardly be learned. The care of God provides for the flower of the field, a place wherein it may grow, regale the sense with its fragrance, and delight the soul with its beauty. Is his providence less active over those to whom this flower offers its incense?—No. The soil which produces the vine in its most healthy luxuriance, is not better adapted to that end, than the world we inhabit, to draw forth the latent energies of the soul, and fill them with life and vigor. As well might the eye see without light, or the ear hear without sound, as the human mind be healthy and athletic without descending into the natural world, and breathing the mountain air.

Is there aught in Eloquence which warms the heart? She draws her fire from natural imagery. Is there aught in Poetry to enliven the imagination? There, is the secret of all her power. Is there aught in Science to add strength and dignity to the human mind? The natural world is the only body, of which she is the soul. In books, science is presented to the eye of the pupil, as it were, in a dried and preserved state. The time may come, when the instructor may take him by the hand, and lead him by the running streams, and teach him all the principles of Science as she comes from her Maker; as he would smell the fragrance of the rose, without gathering it.

The love of nature; this adaptation of man to the place assigned him by his heavenly Father; this fullness of the mind as it descends into the works of God,—is something, which has been felt by everyone,—though to an imperfect degree,—and therefore needs no explanation. It is the part of science, that this be no longer a blind affection; but that the mind be opened to a just perception of what it is, which it loves.

The affection, which the lover first feels for his future wife, may be attended only by a general sense of her external beauty; but his mind gradually opens to a perception of the peculiar (exclusive) features of the soul, of which the external appearance is only an image. So it is with nature. Do we love to gaze on the sun, the moon, the stars, and the

planets? This affection contains in its bosom the whole science of astronomy, as the seed contains the future tree. It is the office of the instructor to give it an existence and a name, by making known laws, which govern the motions of the heavenly bodies to each other, and their uses.

Have we felt delight in beholding the animal creation,—in watching their pastimes and their labors? It is the office of the instructor to give birth to this affection, by describing the different classes of animals, with their peculiar characteristics, which inhabit the earth, the air, and the sea. Have we known the inexpressible pleasure of beholding the beauties of the vegetable world? This affection can only expand in the science of botany. Thus it is, that the love of nature in the mass may become the love of all the sciences, and the mind will grow and bring forth fruit from its own inherent power of development.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*No further identification.

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## SELF-EDUCATION

Dr. A. White\*

Education is the personal and practical concern of every individual, and at all periods of life.—Those who have been favored with advantages of early instruction, or even with a course of liberal education, ought to consider it rather as a good foundation to build upon, than as a reason for relaxing in their efforts to make advances in learning. The design of early education, it should be remembered, is not so much to accumulate information, as to develop, invigorate, and discipline the faculties; to form habits of attention, observation, and industry, and thus to prepare the mind for more extensive acquirements, as well as for a proper discharge of the duties of life.

Those who have not the privileges of early instruction, must feel the stronger inducement to avail themselves of all the means and opportunities in their power, for the cultivation of their minds and the acquisition of knowledge. It can never be too late to begin or to advance the work of improvement. They will find distinguished examples of success in the noble career of self-education, to animate their exertions. These will teach them, that no condition in life is so humble, no circumstances so distressing, no occupation so laborious, as to present insuperable obstacles to success in the acquisition of knowledge. All such disheartening obstacles combined, may be surmounted, as they have been in a thousand instances by resolute and persevering determination to overcome.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*No further identification.

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## THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

E. Cooper\*

The true Christian must show that he is in *earnest* about religion. In the management of his worldly affairs, he must let it be clearly seen, that he is not influenced by a worldly mind; that his heart is not upon earth; that he pursues his worldly calling from a principle of duty, not from a sordid love of gain; and that, in truth, his treasures are in heaven. He must, therefore not only “provide things honest in the sight of all men;” not only avoid everything which is fraudulent and unjust in his dealings with others; not only openly protest against those iniquitous practices which the custom of trade too frequently countenances and approves;—but, also, he must “let his moderation be known unto all men.”

He must not push his gains with seeming eagerness, even to the utmost lawful extent. He must exercise forbearance. He must be content with moderate profits. He must sometimes even forgo advantages, which, in themselves, he might innocently take, lest he should seem to give any ground for suspecting that his heart is secretly set upon these things.

Thus, also, with respect to worldly pleasures; he must endeavor to convince men that the pleasures which religion furnishes, are far greater than those which the world can yield. While, therefore, he conscientiously keeps from joining in those trifling, and, too often, profane amusements, in which ungodly men profess to seek their happiness, he must yet labor to show, that, in keeping from those things, he is, in respect to real happiness, no loser, but even a gainer by religion. He must avoid everything which may look like moroseness and gloom. He must cultivate a cheerfulness of spirit. He must endeavor to show, in his whole deportment, the contentment and tranquility which naturally flow from heavenly affections, from a mind at peace with God, and from a hope full of immortality.

The spirit which Christianity enjoins and produces, is so widely different from the spirit of the world, and so immensely superior to it, that, it cannot fail of being noticed, so it cannot fail of being admired, even by those who are strangers to its power. Do you ask in what particulars this spirit shows itself? I answer, in the exercise of humility, of meekness, of gentleness; in patient bearing of injuries, in a readiness to forgive offenses; in a uniform endeavor to overcome evil with good; in self-denial and disinterestedness (impartiality); in universal kindness

and courtesy; in slowness to wrath, in an unwillingness to hear or speak evil of others; in a forwardness to defend, to advise, and to assist them, in loving our enemies; in blessing them that curse us; in doing good to them that curse us; in doing good to them that hate us. These are genuine fruits of true Christianity.

The Christian must “let his light shine before men,” by discharging in a faithful, a diligent, and a consistent manner, the personal and particular duties of his station. As a member of society, he must be distinguished by a blameless and an inoffensive conduct; by a simplicity and an ingenuousness of character, free from every degree of guile; by uprightness and fidelity in his engagements. As a neighbor, he must be kind, friendly, and accommodating. His discourse must be mild and instructive. He must labor to prevent quarrels, to reconcile those who differ, to comfort the afflicted. In short, he must be “ready for every good work;” and all his dealings with others must show the Heavenly Principle, which dwells and works in his heart.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*No further identification.

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## EDUCATION OF FEMALES

Joseph Story\*

If Christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to women, as an intellectual and moral being, it is as true, that the present age, above all others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to reverence its influence. It was the fashion of other times to treat the literary acquirements of the sex, as starched pedantry, or vain pretension; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues, which constitute the charm of society. We had abundant homilies read upon their amiable weaknesses and sentimental delicacy, upon their timid gentleness and submissive dependence; as if to taste the fruit of knowledge were a deadly sin, and ignorance were the sole guardian of innocence. Their whole lives were “sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought:” and concealment of intellectual power was often resorted to, to escape the dangerous reputation of masculine strength.

In the higher walks of life, the satirist was not without color for the suggestion, that it was “*A youth of folly, and an old age of cards;*” and that everywhere, “most women had no character at all,” beyond the purity and devotion to their families.

Admirable as are these qualities, it seems an abuse of the gifts of providence, to deny to mothers the power of instructing their children, to wives the privilege of sharing the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, to sisters and daughters the delight of ministering knowledge in the fireside circle, to youth and beauty the charm of refined sense, to age and infirmity the consolation of studies which elevate the soul, and gladden the listless hours of despondency.

These things have, in a great measure, passed away. The prejudices, which have dishonored the sex, have yielded to the influence of truth. By slow, but sure advances, education has extended itself through all ranks of female society. There is no longer any dread, lest the culture of science should foster that masculine boldness, or restless independence, which alarms by its sallies, or wounds by its inconsistencies.

We have seen, that here, as everywhere else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; and that the refinement of literature adds luster to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and un-ostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like those of a diamond, attest at once its power and its purity.

There is not a rank of female society, however high, which does not now pay homage to literature, or that would not blush, even at the suspicion of ignorance, which, a half century ago, was neither uncommon, nor discreditable. There is not a parent, whose pride may not glow at the thought, that his daughter's happiness is, within a great measure, within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of fashion.

A new path is thus opened for female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of misfortune, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity or modesty. Man no longer aspires to all exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals, or allies, in almost every department of knowledge; and there to be found among those, whose elegance of manners and blamelessness of life, command his respect, as much as their talents excite his admiration.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Story, 1767-1815, was a long time early and influential Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

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## THE JEWISH REVELATION

Dr. Noyes\*

The peculiar religious character of the Psalms, which distinguishes them from the productions of other nations of antiquity, is well worthy of the attention of such as are disposed to doubt the reality of the Jewish revelation. I do not refer to the prophetic character, which some of them are supposed to possess, but to the comparative purity and fervor of religious feeling, which they manifest; the sublimity and justness of the views of the Deity, and of his government of the world, which they present; and the clear perception of a spiritual good, infinitely to be preferred to any external possession, which is found in them. Let them be considered as the fruit of the principles of the Jewish religion, as they existed in the minds of pious Israelites, and do they not bear delightful testimony to the reality of the successive revelations, alleged to have been made to the Hebrew nation, and of the peculiar relation which the Most high is said to have sustained towards them?

Let the unbeliever compare the productions of the Hebrew poets, with those of the most enlightened periods of Grecian literature. Let him explain, how it happened, that in the most celebrated cities of antiquity, which human reason had adorned with the most splendid trophies of art, whose architecture it is now thought high praise to imitate well, whose sculpture almost gave life to marble, whose poetry has never been surpassed, and whose eloquence has never been equaled, a religion prevailed, so absurd and frivolous as to be beneath the contempt of a child, at the present day; while in an obscure corner of the world, in a nation in some respects imperfectly civilized, were breathed forth those strains of devotion, which now animate the hearts of millions, and are the vehicle of their feelings to the throne of God. Let him say, if there be not some ground for the conclusion, that whilst the corner-stone of the heathen systems of religion, was unassisted human reason, that of the Jewish was an immediate revelation from the Father of lights.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*No further identification.

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## THE PRESS

Joseph T. Buckingham\*

Look abroad, over the face of this vast and almost illimitable continent, and behold multitudes which no man can number, impatient of the slow process of education, wrestling with the powers of nature, and the obstructions of accident, and, like the patriarch<sup>1</sup>, refusing to let go their hold, till the day break, and they receive the promised blessing, and the recompense of the struggle.

You will perceive, too, in the remotest corners, where civilization has planted her standard, that there the Press, the mightiest engine ever yet invented by the genius of man, is producing a moral revolution, on a scale of grandeur and magnificence unknown to all former generations. By it, information of every transaction of government, and off all important occurrences, in the four quarters of the world, is transmitted with a degree of speed and regularity, that the most sagacious (informed) could not have foreseen, nor the most enthusiastic have dared hope for, fifty years ago. By the Press, every cottage is supplied with its newspapers, and elementary books, in the most useful sciences; and every cradle is supplied with tracts and toy-books, to teach the infant to lisp lessons of wisdom and piety, long before his mind has power to conceive, or firmness to retain, their meaning.

The power of this engine, in the moral and intellectual universe, is inconceivable. There is no ordinary operation of the physical elements, to which its mighty influence can be compared. We can find, only in the visions of the apocalyptic saint, a parallel to its tremendous action.

Guided by truth and reason, like the sound of the seventh trumpet, it opens the temple of God in heaven, and shows to the eye of the faithful and regenerated spirit, within the veil of the temple, in the presence-chamber of the Almighty, the ark of his testament.

Controlled by falsehood and fraud, its force, like the opening of the sixth seal of the mystic volume, produces earthquakes, turns the sun to sackcloth, and the moon to blood, moves every mountain and island out of their places, and causes even the heaven we hope for, to depart as a scroll, when it is rolled together.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Joseph Tinker Buckingham, 1779-1861, was a New England journalist and politician, and a descendant of a Mayflower Pilgrim (Tinker).

1. Jacob wrestling with the angel, Genesis 32:24 ff.
  2. Chapter 8 and following, of the Book of The Revelation to the Apostle John.
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## THE GENIUS OF ARISTOPHANES

C. C. Felton

The greatness of the genius of Aristophanes, is not generally appreciated. The value of his comedies, as illustrations of the political antiquities, the life, morals, and manners of Athens, is not fully understood. The truth is, we are indebted to him for information upon the working of the Attic (Greek) institutions, which, had all his plays

been lost, we should have vainly sought for in the works of other authors. With what boldness and vigor does he sketch that many-headed despot, the Demos of Athens<sup>1</sup>; with what austere truth, does he draw the character of the Athenian Demagogue, and, in him, the Demagogue(s) of all times; how many rays of light are poured from his comedies, upon the popular and judicial tribunals,—the assemblies in the Pnyxn<sup>2</sup>, the Senate, and the Heliastic courts!

No intelligent reader can doubt, that Aristophanes was a man of the most profound acquaintance with the political institutions of his age; no reader of poetic fancy can fail to see that he possessed an extraordinary creative genius. It is impossible to study his works attentively, without feeling that his was the master mind of the Attic drama. The brightest flashes of a high poetical spirit, are constantly breaking out, from the midst of the broadest merriment, and the sharpest satire. An imagination of endless variety and strength, enlivens those lyrical passages which gem his works, and are among the most precious brilliants of the Greek language. In the drawing of characters, his plays exhibit consummate skill. The clearness of his conceptions, the precision of his outlines, the consistency with which his personages are throughout maintained, cannot fail to impress the reader, with the perfection of his judgment, and the masterly management of the resources of his art.

He had the inestimable advantage, too, of writing in a language which is undoubtedly the highest attainment of human speech; and all the rich varieties and harmonies of this wondrous instrument, he held at his supreme command. Its flexibility, under his shaping hand, is almost miraculous. At one moment, he is reveling in the wildest mirth, and the next, he is sweeping through the loftiest region of lyrical inspiration; but the language never breaks down under his adventurous flight. The very words he wants, come, like beings of instinct with life, and fall into their proper places, at his bidding. His wit is as manifold and startling, as the myriad-minded Shakespeare's. Indeed, although these great men stood two thousand years apart, and moved in widely differing spheres of poetical activity, still many striking points of resemblance exist between the genius of the English, and of the Grecian bard.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Cornelius Conway Felton, 1807-1862, was a Greek scholar, professor, and for a short time before his death, President of Harvard.

1. "Demos", from which we get the word "democracy", means 'the people'. To paraphrase one side of an ancient political argument: 'Tyranny by a minority is bad, tyranny by a majority is worse'; hence a "many-headed despot". And so the United States Constitution was designed to limit the power of the government as a limit on

the power of the majority over the minority — a Constitutional Republic (“if you can keep it.”)

2. A place of assembly opposite the Acropolis.

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## IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN

Henry Clay\*

Who is prepared to say, that American seamen shall be surrendered, as victims, to the British principle of impressment? And sir, what is this principle? She contends, that she has a right to the services of her own subjects; and that, in the exercise of this right, she may lawfully impress them, even though she finds them in American vessels, upon the high seas, without (outside) her jurisdiction. Now, I deny that she has any right, beyond her jurisdiction, to come on board our vessels, upon the high seas, for any other purpose, than in pursuit of enemies, or their goods, or goods of contraband of war.

But she further contends, that her subjects cannot renounce their allegiance to her, and contract a new obligation to other sovereigns. I do not mean to go into the general question of the right of expatriation. If, as is contended, all nations deny it, all nations, at the same time, admit and practice the right of naturalization. Great Britain herself does this. Great Britain, in the very case of foreign seamen, imposes, perhaps, fewer restraints upon naturalization, than any other nation. Then, if subjects cannot break their original allegiance, they may, according to a universal usage, contract a new allegiance.

What is the effect of this double obligation? Undoubtedly, that the sovereign having the possession of the subject, would have the right to the services of the subject. If he return within the jurisdiction of his primitive (original) sovereign, he may resume his right to his services, of which, the subject, by his own act, could not divest himself. But his primitive sovereign can have no right to go in quest of him, out of his own jurisdiction, into the jurisdiction of another sovereign, or upon the high seas; where there exists no jurisdiction, or it is possessed by the nation owning the ship navigating them.

But, sir, this discussion is altogether useless. It is not to the British principle, objectionable as it is, that we are alone to look; it is her practice, no matter what guise she puts on it. It is in vain to assert the inviolability of the obligation of allegiance. It is vain to set up the plea of necessity, and to allege that she cannot exist without the impressment of her seamen. The naked truth is, she comes, by her press-gangs, on board of our vessels, seizes our native as well as naturalized seamen, and drags them into her service.

It is the case, then, of the assertion of an erroneous principle, and of a practice not conformable to the asserted principle,—a principle which, if it were theoretically right, must forever be practically wrong,—a practice which can obtain countenance from no principle whatever, and to submit to which, on our part, would betray the most abject degradation.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Clay, 1777-1852, was one of America's greatest political leaders and statesmen during the first half of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, a formative period of the American Republic. He served as a US Representative, and Senator, from Kentucky, Speaker of the US House of Representatives, and Secretary of State. He was a candidate for President several times, most notably running against Democrat Andrew Jackson in a bitterly fought race. Nevertheless, he cooperated with the Jackson administration to resolve the national crises of the era. If I read history correctly, he was one of a rare breed of politicians who put country before their own political ambitions and personal grievances.

This speech, made while Speaker of the House, recites one of the issues that led to the War of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States. Clay was also one of the negotiators on the Treaty of Ghent which ended the War.

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The following is only a very brief excerpt from another of Henry Clay's speeches from the same period, but it sums up his point quite succinctly. When we look upon, often in dismay, the American political scene, we can, perhaps, draw some solace from the fact that it has always been much the same.

## CONDUCT OF THE OPPOSITION

Henry Clay

[Extract from a Speech on the new Army Bill.]

They are for war and no restrictions, when the administration is for peace. They are for peace and restrictions, when the administration is for war. You find them, sir, tacking with every gale, displaying the colors of every party, and of all nations, steady only in one unalterable purpose,—to steer, if possible, into the haven of power.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

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## NEW ENGLAND, WHAT IS SHE?—'*DELENDA EST CARTHAGO*'<sup>1</sup>

Tristram Burgess\*

This is an excerpt from a speech in the US House of Representatives that may seem irrelevant to our time; but its bitter partisanship, hypocrisy, and appeals to hatred and fear are as up to date as today's Congressional Record. It differs only in its much more elevated, erudite style of invective. Its interest to us is not just its similarity to today's politics, but its illustration of where such politics can lead. Remember that this reader is from the Pre-Civil War Era. Such pieces are not to be found in Post-Civil War Readers.

The policy of the gentleman from Virginia, calls him to a course of legislation resulting in the entire destruction of one part of our Union. Oppress New England, until she shall be compelled to remove her manufacturing labor and capital to the region of iron, wool, and grain, and nearer to the regions of rice and cotton. Oppress New England, until she be compelled to remove her commercial labor and capital to New York, Charleston, and Savannah. Finally, oppress that proscribed region, until she shall be compelled to remove her agricultural labor and capital,—her agricultural capital? No, she cannot remove that. Oppress and compel her, nevertheless, to remove her agricultural labor to the far-off West; and there people the savage valley, and cultivate the deep wilderness of the Oregon.

She must, indeed, leave her agricultural capital<sup>2</sup>; her peopled fields; her hills with culture carried to their tops; her broad bays, her wide transparent lakes, long-winding rivers, and populous waterfalls; the delightful villages, flourishing towns, and wealthy cities. She must leave this land, bought by the treasure, subdued by the toil, defended by the valor of men, vigorous, athletic, and intrepid; men god-like in all making man resemble the moral image of his Maker; a land endeared, oh! How deeply endeared, because shared with women pure as the snows of their native mountains; bright, lofty, and overawing, as the clear, circumambient heavens over their heads; and yet lovely as the fresh opening bosom of their own blushing and blooming June.

“Mine own romantic country,” must we leave thee? Beautiful patrimony of the wise and good; enriched from the economy, and ornamented by the labor and perseverance of two hundred years! Must we leave thee, venerable heritage of ancient justice and pristine faith? And, God of our fathers! Must we leave thee to the demagogues who have deceived, and traitorously sold us? We must leave thee to them; and to the remnants of the Penobscots, the Pequods, the Mohicans, and the Narragansetts; that they may lure back the far-retired bear, from the distant forest, again to inhabit the young wilderness, growing up in our flourishing cornfields, and rich meadows; and spreading, with briars and brambles, over our most “pleasant places.”

All this shall come to pass, to the intent that New England may again become a lair for wild beasts, and a hunting-ground for savages; the graves of our parents be polluted; and the place made holy by the first footsteps of our Pilgrim forefathers, become profaned by the midnight orgies of barbarous incantation. The evening wolf shall again howl on our hills, and the echo of his yell mingle once more with the sound of our waterfalls. The sanctuaries of God shall be made desolate. Where now a whole people congregate in thanksgiving for the benefactions of time, and in humble supplication for the mercies of eternity, there those very

houses shall then be left without a tenant. The owl, at noonday, may roost on the high altar of devotion, and the “fox look out at the window,” on the utter solitude of a New England Sabbath.

New England shall, indeed, under this proscribing policy, be what Switzerland was, under that of France<sup>3</sup>. New England, which, like Switzerland, is the eagle-nest of freedom; New England, where, as with Switzerland the cradle of infant liberty “was rocked by whirlwinds, in their rage:” New England shall, as Switzerland was, in truth be “the immolated victim, where nothing but the skin remains unconsumed by the sacrifice;” New England, as Switzerland had, shall have nothing left but her rocks, her ruins, and her demagogues.”

The mind, sir, capable of conceiving a project of mischief so gigantic, must have been early schooled, and deeply imbued with all the great principles of moral evil.

What, then, sir, shall we say of a spirit, regarding this event as a “consummation devoutly to be wished?”—a spirit, without one attribute, or one hope, of the pure in heart; a spirit, which begins and ends everything, not with prayer, but with imprecation (curse); a spirit, which blots from the great canon of petition, “Give us this day our daily bread;” that, foregoing bodily nutriment, he may attain to a higher relish for that un-mingled food, prepared and served up to a soul “hungering and thirsting after wickedness;” a spirit, which, at every rising sun, exclaims, “Hodie! Hodie! Carthago delenda!” “Today, today! Let New England be destroyed!”

### *The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Burgess (also Burges), 1770-1853, was Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric at Brown University, and a longtime member of the US House of Representatives from Rhode Island. His rhetorical skills were often in evidence in the House, as in this excoriation of Virginia firebrand John Randolph. His vision of an apocalyptic end of New England was very skillfully woven and affecting; though ridiculously exaggerated to the mind's of more sophisticated Americans. Drummed up by unscrupulous newspapers, however, it was doubtless effective in moving public opinion. Even Burgess, though, acknowledged Randolph as his equal in the outraged oratory of the day, and the opportunities for rhetorical exuberance their war of words in the House occasioned them may have been satisfying to their egos, but such invective was steadily pounding in the wedges that would eventually split the nation.

Randolph is the more remembered of the two, but as a brilliant though tragic and unstable voice in the halls of Capitol Hill, engaging in wars of words with just about everyone. This one quote illustrates Randolph's mastery of invective: “*He is a man of splendid abilities but utterly corrupt. He shines and stinks, like a rotten mackerel by moonlight.*”

In the case of this particular speech, Burgess favored high tariffs to protect the developing New England manufacturing base. Randolph strongly opposed tariffs as

injurious to Virginia's agricultural economy. Other issues also bitterly divided the New Englander from the Virginia aristocrat, although both opposed slavery. Both men were gone from the scene well before the final split in 1860.

1. "Carthage must be destroyed", a Roman imperative during the struggle to the death between the two great Mediterranean powers; but hardly descriptive of the situation that existed in the United States at that time.
  2. Farmland, orchards, irrigation systems, barns, etc. are 'agricultural capital'.
  3. A reference to the brutal civil war and French occupation of Switzerland during the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte.
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## PARTY SPIRIT

William Gaston\*

Threats of resistance, secession, separation,— have become common as household words, in the wicked and silly violence of public declaimers. The public ear is familiarized, and the public mind will soon be accustomed to the detestable suggestion of Disunion! Calculations and conjectures; What may the East do without the South, and what may the South do without the East?—sneers, menaces, reproaches, and recriminations, all tend to the same fatal end! What can the East do without the South? What can the South do without the East?

If it must be so, let parties and party men continue to quarrel with little or no regard to the public good. They may mystify themselves and others with disputations on political economy, proving the most opposite doctrines to their own satisfaction, and perhaps, to the conviction of no one else on earth. They may deserve reprobation for their selfishness, their violence, their errors, or their wickedness. They may do our country much harm. They may retard its growth, destroy its harmony, impair its character, render its institutions unstable, pervert the public mind, and deprave the public morals. These are, indeed, evils and sore evils, but the principle of life remains, and will yet struggle with assured success, over these temporary maladies.

Still we are great, glorious, united, and free; still we have a name revered abroad, and loved at home,—a name which is a tower of strength to us against foreign wrong, and a bond of internal union and harmony, —a name, which no enemy pronounces but with respect, and which no citizen hears, but with a throb of exultation.

Still we have that blessed Constitution, which, with all its pretended defects, and all its alleged violations, has conferred more benefit on man, than ever yet flowed from any other human institution,—which has established justice, insured domestic tranquility, provided for the common defense, promoted the general welfare, and which, under God,

if we be true to ourselves, will ensure the blessings of Liberty to us and our posterity.

Surely, such a country, and such a Constitution, have claims upon you, my friends, which cannot be disregarded. I entreat and adjure, then, by all that is near and dear to you on earth, by all the obligations of patriotism, by the memory of your fathers, who fell in the great and glorious struggle, for the sake of your sons, whom you would not have to blush for your degeneracy; by all your proud recollections of the past, and all the fond anticipations of the future renown of our nation,—preserve that country,—uphold that Constitution. Resolve, that they shall not be lost, while in your keeping; and may God Almighty strengthen you to perform that vow!

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Gaston, 1778-1844, was a US Representative from North Carolina.

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## RELIGION, THE GUARDIAN OF THE SOUL

Orville Dewey\*

One of the circumstances of our moral condition, is danger. Religion, then, should be a guardian, and a vigilant guardian; and let us be assured that the Gospel is such. Such, emphatically do we need. If we cannot bear a religion that admonishes us, watches over us, warns us, restrains us; let us be assured that we cannot bear a religion that will save us. Religion should be the keeper of the soul; and without such a keeper, in the slow and undermining process of temptation, or amidst the sudden and strong assaults of passion, it will be overcome and lost.

Again, the human condition is one of weakness. There are weak points, where religion should be stationed to support and strengthen us. Points, did I say? Are we not encompassed with weakness? Where, in the whole circle of our spiritual interests and affections, are we not exposed, and vulnerable? Where have we not need to set up the barriers of habit, and to build the strongest defenses, with which resolutions, and vows, and prayers, can surround us? Where, and wherein, I ask again, is any man safe? What virtue of any man, is secure from frailty? What strong purpose of his, is not liable to failure? What affection of his heart can say, “I have strength, I am established, and nothing can move me?”

How weak is man in trouble, in perplexity, in doubt;—how weak in affliction, or when sickness bows the spirit, or when approaching death is unloosing all the bands of his self-reliance! And whose spirit does not sometimes faint under its *intrinsic* weakness, under its *native* frailty, and under the burden and pressure of its necessities?

Religion, then, should bring supply, and support, and strength. And it thus meets a universal want. Every mind needs the stability which principle gives; needs the comfort which piety gives; needs it continually, in all the varying experience of life.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Dewey, 1794-1882, was a New England educator, writer, lecturer, and Unitarian minister.

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## EDUCATION

Dr. Humphrey\*

[From an Inaugural address at Amherst College.]

Convened as we are this day, in the portals of science and literature, and with their arduous heights, and profound depths, and Elysian fields before us, education offers itself as the inspiring theme of our present meditations. This, in a free, enlightened, and Christian state, is confessedly a subject of the highest moment. How can the diamond reveal its luster from beneath incumbent rocks and earthly strata? How can the marble speak, or stand forth in all the divine symmetry of the human form, till it is taken from the quarry, and fashioned by the hand of the artist? And how can man be intelligent, happy, or useful, without the culture and discipline of education?

It is this, that unlocks the prison-house of his mind, and brings out the captive. It is the transforming hand of education, which is now, in so many heathen lands, moulding savageness and ignorance, pagan fanaticism, and brutal stupidity, revenge, and treachery, and lust,—and, in short, all the warring elements of our lapsed nature, into the various forms of exterior decency, of mental symmetry, and of Christian loveliness. It is education that pours light into the understanding, lays up its golden treasures in the memory, softens the asperities of the temper, checks the waywardness of passion and appetite, and trains to habits of industry, temperance, and benevolence.

It is this, which qualifies men for the pulpit, the senate, the bar, the art of healing, and the bench of justice. It is to education, to its domestic agents, its schools and colleges, its universities and literary societies, that the world is indebted for a thousand comforts and elegances of civilized life, for almost every useful art, discovery, and invention.

In a word, education, regarding man as a rational, accountable, and immortal being, elevates, expands, and enriches his mind; cultivates the best affections of his heart; pours a thousand sweet and gladdening

streams around the dwellings of the poor, as well as the mansions of the rich; and while it greatly multiplies and enhances the enjoyments of time, helps to train up the soul for the bliss of eternity.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*No further identification.

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## INTELLIGENCE<sup>1</sup> NECESSARY TO PERPETUATE INDEPENDENCE Dawes\*

This is a very short excerpt from the original, and very timely to the purpose of this book.

That education is one of the deepest principles of independence, need not be labored in this assembly. In arbitrary governments, where the people neither make the law, nor choose those who legislate, the more ignorance, the more peace. But in a government, where the people fill all the branches of the sovereignty, intelligence is the life of liberty. An American would resent his being denied the use of his musket; but he would deprive himself of a stronger safeguard, if he should want the learning which is necessary to a knowledge of the Constitution.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*No further identification.

1. Information

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## RESTLESS SPIRIT OF MAN Wilbur Fisk\*

There is a spirit, an active, aspiring principle in man, which cannot be broken down by oppression, or satisfied by indulgence.

“He has a soul of vast desires,  
It burns within with reckless fires:”

Desires, which no earthly good can satisfy; fires, which no waters of affliction or discouragement can quench. And it is from this, his nature, that society derives all its interests, and from here also lies all its danger. The spirit is at once the terror of tyrants, and the destroyer of republics.

To form some idea of its strength, let us look at it in its different conditions, both when it is depressed, and when it is exalted. See, when it is bent down, for a time, by the iron grasp and leaden scepter of

tyranny, cramping, and curtailing, and hedging-in the soul, and foiling it in all its attempts to break from its bonds and assert its native independence. In these cases, the noble spirit, like a wild beast in the toils, sinks down, at times, into sullen inactivity, only that it may rise again, when exhausted nature is a little restored, to rush, as hope excites, or madness impels, in stronger paroxysms against the cords which bind it down.

This is seen in the mobs and rebellions of the most besotted and enslaved nations. Witness the repeated convulsions in Ireland, that degraded and oppressed country. Neither desolating armies, nor numerous garrisons, nor the most rigorous administration, enforced by thousands of public executions, can break the spirit of that reckless people.

Witness Greece: generations have passed away, since the warriors of Greece have had their feet put in fetters, and the race of heroes had apparently become extinct; and the Grecian lyre had long been unstrung and her lights put out. Her haughty masters thought her spirit was dead; but it was not dead, it only slept. In a moment, as it were, we saw all Greece in arms; she shook off her slumbers, and rushed, with frenzy and hope, upon seeming impossibilities, to conquer or to die.

We see, then, that man has a spirit, which is not easily broken down by oppression. Let us inquire, whether it can be more easily satisfied by indulgence. And, in every step of this inquiry, we shall find that no miser ever yet had gold enough; no office-seeker ever had honor enough; no conqueror ever had subdued kingdoms enough. When the rich man had filled his store-houses, he must pull down and build larger. When Caesar had conquered all his enemies, he must enslave his friends.

When Bonaparte had become Emperor of France, he aspired to the throne of all Europe. Facts, a thousand facts, in every age, and among all classes, prove, that such is the ambitious nature of the soul, such the increasing compass of its vast desires, that the material universe, with all its vastness, richness, and variety, cannot satisfy it. Nor is it in the power of the governments of this world, in their most perfect forms, so to interest the feelings, so to regulate the desires, so to restrain the passions, or so to divert, or charm the souls of a whole community, but that these latent and ungovernable fires will, sooner or later, burst out and endanger the whole body politic.

What has been the fate of the ancient republics? They have been dissolved by this same restless and disorganizing spirit, of which we are speaking. And do we not see the same dangerous spirit, in our own comparatively happy and strongly constituted republic?

Here, the road to honor and wealth is open to all; and here, is general intelligence. But here, man is found to possess the same nature as elsewhere. And the stirrings of his restless spirit have already disturbed the peace of society, and portend future convulsions. Party spirit is begotten, ambitious views are engendered, and fed, and inflamed; many are running the race for office; rivals are envied; characters are aspersed (soiled); animosities are enkindled; and the whole community are (is) disturbed by the electioneering contest.

Already, office seekers, in different parts of the country, unblushingly recommend themselves to notice, and palm themselves upon the people, by every electioneering maneuver; and in this way, such excitement is produced, in many parts of the Union, as makes the contending parties almost like mobs, assailing each other. Only let the public sense become vitiated (weakened or corrupted), and let a number of causes unite to produce a general excitement; and all our fair political proportion would fall before the spirit of party, as certainly and as ruinously, as the fair proportions of Italian architecture fell before ancient Goths and Vandals.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Fisk was a prominent New England Methodist minister, theologian, and educator. He was the first President of Wesleyan University.

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## INDEPENDENT JUDICIARY

James A. Bayard\*

These are short excerpts from the selection carried in the old reader, but it demonstrates the importance of the issue both then, and now.

Sir, the morals of your people, the peace of the country, , the stability of the country, rest upon the maintenance of the independence of the judiciary. ... Am I asked, Would you render the judges superior to the legislature? I answer, No, but coordinate (equal). Would you render them independent of the legislature? I answer, Yes, independent of every power on earth, while they behave themselves well. The essential interest, the permanent welfare of society, require this independence: ... You calculate on the weakness of human nature, and you suffer the judge to be dependent on no one, lest he should be partial to those on whom he depends. Justice does not exist where partiality prevails.

...

Let it be remembered, that no power is so sensibly felt by society, as that of the judiciary. The life and property of every man, are liable to be in the hands of the judges. Is it not our great interest to place our judges upon such high ground, that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce them? The present measure humbles in the dust; it prostrates them at the feet of faction; it renders them the tools of every dominant party. It

is this effect which I deprecate; it is this consequence which I deeply deplore. What does reason, what does argument avail, when party spirit presides? Subject your bench to the influence of this spirit, and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Bayard, 1767-1815) was a US Representative, and Senator, from Delaware, and was influential in the early political life of the country.

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## THE DESTINY OF OUR REPUBLIC

G. S. Hilliard\*

Let no man accuse me of seeing wild visions, and dreaming impossible dreams. I am only stating what may be done, and what will be done. We may most shamefully betray the trust reposed in us,—we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace,— with what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls. The gulf of our ruin will be as deep, as the elevation we might have attained, is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!

Our beloved country with ashes for beauty, the golden cord of our union broken, its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism, our “soil drenched with fraternal blood,” the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity, the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its encouragements and supports,—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them.

Remember, that we can have none of those consolations, which sustain the patriot, who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome cannot fall, and we be innocent. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph,—no countless swarms of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized life, beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices, will furnish the elements of our destructions. With our own hands, we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds.

But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor and despair. We shall elevate our minds to the contemplation

of our high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue, which cannot be shaken, until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our own breasts shall flow the salient springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory, will be inevitable, as the inferences of mathematics. We may calmly smile at the croakings of all the ravens, whether of native or foreign breed.

The whole will not grow weak, by the increase of its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp, as its lofty head is exalted, and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude, which this, the anniversary of our Independence, is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course,—no discordant notes of sectional madness, mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The farthest West shall hear it and rejoice, —the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters,—the Rocky Mountains shall fling back the glad sound from her snowy crests.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Presumably George Stillman Hilliard, 1808-1879, a New England lawyer, politician, and author.

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## GOD, THE CREATOR

Fenelon\*

Cast your eyes upon the earth that supports us; raise them to this immense canopy of the heavens that surrounds us,—these fathomless abysses of air and water, and these countless stars that give us light. Who is it that has suspended this globe of earth? Who has laid its foundations? If it were harder, its bosom could not be laid open by man for cultivation; if it were less firm it could not support the weight of his footsteps. From it proceed the most precious things: this earth, so mean (lowly) and unformed, is transformed into thousands of beautiful objects, that delight our eyes. In the course of one year, it becomes branches, buds, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds; thus renewing its bountiful favors to man. Nothing exhausts it. After yielding, for so many ages, its treasures, it experiences no decay; it does not grow old; it still pours forth riches from its bosom.

Who has stretched over our heads this vast and glorious arch? What sublime objects are there! An all-powerful Hand has presented this grand spectacle to our vision.

What does the regular succession of day and night teach us? The sun has never omitted, for so many ages, to shed his blessing upon us. The dawn never fails to announce the day; and “the sun”, says the Holy Book, “knows his going down.” Thus, it enlightens alternately, both sides of the world, and sheds its rays on all. Day is the time for society and employment,. Night folds the world in darkness, finishes our labors, and softens our troubles. It suspends, it calms everything. It sheds round us silence and sleep; it rests our bodies, it revives our spirits. Then day returns, and recalls man to labor, and reanimates all nature.

But besides the constant course of the sun, that produces day and night; during six months it approaches one pole, and during the other six, the opposite one. By this beautiful order, one sun answers for the whole world. If the sun, at the same distance, were larger, it would light the whole world, but it would consume with its heat. If it were smaller, the earth would be all ice, and could not be inhabited by men.

What compass has been stretched from heaven to earth and taken such just measurements? The changes of the sun make the variety of the seasons, which we find so delightful.

The Hand that guides this glorious work must be as skillful as it is powerful, to have made it so simple, yet so effectual; so constant and so beneficent.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Not further identified, but most probably the French Archbishop François Fénelon, 1648-1717, a prominent Roman Catholic theologian, scholar, and writer.

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## THE BIBLE

Grimke\*

The Bible is the only book, which God has ever sent, the only one he ever will send, into the world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is durable as eternity, for its pages contain the records of eternity. All other books are weak and imperfect, like their author, man; but the bible is a transcript of infinite power and perfection. Every other volume is limited in its usefulness and influence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to conquer; rejoicing as a giant to run his course his course, and like the sun, “there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.” The Bible only, of all the myriads of books the world has seen, is equally important and interesting to all mankind. Its tidings, whether of peace or of woe, are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the weak, as to the rich, the wise, and the powerful.

Among the most remarkable of its attributes, is justice; for it looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the hero and the soldier, on philosophers and peasants, on the eloquent and the dumb (mute). From all, it exacts the same obedience to its commandments, and promises to the good, the fruits of his labors; to the evil, the reward of his hands. Nor are the purity and holiness, the wisdom, benevolence and truth of the Scripture, less conspicuous, than their justice. In solemnity and beauty, in the descriptive and pathetic, in dignity and simplicity of narrative, in power and comprehensiveness, depth and variety of thought, in purity and elevation of sentiment, the most enthusiastic admirers of the heathen classics have conceded their inferiority to the Scriptures.

The Bible, indeed, is the only universal classic, the classic of all mankind, of every age and country, of time and eternity, more humble and simple than the primer of a child, more grand and magnificent than the epic and the oration, the ode and the drama, when genius with his chariot of fire, and his horses of fire, ascends in the whirlwind into the heaven of his own invention. It is the best classic the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Thomas Smith Grimke, 1786 -1834, when he died of cholera), was a distinguished jurist, Christian scholar, and writer in South Carolina. This is part of a larger work, another extract from which is contained in the California Fifth Reader of 1886. Only the last sentence of the above extract, and the first of the one in the California reader are repeated in this book.

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## A REPUBLICAN<sup>1</sup> SCHOOL

A. B. Muzzey\*

The success of all human enterprises depends much on the importance attached to them, the dignity they assume in our view, and the associations which circle round them. The orators of immortal renown, in ancient times, were accustomed to invest the themes they discussed with a peculiar greatness, and to throw a halo of glory around the occasion that had convened their audience. But there is one assembly, unknown to their days, and compared with which, their proudest conventions fade, as the morning star before the coming day. It is the school room in a republic, the place where, in a land favored like our own, the children of the rich and the poor, of the obscure and the honored, are seated side by side.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Artemas Bowers Muzzey, 1802-1892, was an American educator and writer, especially of Sunday School literature.

1. Although capitalized in the title, it is a small r, as in a 'republic', not the proper name of a political party.

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## THE ENGLISH SKYLARK

Samuel H. Stearns\*

[Extracts from a letter of a young American to his brother]

London, July 12, 1836

My Dear Brother,—I rose early to enjoy the hallowed hour of devotion. It was my first Sabbath in a foreign land; and a delightful morning it was. The sky was clear, and the air was fresh and balmy. I walked beyond the closely built houses of the town, now closed in silence on their slumbering inhabitants, to spend those halcyon moments among cottages and gardens, fields and hedges all bright with the morning sun, and fresh with the dew of heaven, to be regaled with views as beautiful as they were new, with the fragrance of flowers I had never before seen, and the music of birds whose notes had never before struck my ear and thrilled my heart.

When I had reached the top of a broad, swelling, verdant hill, about one and a half mile from the town, I took my position upon the top of a hedge bank. The town and the harbor were before me; and all around were the neat white-washed, straw-thatched cottages, and blooming gardens, and velvet-like fields, enclosed with green and flowering hedges, and shaded with deep verdant trees, and enlivened with gay birds, which alone, of all animated beings seemed, with inanimate nature, to have caught the spirit of the morning, and to be sympathizing and vying with each other in the worship of their Maker.

I had not stood there long before I enjoyed the principal object of my search. It was the morning lark, rising and singing towards heaven,—just as Jeremy Taylor<sup>1</sup> has so beautifully described it to our imaginations. I could not have a better exhibition of it. It satisfied, and more than satisfied, my previous, and most pleasing conceptions of it. I saw one rise, and watched its ascent, and listened to its song, till it was entirely above and beyond my sight. I could only hear its note, more soft, more sweet as it was nearer the home of the blest, and the object of its praise, the throne of its God.

I could think of nothing but of some returning angel, or of some sainted spirit released from its service below, and springing from the earth below, and springing from the earth, gaily ascending higher and higher, singing more and more joyously, and resting not from its song or its flight, till it folds its wing and rests its foot by the throne of Him who

made it. I could still hear its note, and still I gazed after it, and presently discerned its form, and saw it descend; but its descent was, if possible, more beautiful than its ascent. It returned to earth with such a graceful and easy motion, it seemed as if conscious that it could, at any time, rise again.

I did not intend to give you any description of this hour or of this scene; and you can have no idea of it now. It was altogether the happiest hour I have enjoyed since I left my native land. I returned to my lodgings, satisfied,—filled,—and feeling as if I had had a glimpse, and caught a note, of heaven.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Likely the Rev. Dr. Samuel Horatio Stearns, (1801-1837), a New England minister and writer who died shortly after this letter is dated.

1. Probably the Jeremy Taylor who was a noted writer and cleric during the English Civil War. Taylor was something of a Royalist counterpart to Puritan poet and polemicist, John Milton. They alternated imprisonments as the political winds shifted. Taylor became a Bishop during the Restoration.

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## SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL

Wayland\*

The assumption that the cause of Christianity is declining, is utterly gratuitous (without substance). We think it not difficult to prove that the distinctive principles we so much venerate, never swayed so powerful an influence over the destinies of the human race, as at this very moment. Point us to those nations of the earth, to which moral and intellectual cultivation, inexhaustible resources, progress in arts, and sagacity (wisdom) in council, have assumed the highest rank in political importance; and you point us to nations whose religious opinions are most closely allied to those we cherish. Besides, when was there a period, since the days of the Apostles, in which so many converts have been made to these principles, as have been made, both from Christian and pagan nations, within the last five and twenty years? Never did the principles of the saints of the Most High, look so much like going forth in serious earnest, to take possession of the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, as at this very day.

But suppose the cause did seem declining, we should see no reason to relax our exertions, for Jesus Christ has said, Preach the gospel to every creature; and appearances, whether prosperous or adverse, alter no the obligation to obey a positive command of Almighty God.

Again, suppose all that is affirmed were true. If it must be, let it be. Let the dark cloud of infidelity overspread Europe, cross the ocean, and cover our beloved land,—let nation after nation swerve from the faith,—let iniquity abound, and the love of many wax cold, even until there is on the face of this earth, but one pure church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—all we ask is, that we may be members of that one church. God grant that we may throw ourselves into this 'Thermopylae'<sup>1</sup> of the moral universe.'

But even then, we should have no fear that the church of God would be exterminated. We would call to remembrance the years of the right hand of the Most High. We recollect there was once a time, when the whole church of Christ, not only could be, but actually was, gathered with one accord in one place. It was then that the place was shaken, as with a rushing mighty wind, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. That same day, three thousand were added to the Lord. Soon we hear, they have filled Jerusalem with their doctrine.—The church had commenced her march:—Samaria has, with one accord, believed the gospel; Antioch has become obedient to the faith; the name of Christ has been proclaimed throughout Asia Minor; the temples of the gods, as though smitten by an invisible hand, are deserted; the citizens of Ephesus cry out in despair, Great is Diana of the Ephesians; licentious Corinth is purified by the preaching of Christ crucified. Persecution puts forth her arm to arrest the 'spreading superstition'; but the progress of faith cannot be stayed. The church of God advances unhurt amidst the racks and dungeons, persecutions and death; she has entered Italy, and appears before the wall of the Eternal City; idolatry falls prostrate at her approach; her ensign floats in triumph over the capitol; she has placed upon her brow the diadem of the Caesars.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844*

\*Not otherwise identified, but probably Francis Wayland, 1796-1865, a New England Baptist preacher, university president, and notable economist whose works on political economy are influential even today.

<sup>1</sup> A battle in 490 B.C. in which Spartan and other Greek warriors fought to the death to stop a Persian invasion.

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CHAPTER 19  
*Sanders Series,*  
*The School Reader Fourth Book*  
 By Charles W. Sanders, Copyright 1842  
 Mark H. Newman & Co., New York

This chapter consists of only one selection, as it is not the advanced reader of the series. This particular selection fits with other selections in the Advanced Reader however.

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEACH IN PARLIAMENT  
 IN PRAISE OF THE CONGRESS AT PHILADELPHIA<sup>1</sup>

William Pitt\*

When your lordships look at the papers, transmitted to us from North America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, (and it has been my favorite study, I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world,) I say, I must declare, that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a compilation of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men, can stand in preference to the general Congress of Philadelphia.

I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, -- must be fatal. We shall be forced, ultimately, to retract; let us retract while we *can*, not when we *must*. I say we must necessarily undo these violent and oppressive acts<sup>2</sup>. They must be repealed. You will repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.

Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and happiness; for it is your true dignity to act with prudence and justice. That *you* should first concede is obvious from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effects from superior power; it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of men, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of

troops from Boston; by a repeal of your acts of parliament; and by a demonstration of amicable dispositions toward your colonies. On the other hand, every danger, and every hazard impede, to deter you from perseverance in your present, ruinous measures. Foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread; France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may.

To conclude, my lords; if the ministers thus persevere in mis-advising and misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm, that they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the king is betrayed; but I will pronounce, that the kingdom is undone.

*Sanders Fourth Reader, 1842*

\*William Pitt the Elder, 1<sup>st</sup>. Earl of Chatham (1708-1778), was the leader of the Whig Party in the English Parliament. The Whigs were the political descendants of Oliver Cromwell's party during the English Civil War. They had, only shortly before, been in the majority, and he had been Prime Minister, but now were in the minority and powerless against the Tory Party's policies. His son, William Pitt the younger, became Prime minister toward the close of the American Revolutionary War.

1. The First Continental Congress, it mainly sought redress of the colonies' grievances from the crown and parliament. The "papers" refer to a letter from the Congress to the people of Great Britain setting out the American case.
  2. Known in America as the "Intolerable Acts", these acts of the English Parliament were a major cause of the Revolution.
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## CHAPTER 20

*The Reader's Manual*

Copyright 1839 by John Hall

Robbins &amp; Folger, Hartford, 1841

As this is not the advanced reader of the series, I am including only this one selection, and that to demonstrate the close affinity of public school books of the age with the Sunday School books.

## THE BIBLE IN A COAL MINE

Anonymous

Some years ago, I was on a visit to a friend who lived near a large colliery, or cluster of coal mines, where a great number of workmen were constantly employed. They had been very much neglected, having no church within a reasonable distance; and, except when some pious man came among them, they scarcely heard the name of the Lord otherwise than in the blasphemies which were too frequently uttered by themselves. My friend had been a very short time in that neighborhood; and, feeling for their miserable condition, he had taken the greatest pains, since his arrival, to do them good, but was often treated very rudely; for their way of life, and absence of all that can soften the character of a man, must, as you may suppose, make them very rough in their manners. My friend, however, was one who knew how to make allowance, and would not be discouraged, by the ill-behavior of a few, from seeking the salvation of all.

One morning he received a parcel from a distant town. He told me that it contained some Bibles which he had sent for, as two or three of the miners had expressed a willingness to subscribe for the word of God. And he hoped that the good effect would be seen, and that the Holy Spirit would cause the truth to take root and to flourish among them. He added, "There is one poor fellow, who is so anxious for his book that I must take it to him at once; for he wants to read it at his resting hours. Will you come with me, and visit what I can truly call 'regions of darkness' and of the 'shadow of death'?"

I had never gone into a mine, and wished to see one; and I hope that a better feeling than curiosity led me to agree readily with his proposal. He put a few Bibles into a small bag, and we set forth on our journey.

Dressed in our most ordinary clothes, we proceeded to the colliery where Tom Willis, the individual just mentioned, was at work. Having reached the shaft, or opening, my friend desired the men to let us down – which they did, by making us, in turn, seat ourselves in a large basket, and lowering it by ropes to the bottom. My friend went first; and wondering at the length of rope that they continued to unwind, I asked how far it

was to the bottom. “A good leap, Master,” answered one with a rather mischievous grin, – “about three hundred feet or so.”

I had observed the sort of look with which these men had regarded the bag so carefully carried by my friend; and as the form of books could be easily seen, I had no doubt that their ill-will was excited by them. So sad is the enmity of the carnal mind against God, so unwelcome the message of love, and peace, and reconciliation.

Committing myself to the care of the Lord, I got into the basket as soon as it was drawn up; and I felt very giddy while swinging from side to side, and losing rapidly the cheerful light of day. It certainly appeared a long journey; but I found myself, at last, on my feet, and on solid ground. Taking the arm of my friend, we went on by the light of a lantern which was carried by the guide. After walking down a very slanting place, we came to the top of another, but much shallower shaft, and on reaching the bottom, had but a little way to walk before we came to the party among whom Tom Willis was at work.

There were, perhaps, six or seven employed in breaking the masses of coal from the sides of the pit, and the noise was terrible. So, indeed, was the appearance of the place, illuminated by candles stuck here and there in lanterns or lamps, and throwing a feeble light on the coarse black faces of the men close by them, while the farther part of the cavern was lost in total darkness.

We had chosen the time when the men would leave off work to get their noontide meal, and the clang of the iron implements soon ceased. They trimmed their lamps, got their baskets of provisions and sat down, each by his own heap of coal, to refresh themselves. My friend saluted them, and was civilly answered by all, while Willis expressed great delight on seeing him, and hearing what he had brought. Nothing, he said, could be more welcome, for he found the word of God so precious, whenever he could have an opportunity to hear it above ground, that he longed to possess it down in the pit, to read it at resting times, and to think on it when at work.

Do you then, said I, think much on what you hear, or read, out of that book?

“Indeed, Sir,” he answered, “I’ve been used to think of very different things; but since I saw my own state made out so plainly in the bible, I can’t think but the whole book concerns me, and therefore, I cannot tire of it.”

“And do you pray too?”, said my friend.

“It’s poor praying, Sir, in the midst of such a clatter as we are obliged to keep up; but I lift my heart to God, through Christ, as well as I can; and at night, when above ground, I think I can affirm that I don’t neglect to pray.”

He took the Bible most thankfully, and my friend, showing the rest, asked if any man wished to secure one. Most of them gave a civil answer, declining it; but one, in a very surly way, said he did not pass all his days in that black hole of a place to earn a little money, and then lay it out for books.

“For Bibles, you mean,” said one of his companions; “for you’ve an odd sixpence any day, when a songbook or jestbook comes across you.”

“And what then?” said the surly miner; “if I please myself, who’s to contradict me?” Other things he uttered, to the same purpose, showing his contempt for God’s word, his defiance of God’s law, and his determination to live in sin. We tried to reason with him, but to no purpose. Some of the rest, however, appeared to listen attentively; and, on a remark being made that their lives were exposed to more dangers than most men’s, one of these said to the stubborn sinner, “You mark that, Dick, for you are always taking your candle out in the damp, and will be blown up some day or other.”

“I’ll trust to my luck for that,” answered the bold transgressor – “I’ll lay a wager on it that I live the longest of you all.”

The conversation ended by Willis’s saying to him, “Believe me, Dick Jones, you will be forced yet to give up trusting in luck, and glad to throw yourself on the mercy of a Savior whom you despise.” We added a few words on the power and love of that Savior to whom every knee shall bow, either in willing duty, or in helpless despair; and we left the mine, rejoicing to have carried thither the word of life, and praying that we might not have spoken altogether in vain to the poor thoughtless creatures there employed. Of Tom Willis we agreed in thinking very favorably, as of one who had indeed found rest in Christ, and who was bearing a faithful testimony among his ungodly companions.

But how shall I tell you what followed? That very evening, while I sat conversing with my friend, admiring the beautiful appearance of the sky at sunset, and praying that the Sun of Righteousness might arise to shine upon those who were shut out the golden beams of day, a terrible noise was suddenly heard, followed by shouts, and cries, and the running of people from all quarters to the spot whence the sound had proceeded.

I asked my friend what it could be; and never shall I forget his pale and solemn countenance as he faintly answered, “An explosion of firedamp.”

Firedamp is a vapor which often gathers in the coal pits, and is so inflammable that it will go off like gunpowder, when touched by fire; and many a life is lost by it through the carelessness of the men in exposing their candles to this combustible air.

The noise, which was like the firing of a great canon, came from the very place we had visited in the morning; and, on hurrying thither, we found the people gathered about the same shaft. Alas, it was on the very party whom we had so lately warned, that the awful visitation had fallen; taking Willis with his Bible, Jones with his jestbook, and their companions just as the hour found them – all, all were dead. I saw the mangled remains when they had been dug out; and I saw the long train of weeping followers – the widows, orphans, childless parents, and mourning sisters – who attended them to their common grave on the next Sunday. My friend wept too, but there was joy in his tears when he looked on the coffin of Tom Willis, and reflected that his last day had been marked by a faithful confession of Christ as his only Savior.

*The Readers Manual*, 1839.

This is the next to the most advanced reader in the series, but it seems appropriate to include it in the OFSB, *Advanced Reader*. The advanced book in the series, is the *Reader's Guide*, from which several selections are also drawn. Though this is an American reader, the story appears to be British, and probably from Sunday School literature.

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## CHAPTER 21

*The Reader's Guide*

Copyright John Hall, 1836

Canfield and Robbins, Hartford, 1839

This book, and the following (chronologically, see above) volume, *The Reader's Manual* of 1841, were the final two readers in a popular reader series of the day, the *Guide* being the more advanced reader.

## THE ETERNITY OF GOD

Greenwood

The eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, which, at the same time that it overwhelms us with astonishment and awe, affords us an immovable ground of confidence in the midst of a changing world. All things which surround us, all these dying, mouldering inhabitants of time, must have had a Creator, for the plain reason that they could not have created themselves. And their Creator must have existed from all eternity, for the plain reason that the first cause must necessarily be uncaused. As we cannot suppose a beginning without a cause of existence, that which is the cause of all existence must be self-existent, and could have had no beginning. And as it had no beginning, so also, as it is beyond the reach of all influence and control, as it is independent and almighty, it will have no end.

Here then is a support which will never fail, here is a foundation which can never be moved – the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, “the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.” What a sublime conception! He inhabits eternity, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills, throughout, this boundless dwelling. Ages on ages before even the dust of which we are formed was created, he had existed in infinite majesty, and ages on ages will roll away, after we have all returned to the dust whence we were taken, and still he will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, forever sending forth the word which forms, supports, and governs all things, commanding new-created light to shine on new-created worlds, and raising up new-created generations to inhabit them.

The compilation of these glorious attributes of God is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where everything about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view, which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished

away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were feeble themselves, we can look up to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

And blessed be God, who has assured us by a revelation from himself, that the throne of eternity is likewise a throne of mercy and love; who has permitted and invited us to repose ourselves and our hopes on that which alone is everlasting and unchangeable. We shall shortly finish our allotted time on earth, even if it should be unusually prolonged. We shall leave behind us all which is now familiar and beloved, and a world of other days and other men will be entirely ignorant that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universe, through all its changes, and from his remembrance we shall never be blotted. We can never be where is not, nor where he sees, and loves, and upholds us not. He is our Father and our God forever. He takes us from Earth that he may lead us to heaven, that he may refine our nature from all the principles of corruption, share with us his own immortality, admit us to his everlasting habitation, and crown us with his eternity.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

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## PROFANITY REPROVED

Dwight\*

How wonderful a specimen of human corruption is presented in the so general profanation of the name of God, exhibited in light-minded cursing and swearing! How perfectly at a loss is Reason for a motive to originate, and explain this conduct! Why should the name of the Creator be treated with irreverence? Why should not anything else be uttered by man, if we consider him merely as a rational being with out recurring at all to his moral and accountable character, rather than language of this nature? Certainly, it contributes not in the least degree, to the advancement of any purpose; unless that purpose is mere profaneness?

Anger, one would suppose, would naturally vent itself in expressions of resentment against the person who had provoked us. But this person is always a fellow creature; a man like ourselves. In what way, or in what degree, is God concerned in this matter? What has the passion, what

has the provocation to do with Him, his name or his character? Why do we affront and injure him, because a creature, infinitely unlike him, has affronted and injured us?

I know that custom, also, is pleaded as an extenuation, and perhaps as an explanation, of this crime. But how came such a custom to exist? How came any rational being ever to think of profaning the name of God? How came any other rational being to follow him in this wickedness? Whence was it that so many millions of those who ought to be rational beings, have followed them both? What end can it have furnished? What taste can it have gratified? What desire, what affection, can it have indulged? What end can the profane person have proposed to himself?

Can any explanation be given of this conduct, except that it springs from love to wickedness itself? From a heart fixedly opposed to its Maker; pleased with affronting him; loving to abuse his character, and to malign his glorious agency? A heart in which sin is gratuitous; by which, in juster language nothing is gained, much is plainly lost, and everything is hazarded? What, beside the love of sinning; what, but the peculiar turpitude of the character, can be the source, or the explanation, of this conduct?

Ask yourselves what you gain; what you expect to gain; what do you not lose. Remember that you lose your reputation, at least in the minds of all the wise and good, and all the blessings of their company and friendship; that you sacrifice your piece of mind; you break down all those principles on which virtue may be grafted, and with them every rational hope of eternal life; that you are rapidly becoming more and more corrupted, day by day; and that with this deplorable character, you are preparing to go to the judgment. Think what it will be to swear, and curse, to mock God; and insult your Redeemer through life; to carry your oaths and curses to a dying bed; to enter eternity with blasphemies in your mouths; and to stand before the final bar, when the last sound of profaneness has scarcely died upon your tongues.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

\*Dwight – otherwise unidentified, but probably Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817, An American minister, theologian and writer, and president of Yale University.

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## PRAYER

*Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools*

Glad hearts to thee we bring;  
 With joy thy name we sing,  
     Father above;  
 Creation praises thee;  
 O'er all around we see  
     Tokens of love.

Thou who in heaven art,  
 To us that grace impart,  
     Our master knew;  
 Aid us like him to live,  
 To thee our young hearts give,  
     Thou only true.

Giver of all our powers,  
 Now in life's morning hours,  
     May they be thine,  
 Pure and from error free,  
 An offering worthy thee,  
     Parent divine.

Unite our souls in love;  
 Smile on us from above,  
     'Till life be o'er;  
 Then gather us to Thee,  
 In thine own fold to be,  
     For evermore.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

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## FAITH

*Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools*

There is a flower, a holy one,  
 That blossoms on my path;  
 No need of dew or daily sun,  
 Or falling showers it hath;  
 It blooms as brightly on the storm,  
 As on the cloudless day,  
 And rears unharmed its humble form,  
 When others fade away.

That plant is Faith; its holy leaves  
 Reviving odors shed

Upon the lowly place of grief,  
 Or mansions of the dead.  
 God is its sun; his living light  
 In happy hours he lends,  
 And silently, in sorrow's night,  
 Religion's dew descends.

Plant of my soul, be fading things  
 By other hands caress'd;  
 But through life's weary wanderings,  
 I'll bear thee in my breast;  
 And when the icy power shall chill  
 The fountains of my breath,  
 Thy loveliness shall cheer me still,  
 E'en the hour of death.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

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## SCENE IN THE BURNING OF ROME BY NERO

George Croly\*

Still we spurred on, but our jaded (exhausted) horses at length sank under us; and leaving them to find their own way into the fields, we struggled forward on foot. The air had hitherto been calm, but now, gusts began to rise, thunder growled, and the signs of tempest thickened on. We gained an untouched quarter of the city, and had explored our weary passage up to the gates of a large patrician palace, when we were startled by a broad sheet of flame rushing through the sky. The storm was come in its rage. The range of public magazines (warehouses) of wood, cordage (rope), tar, and oil, in the valley between the Caelian and Palatine hills had, at at length, been involved in the conflagration.

All that we had seen before was darkness to the fierce splendor of this burning. The tempest tore off the roofs, and swept them like floating islands of fire through the sky. The most distant quarters on which they fell were instantly wrapped in flame. One broad mass, whirling from an immense height, broke upon the palace before us. A cry of terror was heard within; the gates were flung open, and a crowd of domestics and persons of both sexes, attired for a banquet, poured out into the streets. The palace was wrapped in flames. My guide then, for the first time, lost his self-possession. He staggered towards me with the appearance of a man who had received a spear head in his bosom. I caught him before he fell; but his head sunk, his knees bent under him, and his white lips quivered with unintelligible sounds. I could distinguish only the words – “gone, gone, gone forever!”

The flames had already seized upon the principal floors of the palace; and the volumes of smoke that poured through every window and entrance, rendered the attempt to save those still within a work of extreme hazard. But ladders were rapidly placed, ropes were flung, and the activity of the attendants and retainers was boldly exerted, till all were presumed to have been saved, and the building left to burn.

My overwhelmed guide was lying on the ground, when a sudden scream was heard, and a figure, in the robes and with the rosy crown of the banquet, – strange contrast to the fearful situation, – was seen flying from window to window in the upper part of the mansion. It was supposed that she had fainted in the first terror, and been forgotten. The height, the fierceness of the flame, which now completely mastered resistance, the volume of smoke that suffocated every man who approached, made the chance of saving this unfortunate being utterly desperate in the opinion of the multitude.

My spirits shuddered at the horrors of this desertion. I looked round at my companion; he was kneeling, in helpless agony, with his hands lifted up to heaven. Another scream, wilder than ever, pierced my senses. I seized an axe from one of the domestics, caught a ladder from another, and in a paroxysm of hope, fear, and pity, scaled the burning wall. A shout from below followed me. I entered at the first window that I could reach. All before me was cloud. I rushed on, struggled, stumbled over furniture and fragments of all kinds, fell, rose again, found myself trampling upon precious things, plate and crystal, and still, axe in hand, forced my way. I at length reached the banqueting room. The figure had vanished. A strange superstition of childhood, a thought that I might have been lured by some spirit of evil into the place of sudden ruin, suddenly came over me. I stopped to gather my faculties. I leaned against one of the pillars; it was hot; the floor shook and cracked under my tread, the walls heaved, the flame hissed below, and overhead roared the whirlwind, and burst the thunder-peal.

My brain was fevered, the immense golden lamps still burning, the long tables disordered, yet glittering with costly ornaments of patrician luxury; the scattered Tyrian couches; the scarlet canopy that covered the whole range of the tables, and gave the hall the aspect of an imperial pavilion partially torn down in the confusion of the flight, all assumed to me a horrid and bewildered splendor. The smokes were already rising through the crevices of the floor; the smell of flames was on my robes; a huge volume of yellow vapor slowly wreathed and arched round the chair at the head of the banquet. I could have imagined a fearful lord of the feast under that cloudy veil! Everything round me was marked with preternatural (unnatural) fear, magnificence, and ruin.

A low groan broke my reverie. I heard the voice of one in despair. I heard the broken words, “Oh, bitter fruit of disobedience! – Oh, my mother, shall I never see your face again? – For one crime I am doomed. – Eternal mercy, let my crime be washed away – let my spirit ascend pure. – Farewell mother, sister, father, husband.” With that last word I heard a fall, as if the spirit had left the body.

I sprang towards the sound; I met a solid wall. “Horrible illusion,” I cried, “am I mad, or the victim of the powers of darkness?” I tore away the hangings – a door was before me. I burst it through with a blow of the axe, and saw stretched on the floor, and insensible – Salome!

I caught my child in my arms; I bathed her forehead with my tears; I besought her to look up, to give some sign of life, to hear the full forgiveness of my breaking heart. She looked not, answered not, breathed not. To make a last effort for her life, I carried her into the banquet room. But the fire had forced its way there; the wind, bursting in, had carried the flame through the long galleries; and flashes and spires of lurid light, already darting through the doors, gave fearful evidence that the last stone of the palace must soon go down.

I bore my unhappy daughter towards the window; but the height was deadly; no gesture could be seen through the piles of smoke; the help of man was vain. To my increased misery, the current of air revived Salome at the instant when I hoped that, by insensibility, she would escape the final pang. She breathed, stood, and, opening her eyes, fixed on me the vacant stare of one scarcely aroused from sleep. Still clasped in my arms, she gazed again; but my wild face covered with dust, my half burnt hair, the axe gleaming in my hand, terrified her; she uttered a scream, and darted away from me headlong into the center of the burning.

I rushed after her, calling her name. A column of fire shot up between us; I felt the floor sink; all was then suffocation – I struggled, and fell.

### *The Reader’s Guide, 1836*

\* Croly, a native of Ireland, became an Anglican minister, and among other pastorates, served a notorious slum parish in London for years. He was also a noted poet, novelist, and hymn writer. The foregoing is an excerpt from his 1828 novel *Salathiel: The Wandering Jew, A Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future*. It is based upon the ancient legend of a Jew condemned to wander the earth, unaging and undying, until Christ’s return. In this treatment of the legend, the protagonist lead the mob clamoring for Jesus’ crucifixion and is thus cursed by Christ “to tarry until I return” – or was it a blessing? It is a story of the eventual redemption of a man, who, if not evil in the conventional sense, whose blind zealotry led him into a chain of disasters; from the Crucifixion, to the Jewish Rebellion and destruction of Jerusalem, and beyond.

Spoiler alert!

The mysterious guide had been leading the acursed protagonist to that very palace all along, to a surprise reunion with his estranged daughter and son-in-law. The courageous soldier saved his bride, Salome, at the last moment; and the father – he was doomed to survive long after all that was dear to him vanished into dust. Though long forgotten, it was considered one of the finest works in English literature of its day. I have included this selection as an example of a work for *readers*, I mean people who love to read, not just for character and plot, but for the joy of long strung, convoluted, ornamented prose that paints images in the mind. Enjoyment of such prose is very nearly a lost art.

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## THE ROSE OF SHARON

Anonymous

The rose that blooms in yonder vale  
 With fragrance scents the air;  
 But Sharon's rose is sweeter still  
 Its blossoms are more fair.

This plant, derived from Paradise,  
 Delights in sacred ground;  
 On Zion's hill, by Siloa's brook,  
 On Bethlehem's plain 'tis found.

Wet with those dews of love divine,  
 Which once on Herman fell –  
 Warmed by the Sun of righteousness –  
 It buds and blossoms well.

Tend, then, this plant with pious care,  
 Nor think the labor vain;  
 It is an emblem of the heart  
 Where heavenly graces reign.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

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## PILGRIM'S SONG

George Whitfield

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Towards heaven, thy native place.  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay –  
 Time shall soon this earth remove –  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

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## SAFETY IN GOD

Isaac Watts

God is the refuge of his saints,  
 When storms of sharp distress invade;  
 Ere we can offer our complaints,  
 Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
 Down to the deep, and buried there;  
 Convulsions shake the solid world,  
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

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## THE MASSACRE OF SCIO\*

Anonymous

Scio (Chios) is a most lovely island in the Grecian Archipelago. Its climate is delightful, and its soil fertile, producing the most delicious fruits and fragrant flowers. Its capitol, named also Scio, is handsome and well built, and its vicinity ornamented with the villas and gardens of many wealthy merchants, who once resided here in great splendor and luxury. Alas, how has the scene been changed! They who once enjoyed all the luxuries that wealth could purchase or this delightful climate could furnish, who were happy in the bosom of their families, and surrounded with everything that could make life desirable, have either been cruelly slaughtered, or have become wretched slaves or miserable outcasts, wandering without a home or without the means of subsistence. A heart of sensibility must bleed at a recital of the horrors witnessed by this once happy island, horrors from which it will take many years to recover, and which will remain on record as another lamentable proof of the depravity of man and of the savage nature of civil war.

So fearful were the inhabitants of Scio of losing the gratifications they enjoyed, and so effeminate had luxury rendered them, that liberty had no charms for them, and the calls of their fellow countrymen to join them in the glorious struggle for freedom were disregarded. Indeed, so ably had they managed to avoid every appearance of disaffection to their masters, the Turks, that the Ottoman fleet never molested them, till, on one unfortunate occasion, a tumultuary (disorderly) rabble joined the forces of a Greek leader, who landed with a small party of troops, besieged the citadel, and put the Turkish garrison and inhabitants to the sword.

Scarcely was this tragedy completed, when the Ottoman fleet entered the harbor, and the Greek troops, unable to cope with so formidable an armament, fled and left the island to its fate. Although the principal inhabitants had taken no part in the outrage, they were aware of the danger, and instantly repaired on board the ship of the captain pacha, making the most solemn protestations of their innocence and of their fidelity to the Porte (Emperor). They were received with great civility, and their fears quieted by the admirals expressing himself ready to forget all that had passed, and ordering coffee and other refreshments.

They being thus being lulled into a fatal security, the Pacha landed his troops, consisting of about six thousand men, without opposition. Immediately, the work of death began. No distinction was made. The innocent were confounded with the guilty in one indiscriminate slaughter, and the Turks, when weary with their sanguinary (bloody) work, would coolly sheath their bloody sabers, sit beneath the shades of the stately trees, take their pipes and coffee, converse with the utmost indifference or take a nap, and then rise refreshed and renew their horrid employment. No attention was paid to the most earnest protestations of innocence nor supplications for mercy. Neither the silver hairs of age nor the blooming cheeks of beauty wrought compassion in the hearts of the barbarous foe. Shrieks of agony and shouts of exultation were mingled in horrid dissonance. On every side, were seen trembling fugitives pursued by the ferocious murderers, who stabbed children in the arms of their mothers, cut down with their remorseless weapons the aged sire and the hapless youth, vainly trying to ward off the blow each from the other, while the exulting monsters triumphantly exhibited the heads of their victims dripping with gore.

Nor, when the shades of night and the weariness of the assassins gave a short respite to the wretched Sciots, was the scene less appalling. Bloody corpses were scattered over the velvet lawns, among the orange groves, and in the most magnificent apartments as well as in the lowly cottages; and the plaintive lament of heart-broken relatives over the bodies of the slain, and the shuddering cry of despair uttered by those who knew that inevitable death awaited them at the return of day, were as distressing and heart-sickening as the tumult and agonizing shrieks that accompanied the scene of blood and carnage.

Daily was the butchering renewed whilst any victims remained. Some had the good fortune to escape beyond the barrier of the rocky mountains, or into the boats and vessels that were off their coast. But their fate was little to be envied – without a home, without friends, almost without food, many perished from fatigue and famine, while the survivors, bereft of everything they held most dear, suffered the miseries of present privation and the agonies arising from the

recollections of what they once were. Twenty thousand are computed to have perished in this massacre.

When will the happy time arrive, that men, instead of glorying in the destruction of their fellow-creatures, shall heartily join in promoting each other's felicity; when there shall be no national antipathies, no religious differences, but all shall unite in the worship of God and in kind offices to one another.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

\*An infamous incident in the Greek War for liberation.

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE PREACHING OF WHITFIELD\*

Miss Francis (otherwise unidentified)

There was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix<sup>1</sup> could tremble before him. "He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, and his dark eyes small and lively; in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them; but his peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more memorable, than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. his voice excelled, both in melody and compass; and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action, which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requirement for an orator." To have seen him when he first commenced, one would have thought him anything but enthusiastic and glowing; but as he proceeded, his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of everything around him, he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and to beseech in agony for his fellow beings.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt for a long time in profound silence; and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of this audience, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house. Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright, sunny sky of the morning, and swept their shadows over the building in fearful augury (foretelling) of the storm.

His text was, "Strive to enter into the strait (narrow) gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "See that emblem of human life," said he, pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view; – but it is gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like the dark cloud? Oh, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on

the poor unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gather before the throne; and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate; whether you were supremely devoted to God! whether your hearts were absorbed in him.

My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Oh what a plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify (discipline) the flesh with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.

“You, O false and hollow Christian, of what avail will it be that you have done many things; that you have read much in the sacred word; that you have had long prayers; that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven, by acts really polluted and unholy?”

“And you, rich man, wherefore (why) do you hazard your silver? Wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, that, when you are too poor to buy a drop of cool water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot pillowed and cushioned around him.”

His eye gradually lighted up as he proceeded, till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

“Oh, sinners!” he exclaimed, “by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. “SEE THERE!” said he, pointing to the lightning which played on the corner of the pulpit. “ ‘Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! – Hark!” continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building. “It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger!”

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside the pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, “Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness

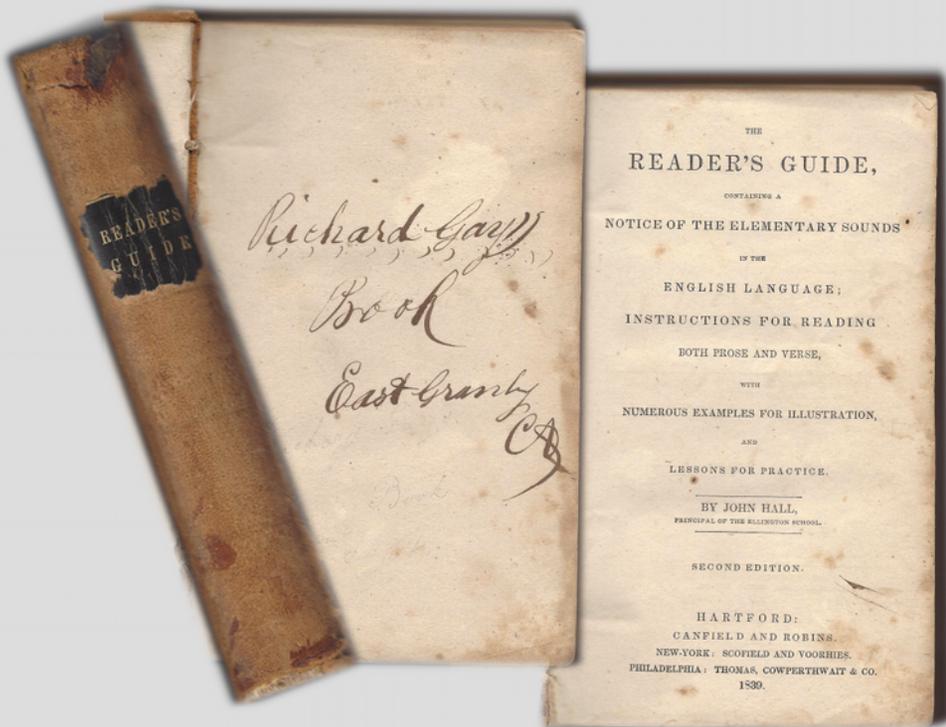
thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.”

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

\*George Whitfield was an Anglican, later Methodist, minister and traveling evangelist whose spellbinding preaching helped initiate the Great Awakening prior to the American Revolution.

1. The Roman governor of Judea before whom Paul the Apostle appeared.

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## CHAPTER 22

*Emerson's First Class Reader*

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Claremont Manufacturing Co.

Claremont, N. H. 1845

## REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE

Anonymous

It was a fine Sabbath morning in 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the state of Vermont, and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares and turmoils of that fearful and long remembered summer, had imprinted an unusually serious look upon the rough, though not unpleasing countenance of the male members of that little congregation. Their rigid features relaxed, however, as they entered that hallowed place, and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary, and played upon the desk, and upon the fine, open countenance of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man, and his whitened locks and tottering frame evidenced that he had numbered his three score and ten years.

Opening the sacred volume, the minister of Christ was about to commence the services of the morning, when a messenger, almost breathless, rushed into the church, and exclaimed, "*The enemy are marching upon our western counties!*" – The aged soldier of the cross announced his text: "He who hath a garment, let him sell it and buy a sword". After a few preliminary and patriotic remarks, he added, in substance, as follows, 'Go up, my friends, I beseech you, to the help of your neighbors against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle, for God will muster his hosts to war.'

Religion is too much interested in the success of this day, not to lend you her influence. As for myself, age sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you – neither have I any representatives of my family to send. My daughters, (pointing at the same time to the pew where sat his aged consort and his two maiden daughters, the only remnants of his family) cannot draw the sword or handle the musket, in defense of their country – but they can do something – they can use the rake and the hoe – so that the toil-worn soldier, when he returns from the field of battle, shall no suffer for the want of the necessaries of life.'

The venerable pastor bowed his head in devotion, and in prayer gave further flow to his deep emotions. When he again looked round, his audience was gone. One by one, they had silently left the house of God,

and ere the sun had that day set, the male inhabitants of the little parish, who were able o bear arms, were far on their way to meet the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington<sup>1</sup>.

*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1833*

1. A major victory of American militia over a mixed force of Hessians, English regulars, Tory irregulars, and Indians; considered a turning point in the Revolutionary War.

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## THE DANGERS OF A MILITARY SPIRIT

Hopkinson\*

The Dangers which our country may apprehend, from the encouragement of a military spirit in our people, have been eloquently portrayed. It is undoubtedly true, that a strong disposition of this sort has been manifested and was rapidly rising, in the people of the United States; and a greater evil could hardly befall us, than the consummation of its ascendancy.

There is something so infatuating in the pomp and triumphs of war, that a young and brave people, who have known but little of its destructive miseries, may require to be guarded against falling into the snare, and led to direct their energies to other and better objects. It is worthy of remark that, in the various ways in which the genius and powers of men display themselves, the military course is the only one eminently dangerous to his species. Genius, in every other department, however dazzling and powerful, is never hurtful, and is generally a blessing to the world.

The stupendous genius of Newton elevated the dignity of man, and brought him nearer to his God; it gave him a path to walk in the firmament, and knowledge to hold converse with the stars. The erratic comet cannot elude his vigilance; nor the powerful sun disappoint his calculations. Yet this genius, so mighty in the production of good, was harmless of evil as a child. It never inflicted injury or pain on any thing that lives or feels.

Shakespeare prepared an inexhaustible feast of instruction and delight, for his own age, and the ages to come; but he brought no tears into the world, but those of fictitious woe, which the other end of his own wand was always ready to cure. It is military genius alone, that must be nourished with blood, and can find employment only in inflicting misery and death upon man.

*Emerson's First Class Reader, 1833*

\*Otherwise unknown

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## GOOD ADVICE

Anonymous

Speak truth, or be silent.

Omit no duty, commit no unkindness.

Be courteous, be compassionate; in honor, preferring one another.

Master your passions or they will master you.

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

Keep the body perfectly pure, as indicative of the purity of the mind within.

Waste nothing: – neither money, nor time, nor talents.

Obey promptly, that you may learn to deserve command.

Without application, the finest talents are worthless; and with it, the humblest are valuable.

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform, without fail, what you resolve.

Let everything have its place – let every business have its order.

He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

The orphan is not he who has lost his parents, but he who has neither talents nor education.

Avoid those who take pleasure in troubling others. There is danger of being burnt if you get too near the fire.

A good book is the best of friends. You may be counseled by it, when you have not a friend in whom you can confide. It does not reveal your secrets, and it teaches you wisdom.

He who would achieve any thing great in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks almost like insanity.

Happiness or misery is in the mind. It is the mind that happiness lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days. Never, therefore, esteem men merely on account of their riches or their station. Respect goodness, find it where you may. Honor talent, wherever you behold it unassociated with vice, but honor it most when accompanied with exertions, and especially, when exerted in the cause of truth and justice, and, above all things, hold it in honor, when it steps forward to protect defenseless innocence against the attacks of powerful guilt.

Eternity is a depth which no geometry can measure, no arithmetic calculate, no imagination conceive, no rhetoric describe. The eye of a dying Christian seems gifted to penetrate depths hid from the wisdom of

philosophy. It looks athwart the dark valley without dismay, cheered by the bright scene beyond. It looks with a kind of chastened impatience to that land where happiness will be holiness perfected. There all the promises of the Gospel will be accomplished. There afflicted virtue will rejoice at its past trials, and acknowledge their subservience to its present bliss. There the secret self-denial of the righteous shall be recognized and rewarded; and all the hopes of the Christian shall there have complete consummation.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon the waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of this earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festival around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory.

And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades – where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

*Emerson's First Class Reader, 1833*

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TYRANNY  
Lord Byron

Thinkest thou there is no tyranny but that  
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice –  
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury –  
The negligence – the apathy – the evils  
Of sensual sloth – produce ten thousand tyrants,  
The worst acts of one energetic master,  
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

*Emerson's First Class Reader, 1833*

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MERCY  
Shakespeare

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;  
'Tis mightiest in the mighty; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power  
Wherein doth set the dread of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptered sway:  
It is enthroned in the heart of kings;  
It is an attribute of God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

*Emerson's First Class Reader, 1833*

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PHILIP OF MOUNT HOPE  
*Exeter News Letter*

A few days previous to the commencement of the distressing war in 1675<sup>1</sup>, which brought almost unparalleled suffering upon the people of New England, and ended in the destruction of Philip and his warlike tribe. This Chief assembled his warriors on the stronghold at Mount Hope, under the pretense of attending a feast; but undoubtedly his true object was to consult them about the impending war, and to remind them of their allegiance.

Philip was arrayed in his royal dress, which consisted of a red blanket, confined at the waist by a broad belt, curiously wrought with wampum of divers colors in various figures of birds and flowers, from which depended two horns of glazed powder; a similar belt encircled his head, hanging down from his back; to this were attached two flags which waved behind him; on his neck he wore another belt reaching to his breast, ornamented with a brilliant star.

Thus equipped, he proceeded to the field entirely surrounded by the thick forest, where, seating himself, he waited with characteristic patience, the arrival of his expected guests. He soon saw Anawon approaching alone, and, knowing his decisive aversion to the project of war, felt rather inclined not to discuss the affair with him, unless in the presence of others. However, there being no alternative, Philip cordially

extended him his hand, saying, "My brother is come up to sup with me." "Anawon is come," said the chief, gravely seating himself near the king.

Notwithstanding the well known taciturnity of the Indians, Philip's haughty spirit was offended at the manner of his favorite, and said, "I believe Anawon has fled from Hobbomoc."

Thus provoked, in his turn, Anawon's Indian notions of dignity allowed him to betray his real feelings, and he calmly replied – "Anawon is not a coward. He never fled from friend or foe. He led the Wampanongs against the enemies of Woosamequin; Philip made him his captain."

"My brother Anawon is a great warrior. He has very brave in battle. He is the foe of the English. He will take their scalps, and burn their wigwams," answered the cunning Philip.

But Anawon shook his head doubtfully, as he said, \_\_ "It is true. The captain of the Wampanongs is no friend to the white people. He will fight them; but they are many. The great Spirit is angry with us, and our young men will be slain."

"If Anawon is afraid, let him go away with the children and squaws," retorted Philip.

"He is not afraid to die in battle, but he will never be taken alive by the English."

"Anawon speaks like himself. We shall drive the white dogs from the face of the earth," said Philip exultingly.

"Will King Philip say this, when the arrows pierce his breast? They will take away his wife and his children. They will live in the houses of his fathers."

The stern warrior wept at this picture of desolation, but his proud spirit would not retract, and he answered, "The English have slain your young men. They have sent them to the happy hunting grounds unprepared for the chase. They are in the land of my fathers. Philip has made many brave men; and they will follow their king into battle."

The decided tone in which this sentence was uttered prevented any further remonstrance on the part of Anawon; and, seeing a host of warriors approaching, he only said as he rose, "Anawon is Philip's warrior."

The feast was in true Indian style, the food being placed on the grass, without any of the appendages of civilized life; the revelers seated themselves promiscuously, without regard to rank or age. To this, succeeded the war-dance and song. Then the wily Philip rose and harangued his guests, upon the injuries they had sustained from their white neighbors; he artfully exaggerated their treatment to Alexander, their false ally; represented, in the fairest point of view, the advantages they would derive from possessing the territory of the English, and

above all, the glory they would acquire. The possibility of being vanquished, he never even hinted. His address was doubly persuasive by the appropriate gestures, with which it was accompanied; and when he said in close, "The voice of King Philip is for war!": War was unanimously decided upon.

The lofty spirit of Philip was true to his resolution; no misfortune could compel him to accede to terms of peace, and his hatred to the colonists ended only with his life.

*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1833*

1. Metacomet, known as 'King Phillip', was a Wampanong chief, and son of Massasoit who had befriended the first white settlers in New England. King Philip's War, as it was known, was a serious threat to the early colonies of New England, with around half of the colonial settlements and towns being attacked, and many wiped out. It eventuated, however, in the near annihilation of the belligerent tribes, and a step towards unification of the New England colonies. Philip was forced back to Mt. Hope, and there killed. The war began in 1675 and lasted until 1678, though Metacomet was killed in 1676. It is also called the 'Great Narragansett War' as the Narragansett tribe was the main belligerent tribe.

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TIME

Mardon

I asked an Aged Man, a man of cares,  
 Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs  
 'Time is the warp of life,' he said, 'O tell  
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!'

I asked the aged Venerable Dead,  
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who have bled;  
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,  
 'Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode.'

I asked a dying Sinner, ere the tide  
 Of life had left his veins; 'Time,' he replied –  
 'I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!' – and he died.

I asked the Golden Sun and Silver Spheres,  
 Those bright chronometers of days and years;  
 They answered, 'Time is but a meteor glare,  
 And bids us for Eternity prepare.'

I asked the Seasons in their annual round,  
 Which beautify and desolate the ground;  
 And they replied (no oracle more wise)  
 'Tis folly's loss, and virtue's highest prize.'

I asked a Spirit Lost; but oh! the shriek  
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.  
It cried – ‘A particle, a speck, a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite!’

Of things inanimate, my dial (sundial) I  
Consulted, and it made me this reply:  
‘Time is the season fair of living well,  
The path of Glory, or the path of Hell.’

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,  
‘Time is the present hour, the past is fled’  
Live! live today! Tomorrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set.’

I asked Old Father Time himself at last;  
But in a moment he flew quickly past;  
His chariot was a cloud; the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the Mighty Angel<sup>1</sup>, who shall stand  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;  
‘By heaven,’ he cried, ‘I swear the mystery’s o’er,  
Time was!’ he cried; but Time shall be no more.’

*Emerson’s First-Class Reader, 1833*

1. Revelation 10:5.

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## THE IMMIGRANT'S ABODE IN OHIO

T. Flint

In making remoter journeys from the town, beside the rivulets, and in the little bottoms not yet in cultivation, I discerned the smoke rising in the woods, and heard the strokes of the ax, the tinkling of bells, and the baying of dogs, and saw the newly-arrived emigrant either raising his log cabin, or just entered into possession.

It has afforded me more pleasing reflections, a happier train of associations, to contemplate these beginnings of social toil in the wide wilderness, than, in our more cultivated regions, to come in view of the most sumptuous mansions.

...

In the midst of these primeval scenes, the patient and laborious father fixes his family. In a few weeks that have reared a comfortable cabin

and other outbuildings. Pass the place in two years, and you will see extensive fields of corn and wheat, a young and thrifty orchard, fruit trees of all kinds, – the guarantee of present abundant subsistence, and of future luxury.

Pass it in ten years, and the log buildings will have disappeared. The shrubs and forest trees will be gone. The Arcadian aspect of humble and retired abundance and comfort, will have given place to a brick house, with accompaniments like those that attend the same kind of house in the older countries.

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*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1833*

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## PUBLIC FAITH

Ames

To expatiate (speak) on the value of faith may pass with some men for declamation (empty rhetoric) – to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will argue – can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can any thing tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind, it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

.....

It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.

For, what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? ...

*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1833*

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## THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION

S. Smith

A righteous man is a happy man, because he is a free man, and the servant to no inward lust. He can act up to his own decisions, and when he sees what is right, he can do it. He has found from experience, that the impulse of passions may be withstood, till the resistance becomes habitually strong, and the passion habitually weak.

While the sinner stands trembling, and says to himself, shall I enjoy this one pleasure? shall I tempt the mercy of God only this once? the righteous man treads down Satan beneath his feet, defends his soul, and walks on to his salvation, unheeding bad pleasures that lure him from eternity.

If there is wretchedness upon earth, it is to live by a rule which we perpetually violate; first, to convince ourselves that the thing is right, that prudence requires it, that the world approves it, that religion ordains it; then when the eye is tempted, when the heart is touched only by the faint beginnings of pleasure, to forget prudence, to forget the world, to forget religion, to enjoy, and to repent.

He, who has suffered this long, hates and despises himself; he can see nothing venerable in his own nature; nothing but that levity and voluptuousness, which he would despise in others, and which, in spite of all self-love, he knows to be despicable in himself.

The most miserable of human beings are professed sinners, men who despise rule, who look upon their passions as mere instruments of pleasure, and are determined to extract from life, every drop of amusement it can afford. The last excess is stale, and tiresome; there must be a higher degree of emotion; when everything else is exhausted, the destruction of all decency affords some little entertainment; to laugh at religion is, for sometime new, and amusing. But immodesty, and blasphemy soon weary, and the sinner finds, that he has not chosen the path of pleasantness and peace.

In fact, putting aside all religious considerations, there is not a greater mistake in the world, than to suppose, that a profligate man is a happy man. He *seems* to be happy, because his enjoyments are more visible, and ostentatious; but is in truth a very sorry, and shallow impostor, who may deceive the young, but is laughed at by the wise, and by all who know in what true happiness consists.

The truly happy man is he, who has early discovered, that he carries within his own bosom his worst enemies, that the contest must be manfully entered into; that if righteousness does not save him from his

worst enemies, that if righteousness does not save him from his sinful appetites, they will rule him, up to the moment of the grave; that they will bend him down to the earth, and tear, and rend him like the bad spirits in scripture; that his fame will be sullied, his mind and body wasted away, and his substance destroyed.

When Solomon saw these things, when he beheld one man groaning with despair, another writhing with disease, when he beheld the follies, the errors, and crimes of the world, and and could see nothing placid, nothing calm, nothing stable, but the righteous man; then he said, (and oh how truly, and wisely he said it) the ways of that man are the ways of pleasantness, and his paths the paths of peace.

A religious man is happy because he is secure; because it is not in the power of accident, or circumstance, to disclose any secret guilt; as he is, he has long been; he can refer to the blameless tenor of years; to a mind long exercised in avoiding offense towards God, and towards man! His present enjoyments are never polluted, by bitter remembrances of the past; whatever he has of honor, or consideration among men, he has it honestly, and safety; it does not depend upon their ignorance, nor upon his dexterity, nor upon any fortunate combination of events.

The more men know him, the more they love him; the more they try him, the more plainly they are convinced that he follows after righteousness as the truest wisdom, and that this feeling is the plain and simple key to all his actions. Herein it is that the sinner so grossly miscalculates his happiness, and that he is so bitterly taunted by the great masters of ethics in the scriptures; that he has lost that, in which the pleasantness and comfort of righteousness principally consists; the inviolable feeling of security by which it is accompanied.

Believe me, whether you have sold this for money, or parted with it for ambition, or bartered it for the joy of some vile appetite, you have lost the purest and noblest instrument of human happiness. The time will come, when you will say to yourself, why did I do this? why did I give up my pleasant innocence? why cannot I look upon every man that I meet, with the same firmness and cheerfulness with which I was wont?

In this short, and passing life, there is nothing which can repay a man for the loss of his own conscious purity. In extreme old age, he will loathe the chariots, and the horses, the purple, the fine linen, and the sumptuous fare, the price of his soul, and will remember, (when it is too late,) that the ways of righteousness were pleasant, and her paths the paths of peace.

*The American First Class Book, 1833*

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CHAPTER 23  
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION  
No. 1122 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

THE PEACH-ORCHARD ROBBERY, 1857

Little Hugh Dunmore had a kind, good mother. Oh, how she loved little Hugh! for he was her only child, and she was a widow: and she had nothing else in the world to love. Mrs. Dunmore feared God, and her great desire for Hugh was that he might grow up to be a good and useful man. For this she prayed morning and night, – alone, and with her little son. She instructed him faithfully in the bible, and tried to lead him to give his heart to God while he was young.

Mrs. Dunmore was a poor woman, and, for the sake of giving Hugh good learning, she denied herself many comforts and necessities. When he was sick with a fever, she took her very last sixpence and went to a store and bought him an orange because he begged so earnestly for one. She watched him patiently day and night; and though she had to rise early in the morning and work hard all day, she never complained if he woke her many times at night to do little things to make him feel easier. When he got better, she told him that it was God who raised him up from his sickbed, and begged him to show his gratitude by loving Him and devoting himself to His service.

Would you not think that a boy who had such a good, kind, loving mother would be a good boy? But I have known boys who were loved and watched over and prayed for, and who disappointed all the fond wishes of their kind parents, and almost broke their hearts. Pious parents cannot *make* your hearts good, dear children; the Spirit of God alone can change them. I never despair of a boy, as long as he lives, who has had a praying father or mother; and yet we do sometimes see, that when a boy despises all the instructions and counsels of his pious parents, and goes in the way of bad boys, and does what he knows to be wrong, God seems to give him up to his own course, and he dies a miserable death, and there is never any hope for him after that.

Sometimes God chooses other ways of dealing with them, and brings such punishment upon them in this life as to call them to reflect upon their sins and to repent; and then, though the ways he takes may seem harsh and severe, it is all done in mercy, and to prevent more fearful suffering. We will see how God dealt with little Hugh.

This little boy did not receive gratefully the pious instruction of his mother. When she sent him to Sunday School, he did not pay attention to what his teacher said, but played and took off the attention of the

other boys. He always had some excuse for not knowing his lessons, and at length, when his kind mother supposed he was in Sunday-school he, he played truant, and went with some bad boys with whom he had become acquainted in the day-school, – sometimes to the lake shore to play, and sometimes to the woods for nuts.

I cannot say that Hugh's conscience never gave him any trouble when he first began to deceive his kind mother and thus to break the holy Sabbath-day; but a little boy can do almost what he chooses with his conscience. His conscience is like his new knife; it is very sharp at first, and may be very useful to him, but if he abuses it he soon makes it's edge very dull, and it does him no more good. Oh, take care, my dear boy, how you blunt the edge of your conscience. Every time you do what something within tell you is wrong, you dull your conscience a little, and it will not serve you so well the next time.

And here I want to say a word to my friends the Sunday-school teachers. I dare say, when Hugh's teacher first noticed his absence, he thought, "I must find out where Hugh is before next Sunday;" but the business of the week took up his attention, and the next Sunday found Hugh absent again. Then perhaps his teacher thought, "It may be Hugh is sick; I really *must* go this week to his mother's house and find out what is the matter with him." The teacher's conscience, perhaps, troubled him, but teacher's consciences may be blunted as well as those of their scholars; and so things went on, till Hugh's teacher had become quite accustomed to the little boy's absence, and after a while forgot that he ever had such a scholar!

I have a dear little Sunday-school class myself. There are eight or ten scholars in it, and I make it a rule, whenever a scholar is absent, to be sure and know, before the next Sabbath, the reason of that scholar's absence. Oh, if all Sunday-school teachers could have heard Mrs. Dunmore's heart-broken reproaches of little Hugh's teacher for his want of faithfulness in this respect., I think they never would forget to inquire where their *absent* scholars spend the Lord's Day.

*Bad boys make very poor friends.* Remember that. It is always so! They will lead you on, and make use of you for their own benefit; and when they have brought you into trouble, they will leave you to find your own way out. This is the friendship of wicked boys; and so poor Hugh discovered to his sad cost.

One Sunday in the autumn, when Hugh was playing with these four or five bad boys by the lake shore, one of them looked over a high fence and exclaimed, "Oh, boys, do look at those peaches; don't you think we shall be great fools not to help to lighten old Wilkins' trees for him?"

“I think so,” said another, with a loud laugh: “I think it’s our duty, and I always try to do my duty in this respect. Old Wilkins is as rich and stingy as he can be. He’ll never give away a peach in the world, and he, too rich to sell them; and we may as well take them as to have them rot on the trees.”

“You’d better not try it today, boys, anyhow,” said a third boy; “Old Wilkins never goes to church, and he watches his orchard all day Sunday. You may depend his eye is on these peach trees now. If we mean to have any of them, we must wait for a weekday.”

Hugh was really shocked when he heard these bad boys talk of stealing. They had been a little careful at first not to show at once how very bad they were, because they knew Hugh had been well taught, and they did not wish to frighten him away from their company. They had led him on gradually from one thing to another, till now he was not at all startled to hear them profane the name of God, and he was beginning to learn to do so himself. The boys separated, and Hugh went home to his mother, who was so feeble that she was not able to get out and go to church, and thus did not know how her wicked little boy spent the sacred hours.

You have often heard that one sin brings on another; and so it was with Hugh. Many a story did he tell his mother when she asked him how he got on at Sunday-school, and she – poor woman – never suspected how far her son had traveled in the downward road that leads to everlasting death.

One afternoon during that week, when Hugh was busy making a boat (for that was a holiday-week at his school), a boy knocked at his mother’s door and asked Hugh to go and take a walk with him. Hugh quickly got his cap and went out with the boy, and in a few minutes they were joined by the other boys with whom Hugh had been in the habit of spending his Sundays. In a little time they found themselves by the fence of the peach orchard where the trees hung laden with the delicious fruit.

“Now, boys, is our time,” said one of Hugh’s companions: “Old Wilkins is away, and the coast is clear. Bill and I will watch here, and you three get over and take the peaches.”

But Hugh drew back and looked frightened.

“Boys, “ said he, “I never have stolen in my life, and I don’t like to do it!” “Who calls it *stealing*?” said the largest boy, roughly. “I don’t: it’s only taking a few peaches that will never be missed.”

“But they don’t belong to us,” said Hugh, “and we have no right to take them.”

“But they will belong to us soon,” said the first speaker; “and if you don’t go with us, I know how to inform your mother where you have spent your Sundays all this summer.”

This and various other arguments were employed to do away Hugh’s objections to stealing; and at last, as my young reader has probably foreseen, Hugh, with two of the boys, climbed the fence, while the other two remained outside to guard against surprise.

“Now, Hugh,” said one of the boys, “you are the smallest and lightest: we’ll help you up, and then you can eat all the peaches you want while you are throwing down to us.”

In a moment Hugh was in the tree, but in another moment he heard the deep, hoarse bark of a ferocious watchdog, who came bounding down the orchard. Hugh looked down, but his companions had fled and left him. His first thought was to follow them and escape the dog if possible; but as he got near the ground, the fierce animal reached the foot of the tree, and springing up, he seized hold of Hugh’s pans with his teeth, and quickly brought him to the ground.

Hugh sprang up and made for the nearest fence, the huge dog still keeping hold of his leg and tearing it cruelly with its teeth. The fence, which he soon reached, separated the orchard from the highway; and a gentleman who was driving by, hearing the screams of the child and the growling of the dog, came to Hugh’s assistance. But he never could have driven off the dog had not a countryman, who was driving along in the opposite direction, come to his aid. Together they succeeded in beating off the enraged animal, and then dragged Hugh over the fence.

“Now, my boy,” said the gentleman, “let this be a lesson to you never to try to steal fruit again.”

He then asked Hugh where he lived, and, finding that the countryman was going in the same direction, he asked him to take the suffering child home. Hugh did not dare to have the man take him to his mother’s door, fearing that some questions might be asked in his presence which would bring out his sin before his mother; so he concealed his sufferings from the countryman as much as possible, and when he drew near his home he said, “Please let me out here, sir: I can run home now.”

But when came to walk, he found it a harder thing to do than he had supposed when sitting still in the countryman’s wagon. He was obliged to take hold of the fence and drag himself along; and when he reached

his mother's door, he crawled in and fell on the floor, groaning in dreadful agony.

His poor mother was much distressed, but she did not trouble him with many questions. To those she did ask, he answered that he was playing in the street with some boys, when a huge dog came along and sprang at him and bit him, and it was with some difficulty that some men who were near succeeded in driving him off. His mother believed every word, for she had never caught Hugh in a falsehood yet. She bathed his leg, which was badly torn in many places by the teeth of the dog, and bandaged it up, and put him to bed.

All that night Hugh lay in dreadful suffering. His leg became inflamed, and swelled very much, and the agony of his conscience, together with his extreme pain, brought on a high fever; so that early in the morning his mother sent for a physician. She was exceedingly alarmed, for she feared the dog might have been mad, and that her little boy might be going to have the hydrophobia.

The physician came, and went up to Hugh's bedside, and examined his leg; and the first words he said were, – "My poor boy, you are learning early that 'the way of the transgressors is hard.'"

his physician was the very gentleman who had been driving by the peach orchard in his gig, and had gone to the assistance of little Hugh! See how Good orders that iniquity shall be made known. He says, "Be sure your sins shall find you out:" and so it always does, sooner or later.

When Mrs. Dunmore heard the first words of the physician to little Hugh, of course she asked an explanation of it; and then the whole story came out, and a great deal more besides; for Hugh's conscience would not let him rest till he had made a full disclosure to his poor mother of his wickedness and the deception he had practiced upon her.

And how would you think she felt? Oh, how the great tears rained down from her checks, as, kneeling by her little boy's bedside she begged – oh, so earnestly! – of her heavenly Father that for Jesus' sake he would pardon her wicked little boy! Oh, who can tell the sufferings of a mother when she discovers that a dear child has deceived her so, and that he has gone far away from all that is right and good? How she cries from her very heart, "Oh that God had taken him in his infancy rather than let him grow up in sin! Oh, God, spare him, and do not, I beseech thee, cut him off in his wickedness!"

I do not know what became of Hugh, but I am sure he had been taught a lesson which he could not easily forget.

I will commend the reader to a divine song, the remembrance of which may help preserve him from the course that Hugh tried so much to his sorrow.

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### THE ALL-SEEING GOD

Almighty God, thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night,  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor a wicked word we say,  
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ  
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and publish'd there? –  
Be all exposed before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;  
Upwards I dare not look:  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt,  
And let his blood wash out my stains  
And answer for my guilt.

Oh, that I may now forever fear  
T' indulge a sinful thought;  
Since the great God can see and hear  
And writes down every fault.

American Sunday School Union, 1857

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American Sunday School Union  
*Scenes in Georgia, 1827*

THE TWO COUSINS;  
or  
THE EXAMPLE AND THE WARNING.  
Isabel Drysdale\*

Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with them, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. "Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

Part 1.

Little Alice and Annette were cousins. They lived in a small sea-port town, and their mothers' houses were separated only by a narrow street; hence the children were constantly together, and there grew such an affection from this early intimacy, as made these little girls very interesting to all who knew them. The neighbors often noticed it, and even strangers stopped to admire the beautiful picture they presented of sisterly fondness, as they were frequently seen, straying hand in hand along the sea beach, searching for shells; the print of their small footsteps in the soft sand, might often be traced to the very edge of the water, but no danger was apprehended for them; the tender carefulness of Annette, the eldest, always interposing to restrain them from improper hazards.

Their parents delighted to encourage these sentiments in their children. Alice was permitted to watch for Annette, the most forward peach on her mother's tree, from the first faint tinge of pink, until its velvet down grew rich with crimson ripeness; and in like manner, Annette was always reminded to share with her little cousin, all the good things which her father's fondness lavished on her.

It was the springtime of life with them now; the sun never set upon lighter hearts; for placed in a station of lowly comfort, their time was left pretty much at their own disposal, provided they accomplished their little tasks, and observed the stated hours for meals. They might usually be seen seated under the shade of an old mulberry, which grew upon the borders of the green village common, enjoying their mimic feast of wild fruit and gingerbread, served up on acorn cups, and shining bits of broken china. Here they would continue until the meridian sun warned that "dinner time was come," then with loitering steps they turned homewards; but if the large spring butterfly, with its bright yellow wings, chanced to cross their path, they were soon diverted from their course, and the eager chase commenced across the field and thicket, to

gain nothing, at last, but the traces of golden dust upon their fingers as the reward of their wearisome pursuit.

Such was the happy childhood of Alice and Annette. Their mothers were sisters by birth, but not in character. The mother of Alice had “remembered her creator in the days of her youth,” walking in all the ways of his commandments with humble and affectionate diligence; and she had felt it her delight, as well as her duty to allure her child after her in the same course. Often was the rosy face of Alice wet with her tears, as she offered fervent aspirations over the sleeping babe; and as her infant mind advanced, that “fear of the lord which is the beginning of wisdom,” was constantly instilled in it, so that a tender awe inspired her youthful spirit; preserving her from those immoralities, which are so common in childhood, and leading her gently forward to the knowledge of more excellent things.

But the lot of Annette was not so happy; her mother was one of those careless women who live at ease, “without God and without hope in the world.”

“What shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?” were the busy and relentless thoughts constantly revolving in her mind; and though she often went to church, and sometimes read her bible, yet it was evident that the bustling activity of her profession, with occasional pastime, shut out all serious thoughts, and there was no room for God in a heart which was filled with “the cares and pleasures of this life.” Besides this, as is too common with those who have “no fear of God before their eyes,” her sense of morality was not very strict. She was violent against gross offenders, but “sinning in the small way,” did not, in the least, disturb her conscience. She kept a little confectionery, and Annette was often desired to tell the customers that cakes, which had been in the shop for more than a week, were “quite fresh:” and she well recollected that on a certain occasion when her mother, through the mistake of a child, received twenty-five cents instead of twelve and a half, she observed that if it had been a dollar she would have returned it, but there was no harm in a *little cheating*. But “he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.”

Thus poor little Annette was early trained to sin; yet her amiable and affectionate temper recommended her to all her friends, and she generally passed for a very good child; but her loose and unprincipled education was secretly at work, and its action might be traced in many a characteristic action.

When Annette was about nine years of age, and Alice seven, a very excellent young lady took charge of the village school. Both of the children were sent to her, and Miss Sydney soon became attached, by

the intelligence and sweet behavior of her little scholars. It happened that their way to school led them by an elegant garden, and the children often stopped to admire the bright flowers and dark evergreens with which it was adorned.

One pleasant morning, as they stood as usual, gazing on this brilliant scene, their attention was attracted by a very beautiful and uncommon rose bush, which had been trained along the garden rail, and now hung in rich and tempting clusters of the brightest carnation. As they stood enchanted with its beauty, the morning breeze bore its delicious perfume by them, and Annette, standing upon tiptoe, stretched her hand up to one of the lowest flowers, and said, "See, Alice, I can reach it."

"O do not touch it cousin," replied the frightened Alice.

"Why, what harm is there in taking a flower," answered Annette, at the same time breaking off one of the lowest branches. At this moment they heard someone speak in the garden, and both the terrified children ran away as quickly as possible.

Annette was now heartily sorry that she had taken the roses, for though she was not ashamed to do what was wrong, the thought of detection alarmed her very much. However, when they had reached some distance, and she found that they were not pursued, she dismissed her fears, and began to enjoy her prize. Not so, Alice. With a heavy heart and dejected countenance, she entered the school room, and instead of joining as usual, in the sports of her companions, she seated herself sorrowfully at her desk.

The little girls all crowded around Annette.

"O, what beautiful roses! Where did you get them Annette?"

"In my mother's garden," replied the ready inventor.

"Why, I did not know that your mother had any garden."

"What will you do with them, Annette?"

"I shall give them to Miss Sydney." Accordingly, soon after Miss Sydney appeared, and the little laughing, chattering throng dispersed to their seats, and the buzz of study succeeded the noise of play. As soon as she was seated, Annette presented her flowers, and received an affectionate smile in reward. The rare beauty of the flowers induced Miss Sydney to make the same inquiries which Annette had before received from the little girls, and with great confidence, she made the same replies.

Who now was so happy and triumphant as Annette? She cast an exulting glance towards the the downcast Alice, and proceeded with alacrity to her lessons.

But her satisfaction was of short continence, for very soon they heard a tap at the door, and when it was opened, the gentleman whose garden she had robbed, appeared.

The two girls were standing up to read when he entered, and the consternation painted in their countenances could not escape the observation of their instructress. The gentleman took Miss Sydney apart, and after a short conversation withdrew; but it was some minutes before Miss Sydney returned to them, and when she did, there was an expression of concern and perplexity in her countenance, which greatly increased the alarm of the little offender. Taking the Testament from them, she turned to the chapter containing the history of Ananias and Sapphira, and desired them to read it. When they had finished the lesson, she took the book from Alice, who had read the last verse, and fixing a scrutinizing glance upon her, inquired what she thought of this history.

“T’is very dreadful, very awful ma’am,” stammered the child, who now felt, by the coldness and severity of her manner, that Miss Sydney included her in the offense of her cousin.

“It is indeed an awful warning,” replied Miss Sydney, “and against what sins is it particularly directed?” Alice’s face was now hidden in her apron, but she murmured out, “against lying.”

“Against falsehood, and the unrighteous taking of that which does not belong to us. And how do you feel Alice, when you read that awful account of the wrathful judgments of God? Do you remember that the commandments of the lord are very broad, and they reach even to the thoughts and desires of the heart?”

“it is impossible that you have sinned in the same degree with Ananias and Sapphira; but say, did you never wrong the property of another, even in trifles” Did you never take even a flower, to which you had no right?”

Poor Alice was sobbing ready to break her little heart during this address, but when Miss Sydney made this direct allusion, the consciousness of her innocence armed her with courage, and wiping away her tears, she looked up with a serene countenance, and said mildly, but steadily, “No ma’am, I never did.”

There was something in her manner that removed, at once, the suspicions of Miss Sydney; she held out her hand, and kindly drew the little girl to her, saying "I hope and believe that you never did. But you, Annette, what shall I say to you? Of your guilt there is no doubt, and I fear that your tears flow rather from shame and fear than repentance."

Miss Sydney continued to speak to Annette for some time; she told her that the property of others ought to be sacred in our sight: that if we allow ourselves to tamper with this feeling in trifles, we shall gradually grow bold in sin, and sink deeper and deeper into corruption. She also taught her that the God of truth looks with deep indignation on the false hearted, whose "lying lips" are an abomination to him; and; and though his wrath may not always flame out against them in the world, yet, whosoever loveth and maketh a lie," shall most surely be shut out forever from his presence.

The offense of Annette had been public, Miss Sydney judged it proper, therefore, to make her punishment so: she caused a seat to be placed apart from the other children, and forbade her holding the least communication with them during the following week. The spirit of Annette revolted at this disgrace – the whole day was consumed in passionate crying and sobbing, and when she returned home, she relieved her mortification and distress by the most violent expressions of resentment against her teacher. It may be readily supposed that her mother's loose notions of morality prepared her to view the conduct of Miss Sydney as over-rigorous. Her daughter's disgrace irritated her naturally violent temper, and in the heat of excitement, she sent an insolent and threatening message to Miss Sydney, which produced the immediate dismissal of Annette from her school. This unhappy step sealed the ruin of Annette; she was thus withdrawn from the salutary influence of Miss Sydney's instructions, and left to mold her character by the evil example of her mother. Added to this, there were peculiar temptations in the circumstances in which she was now placed; for her mother, finding her useful in the shop, devolved almost the whole care of it upon her.

At first a handful of raisins, or one or two sugar plums, formed the extent of her thefts; but gradually enlarging her desires, she increased her guilt, seldom failing to gratify them by some unlawful indulgence. So that the little girl at the confectionery became noted through the whole town for falsehood and dishonesty.

But let us turn for a time from this melancholy picture of youthful depravity, to trace the gradual and beautiful development of better principles in the happier Alice. Alice was not faultless. By nature, she, as all others, was a child of wrath; but wholesome instructions, and good habits had greatly restrained this natural evil; and we may humbly

conclude that the Holy Spirit, whose assistance her infant lips had daily asked with reverent feeling (even before she understood the meaning of her own words) was well pleased with the early sacrifice; and according to her petition, gave her “a new heart, and taught her to love God, and all the world.”

But while I describe Alice as a *religious* child, my little readers must not suppose that she was melancholy, moping, and dejected. These are not the “peaceable fruits of righteousness:” on the contrary, no step upon the village green was lighter, or more joyous than hers; and among the rosy, laughing faces, which mustered there at evening play, none shone with more heartfelt gladness and contentment. Yet she had her seasons of serious and solemn feeling. When the rising sun shot his crimson beams through the white curtain, which shaded the window of her little room, Alice arose from her peaceful pillow, which prayer had consecrated; and while dressing, she composed her thoughts to seriousness by repeating little prayers, taught her for the purpose by her mother. “I laid me down and slept,” the pious child would say, “and rose me up again, for the Lord sustained me.” “My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer to thee, and will look up.”

Then reaching down her Bible from its little nook upon her shelf of books, she read with reverent attention, a certain portion appointed by her mother. And who can tell how often an heavenly light has beamed upon its lowly student; or how the simple child went forth from these lonely readings with a mind more deeply enriched with that knowledge which “maketh wise unto salvation,” than attends the laborious researches, and careful investigations of the mere scholastic reader?

It was thus that Alice was prepared for her morning devotions; but it must not be supposed that “being fervent in spirit,” she was therefore “slothful in business” – by no means. Through all her duties ran the spirit which is breathed in an excellent precept, often addressed by her mother: “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest:” and, “Whither thou goest, my Alice, most certainly, and perhaps sooner than you now expect; for your golden ringlets may find their place in the dust even before these silver hairs.”

Thus habitually familiar with the idea of death, Alice learned to contemplate it with serious composure, always accompanied with a solemn awe; and if these thoughts sometimes chastened the extravagance of youthful spirits, they did not in the main lessen her cheerfulness, for that was founded upon the “answer of a good conscience towards God.”

In church, Alice was always quiet and attentive, for though she could not understand the whole sermon, she seldom failed to find something that was level with her capacity; and the instruction which she gleaned in this way was not small or unimportant. And when their aged pastor called the children around him to catechize (repeat the catechism) them, her correct and feeling replies always attracted his attention; his countenance softening into complacent approbation whenever she spoke, and he seldom passed her without laying his hand upon her head in affectionate benediction.

But the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The serene and happy days of Alice glided swiftly away, and the child was fast changing into a woman. Her light curled hair was shading into deeper brown, and she was rapidly increasing both in stature and wisdom. Childhood's careless sports and simple delights were gone, but in their place came the substantial satisfaction of growing knowledge, and active usefulness. She was no longer the little, fearful child holding her mother's gown as she walked beside her to church, but the tall maiden, whose arm sustained the feeble steps of her declining parent. In like manner, every toil was lightened, and every infirmity softened by her industrious care, and soothing attention.

When Alice had reached her fourteenth year, her excellent friend and instructress was seized with a lingering illness which terminated in her death. During the wearisome months which were appointed her, the grateful girl was her constant and indefatigable attendant; every moment which could be spared from her necessary business at home was spent in Miss Sydney's sick room; and many a lesson of meek endurance did she receive whilst ministering to the patient sufferer. Her conversation, too, was peculiarly instructive and useful to her young friend; and often did Alice, in after life, recall those affectionate counsels which had proved to her indeed more precious than rubies.

One dull rainy September evening, she was detained later than usual with Miss Sydney. As she was lying very still and apparently asleep, Alice drew the curtains around her bed, and placing herself by one of the windows, she sat watching the rain as it pattered against the glass, with a countenance which showed that her thoughts were much, and seriously engaged. After a little, she turned, and discovered that Miss Sydney had withdrawn the curtain, and was looking very intently at her.

"I should like to know what you are thinking of, my dear Alice, with such an appearance of emotion," she inquired.

Alice blushed, and drawing her chair near the bed, replied, "I was thinking of an observation that you made this morning ma'am. I

understood you, that we might observe many things that the Bible commands; might pray often, read the scriptures, go to church, give alms, and do many other excellent things, and yet fall short of salvation. O my dear Miss Sydney, I know that I shall never be perfect, and this makes me very uneasy.”

“My good girl, I find that you do not exactly understand this matter, and if you can stay with me a little longer, we will converse further about it. You are acquainted with the history of our first parents, how they fell from their happy estate, and by their transgressions brought the righteous displeasure of God upon themselves and all their posterity, so that we are all by nature children of wrath; but there is a way in which we may escape God’s righteous indignation and enjoy his favor.

Miss Sydney paused, and after a moment’s hesitation Alice timidly replied, “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life,”

“Most true: and can we suppose, my dear child, that the God of infinite love, would have given up the Son of his bosom to a life of wearisome wanderings and distressing persecutions, to taste at length the bitterness of death, with particular aggravations, if it had been possible for him in any other way, to receive us into happiness? If tears, and prayers, and deeds of *ours* could purchase peace with God, and reconcile our offended Creator, the sorrows of Christ had never been: the crown of thorns had never pressed his sacred temples, nor unspeakable anguish wrung from him that mournful complaint, ‘My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.’”

“O no, Miss Sydney, I never meant that – I never thought that. I only supposed that a real Christian must be very, very good.”

“I would have you, Alice, in the first place, fully establish this truth in your mind, that Christians are not saved by their own goodness; but simply because they believe on the Son of God. You remember that when the Jews inquired of Christ, ‘What shall we do, that we may work the works of God?’ he replied, ‘This is the work of God, that you believe on him whom he hath sent.’ ‘By his stripes are we healed,’ and if we shall see the face of God in comfort, it is because ‘the chastisement of our peace was laid on him.’ Do you understand this?”

“I believe I do: ‘He hath borne our sins in his own body on the tree,’ that ‘God might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.’”

“Let us return to the remark which drew on this conversation. You *fear* that you will never be perfect; my dear Alice, I know that you will never

be all you wish, until you have joined that blessed company in whose hands are the palms of victory, and whose robes are the white and spotless garments of immortal righteousness. Yet be not discouraged, the promises of God are full of cheering. ‘Him that cometh to me,’ says the Redeemer, ‘I will in no wise cast out;’ and he delights to describe himself as that good shepherd, who bears the young and feeble lambs of his flock in his own bosom, and who, far from despising their weakness, cherishes them with the more abundant love and carefulness. But remember, my dear child, these blessed comforts of religion belong only to those who are earnestly and sincerely striving after holiness; if we love Christ we will keep his commandments, and if we would dwell with God hereafter, we must walk with him here; for no unholy thing shall enter the gates of that heavenly city, which is the dwelling of him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.”

Miss Sydney was now so much fatigued with speaking, that Alice begged her to say no more at present; and after taking an affectionate leave, she returned home “to ponder these sayings, and lay them up in her heart.”

The next day was even more rainy and uncomfortable, and Alice was constrained to forego her usual visit to her friend. But though deprived of this opportunity of improvement, and alone in her quiet chamber, she found it good “to commune with her own heart, and be still.”

One subject filled her anxious thoughts. “Did she indeed believe?” Was her’s the blessedness of that man “whose sin is covered, to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity?” Many difficulties occurred to embarrass her. She did not fully understand what *believing* meant; it was still less easy to know her own deceitful heart, and young and timid, she distrusted herself, and feared that she was attempting things too high for her.

But he who guides the helpless sparrow through the air will never abandon to hopeless and bewildering doubts, that lowly and tender spirit which “trembleth at his word,” and whose asking eyes are towards the habitation of mercy. Such, he will satisfy early with his goodness; and Alice, perplexed and disquieted, was yet not utterly cast down. Doubtful and uncertain of other things, she could say, with the affecting earnestness of the heart-stricken Peter, “*Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.*” The actings of our own spirits are often mysterious to us; but this was a simple feeling, and she clung to it with the placid assurance that it had come down to her from above. The history and imagery of scripture were perfectly familiar to her, and now she called to mind all the loving tenderness of the Redeemer while he sojourned among men. She remembered that when the sinful Mary kneeled at his feet, washing them with tears, and “did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and

kissed his feet," her mournful caresses were more precious to the Saviour than all the Pharisee's stately hospitality, because *she loved much*.

It was recorded too, that Jesus loved the family of Bethany, and Alice thought she could perceive the reason; for Mary sat at his feet, and heard his words with delight and devotion; and Martha, full of affectionate zeal for his comfort, ministered unto him. Above all, she dwelt upon that direct promise: "Them that love me, I will love, and those that seek me early shall find me."

In musings such as these, the heart of Alice was comforted with that "peace which passeth understanding." With meek confidence, and ineffable tenderness, she could now look up to him that seeth in secret, and say, "Abba, Father, Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth that I desire besides thee."

But the affections of Alice were not exhausted in tears and sighs, and glowing feelings. Ardent in all these things, she yet reflected that such are not the only fruits of love. It was not permitted her, like Martha, to receive the weary pilgrim, who "had not where to lay his head;" nor yet like Mary, to bring her most costly treasures and pour them upon his sacred person, in token of affectionate gratitude.

Christ, the man of sorrows and privations, was now exalted to the right hand of God, to be Prince and Saviour; still, has he not made himself one with his poor and suffering children upon earth? Has he not said, "*inasmuch as you do it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me?*"

How delightful the thought, that she might constantly testify her love to him, who though rich in glory, possessing the earth and the fullness thereof, has declared that he will not forget even a cup of cold water which is given to a disciple for his sake. And, on the contrary, how dreadful to meet his angry frown, when he shall come in the clouds with power and great glory, and hear him saying unto her, "I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not, sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

Such thoughts and feelings could not pass away in unfruitful forgetfulness, and the effect of that morning's meditation upon Alice, might be traced in habits of charity and self-denial, which which continued in steady operation throughout her long and useful life. It is true that Alice was poor, but the "law of kindness," was in her heart as well as on her tongue; and hence her tender zeal for suffering humanity,

wrought more heavenly charities than ever flowed from careless profusion.

The rich man clothed with purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, wrapped in soft indulgence himself, is apt to forget the wretched beggar lying at his gate, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fall from his table. But the poor widow who sees her scanty stores wasted to a single cake, yet freely shares that last morsel with a hungry stranger; surely her humble offering is of greater price in his eyes by whom "actions are weighted," than "much fine gold."

So the charities of Alice were all supplied by savings from her little expenses; some indulgence denied herself that she might cast it into the treasury of God, or some added exertion, by which she gained a pittance more for his use. Even when, like Peter, when she was constrained to say, "Silver and gold have I none," yet "such as she had," was freely bestowed; the ready hand of assistance, the looks of kindness, the words of comfort, all the precious coinage of the heart; and the blessings of those who "were ready to perish," have often descended upon her youthful head, when she had little more to offer than tears of affectionate sympathy.

## Part II.

But the time was now at hand, when this kind and affectionate girl was to taste the bitterness of grief. Not many days after her last visit, Miss Sydney died: but for *her*, Alice sorrowed not as one without hope; her death filled her with solemn sadness, not with violent distress. She wept with the village children around the grave of their good and kind instructress, but even then she enjoyed peaceful consolation. No costly marble marked the spot where this sainted dust reposed, but the grateful children erected a humble enclosure around her honored grave; and Alice planted with her own hand, a willow twig above the head of her best, and almost her dearest friend.

Many years have passed since then, and that little twig has grown into a lofty tree, whose melancholy streamers wave over many an added grave; and the pointed railing too, the lowly monument of grateful affection, has gradually fallen to decay: but the moral feeling which prompted its erection is not so perishable. In that day, when the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, it shall appear in the faithful records of Him by whom no deed of love, however small or unimportant, is forgotten.

But we must not entirely lose sight of Annette, the beloved play-fellow and companion of Alice. Many circumstances tended gradually to estrange the two girls from each other, and to lessen their early

intimacy. The mother of Alice pointedly discouraged their frequent intercourse, and Annette herself, was too often pained and reproved by the strictest principles of Alice to feel much pleasure in her society. Still, they loved each other, and though seldom together the constant exchange of little kindnesses maintained something of their former affection. The illness of Miss Sydney had occupied Alice so entirely, that sometime had elapsed without her seeing Annette.

It was Christmas Eve, the season of mirth and holiday sport. Alice looked out, and saw every window bright with the merry blaze of Christmas fires, and all along the streets, bands of shouting school boys full of boister and happiness. She felt sad for the remembered Annette, and the pleasant days of childhood. How eagerly they counted the weeks and months towards this joyous festival; and when it came at last, how they shared together its peculiar pleasures; the pleasant romp in the frosty moonlight, or happy play before the evening fire, and best of all, the Christmas gift, token of mutual love and recollection.

“I must go to see Annette, directly,” thought Alice, “and carry her a Christmas gift.” Accordingly she hastened to a drawer, which contained all her little treasures: here were ranged in neat order, and all strewn over with withered roses, the various prizes which she had obtained at school, and many other pretty trifles, each of which had been a keepsake from Annette or some other friend. She took up a small silver thimble, which she had received from her the day she was seven years old, well remembering how happy Annette was when she put it on her finger, and how fondly she kissed her in return for it; and Alice shed tears over this simple memento of former days. “O that Annette was as good as she is kind,” she thought, and many plans were present to her mind for the amendment of her friend.

With a heart full of such affectionate feelings towards her, she selected from among her Sabbath school prizes, a neat little morocco hymn book, and writing the name of Annette, with some kind expressions, upon the first blank leaf, she hastened to her aunt’s. It was about the supper hour, and Alice found the shop lighted up, and her aunt busily engaged in satisfying a throng of little customers, who had come in to spend their “Christmas money,” in good things. Annette was not in the shop, and Alice stepped into the parlor expecting to find her there, but the servant informed her that Annette had gone late to the stores and had not returned. While she sat waiting for her cousin, the girl amused her with an account of the finery which her young mistress had purchased for the Christmas festivities. But Alice grew uneasy at Annette’s long stay, and often went to the window to look for her.

While she was making some anxious inquiry concerning her, a loud screaming in the shop attracted her attention. In a moment Alice was

there, and the first object that met her view was Annette clinging wildly to her mother, and a dark looking man, whom she knew to be a constable, standing by with his hand upon her arm. Alice had no power to inquire the meaning of all this, but hastened to Annette. She threw her arms with protecting fondness around her, and strove to soothe her distress and terror. But the whole scene was soon explained, for many persons ran to inquire the cause of this strange outcry; and the constable related that Annette had long been suspected of pilfering from a certain store, though in such an artful a manner as to elude detection.

This evening, a considerable sum of money had been purposely left in her way, and persons stationed so as to watch and seize her. All that the unfortunate girl could say in her own defense was, that she had thought it was a *small* bill, that nothing in the world would have tempted her to take *so much*. And even in this characteristic speech, the wretched mother might trace her evil influence upon her ruined child. But it was now too late to think of these things; she saw her being forced away, and in the bitterness of her grief, acknowledged that her own hand had closed the prison doors upon her.

All night long Alice sat by her aunt's bed, vainly trying to soothe her distress and minister to her comfort; wiping away her own quiet tears, and sending up many a fervent petition for her unhappy cousin.

Christmas morning rose mournfully upon the distressed family. Alice left her aunt with her mother, and walking sorrowfully to the gaoler's house, begged his permission to see Annette. The gaoler was a kind man, he had known the children from their infancy, and often had noticed their remarkable attachment. He pitied the dejected Alice, and tried to persuade her not to go; but when she persisted in her petition, he consented, and accompanied her to the prison.

When the door was unlocked and Alice saw the wretched Annette, seated upon a poor mattress, in the corner of a dark and comfortless room, her heart felt almost breaking. Slowly and sorrowfully, she moved towards her, and sinking down upon the bed beside her, put her arms fondly about her and wept in silence on her shoulder, only whispering, as she pressed her cheek on her own, "dearest Annette, dearest cousin."

Annette was too much overcome by shame and grief to return the caresses of her cousin: turning her face away, she vented the bitterness of her spirit, in simple, but affecting lamentations; wringing her hands, and sobbing out incessantly, "poor me, poor me."

But I will not dwell upon this melancholy scene; it is not my wish to awaken unprofitable sympathy, but rather to impress this useful lesson, that "the way of transgressors is hard," and that painful thorns shall

wound the feet that travel it. Poor Annette abundantly proved the truth of this assertion.

Alice continued in the prison sometime longer, but though she wanted to direct the attention of her friend to the concerns of her soul, she was too judicious to force the subject upon her while she continued so occupied by her present distress. She contented herself with silently laying upon the bed beside her, as she withdrew her own well used Bible: offering an earnest petition, as she did so, that it might become the fountain of life to her beloved Annette.

Several weeks elapsed before the trial of Annette, and Alice continued to visit her as often as she could obtain permission; and she failed not to employ her time as usefully as possible for her friend; exhorting her with exceeding earnestness, accompanied by the greatest delicacy, to seek reconciliation with her offended creator.

The character of Annette for dishonesty was so notorious, and her repeated offenses had produced such a strong feeling against her, that most persons considered her sentence, to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary, as very mild. The parting between the wretched girl and her friends was indeed grievous. From that hour her unhappy mother sunk into a state of pining melancholy from which no efforts could recover her; and, after lingering for a few months, she dropped into the grave, the wretched victim of her own forgetfulness of God in the management of her child.

The meek and lowly spirit of Alice, though sorely bruised by this calamity, was too sincerely submissive to the will of her Maker to indulge a repining sorrow. After a time, she recovered her wonted cheerfulness and activity in duty. Still, the distresses of her friend were often present to her, and her letters to Annette were frequent and affectionate. On the death of her aunt, it was discovered that her little property was not sufficient to answer the debts contracted by her daughter and herself; there was nothing therefore left for Annette. The generous Alice, with permission of her mother, wrote to entreat Annette as soon as she was released, to come to them and share all they had. As the time drew near, she gathered together all her little savings, and transmitted them by a safe hand to Annette, to defray the expenses of her journey.

But the time passed and no Annette came; weeks, months, and even years, and still they heard nothing of her. At last, after many an eager expectation and sorrowful disappointment, they learned that the unhappy girl had been cast, during her confinement, into the society of many vile and profligate characters, whose evil habits she had too easily contracted; so that when the period for her liberation arrived, she felt

little disposition to share in the habits and society of the strict and self-denying Alice.

But some of my readers may wish to follow still further, the subject of this little sketch. Alice, the good and happy child, in the progress of time, became as happily married a wife and mother. About two miles from her native village, is a neat, though humble establishment, which often attracts the traveler's approving glance. This is the home of Alice. Substantial comfort pervades the whole; the little garden, with its squares of useful vegetables; behind it a grassy lot which feeds her cherished cow; the clamorous poultry-yard; and close beside the western window, the hive, whose busy hum soothes her listening ear with thoughts of industry and comfort.

Nor has Alice entirely neglected ornament: she found time to train against her cottage wall, several beautifully luxuriant vines. The golden bloom of the jasmine is mingled there, in rich contrast with the woodbine's coral tubes; and the splendid plumage of the hummingbird is often seen glancing around the rose, which Alice favors with her special care.

But far more delightful than the pleasant fragrance which breathes around it, is the sweet incense which arises from this lowly dwelling, when her heart-felt thanksgivings ascend to him, whose holy keeping has been around her, from her cradle slumbers, even onward to the prime and meridian of her life. And well does Alice, the Christian matron, fulfill the promise of Alice, the pious child. "She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Yet reflections on the wretched lot of Annette sometimes shade the cheerful countenance of Alice with sadness, and many trifling circumstances betray the lingering fondness which she still retains for her early friend. In the frank, lively countenance of her second daughter, she traces a strong resemblance to the beloved playmate of her infancy; and though she shrunk from imposing on her innocent child, a name which was now connected with reproach, yet the memory of their cradle friendship probably survives in a common abbreviation by which she called the little girl: and *Ann*, is seldom named without awaking tender recollections of Annette.

Poor Annette! The lovely and happy child, how have sin and suffering worn away her soft expression of peaceful innocence! In her sullen, woe-begone countenance, bloated with intemperance, and sallow with the

coloring of disease, who would now retrace the rosy, shining face of health and joy; or recognize the well tempered, affectionate child, in the fierce, and bold virago. No signs of industrious comfort distinguish the sinner's wretched home: filth and poverty are there; the comfortless hearth, whose scanty embers impart no warmth to the quaking form which bends above them; the stinted meal, and rags of misery – and ah! worse than all, the slow fire of remorse which burns within her guilty bosom. She feels that the sands of life are running out of space; that, that night which shall extinguish forever the light of hope, is hastening on, and “fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation,” hangs, like a gloomy shadow, over devoted head.

Behold the wages of guilt and tremble, ye whose young hearts are yet unsullied by the gross defilements of sin! Behold the awful progress of evil! Beware then of its beginning, and learn from the simple history of Alice and Annette, the awful difference sin makes among men. “The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day:” but “the light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine; the light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put out with him.”

*American Sunday School Union; Scenes in Georgia, 1827*

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## THE NEGRO NURSE

Isabel Drysdale

*“If the Son therefore shall make you free, you shall be free indeed.”*

Within a few miles of \_\_\_\_\_, is situated a handsome country seat, the property of a wealthy planter. Its white walls look pleasantly through the green shade which encircles them, and the richest verdure carpets the beautiful level extending before it. Fair Lawn, as it is aptly named by its proprietor, was long his delight and pride, until it became the grave of two lovely boys, his eldest children. From that time, melancholy associations embittered all the satisfaction he had derived from his favorite spot; he became restless and unhappy, and finally removed with his wife and a delicate infant of three years old, his sole surviving child, to the neighboring city, paying only occasional visits to his former residence.

But Fair lawn, though deserted by its possessors, must still continue the scene of our story. A little detached from the family mansion, and only screened from it by a slight thicket, stands an humble negro cabin. The slender wreath of smoke which daily ascends from its low roof, may be constantly observed from the parlour window; and the bright shining of its evening fire, forms a cheerful object from the same situation: yet few,

if any of the elegant visitors at Fair Lawn, ever deign to bestow a single thought or inquiry, concerning its lowly tenant. But to the feeling heart, "the short and simple annals of the poor," are never destitute of interest, and from such, even our humble "Negro Nurse," may claim some attention.

Old Chloe -- but why should I describe her -- she forms a member of almost every domestic establishment of the south, and few of my young readers, but are acquainted with an "Old Chloe." She is a little, brisk old woman, with the wrinkles and gray hairs of sixty, combined with all the lively alertness of twenty-one. Her sawed teeth, and curiously branded cheek, bespeak her a native of Africa; but her easy and contented demeanor, shows that she has long since forgotten the land of her freedom, and found in the "white man's country," along with toil and privation, those good lenitives which our kind Father in Heaven has prepared for the heavy laden.

Her sleep is sound and peaceful; no anxious care dissolves the golden bands of slumber, nor disquiet the midnight hour, too often the lot of envied freedom! -- her homely face is pleasant to her accustomed taste, and never did the rich man's "purple and fine linen," appear more goodly in his eyes, than Chloe's holiday suit in her's: the coat of shining stuff, the checkered apron; and neatly folded around her head the bright red handkerchief, contrasting the polished blackness of her skin, all imparts that matronly decency of appearance, so remarkable in well dressed elderly negroes.

Thus forty years had passed since this poor African first sojourned in a Christian country; none had yet said to her "Know the Lord." Every Sabbath she listened to the distant sound of "the church going bell," calling "the great congregation to the house of God:" but she heeded it not. No "holy time" came to her -- no sacred feeling hallowed the day of rest; the distant stroll, or busy traffic, formed its peculiar pleasures; and, within the borders of light, she still continued to "sit in the region of the shadow of death."

Such was the state of "Old Chloe," when she received the welcome news, that her master's family, who had been absent for nearly four years, were about to return for a few months to their former residence. To Chloe, this intelligence was particularly interesting; she had acted as an occasional nurse to his infant daughter, and in this way had contracted that strong attachment for her, so often exhibited by those who serve in this capacity.

Those who have never witnessed it, can scarcely conceive the affecting tenderness displayed by the negro nurse to her little charge. It seems even to extend to the force of natural affection for her own offspring,

combining strong maternal love with the enthusiastic devotedness of loyalty. She considers her master's child as a superior being, and receives, with overflowing gratitude, the fond endearments of infantine affection; hence no fatigue can tire, and no waywardness provoke her; her patient offices of cherishing kindness, know no suspension, and perhaps a more interesting picture is seldom seen, than that which was often exhibited by old Chloe with her little nursling; its fair face fondly pillowed on her faithful bosom, contrasting the sable, but loving countenance, which bent above it, while

"Sweetly folded in her arms,  
The careless baby slept."

Nor was the little Francis unmindful of all this tenderness; before she could speak she would stretch out her arms whenever her nurse appeared; and as she grew a little older, her fondness for the poor slave was displayed with all the innocent simplicity and passionate fervor of childhood. Her lap was the loved asylum in every trouble, and all her little griefs were poured into her sympathetic bosom; no voice but hers could sing the evening lullaby; and no hand but hers guide her faltering steps.

Nor did absence diminish their mutual affection. Every opportunity from Fair lawn, conveyed to Frances a little present of eggs and ground nuts; or a melon that Chloe had raised in her own patch, or a basket of peaches from her tree; and many a gay colored handkerchief, and gaudy calico were returned.

Such being her attachment to the little girl, it may be supposed that Chloe hailed her return with delight. The day appointed for it, she posted herself at one of the upper windows which overlooked the road, and strained her dim eyes for many an hour to discover the expected carriage. At last she heard the distant rattle of its wheels, and saw its bright panels flashing in the sun; in a moment she was down the stairs, and standing at the gate to receive them. But when the carriage door was opened, and she saw, instead of the little child she had parted with, a tall girl of eight or nine years old, dressed according to the fashion of the city, she felt confused by the change, and afraid to approach her with her wonted familiarity; but Frances saw no alteration in her dear nurse, and her affectionate manner soon dissipated her reserve. She soon ventured to stroke back the glossy ringlets from her forehead; to finger her ribbons, and admire the sparkling buckles in her shoes; in short, to take all those affectionate liberties to which her privileged character entitled her.

I pass over her repeated visits to her young mistress, and all the kindnesses exchanged between them, to relate a circumstance which led

to important consequences. One Sabbath afternoon, Frances obtained her mother's permission to go and see her nurse, who had been unwell for several days. On her return, her mother, observing that the little girl wore an expression of uncommon thoughtfulness and concern, immediately inquired if her nurse was ill, -- "No, she was better." Still she continued leaning on the back of her mother's chair, and hanging about her as though she had something to say, which she hesitated to speak. At last her mother laid down the book, and kindly drawing her towards her, inquired what was the matter.

"Mamma," she replied with emotion, "I found nurse plaiting straw and sewing it together to make a basket; but indeed she did not think it was wrong; she said she did not know there was any harm in doing it. And what do you think, mamma, though nurse is so old, she does not know 'Our father, who art in Heaven', nor Catechism, nor any thing at all that is good."

Mrs. Ridgely sighed, but did not immediately reply. She had never experienced the power of religion herself, until after the death of her little boys. From that time, she had been so little at Fair lawn, that she had no opportunity of fulfilling her religious duties to the slaves at that place. But Frances had been most carefully and strictly instructed, and she was pleased to witness her pious sensibility upon the subject; she accordingly observed "If Chloe were my nurse, Frances, I think I would try to teach her all the good things I know."

"O may I mamma," she exclaimed, springing up with eager animation, "I will go this minute." Mrs. Ridgely, gently detaining her, suggested that it was late, and she was unaccustomed to exposure; that the morrow, when her nurse came to visit her, would be a better opportunity. Frances reluctantly complied, and the whole evening was spent in receiving directions from her mother how to proceed in her instructions to Chloe. That lady thought it best that Frances should communicate in her own simple language, what she knew of the principal Christian doctrines, and afterwards read to her such selections from scripture as she should point out; such a course she thought more likely to engage her attention, than any formal system of questions and answers.

The next morning, Frances was up before the sun, it seemed very long before breakfast was over, and still longer afterwards before Chloe appeared. Every minute she was at the window, or upon the steps, looking up the narrow pathway, which led towards her house; at last she espied her entering the gate, and running up into the nursery, she seated herself, and tried to compose her thoughts, and recall all that she had intended to say. It was not long before she heard the old woman's voice below inquiring for her, and soon afterwards her quick step ascending the stairs.

I will not repeat the conversation which passed between Frances and her nurse, because the subject is probably familiar to my little readers, though it was perfectly new to Chloe. At first she listened to Frances with some appearance of interest, but this soon ceased; she became restless, yawned, looked about her, and at last starting up in the midst of an interesting communication, declared that she could stay no longer, she must attend to her business.

Poor Frances was sorely distressed at this termination of an interview she had anticipated with so much eagerness; and when her mother called her to inquire about it, she blushed deeply, and the tears gushing into her eyes, was constrained to confess, that "Nurse did not mind (pay attention to) anything she said." Her mother wiped her tears away and said, "You must not be so easily discouraged my love; the Son of God, who 'spake as man never spake,' often found among his hearers, those who having ears, heard not, and having understandings did not perceive. You must learn to imitate his long suffering and persevering charity, which no carelessness nor stupidity, could exhaust. Your nurse will not attend (listen too) you now, perhaps at some future time she may be better disposed."

Several days passed before Chloe renewed her visits, and it was so evident to Mrs. Ridgely, that her little daughter's attempts to instruct the old woman, were disagreeable to her, that she cautioned her against pressing the subject at present, lest she should produce an unconquerable disgust to it.

But Providence soon opened a way for the renewal of the pious exertions of Frances. Old Chloe fell sick, and for nearly a week appeared to be hastening to that place, where there is neither "device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom." And now her stupid (ignorant) apathy to eternal things disappeared. Revelation had never opened to her its awful (awesome) mysteries; she did not know that we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and account for the deeds done in the body, -- but there was a troubled consciousness of guilt about her heart, a sad misgiving of coming vengeance. Her untutored mind, indeed, could form no definite conception of that dreaded future, but, "a horror of great darkness" rested upon it, and gloomy confusion swallowed up the faint glimmerings of natural light. She felt the woeful evil of her condition, but none had pointed her to that "strong tower," into which she might "flee and be safe."

Mrs. Ridgely and Frances were much with her during her illness; indeed all the medicine and nourishment which she received, were ministered to her by the affectionate child; but while her disease continued to rage, it seemed an inconvenient season to introduce a subject, on which it was

necessary to teach her so much, before she could receive any beneficial communication.

One afternoon, however, when she was considerably relieved, Frances, observing the tears in her eyes, said to her, "Dear mammy, what hurts you? What's the matter?"

"O Miss Frances," replied the poor creature, in her broken speech, "me don't know what ails me -- me heart so trouble -- me fear to die."

"The great God, " replied the little girl, "is very angry with the wicked, yet he is good; and if the sinner forsake his way, and cry earnestly to him for mercy, he will for Christ's sake pardon him, and receive him as a dear child."

"Who is Christ?"

"Jesus Christ, " she answered in that low reverent tone, which showed, that that venerable name was never taken lightly upon her lips, "Jesus Christ is the Son of the Most high; he sits on his right hand, far, far, above the skies, yet he is near to every one of us, and can hear the softest sigh that we breathe, the lowest prayer that we whisper."

After a few minutes pause, she went on. "Before this world was made, God our father and Creator, knowing that men would become very wicked, and that unless he found a Savior for them, they must at last go down into that dark and miserable place, where evil spirits dwell; being sorry for us poor, helpless sinners, determined that his own Son, whom he loved, should suffer and die for us; so that those who should believe on him, might have everlasting life. "And now dear mammy," continued she, eagerly turning over the leaves of the Bible in her hand, "see how willing the Son of God was to take our sorrows on him:" she read "Then said I, Lo I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I *delight* to do thy will, O God."

"Many hundred of years after the world was made, when men were very wicked, Jesus who was rich in glory, for heaven was his throne, and this earth his footstool, for our sakes became poor. He was born of an humble woman, lived a poor and sorrowful life, and at last, 'died the cruel death of the cross.' But after three days," continued the pious child, her face lighting up with holy rapture, "after three days he rose from the grave; and when he had shown himself alive to his friends, and comforted their sorrowful hearts, he was carried up into heaven in a bright cloud. And now, the apostle says, 'he ever liveth to make intercession for us.' When we cry to him for help, he prays the Father for us, and we are pardoned, and the Holy Spirit sent down into our hearts, to make us good; and

besides all this, he has given us this book to teach us how we may please him."

The old woman listened with breathless eagerness to Frances's simple relation of divine mysteries, and when she concluded, earnestly asked, "But how do *you* know all this, Miss Frances?" In reply, Frances read to her many passages which her mother had marked in her Bible, adding her own simple commentary as she went on.

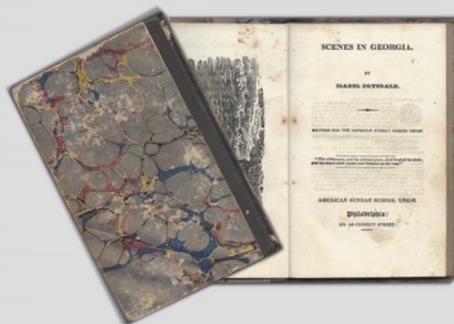
A part of the next day, and of many succeeding days, were spent in the same way, until Chloe was so far recovered, as to be able to visit Frances in the nursery, whither she now regularly resorted for instruction. It was not very long before Mrs. Ridgely saw reason to hope, that her poor slave had received that freedom which cometh down from above, and walked in the liberty and light of the gospel. It is impossible to describe the joy and solid satisfaction which Frances derived from this circumstance; her little heart beat with delight and holy thankfulness, whenever she beheld her humble friend; nor did she who thus found in her foster child, a spiritual mother, exercise less fervent and grateful emotions; the name of Frances mingled with every prayer which she offered, and dwelt upon her lips in many a simple but ardent expression of thankfulness. In such blessed occupations, the months and years glided peacefully over the happy family at Fair lawn.

### *Scenes in Georgia*, American Sunday School Union, 1827

\*Isabel Drysdale was a prolific authoress, especially for the American Sunday School Union.

What are we to make of this story? That depends mostly upon what we bring to it. Some may see no farther than the word "negro" (a once common and proper word, simply meaning 'black', that's not even in my word processor's dictionary), and be 'triggered' into a blind rage. But there is much to learn from the story for those who are willing, and I have a bit to say about it in Addendum I. Before getting into that commentary though, if you care to, let's consider the irony of this one. It is obvious that people of faith were concerned with the souls of black people; yes, "people", with immortal souls and value in the sight of God. So how could they be kept as slaves? It is difficult for us, today, to understand this complex issue, but all too easy to condemn those of that time who were tangled up in that web of complexity. This is certain however, Americans of all races and parts of the country suffered because of slavery.

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## CHAPTER 24:

*The American First Class Book*

Copyright by John Pierpont,  
T. P. & J. S. Fowle, Boston, 1823

John Pierpont, was minister of Hollis Street Church, Boston. His reader was adopted by the Boston Public Schools in 1823. It was claimed to be the first truly 'American' reader, in that its content was predominately of American authors, and it is a quintessentially Puritan book. George Minns very probably used this book himself, and was certainly influenced by it. The following paragraph is extracted from the Preface of the reader:

*I have made it (the book) in the hope that it might be an acceptable offering to schools, especially those of this city, in which there are many children who are the objects of my pastoral care. In regard to them, and the young in general, the book will fulfill my hopes, if, while it helps them on towards the end of their scholastic labours – the general improvement of their minds, – it shall enable them better to understand and discharge their duties in life, and lead them to contemplate, with pleasure and religious reverence, the character of the Great Author of their being, as discovered in his works, his providence, and his word; and thus help them to attain the end of their Christian faith, – the salvation of their souls.*

*Boston, June, 1823*

SUPPOSED FEELINGS OF ADAM  
ON BEING CALLED INTO EXISTENCE

Buffon\*

I remember the moment when my existence commenced: it was a moment replete with joy, amazement, and anxiety. I neither knew what I was, where I was, nor from whence I came. I opened my eyes; what an increase of sensation! The light, the celestial vault, the verdure (greenery) of the earth, the transparency of the waters, gave animation to my spirits, and conveyed pleasures which exceed the powers of expression.

I at first believed that all these objects existed within me, and formed a part of myself. When totally absorbed in this idea, I turned my eyes to the sun: his light overpowered me. I voluntarily shut out the light, and felt a slight degree of pain. During this moment of darkness, I imagined that I had lost the greatest part of my being.

When reflecting, with grief and astonishment, upon this great change, I was roused with a great variety of sounds. The singing of birds, and the murmuring of breezes, formed a concert, which excited the most sweet

and enchanting emotions. I listened long, and was convinced that these harmonious sounds existed within me.

Totally occupied with this new species of existence, I had already forgot the light, though the first part of my being that I had recognized. I again, by accident, opened my eyes, and was delighted to find myself recover the possession of so many brilliant objects. This pleasure surpassed every former sensation, and suspended, for a time, the charming melody of sound.

I fixed my eyes on a thousand objects; I soon perceived that I had the power of losing and recovering them, and that I could, at pleasure, destroy and renew this beautiful part of my existence.

I could now see without astonishment, and hear without anxiety, when a gentle breeze wafted perfumes to my nostrils. This new and delightful sensation agitated my frame, and gave a fresh addition to my self-love.

Totally occupied by all these sensations, and loaded with pleasures so delicate and so extensive, I suddenly arose, and was transported by the perception of an unknown power.

I had made but a single step, when the novelty of my situation rendered me immovable. My surprise was extreme. I thought my being fled from me: the movement I had made confounded the objects of vision; and the whole creation seemed to be disordered.

I raised my hand to my head; I touched my forehead and my eyes; and I felt every part of my body. The hand now appeared to be the principal organ of my existence. The perceptions afforded by this instrument were so distinct and so perfect; the pleasures conveyed by it were so superior to those of sight and sound, that, for some time, I attached myself entirely to this substantial part of my being, and I perceived that my ideas began to assume a consistence and reality which I had never before experienced. Every part of my body, which I touched with my hand, reflected the sensation, and produced in my mind a double idea.

By this exercise, I soon learned, that the faculty of feeling was expanded over every part of my frame; and I began to recognize the limits of my existence, which till now seemed to be of an immense extent.

I surveyed my body, and I judged it to be of a size so immense, that all other objects, in comparison, seemed to be only luminous points. I followed my hand with my eyes, and observed all its motions. Of all these objects my ideas were confused and fallacious. I imagined that the motion of my hand was a kind of fugitive existence, a mere succession of similar causes; I brought my hand near my eye; it then seemed to be

larger than my whole body; for it concealed from my view almost every other object.

I began to suspect that there was some illusion in the sensation conveyed by the eyes. I distinctly perceived that my hand was only a small part of my body; but I was unable to comprehend how it should appear so enormously large. I therefore resolved to depend for information upon the sense of feeling alone, which had never deceived me, and to be on guard against all the other modes of sensation.

This precaution was extremely useful to me. I renewed my motions, and walked with my face turned toward the heavens. I struck against a palm tree, and felt a slight degree of pain. Seized with terror, I ventured to lay my hand upon the object, and discovered it to be a being distinct from myself, because it gave me not, like touching my own body, a double sensation: I turned from it with horror, and perceived, for the first time, that there was something external, something that did not constitute a part of my own existence.

It was with difficulty that I could reconcile myself to this discovery; but, after reflecting on the event which had happened, I concluded that I ought to judge concerning external objects in the same manner as I had judged concerning the parts of my body; and the sense of feeling alone could ascertain their existence. I resolved, therefore, to feel every object that I saw. I had a desire of touching the sun; I accordingly stretched forth my hands to embrace the heavens; but they met, without feeling any intermediate object.

Every experiment I made served only to increase my astonishment; for all objects appeared to be equally near; and it was not till after an infinite number of trials, that I learned to use my eye as a guide to my hand. As the hand gave me ideas totally different from the impressions I received by the eye, my sensations were contradictory; the judgments I formed were imperfect; and my whole existence was disorder and confusion.

Reflecting deeply on the nature of my being, the contradictions I had experienced filled me with humility: the more I meditated, my doubts and difficulties increased. Fatigued with so many uncertainties, and with anxious emotions which successively arose in my mind, my knees bended, and I soon found myself in a situation of repose. This state of tranquility added fresh force to my senses. I was seated under the shade of a beautiful tree. Fruit of a vermilion hue hung down, in the form of grapes, within the reach of my hand. These fruits I gently touched, and they instantly separated from the branch. In laying hold of one of them, I imagined that I had made a great conquest; and I rejoiced in the faculty of containing in my hand an entire being which made no part of

myself. Its weight, though trifling, seemed to be an animated resistance, which I had pleasure in being able to conquer.

I held the fruit near my eyes: I examined it form and its colors. A delicious odor allured me to bring it near my lips, and I inhaled long draughts of its perfumes. When entirely occupied with the sweetness of its fragrance, my mouth opened, and I discovered that I had an internal sense of smelling, which was more delicate and refined than that conveyed by the nostrils. In fine (in short), I tasted the fruit. The novelty of the sensation, and the exquisiteness of the savor, filled me with astonishment and transport (ecstasy).

Till now, I had only enjoyed pleasures; but taste gave me an idea of voluptuousness (pursuing sensual pleasures) The enjoyment was so congenial and intimate, that it conveyed to me the notion of possession or property. I thought that the substance of the fruit had become part of my own, and that I was endowed with the power of transforming bodies.

Charmed with the idea of power, and with the pleasures I felt, I continued to pull and to eat. But an agreeable langour gradually impaired my senses; my limbs grew heavy; and my mind seemed to lose its natural objectivity. I perceived this inaction by the feebleness of my thoughts; the dullness of my sensations rounded all external objects, and conveyed only weal and ill-defined ideas. At this instant my eyes shut, and my head reclined upon the grass.

Everything now disappeared; darkness and confusion reigned. The train of my ideas was interrupted; and I lost the consciousness of my existence. My sleep was profound; but, having no mode of measuring time, I knew nothing of its duration. My awakening appeared to be a second birth; for I only perceived that I had ceased to exist. This temporary annihilation gave me the idea of fear. and made me conclude that my existence was not permanent.

Another perplexity arose: I suspected that sleep had robbed me of some part of my powers: I tried my different senses, and endeavored to recognize all my former faculties. When surveying my body, in order to ascertain its identity, I was astonished to find at my side another form perfectly similar to my own! I conceived it to be another *self*; and instead of losing by sleep, I imagined myself to be doubled.

I ventured to lay my hand upon this new being; with rapture and astonishment I perceived that it was not myself, but something much more glorious and desirable; and I imagined that my existence was about to dissolve, and to be wholly transfused into this second part of my being.

I perceived her to be animated by the touch of my hand; I saw her catch the expression in my eyes; and the luster and vivacity of her own made a new source of life thrill in my veins.

At this instant the sun has finished his course; I perceived, with pain, that I lost the sense of seeing; and the present obscurity recalled in vain the idea of my former sleep.

*American First Class Book, 1823*

\*Georges-Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon, was an Eighteenth Century French naturalist, astronomer and mathematician who was very influential in the development of modern science.

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## ON THE IMPORTANCE OF CHRISTIAN FAITH

Buckminster\*

The value of Christian faith may be estimated from the consolations it affords. Who would look back upon the history of the world with the eye of incredulity, after having once read it with the eye of faith? To the man of faith it is the story of God's operations. To the unbeliever it is only the record of the strange sports of a race of agents (independent actors), as uncontrolled, as they are unaccountable. To the man of faith every portion of history is part of a vast plan, conceived ages ago, in the mind of Omnipotence, which has been fitted precisely to the period it was intended to occupy. The whole series of events forms a magnificent and symmetrical fabric to the eye of pious contemplation; and though the dome be in the clouds, and the top, from its loftiness, be indescribable to mortal vision, yet the foundations are so deep and solid, that we are sure they are intended to support something permanent and grand.

To the skeptic all the events of all the ages of the world are but a scattered crowd of useless and undigested materials. In his mind, all is darkness, all is incomprehensible. The light of prophecy illuminates not to him the obscurity of ancient annals. He sees in them neither design nor operation, neither tendencies nor conclusions. To him the wonderful knowledge of one people is just as interesting as the desperate ignorance of another. In the deliverance, which God has sometimes wrought for the oppressed, he sees nothing but fact; and in the oppression and decline of haughty empires, nothing but the common accidents of national fortune. Going about to account for events, according to what he calls general laws, he never for a moment considers that all laws, whether physical, political, or moral, imply a legislator, and are contrived to serve some purpose. Because he cannot always, by his short-sighted vision, discover the tendencies of the mighty events of which this earth has been the theater, he looks on the drama of existence around him as proceeding without a plan. Is that principle,

then, of no importance, which raises man above what his eyes see, or his ears hear, or his touch feels, at present, and shows him the vast chain of human events, fastened eternally to the throne of God, and returning, after embracing the universe, again to link itself to the footstool of Omnipotence?

Would you know the value of this principle of faith to the bereaved? Go, and follow a corpse to the grave. See the body deposited there, and hear the earth thrown in upon all that remains of your friend. Return now, if you will, and brood over the lesson which your senses have given you, and derive from it what consolation you can. You have learned nothing but an unconsoling fact. No voice of comfort issues from the tomb. All is still, there, and blank and lifeless, and has been so for ages.

You see nothing but bodies dissolving and successively mingling with the clods which cover them, the grass growing over the spot, and the trees waving in sullen majesty over this region of eternal silence. And what is there more? Nothing? – Come, faith, and people these deserts! Come, and reanimate those regions of forgetfulness! Mothers! take again your children to your arms, for they are living. Sons! your aged parents are coming forth in the vigor of regenerated years. Friends! behold, your dearest connexions are waiting to embrace you. The tombs are burst. Generations, long since lost in slumbers, are awaking. They are coming from the east and the west, from the north and from the south, to constitute the community of the blessed.

But it is not in the loss of friends alone, that faith furnishes consolations, which are inestimable. With a man of faith, not an affliction is lost, not a change is unimproved. He studies his own history with pleasure, and finds it full of instruction. The dark passages of his life are illuminated with hope; and he sees that, although he has passed through many dreary defiles (valleys), yet they have opened at last into brighter regions of existence. He recalls, with a species of wondering gratitude, periods of his life, when all its events seemed to conspire against him. Hemmed-in by straitened (tight) circumstances, wearied with repeated blows of unexpected misfortune, and exhausted with the painful anticipation of more, he recollects years, when the ordinary love of life could not have retained him in the world. Many a time he might have wished to lay down his being in disgust, had not something more than the senses provide us with kept up the elasticity of his mind. He yet lives, and has found that light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

The man of faith discovers some gracious purpose in every combination of circumstances. Wherever he finds himself, he knows that he has a destination – he has, therefore, a duty. Every event has, in his eye, a tendency and an aim. Nothing is accidental, nothing without a purpose,

nothing unattended with benevolent consequences. Everything on earth is probationary, nothing ultimate. He is poor – perhaps his plan has been defeated – he finds it difficult to provide for the exigencies of life – sickness is permitted to invade the quiet of his household – long confinement imprisons his activity, and cuts short the exertions on which so many depend – something apparently unlucky mars his best plans – new failures and embarrassments among his friends present themselves, and throw additional obstructions in his way – the world looks on, and says all these things are against him.

Some wait coolly for the hour, when he shall sink under the complicated embarrassments of his cruel fortune. Others, of a kinder spirit, regard him with compassion, and wonder how he can sustain such a variety of woe. A few there are, a very few I fear, who can understand something of the serenity of his mind, and comprehend something of the nature of his fortitude. There are those, whose sympathetic piety can read and interpret the characters of resignation on his brow. There are those, in fine (in conclusion), who have felt the influence of faith.

In this influence there is nothing mysterious, nothing romantic (imaginary), nothing of which the highest reason may be ashamed. It shows the Christian his God, in all the mild majesty of his personal character. It shows you God, disposing in still and benevolent wisdom the events of every individual's life, pressing the pious spirit with the weight of calamity to increase the elasticity (ability to spring back into shape) of the mind, producing characters of unexpected worth by unexpected misfortune, invigorating certain virtues by peculiar probations (trials), thus breaking the fetters which bind us to temporal things, and

From seeming evil still educing (extracting) good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression.

When the sun of believers' hopes, according to common calculations, is set, to the eye of faith it is still visible. When much of the rest of the world is in darkness, the high ground of faith is illuminated with the brightness of religious consolation.

Come, now, my incredulous friends, and follow me to the bed of a dying believer. Would you see, in what peace a Christian can die? Watch the last gleams of thought which stream from his dying eyes. Do you see anything like apprehension? The world, it is true, begins to shut in. The shadows of evening collect around his senses. A dark mist thickens and rests upon the objects which have hitherto engaged his observation. The countenances of his friends become more indistinct. The sweet expressions of love and friendship are no longer intelligible. His ear wakes no more at the well known voice of his children, and the soothing

accents of tender affection die away, unheard, upon his decaying senses. To him the spectacle of human life is drawing to its close, and the curtain is descending, which shuts out this earth, its actors, and its scenes. He is no longer interested in all that is done under the sun.

The American First Class Book, 1823

\*Otherwise unidentified, but probably Joseph Stevens Buckminster (1784-1812), an influential Unitarian minister in Boston, noted for his eloquence in the pulpit.

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## ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF AMUSEMENTS

Alison\*

It were (would be) ungrateful and unjust to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbid by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of human life, and are destined to produce important effects, both upon our happiness and our character. They are, in the first place, in the language of the Psalmist, “the wells of the desert;” the kind resting places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may re-assume its strength and its hopes.

They are, in another view, of some importance to the dignity of individual character. In every thing we call amusement, there is generally some display taste and imagination, – some elevation of the mind from mere animal indulgence, or the baseness of sensual desire. Even in the scenes of relaxation, therefore, they have a tendency to persevere the dignity of human character, and to fill up the vacant and unguarded hours of life with occupations innocent at least, if not virtuous. But their principal affect, perhaps, is upon the social character of man. Wherever amusement is sought, it is in the society of our brethren; and wherever it is found, it is in sympathy with the happiness of those around us. It bespeaks the disposition of benevolence, and it creates it.

When men assemble, accordingly, for the purpose of general happiness or joy, they exhibit to the thoughtful eye, one of the most pleasing appearances of their original character. They leave behind them, for a time, the faults of their station and the asperities (bitterness) of their temper; – they forget the secret views, and selfish purposes of their ordinary life, and mingle with the crowd around them with no other view than to receive and to communicate happiness. It is a spectacle which is impossible to observe without emotion; and, while the virtuous man rejoices at the evidence which it affords of the benevolence of that

God, who thus makes the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and whose wisdom renders even the hours of amusement subservient to his cause of virtue.

It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which are dangerous, but the abuse of them; – it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion, and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes an habitual desire. What the consequences of this inordinate love of amusement are, I shall now endeavor very briefly to show you.

When we look, in a moral view, to the consequences of human pursuits, we are not to stop at the precise and immediate effects which they may seem to have upon character. It is chiefly by the frame of mind they produce, and the habitual dispositions they create, that we are to determine whether their influence is fortunate or unfortunate on those who are engaged in them. In every pursuit, whatever gives strength and energy to the mind of man, experience teaches to be favorable to the interests of piety, of knowledge, and of virtue; – in every pursuit, on the contrary, whatever enfeebles or limits the powers of the mind, the same experience everywhere shows to be hostile to the best interests of human nature.

If it is in this view we consider the effects of the habitual love even of the most innocent amusement, we shall find that it produces necessarily, for the hour in which it is indulged, an enfeebled and dependent frame of mind; that in such scenes energy resolves, and resolution fades; – that in the enjoyment of the present hour, the past and the future are alike forgotten; and the heart learns to be satisfied with passive emotion, and momentary pleasure.

It is to this single observation, my young friends, that I wish at present to direct your attention; and to entreat you to consider what may be expected to be the effects of such a character of mind, at your age, upon the honor and happiness of future life.

1. It tends to degrade all the powers of the understanding. It is the eternal law of nature that truth and wisdom are the offspring of labor, of vigor, and perseverance in every worthy object of pursuit. The eminent stations of fame, accordingly, and the distinguished honors of knowledge, have, in every age, been the reward only of such early attainments, of that cherished elevation of mind which pursues only magnificent ends, and of that heroic fortitude which, whether in action or in speculation, pursues them by the means of undeviating exertion.

For the production of such a character, no discipline can be so unfit as that of the habitual love of amusement. It kindles not the eye of ambition; – it bids the heart beat with no throb of generous admiration; – it lets the soul be calm, while all the rest of our fellows are passing us in the road of virtue or of science. Satisfied with humble and momentary enjoyment, it aspires to no honor, no praise, no preeminence, and, contented with the idle gratification of the present hour, forgets alike what man has done, and what man was born to do.

If such be the character of the youthful mind, if it be with such aims and such ambition that its natural elevation can be satisfied, am I to ask you, what must be the appearances of riper years? – what the effect of such habits of thought upon the understanding of manhood? Alas! a greater instructor, the mighty instructor, experience, may show you in every rank of life what these effects are. – It will show you men born with every capacity, and whose first years glowed with every honorable ambition, whom no vice even now degrades, and to whom no actual guilt is affixed, who yet live in the eye of the world only as objects of pity or scorn, – who, in the idle career of habitual amusement, have dissipated all their powers, and lost all their ambition, – and who exist now for no purpose, but to be the sad memorials of ignoble taste and degraded understanding.

2. The inordinate love of pleasure is, in the second place, equally hostile to the moral character. If the feeble and passive disposition of mind which it produces be unfavorable to the exertions of the understanding, it is, in the same measure as unfavorable to the best employments of the heart. The great duties of life, the duties for which every man and woman is born, demand, in all situations, the mind of labor and perseverance. From the first hour of existence to the last, – from the cradle of the infant, beside which the mother watches with unslumbering eye, to the grave of the aged, where the son pours his last tears upon the bier of his father, – in all that intermediate time, every day calls for exertion and activity, and the moral honors of our being can only be won by the steadfast magnanimity of pious duty.

If such be the laborious but animating destiny of man, is it in the enervating (debilitating) school of habitual amusement that the young are to fit themselves for its high discharge? Is it from hence that the legislator is to learn those lengthened toils which decide the happiness of nations; or the warrior, that undaunted spirit which can scorn both danger and death in the defense of his country? Or is it here, my young friends, that experience tells you, you can best learn to perform the common duties of your coming days; those sacred duties of domestic life which everyone is called to discharge, from which neither riches nor poverty are free, and which, far more than all others, open up to you the solemn prospect of either being the blessings or the curses of society.

Alas! experience has here also decided; it tells you that the mind which exists only for pleasure, cannot exist for duty; – it tells you that the feeble and selfish spirit of amusement gradually corrodes all the benevolent emotions of the heart, and withers the most sacred ties of domestic affection; – and it points its awful finger to the examples of those, alas! of both sexes, whom the unrestrained love of idle pleasure first led to error and folly, and whom, with sure but fatal progress, it has since conducted to be the objects of secret shame, and public infamy.

In the last place, this unmanly disposition is equally fatal to happiness as to virtue. To the wise and virtuous, to those who use the pleasures of life only as a temporary relaxation, as a resting-place to animate them on the great journey on which they are traveling, the hours of amusement bring real pleasure; to them, the well of joy is ever full, while to those who linger by its side, its waters are soon dried and exhausted.

I speak not now of those bitter waters which must mingle themselves with the well of unhallowed pleasure, – of the secret reproaches of the accusing conscience, – of the sad sense of shame and dishonor, – and of that degraded spirit, which must bend itself beneath the scorn of the world; – I speak only of the simple and natural effect of unwise indulgence; – that it renders the mind callous to enjoyment; – and that, even though the “fountain were full of water,” the feverish lip is incapable of satiating its thirst. Alas! here too, we may see the examples of human folly; – we may see around us everywhere the fatal effects of unrestrained pleasure, – the young sickening in the midst of every pure and genuine enjoyment; – the mature hastening, with hopeless step, to fill hours of a vitiated (wasted) being; – and, what is still more wretched, the hoary (white) head wandering in the way of folly, and, with an unhallowed dotage, returning again to the trifles and the amusements of childhood.

Such then, my young friends, are the natural and experienced consequences of the inordinate love even of innocent amusement, and such the intellectual and moral degradation to which the paths of pleasure conduct. Let me entreat you to pause, ere (before) you begin your course; ere those habits are acquired which may never again be subdued; – and ere ye permit the charms of pleasure to wind around your soul their fascinating powers.

Think, with the elevation and generosity of your age, whether this is the course that leads to honor or to fame; – whether it was in this discipline that they were exercised, who, in every age, have blessed, or have enlightened the world, – whose shades are present to your midnight

thoughts, – and whose names you cannot pronounce without the tear of gratitude or admiration.

Think, still more, whether it was to the ends of unmanly pleasure that you were dedicated, when the solemn service of religion first enrolled you in the number of the faithful, and when the ardent tears of your parents mingled with the waters of your baptism.<sup>1</sup> If they live, is it in such paths that their anxious eyes delight to see you tread? – If they are no more, is it on such scenes that they can bend their venerated heads from Heaven, and rejoice in the course of their children?

*The American First Class Book, 1823*

\*Francis Alison, 1705-1779, an Irish born Presbyterian minister, scholar, highly influential teacher and writer in the field of moral philosophy. He pastored several New England churches, most notably the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. Alison is best known, however, for his teaching at New England colleges, and his leading role in the establishment of the University of Delaware.

1. This is a reference to infant baptism. Alison was a stalwart of the “old lights”, or adherents to traditional religious observances, as opposed to the “new lights” of the Great Awakening, who emphasized a spiritual experience of salvation, and adult baptism.

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## THE BAPTISM

Wilson\*

*This is an old tale of Scotland, out of the English Civil War, but it is also a story of the faith of poor peasants, and why tyrants fear and hate it; even those tyrants hell-bent on ‘liberating’ them.*

It is a pleasant and impressive time, when at the close of divine service, in some small country church, there takes place the gentle stir and preparation for a baptism. A sudden air of cheerfulness spreads over the whole congregation; the more solemn expression of all countenances fades away; and it is at once felt, that a rite is about to be performed, which,



*The Old Church at Lanark.*

although of a sacred and awe filled kind, is yet connected with a thousand delightful associations of purity, beauty, and innocence. Then there is an eager bending of smiling faces over the humble galleries – an unconscious rising up in affectionate curiosity – and a slight murmuring sound in which is no violation of the Sabbath sanctity of God’s house, when in the middle passage of the church the party of women is seen,

matrons and maids, who bear in their bosoms, or in their arms, the helpless beings about to be made members of the Christian communion.

There sit, all dressed becomingly in white, the fond and happy baptismal group. The babes have been entrusted, for a precious hour, to the bosoms of young maidens, who tenderly fold them to their young hearts, and with endearments taught by nature, are stilling, not always successfully, their plaintive cries. Then the proud and delighted girls rise up, one after the other, in sight of the whole congregation, and hold up the infants, arrayed in neat caps and long flowing linen, into their fathers' hands. For the poorest of the poor, if he has a heart at all, will have his infant well dressed on such a day, even although it should scant his meal for weeks to come, and force him to spare fuel to his winter fire.

And now the fathers are all standing below the pulpit, with grave and thoughtful faces. Each has tenderly taken his infant into his toil-hardened hands, and supports it in gentle and steadfast affection. They are all the children of poverty, and if they live, are destined for a life of toil. But now poverty puts on its most pleasant aspect, for it is beheld standing before the altar of religion with contentment and faith.

This is a time, when the better and deeper nature of every man must rise up within him; and when he must feel, more especially, that he is a spiritual and an immortal being making a covenant with God. He is about to take upon himself a holy charge; to promise to look after his child's immortal soul; and to keep its little feet from the paths of evil, and in those of innocence and peace. Such a thought elevates the lowest mind above itself – diffuses additional tenderness over the domestic relations, and makes them, who hold up their infants to the baptismal font, better fathers, husbands, and sons, by the deeper insight which they then possess into their nature and their life.

The minister consecrates the water – and as it falls on his infant's face, the father feels the great oath in his soul. As the helpless creature is waiting in his arms, he thinks how needful indeed to human infancy is the love of Providence! And when, after delivering each his child into the arms of the smiling maiden from whom he had received it, he again takes his place for admonition and advice before the pulpit, his mind is well disposed to think on the perfect beauty of that religion of whom the Divine Founder said, "Suffer little children to be brought unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

The rite of baptism had not thus been performed for several months in the kirk (church) of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution<sup>1</sup>; and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God and celebrate the ordinances of religion. It was the

Sabbath-day, – and a small congregation, of about a hundred souls, had met for divine service in a place of worship more magnificent than any temple that human hands had ever built to Deity. Here, too, were three children about to be baptized. The congregation had not assembled to the toll of the bell, – but each heart knew the hour and observed it; for there are a hundred sun dials among the hills, woods, moors and fields, and the shepherd and the peasant see the hours passing by them in sunshine and shadow.

The church in which they were assembled, was hewn, by God's hand, out of the eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other the corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rocks or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs.

This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, rushing shelves, and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk up this scene with the calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude. On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscalable and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far-extended precipices, were perpetually flying rooks and wood-pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek.

Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild cat choose more accessible haunts. Yet here came the persecuted Christians, and worshiped God, whose hand hung over their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.



Here, on a semi-circular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm of which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons, all devoutly listening to their minister, who stood before them on what might well be called a small natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved a canopy of a tall graceful birch tree. This pulpit stood on the middle of the channel, directly facing that congregation, and separated from them by the clear, deep, sparkling pool into which the scarce-heard water poured over the blackened rock.

The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of the altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom (a perennial shrub). Divine service was closed, and a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, came gliding off from the congregation, and crossing the stream on some stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit, with the infants about to be baptized. The fathers of the infants, just as if they had been in their own kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister.

The baptismal water, taken from the pellucid (crystal clear) pool, was lying consecrated in a small hollow of one of the stones that formed one side of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded. Some of the younger ones in that semi-circle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected, and now and then, in spite of the grave looks, or admonishing whispers of their elders, letting a pebble fall into the water, that they might judge of its depth from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air-bells (bubbles) lay sparkling on the agitated surface.

The rite was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a Psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it, in a more compacted volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to heaven. When the Psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away high up among the magnificent, architecture of the cliffs, and once more might be noticed in the silence the reviving voice of the waterfall.

Just then a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid (a large shawl) hung over on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their watchful sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith the congregation rose. There were paths dangerous to unpracticed feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and laces of concealment. The more active of the young assisted the elder – more especially the old pastor, and the women with the infants; and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature

was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

The shepherd who had given he alarm had lain down again in his plaid instantly on the green sward (turf) upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers were immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them, looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, "See, see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouss. These are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation, a noble cathedral! Fling the lying sentinel over over the cliffs. Here is a canting covenanter<sup>2</sup> for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath-day. Over with him – out of the gallery into the pit."

But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow; and mixing with the tall green broom and bushes, was making his way unseen towards a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads – follow me – I know the way down into the bed of the stream – and the steps up to Wallace's Cave. They are called the 'Kittle Nine Stanes.' The hunt's up. We'll be all in at the death. Halloo – my boys – halloo!"

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the "craigs", and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old gray-haired minister had been standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary – not a creature to be seen. "Here is a Bible dropt by some of them," cried a soldier, and, with his foot, spun it away into the pool. "A bonnet – a bonnet," – cried another – "now for the pretty sanctified face that rolled its demure eyes below it."

But, after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eying with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of the rock that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through that majestic solitude. "Curse these cowardly Covenanters – what, if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock from their hiding places? Advance? Or retreat?"

There was no reply. For a slight fear was upon every man; musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading, they knew not where; and they were aware that armed men, now-a-days, worshiped God, – men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms – neither barrel nor bayonet – men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshaled line, and gone first and foremost, if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweet-briers, and the broom, and the tresses of the birch trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on, and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation as if in an earthquake. “The Lord have mercy upon us – what is this?” And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon the sharp pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axles down the stony channel of the torrent.

The old gray-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace’s Cave, and said, with a loud voice, “The Lord God terrible reigneth.” A waterspout (tornado) had burst up upon the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. Huge, agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment – but high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the Covenanters – men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in that raging thunder.

### *American First Class Book, 1823*

\*Wilson is the only name given, otherwise unknown.

1. This was a period of persecution in Scotland during the Restoration of the Stuart Monarchy in the 1660’s. The Lanark area was a hot bed of Scottish nationalist sentiment from the days of William Wallace. The Earl of Lanark had been a major player in the English Civil War, and Royalist persecution was especially harsh there. See below for further information.

2. Covenanters were Scottish nationalists and religious dissidents who rose to importance in the English Civil War. I have used the term “English Civil War” to include a long series of conflicts that included civil wars in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland – all held under the British Monarchy. The following is a brief, most basic, summary of this particular part of the war –

It was the period of the Reformation Wars in Europe. In England, Henry VIII had dis-established the Catholic Church, and established the Church of England, the Anglican Church, as the official church. That was basically the Catholic Church without Rome. However English “Puritans” wanted to make the Anglican Church more Protestant (“purifying it”); many Scots and Irish wanted a Presbyterian form of church, and many English, Scots and Irish wanted to return to Catholicism. Great turmoil ensued after the death of Henry the VIII as his sons and daughters, and their children, some Catholic, some Protestant, and some cleaving the the Church of England became the rulers. Elizabeth I allowed a good deal of religious freedom, but others tried to roll it back. During that period of relative freedom, Scotland adopted a Presbyterian national church. When Charles I Stuart became King of England, Scotland and Wales, he attempted to move back toward Catholicism, creating civil war throughout his domains.

A majority of Scots supported the Presbyterian national church, they made a “National Covenant” in 1638 that, among other things, bound them to the “true worship of God”, thereby rejecting the Anglican and Catholic churches, and further, to live their lives in accord with their covenant with God. Some signed the Covenant in blood, and wore red bandannas as a token of their fidelity. That may have been the origin of the term ‘redneck’, but that’s not certain. This action soon led to war between the Covenanters and the King’s supporters, the Royalists.

At the same time, the English Parliament, then under control of Puritans, and with its army under the command of the Puritan general, Oliver Cromwell, was engaged in trying to overthrow the monarchy and establish a republic. The Covenanters and the Parliamentary army entered a military alliance with the “Solemn League and Covenant” in 1643. In a successful bid to split the Scottish forces, Charles offered to concede to the Scots the main issues separating them. Many Covenanters then switched to the Royalist side, creating a civil war within a civil war. Eventually, though, the Parliamentary forces, aided by the remaining Covenanters, defeated the Royalists, and executed Charles I.

The attempt to form a viable republic failed however, and Cromwell assumed power as “Lord Protector of the Commonwealth”. His harsh rule cost the Puritan cause much of their support, and after Cromwell’s death, the new Parliament re-instituted the Monarchy under Charles II Stuart in 1660. The new King soon renounced all his pledges of religious tolerance and cooperation with Parliament. The Anglican Church was stripped of its Puritan reforms, and overtures made to Rome about rejoining the Catholic fold. In Scotland, too, all former promises of religious tolerance were renounced, and the Anglican Church established as the only acceptable church. Presbyterian services were banned under penalty of death. The Covenanters were heavily persecuted, their land was seized, and many were condemned to death as traitors. Many of the Covenanters escaped to the American colonies where greater freedom was to be found. Others stayed to fight, and in Scotland, England, and Ireland violence boiled up again. Lanark, again, was in the thick of resistance. Finally, in the “Glorious Revolution of 1688”, the last Stuart monarch fled England, and William of Orange, a Dutch Protestant was made King. The Stuart Royalists made several attempts to return to power, drawing a lot of support from the Scottish Highlands, but were defeated.

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A brief excerpt from  
**A SABBATH IN SCOTLAND**  
 Grahame

Amid the heathery wild, that all around  
 Fatigues the eye; in solitudes like these  
 Thy persecuted children, Scotia (Scotland), foiled  
 A tyrant’s and a bigot’s bloody laws.

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## MATERNAL AFFECTION

### Scrap Book\*

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irresistible bewitchingness; – the blooming bride led triumphantly to the hymeneal (wedding) altar awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight; – but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies, – the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye which keeps its fond vigil over the slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity, ecstatic sound! so twined round our hearts, that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'Tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty – nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster, – He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or see the fond parent hung over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

*The American First Class Book, 1823*

\*Not otherwise identified.

## THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE BERLIN LANDSTRUM\*

Father of earth and heaven! I call thy name!  
 Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;  
 My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;  
 Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.  
 Or life, or death, whatever be the goal  
 That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,

Thou knowest , if ever from my spirit stole  
 One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower  
 On my young fame! – O hear! God of eternal power!

God! thou art merciful. – The wintry storm,  
 The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,  
 But show the sterner grandeur of thy form;  
 The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom,  
 To Faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely come,  
 As splendors of the autumnal evening star,  
 As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,  
 When like cool incense comes the dewy air,  
 And on the golden wave, the sunset burns afar.

God! thou art mighty! – At thy footstool bound,  
 Lie gazing to thee, Chance, and Life, and Death;  
 Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,  
 Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath.  
 Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath, –  
 Woe in thy frown – in thy smile, victory!  
 Hear my last prayer! – I ask no mortal wreath;  
 Let but these eyes my rescued country see,  
 Then take my spirit, All Omnipotent, to thee.

Now for the fight – now for the cannon-peal –  
 Forward! – through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!  
 Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,  
 The valley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire;  
 They shake – the broken waves their squares retire, –  
 On then hussars! – Now give them rein and heel;  
 Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire; –  
 Earth cries for blood, – in thunder, on them wheel!  
 This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal.

*The American First Class Book, 1823*

[*“The Landstrum (German) is the reserve military force of the country, as distinguished from the regular standing army – the whole mass of the undisciplined militia, called out in some sudden exigency of the state.”*]

In the period of this book, Berlin was the capital of the Kingdom of Prussia, one of the largest and most powerful of the many German states that had been part of the Holy Roman Empire, a loose confederation of mainly German states, until it was dissolved by Napoleon. The Landstrum, no doubt, had been called upon to face the French many times during the decades of the Napoleonic Wars. The weakness and divided loyalties of the German states in the face of the French threat was a great impetus for unification, and a generation past the publication of *The American First Book*, Prussia began to gather up, one way or another, the other German states (with the notable exceptions of Austria and Switzerland) into the German Empire. The Prussian King then became the German Emperor. For about three generations in the Nineteenth

Century, the Prussian rulers were Pietists, kin in many ways to what we today would think of as Evangelical Protestants, and Germany was officially a Christian nation; and to a large extent, actually Christian in character. That was, of course long before Nazism appeared on the scene.

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## SLAVERY

Cowper\*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more. My heart is pained,  
My soul is sick, with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,  
It does not feel for man; the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not coloured like his own; and having power  
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
Dooms and devotes him as lawful prey.  
Lands intersected by a narrow firth  
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed  
Make enemies of nations, who had else  
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.  
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;  
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored  
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
Chains him, and tasks him, and extracts his sweat  
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,  
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.  
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,  
And having human feelings, does not blush,  
And hang his head, to think himself a man?  
I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews, bought and sold, have ever earn'd.  
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
Just estimation prized above all price,  
I had much rather be myself the slave,  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
We have no slaves at home – then why abroad?  
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave  
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.

Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
 And let it circulate through every vein  
 Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

*The American First Class Book, 1823*

\*William Cowper (pronounced Cooper), 1731-1800, was an English poet and hymnodist active in the Abolition Movement in England. At that time, slavery had been abolished in England proper, but not in British colonial territories. The poem has something of a polemical nature, trying to influence opinion, and would be found offensive to gentlemen of the south, who had other views of slavery. These last three selections can be considered polemics, and display the increasing fervor of New England, and especially Bostonian, social activism. Two of them were written by Englishmen, and the last, supposedly by an Englishman; but the audience, obviously, was American.

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## DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD

Lord Lyttleton\*

*Dialogue between Mercury, an English Duellist,  
 and a North American Savage.*

*The Duellist.* Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North American savage whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that species. He looks very grim. Pray, sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

*Savage.* Yes, I learnt it in my childhood, having been bred for some years among the English of New York. But before I was a man I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villainously cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have anything to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the late war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied, for my brethren were victorious, and before I was shot I had gloriously scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had performed still greater exploits. My name is the Bloody Bear; it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

*Duellist.* Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester and man of

honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but don't understand cutting the throats of women and children.

*Savage.* Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its customs. But, by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

*Duellist.* Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a sum of money. After two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde Park. The fellow could not fence: I was absolutely the adroitest swordsman in England, so I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any snivelling signs of contrition or repentance; and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife. I always hated marriage.

*Savage.* Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman—he has murdered his friend: I say, positively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the River, I can swim like a duck.

*Mercury.*—Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's Empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

*Savage.* Don't tell me of laws, I am a savage. I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman. There are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them, for they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject, in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know indeed, that the English are a barbarous nation, but they can't possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

*Mercury.* You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you, who have frequently massacred women in their sleep, and children in the cradle?

*Savage.* I killed none but my enemies. I never killed my own countrymen. I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat, but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder.

Farewell! I am determined to swim over the water.

*Mercury.* By this touch of my wand I deprive thee of all thy strength. Swim now if thou canst.

*Savage.* This is a potent enchanter. Restore me my strength, and I promise to obey thee.

*Mercury.* I restore it: but be orderly, and do as I bid you; otherwise worse will befall you.

*Duellist.* Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah, savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know I have kept the best company in England?

*Savage.* I know thou art a scoundrel! Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend who lent thee money for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight! I will drive thee into Styx!

*Mercury.* Stop! I command thee. No violence! Talk to him calmly.

*Savage.* I must obey thee. Well, sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

*Duellist.* Sir, I gamed, as I told you. Besides, I kept a good table. I eat as well as any man either in England or France.

*Savage.* Eat! Did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder! There is fine eating! I have eat twenty. My table was always well served. My wife was esteemed the best cook for the dressing of man's flesh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine?

*Duellist.* I danced very finely.

*Savage.* I'll dance with thee for thy ears: I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more spirit than any man of my nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast never yet learnt. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

*Duellist.* O heavens! must I bear this? What can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

*Mercury.* You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must necessarily hear, when you come before Rhadamanthus (a judge of the dead). He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

*Duellist.* I sang very agreeably.

*Savage.* Let me hear you sing your "Death Song" or the "War Whoop." I challenge you to sing. Come, begin. The fellow is mute. Mercury, this is a liar; he has told us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

*Duellist.* The lie given me! and, alas, I dare not resent it. What an indelible disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This indeed is damnation.

*Mercury.* Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The spirit that urged him to draw his sword against his friend is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, and to them he must go.

*Savage.* If he is to be punished for his wickedness, turn him over to me; I perfectly understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this kick on your breech.

*Duellist.*—Oh my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

*The American First Class Book, 1823*

\*Lyttleton was an Eighteenth Century English writer and politician of significant importance in his time.

This 'Dialogue' is part of a series of polemical dialogues between various opponents, both real and figurative. The first 'Dialogue' is between John Hampden and Lord Falkland, leaders of opposing factions in the English Civil War. The above dialogue is between two, presumably fictitious, characters attempting to make the point that English (and American) duelling is equivalent to savage cruelty.

While it was written as a polemic against duelling, it is more interesting today as a commentary on relations with 'Native Americans'. Is there a moral equivalence between two grown men fighting a duel, even for foolish or ignoble motives, and the wholesale torture and slaughter of innocent victims? If not, then there is no moral equivalence between the two cultures. Polemics such as this exaggerate and make false comparisons in order to make the desired point, but there may be unintended consequences in creating such equivalences and excusing savage behavior because "Who are we to condemn, that is their culture". Whether the Mohawks ever practiced cannibalism is a matter of dispute, but the description given is obviously satire, as was the exaggerated arrogance of the Duellist.

## LETTER FROM THE BRITISH SPY

William Wirt\*

A note of caution to readers: This selection, captioned as it is in the original reader, might be titled “A Tomahawk Job on America”, is extremely controversial, and many, if not most readers will find either the selection itself, or my comments to be offensive. I have never seen a more eloquent, passionate, or poisonous display of the pathological guilt complex both derived from, and transmitted by such dogma as Wirt’s “Letter” expounds. And I must admit to being a bit surprised finding it so near the inception of American public education, the 1823, *First American Class Book*. Today’s American history lessons seem to be centered around the succinct axiom, “The whiteman stole America” that could be extracted from this “Letter”. Though lacking Wirt’s finesse, such ‘dumbed down’ teaching has its effect. It festers as a morbid sore on the American psyche, and desperately needs to be treated; but more about that in my end notes.

I have just returned from an interesting morning’s ride. My object was to visit the site of the Indian town, Powhatan: which, you remember, was the metropolis of the dominions of Pocahuntus’ father, and very probably, the birthplace of that celebrated princess.

The town was built on the river, about two miles below the ground now occupied by Richmond: that is, about two miles below the head of the tide water.

Aware of the slight manner in which the Indians have always constructed their habitations, I was not at all disappointed in finding no vestige of the old town. But as I traversed the ground over which Pocahuntas had so often bounded and frolicked in the sprightly morning of her youth, I could not help recalling the principal features of her history, and heaving a sigh of mingled pity and veneration to her memory.

Good Heaven! What an eventful life was hers! To speak of nothing else, the arrival of the English in her father’s dominions must have appeared (as indeed it turned out to be) a most portentous phenomenon. It is not easy for us to conceive the amazement and consternation which must have filled her mind and that of her nation at the first appearance of our countrymen. Their great ship, with all her sails spread, advancing in solemn majesty to the shore; their complexion; their dress; their language; their domestic animals; their cargo of new and glittering wealth; and then the thunder and irresistible force of their artillery; the distant country announced by them, far beyond the great water, of which the oldest Indian had never heard, or thought, or dreamed – all this was so new, so wonderful, so tremendous, than, I do seriously suppose, the personal descent of an army of Milton’s celestial angels, robed in light, sporting the bright beams of the sun and redoubling their splendor, making divine harmony with their golden harps, or playing with the bolt and chasing the rapid lightning of heaven, would excite not

more astonishment in Great Britain, than did the debarkation of the English among the aborigines of Virginia.

Poor Indians! Where are they now? Indeed, this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please; but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say that they bought it. – Bought it! Yes; of whom? – Of poor trembling natives who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity by seeming to yield with grace, what they knew that they had not the power to retain. Such a bargain might appease the conscience of a gentleman of the green bag (lawyer), “worn and hackneyed” in the arts and frauds of his profession; but in heaven’s chancery, there can be little doubt that it has been long since set aside on the ground of compulsion.

Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people; no wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation; no wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators; no wonder that in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrinks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, and smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet, the people, here, affect to wonder that the Indians are so very insusceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginian; erase from the Indian nation, the tradition of their wrongs; make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests, their beloved forefathers, once, in careless gaiety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, the happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Make them forget too, if you can, that in the midst of all this innocence, simplicity, and bliss – the white man came; and lo! – the animated chase, the feast, the dance, the song of fearless, thoughtless joy were over; that ever since, they have been made to drink the bitter cup of humiliation; treated like dogs; their lives, their liberties, the sport of white men; their country and the graves of their fathers torn from them, in cruel succession; until, driven from river to river, from forest to forest, and through a period of two hundred years, rolled back, nation upon nation, they find themselves fugitives, vagrants and strangers in their own country, and look forward to to the certain period when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars,

driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid, the condition of slaves.

Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections and anticipations like these, and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their color, their language, their name, and everything that belongs to them. No; never, until time shall wear out the history of our sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners.

Great God! To reflect that the authors of all these wrongs were our own countrymen, our forefathers, professors of the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus! O! it was impious; it was unmanly; poor and pitiful! Gracious Heaven! what have these poor people done? The simple inhabitants of these peaceful plains, what wrong, what injury, had they offered to the English! My soul melts with pity and shame.

As for the present inhabitants, it must be granted that they are comparatively innocent; unless indeed they also have encroached under the guise of treaties, which they themselves have previously contrived to render expedient or necessary to the Indians.

Whether this have been the case or not, I am too much a stranger to the interior transactions of this country to decide. But it seems to me that were I a president of the United States, I would glory in going to the Indians, throwing myself on my knees before them, and saying to them, "Indians, friends, brothers, O! forgive my countrymen! Deeply have our forefathers wronged you; and they have forced us to continue the wrong. Reflect, brothers; it was not our fault that we were born in your country; but now, we have no other home; we have nowhere else to rest our feet. Will you not, then, permit us to remain? Can you not forgive even us, innocent as we are? If you can, O!, come to our bosoms; be, indeed, our brothers; and since there is room enough for us all, give us a home in your land, and let us be children of the same affectionate family."

I believe the magnanimity of sentiment like this, followed up by a correspondent greatness of conduct on the part of the people of the United States, would go further to bury the tomahawk and produce a fraternization with the Indians, than all the presents, treaties, and missionaries that can be employed; dashed and defeated as these latter means always are, by a claim of rights on the part of the white people

which the Indians know to be false and baseless. Let me not be told that the Indians are too dark and fierce to be affected by generous and noble sentiments. I will not believe it. Magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which produced an Alknomok<sup>1</sup>, a Logan, and a Pocahuntas.

The repetition of the name of this amiable princess brings me back to the point from which I digressed. I wonder that the Virginians, fond as they are of anniversaries, have instituted no festival, or order, in honor of her memory. For my own part, I have little doubt, from the histories which we have of the first attempts at colonizing their country, that Pocahuntas deserves to be considered as the patron deity of the enterprise. When it is remembered how long the colony struggled to get a footing; how often sickness or famine, neglect at home, mismanagement here, and the hostilities of the natives, brought it to the brink of ruin; through what tedious lapse of time it alternately languished and revived, sunk and rose, sometimes hanging, like Addison's lamp, "quivering at a point," then suddenly shooting up into a sickly and short lived flame; in one word, when we recollect how near and how often it verged towards total extinction, maugre (despite) the patronage of Pocahuntas; there is the strongest reason to believe that, but for her patronage, the anniversary cannon of the fourth of July would never have resounded throughout the United States.

Is it not probable, that this sensible and amiable woman, perceiving the superiority of the Europeans, foreseeing the probability of the subjugation of her countrymen, and anxious as well to soften their destiny, as to save the needless effusion of human blood, desired, by her marriage with Mr. Rolfe, to hasten the abolition of all distinction between Indians and white men; to bind their interests and affections by the nearest and most endearing ties, and to make them regard themselves as one people, the children of the same great family? If such were her wise and benevolent views, and I have no doubt but they were, how poorly were they backed by the British court? No wonder at the resentment and indignation with which she saw them neglected; no wonder at the bitterness of the disappointment and vexation which she expressed to Captain Smith, in London, arising as well from the cold reception which she herself had met, as from the contemptuous and insulting point of view in which she found that her nation was regarded.

Unfortunate princess! She deserved a happier fate! But I am consoled by these reflections: first, that she sees her descendants among the most respectable families in Virginia; and that they are not only superior to the false shame of disavowing her as their ancestor, but that they pride themselves, and with reason too, on the honor of their descent; secondly, that she herself has gone to a country where she finds her noble wishes realized; where the distinction of color is no more; but where indeed, it is

perfectly immaterial “what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burned” on the pilgrim.

*The American First Class Book, 1823*

\*Wirt, 1772 to 1834, was a prominent American politician, attorney, and writer. He was the longest serving Attorney General in American history, held various other state and federal positions and was the first third party (Anti-Masonic Party) US presidential candidate. Wirt, a friend of Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe, among other powerful political figures, came to prominence when asked by Jefferson to serve as prosecutor in former Vice-President Aaron Burr’s trial for treason. Burr was hated by many in officialdom for killing Alexander Hamilton in a one-sided duel tantamount to murder. Hamilton’s religious scruples forbid his trying to kill Burr, but his ‘honor’ (in a way few today could understand) forced him to stand and be killed. Burr had no such scruples. In a situation similar to today’s news, after a long and brutal, politically tainted trial, Burr was acquitted, but many of those around him were ruined. Harmon Blennerhassett, a once wealthy Irish immigrant, became the best known victim of this collateral damage, and his cautionary tale of poor judgment in involving himself in apparently glamorous adventures, of which he understood little, was a popular subject in 19<sup>th</sup> Century readers. Ironically, or hypocritically, Wirt wrote the story.

Wirt’s first published book was “*Letters From the British Spy*” which was originally printed in serial form by a Richmond, Virginia, newspaper in 1803. The “letters” purported to have been written by an unknown British officer to a friend in Parliament, informing him about conditions, politics, and habits of the people in the ex-colonies. Wirt himself, of course, provided the commentary, often biting, but very popular with the public. Exactly how much of the above ‘letter’ is Wirt’s true opinion, how much political theater, and how much affectation of British public opinion I can’t say. It should be noted, however, that Wirt was a member of the ‘Establishment’ of his day and fighting desperately against the rising political power of the frontier.

Whether from conviction or political calculation, or both, Wirt represented the Cherokee Nation against the State of Georgia before the U. S. Supreme Court in a case of great importance, but of rather swampy ‘landmark’ significance, being the decision President Andrew Jackson famously ignored, saying that he, too, could read the Constitution, and the Court was wrong in declaring the Cherokee Nation an independent state within the United States. That is a subject far too complex to be explored here; for more on it, I refer you to *Bound for the USA: The Fourteenth And Fifteenth Colonies And The Deep South*, a free pdf ‘book’ on [oldfashionedhistory.com](http://oldfashionedhistory.com).

The inclusion of this particular letter in the *The American First Class Book*, of 1823 is significant as a symptom of that pathological guilt complex I referred to above. It seems to me akin to the ‘Stockholm Syndrome’, in which victims of continuing violent abuse begin to form a ‘psychological alliance’ with their tormentors. In the hope of alleviating this condition, I have added a rather lengthy commentary as Appendix I, that I believe readers will find interesting.

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## CHAPTER 25

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution*

by William Scott, 1820

Hill and Moore, Concord, N. H. 1820

This is essentially a British book, that is, one compiled by a British editor and consisting of works by British authors. It was adopted into Boston schools in 1820, but replaced by the "American" textbook *The American First Class Book* in 1823.

SPEECH OF CORNELIUS TO THE CONSULS<sup>1</sup>

Hooke\*

What an insult upon us is this? If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? Inhabitants of the same country? – Members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted, not only to marriage with us, but what is of much greater importance – the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, are to be worse treated than strangers? And when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and duties on whom they please, Do we ask anything unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than our original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate house.

What! Must this empire, then, be unavoidably over turned! Must Rome, of necessity sink at once, if a Plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Seveius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom, as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And supposing, now, that a Plebeian should have their talents and merit, Would he be suffered to govern us?

But, “we find, that, upon the abolition of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate.” – And, what of that? Before Numa’s time, there were no pontiffs<sup>2</sup> in Rome. Before Servius Tullius’ days, there was no census, no division of the people into classes and centuries (census

districts). Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictator's, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes<sup>3</sup>, aediles, quaestors. Within these ten years we have made decimvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, is not that a new thing? Was there any such law before the decimvirs enacted it? And a most shameful one it is in a free state. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear that we shall force anybody into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians; what is this but to show the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there would be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing at the same market place. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not everyone know that the children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let him be Patrician or Plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough that we have nothing in view, but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can those who oppose our demand have any motive to it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend ('stretch forth') to list them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages (voting rights) by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of is true, or whether it be only false rumor, spread abroad for nothing but a color (cover) to send the people out of the city: I declare, as a tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defense and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and that you no longer treat us like strangers in our own country; but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit, indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the Senate alone – talk of wars as much as ever you please – paint in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do

now – I declare, that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for your victories, shall never more enlist themselves – not a man of them shall take arms – not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor, in private life, have any alliance by marriage.

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

\*Probably Nathaniel Hooke, an 18<sup>th</sup> Century British historian.

1. “...in which he demands that the Plebeians (commoners) may be admitted into the Consulship, and that the Laws prohibiting Patricians (nobility) and Plebeians from intermarrying may be repealed.”

2. The term “pontiffs” does not refer to the Catholic Popes, but to pre-Christian Roman offices from which the modern useage of ‘Pope’ and ‘Pontiff’ derive.

3. This begins a list of offices in the Roman Republic that followed the overthrow of the Tarquin Kings – magistrates, commissioners, and others of what we would call the bureaucracy.

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DEMOSTHENES\* TO THE ATHENIANS:

*Exciting them to prosecute the war against Philip<sup>1</sup>.*

When I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy; but their measures are so inconsistent, that all their professions become suspect. By confounding you with a variety of projects, they perplex your resolutions; and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible in practice.

‘Tis true, there was a time, when we were powerful enough not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians, there was such a juncture; I remember it well. But, by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders; it will be well for us, if we can provide for our own defense, and our allies. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this. However, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures.

The opportunities which have so often escaped us, have not been lost through ignorance or want of judgment, but through negligence or treachery. If I assume, at this time, more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently those truths, which have no other end but your own good. You have too many reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall,

therefore, be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

You may remember it is not above three or four years since we had news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno, in Thrace. It was, I think, in October we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of three-score talents; forty men of war were ordered to sea; and so zealous were we, that, preferring the necessities of the state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five and forty years were commanded to serve. What followed? A whole year was spent idly, without anything done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Charademus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, not half manned.

A rumor was spread that Philip was sick. That rumor was followed by another – that Philip was dead. And then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations; whereas then, then was your time to push and be active; then was your time to secure yourselves, and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with such heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had then been as terrible (terrifying) to Philip, as Philip, recovered, is now to you. “To what purpose at this time, these reflections? What is done cannot be undone.”

But by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be recalled, past errors may be repeated. Have we not now fresh provocation to war? Let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present in the present danger. If the Olynthians (a city in northern Greece) are not instantly succored and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself.

It is not, surely, necessary to warn you, that votes alone can be of no consequence. Had your resolutions, of themselves, the virtue to compass what you intend, we should not see them multiply every day, as they do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect; nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. Proceed, then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigor. You have heads capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time is so proper for action? What occasion so happy? And when you can hope for no such another, if this be neglected?

Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? A faithless ally? The usurper of provinces to which he has no title nor

pretense? A stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant? And, indeed, what is he not?

Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears from the practices of your ancestors. They were friends to truth and plain dealing, and detested flattery and servile compliance. By unanimous consent, they continued arbiters of all Greece for the space of forty-five years without interruption, a public fund of no less than ten thousand talents, was ready for an emergency. They exercised over the kings of Macedon, that authority which is due to barbarians; obtained both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories; and by their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach of malice and detraction. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples, so richly embellished, but above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies.

But visit their own habitations; visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity; you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament, to distinguish them from their neighbors. They took part in the government, not to enrich themselves, but the public; they had no scheme or ambition but for the public; nor knew any interest but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal gods, by a strict faith and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform, and of a piece (undivided), they established a reputation which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, O men of Athens, were your ancestors: so glorious in the eyes of the world; so bountiful and munificent to their country; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find, in the present generation, of these great men? At a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage; when the Lacedaemonians are disabled; the Thebans employed in troubles of their own; when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you; in short, when you are at full liberty; when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters (supreme authority) of Greece; you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war; and to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies.

Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? – Let him rise and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip. “But,” you reply, “what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity? A greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified?” – Away with such trifles. Shall I be paid with counters? An old square new vamped up! A fountain! An aqueduct! Are these acquisitions to brag of?

Cast your eye upon the magistrate (government), under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature raised, all at once, from dirt to opulence; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats (estates), viewing with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished?

To what are we to impute these disorders? And to what cause assign the decay of the state, so powerful and flourishing in past times? The reason is plain. – the servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; punishments and rewards were properties of the people? all honors, dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favor of the people; but the magistrate now has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You miserable people! from being he ruler, are become the servant; from being the master – the dependent; happy that these governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Believe me, Athenians, if recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers, if you would be your own soldiers and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands; if you would charge yourselves with your own defense, employing abroad, for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home; the world might, once more, behold you, making a figure worthy of Athenians. “You would have us then (you say) do service in our armies, in our own persons; and for so doing, you would have the pensions we receive, in time of peace, accepted as pay, in time of war. Is it thus that we are to understand you?” – Yes, Athenians, ‘tis my plain meaning, I would make it a standing rule, that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service. Are

we in peace? The public is charged with your subsistence. Are we in war, or under a necessity at this time, to enter into a war?

Let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay, in defense of your benefactors, what you receive, in peace, as mere bounty. Thus without any innovation; without altering or abolishing anything, but pernicious novelties, introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness, by converting only for the future, the same funds, for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at present, on the unprofitable; you may be well served in your armies; your troops regularly paid; justice duly administered; the public revenues reformed and increased; and every member of the commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state.

This, O men of Athens, is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion. May the gods inspire you, to determine upon such measures as may be most expedient for the particular and general good of our country!

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

\*Demosthenes, c. 384 - 322 B. C., is considered to be the last of the great Athenian orator/statesmen. He rallied the Athenians to oppose Philip of Macedon, but they were defeated; and after Philip's death, to oppose his son and successor, Alexander the Great. Demosthenes is believed to have committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of Alexander's regent.

1. Philip II, King of Macedonia. The Macedonians were related to the Greeks of Athens, but not fully of a compatible culture. Phillip II, was expanding his kingdom to include all the Greek city states, and eventually defeated the Athenians and their allies. At one time, Athens was the dominant Greek state, but had long been in decline at the time of this oration.

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## ON THE DEATH OF CHRIST

Blair\*

The redemption of man is one of the most glorious works of the Almighty. If the hour of the creation of the world was great and illustrious; that hour, when, from the dark and formless mass, this fair system of nature arose at the divine command; when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy:" – no less illustrious is the hour of the restoration of the world; the hour when, from condemnation and misery, it emerged into happiness and peace. With less external majesty it was attended, but is, on that account, the more wonderful, that, under an appearance so simple such great events were covered.

In the hour of Christ's death, the long series of prophecies, visions, types, and figures, was accomplished. This was the center in which they

all met; this, the point toward towards which they had tended and verged, throughout the course of so many generations. You behold the law and the prophets standing, if we may so speak, at the foot of the cross, and doing homage. You behold Moses and Aaron bearing the ark of the covenant: David and Elijah presenting the oracle of testimony. You behold all the priests and sacrifices, all the rites and ordinances, all the types and symbols, assembled together to receive their consummation. Without the death of Christ, the worship and ceremonies of the law would have remained a pompous but unmeaning institution. In the hour, in which he was crucified, “the book with the seven seals” was opened. Every rite assumed its significance; every prediction met its event; every symbol displayed its correspondence.

This was the hour of the abolition of the Law, and the introduction of the Gospel; the hour of terminating the old, and the beginning of the new dispensation of religious knowledge and worship throughout the earth. Viewed in this light, it forms the most august era which is to be found in the history of mankind. When Christ was suffering on the cross, we are informed by one of the Evangelists, that he said, “I thirst;” and that they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it to his mouth. After he had tasted the vinegar, knowing that all things were now accomplished, and the scripture fulfilled, he said “It is finished,” that is, this offered draught was the last circumstance, predicted by an ancient prophet, that remained to be fulfilled. The vision and the prophecy are now sealed; the Mosaic dispensation is closed. “And he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.” – Significantly was the veil of the temple rent in this hour; for the glory then departed from between the cherubims. The legal high priest delivered up his Urim and Thumim, his breastplate, his robes, and his incense; and Christ stood forth as the great High Priest of all succeeding generations. By that one sacrifice which he now offered, he abolished sacrifices forever. Altars on which the fire had blazed for ages, were now to smoke no more. Victims were no more to bleed. “Not with the blood of bulls and goats, but with his own blood, he now entered into the holy place, there to appear in the presence of God for us.”

This was the hour of association and union to all the worshipers of God. When Christ said, “It is finished,” he threw down the wall of partition, which had for so long divided the Gentile from the Jew. He gathered into one, all the faithful, out of every kindred and people. He proclaimed the hour to be come, when the knowledge of the true God should no longer be confined to one nation, nor his worship to one temple; but over all the earth, the worshipers of the father should “serve him in spirit and in truth.” From that hour, they who dwelt in the “uttermost ends of the earth, strangers to the covenant of promise,” began to be “brought nigh.” In that hour, the light of the gospel dawned from afar on the British Islands.

This was the hour of Christ's triumph over all the powers of darkness; the hour in which he overthrew dominions and thrones, "led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men." The contest which the kingdom of darkness had long maintained against the kingdom of light, was now brought to its crisis. The period was come, when "the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent." For many ages, the most gross superstition had filled the earth. "The glory of the incorruptible God was," everywhere, except in the land of Judea, "changed into images made like to corruptible man, and of birds, and beasts, and creeping things." The world, which the Almighty created for himself, seemed to have become a temple of idols. Even to vice and passions, altars were raised; and what was entitled religion, was, in effect, a discipline of impurity.

In the midst of this universal darkness, Satan had erected his throne; and the learned and polished, as well as the savage nations, bowed down before him. But at the hour when Christ appeared on the cross, the signal of his defeat was given. His kingdom suddenly departed from him; the reign of idolatry passed away; for he was "beheld to fall like lightening from heaven." In that hour, the foundation of every Pagan temple shook; the statue of every false god tottered on its base; the priest fled from his falling shrine; and the heathen oracles became dumb forever.

Death, also, the last foe to man, was the victim of this hour. The formidable appearance of the specter remained, but his dart was taken away: for in that hour when Christ expiated guilt, he disarmed death, by securing the resurrection of the just. When he said to his penitent fellow-sufferer, "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise," he announced to all his followers, the certainty of heavenly bliss. He declared "the cherubims" to be dismissed, and the "flaming sword" to be sheathed, which had been appointed, at the fall, "to keep from man the way of the tree of life." Faith, before this period, had been the hope, indistinct had been the prospect, which even good men enjoyed of the heavenly kingdom. "life and immortality were now brought to light." From the hill of Calvary, the first clear and certain view was given to the world, of the everlasting mansions. Since that hour, they have been the perpetual consolation of believers in Christ. Under trouble, they soothe their minds: amidst temptations, they support virtue; and, in their dying moments, enable them to say, "O death! Where is thy sting? O grave! Where is thy victory?"

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

\*not otherwise identified

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## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MASON

Mason\*

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear;  
 Take that best gift, which heaven so lately gave.  
 To Bristol's fount<sup>1</sup> I bore, with trembling care,  
 Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave,

And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line.  
 Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?  
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;  
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them to be chaste, be innocent like thee:  
 Bid them in duty's sphere, as meekly move:  
 And if as fair, from vanity as free,  
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love:  
 Tell them, though tis an awful thing to die,  
 ("Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,  
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,  
 And bids the "pure in heart behold their God."

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

\*not otherwise identified

1. Bristol, an English seaside city known for hot mineral water springs, once purported to have medicinal properties.

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## DIVERSITY OF THE HUMAN CHARACTER

Pope\*

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,  
 Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;  
 The rogue and fool by fits, are fair and wise,  
 And e'en the best, by fits what they despise.  
 'Tis but by part we follow good or ill,  
 For Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still:  
 Each individual seeks a several goal;  
 But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.  
 That counterworks each folly and caprice;  
 That disappoints th' effect of every vice;  
 That happy frailties to all ranks applied –  
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,  
 fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,  
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief.

That Virtue's end from vanity can raise,  
 That seeks no interest, no reward but praise;  
 And build on wants and on defects of mind,  
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven, forming each on other to depend,  
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,  
 Bids each on other for assistance call,  
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.  
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still allay  
 The common int'rest or endear the tie.  
 To those we owe true friendship, love sincere,  
 Each home felt joy that life inherits here;  
 Yet from the same, we learn, in its decline,  
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign.  
 Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,  
 To welcome death and calmly pass away.  
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
 The sot (drunkard) a hero, lunatic a king;  
 The starving chymist in his golden views<sup>1</sup>  
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.  
 See some strange comfort every state attend,  
 And pride, bestow'd on all, a common friend;  
 See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,  
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;  
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
 A little louder, but as empty quite;  
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
 And toys and counters are the toys of age:  
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,  
 Till tir'd he sleeps and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile, opinion gilds, with varying rays,  
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;  
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,  
 And each vacuity of sense by pride.  
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy.  
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy:  
 One prospect lost, another still we gain,  
 And not a vanity is given in vain:  
 Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,  
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.  
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;  
 'Tis this: Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

*Scott's Lessons on Elocution, 1820*

\*Alexander Pope, English poet and satirist, 1688-1744

1. Archaic spelling of 'chemist'; an alchemist, dreaming of turning lead into gold.

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*IMPORTANCE OF VIRTUE*

## Price

Virtue is of intrinsic value, and good desert (to gain), and of indispensable obligation, not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the fountain of honor and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient; and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities, and the greater curses they become.

The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity, in every future state, to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life soon forgot; but virtue will remain forever. This unites us to the whole rational creation; and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures the approbation and love of all good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.

But what is of unspeakably greater consequence, is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his Almighty power in our defense. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it, no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The farther any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater its attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe, it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original to his nature, and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue. – Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practice it? There is no argument or motive, in any respect fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One

virtuous disposition of soul, is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world – if you are wise, then study virtue, and condemn everything that can come in competition with it. Remember that this alone is honor, glory, wealth and happiness. Secure this and you secure everything. Lose this, and you lose everything.

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

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### SELECT SENTENCES

From the *Art of Thinking*\*

Man's chief good is an upright mind, which no earthly power can bestow, nor take from him.

We ought to distrust our passions, even when they appear the most reasonable.

A cheerful countenance betokens a good heart.

Hypocrisy is an homage that vice pays to virtue.

Anxiety and constraint are the constant attendants of pride. Men make themselves ridiculous, not so much by the qualities they have, as by the affectation (pretense) of those they don't have.

Nothing blunts the edge of ridicule so effectually as good humor.

To say little and perform much, is the characteristic of a great mind.

A man who gives his children a habit of industry provides for them better than giving them a stock of money.

Our good or bad fortune depends greatly on the choice we make of our friends.

The young are slaves to novelty, the old to custom.

No preacher is so successful as time. It gives a turn of thought to the aged, which it is impossible to inspire while they are young.

The injuries we do, and those we suffer, are seldom weighed in the same balance.

To be angry is to punish yourself for the fault of another.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next good sense; the third, good humor; the last, wit.

The great error in conversation is to be fonder of speaking than of hearing.

He who cannot bear a jest, ought never to make one.

He whose ruling passion is love of praise, is a slave to every one who has a tongue for detraction.

Modesty, were it to be recommended for nothing else, leaves a man at ease by pretending to little; whereas vain glory requires perpetual labor to appear what one is not. If we have sense, modest best sets it off; if not, best hides the want.

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

\*Not otherwise identified.



## CHAPTER 26

*Introduction to the English Reader*

By Lindley Murray

Cramer &amp; Spear, Pittsburg, 1819

and

*The English Reader*

By Lindley Murray

Paraclete Potter, Poughkeepsie, 1814

The *Introduction* is a slim volume, described as a remedial reader to "improve the younger class of learners" in preparation for Murray's *English Reader*. The *Reader* is a much larger book at 244 pages, with gruelingly tiny print. It is essentially the same reader as Murray's popular reader published in England. School books written, as well as published, in America began to be widely available about this time and soon displaced the books, like this one, written in England, primarily for the English schools. The similarity of these with the early American readers is noteworthy.

These are the oldest of the readers included in this work, and I want to point out one feature of these oldest readers. While 'direct moral teaching' fell increasing out of favor in later books, we might consider that virtually all the oldest readers' content was 'direct moral teaching', as we see in these few samples. The *Introduction to The English Reader* seems to me to contain the most interesting material, including "The Family Conversation on Slavery.." so I have included more selections from it, but with one very long one from the *Reader* -- *Locke and Bayle*, which closes out the Pre-Civil War Era Section.

It is very appropriate that *Locke and Bayle* appear directly before 'progressing' to the Early-Modern Readers. To define the age group served by the *Reader* is difficult, the only clue is the that it was "Designed to assist young persons to read with propriety and effect, to improve their language and sentiments; and to inculcate some of the most important principles of piety and virtue." Whomever it was intended for, they were not children.

## GOOD ADVICE

Anonymous

God is the kindest and best of beings. He is our Father. He approves us when we do well; he pities us when we err; and he desires to make us happy forever. How greatly should we love so kind and good a Father! and how careful should we be to serve and please him!

Never insult the unfortunate, especially when they implore relief or assistance. If you cannot grant their requests, refuse them mildly and tenderly. If you feel compassion for them, (and what good heart can behold distress without feeling compassion?) be not ashamed to express it.

Listen to the affectionate counsels of your parents; treasure up their precepts; respect their riper judgment; and enjoy, with gratitude and

delight, the advantages resulting from their society.. Bind to your bosom, by the most endearing ties, your brothers and sisters; cherish them as your best companions, through the variegated journey of life; and suffer no jealousies and contentions to interrupt the harmony, which should ever reign amongst you.

They who are accustomed to view their companions in the most favorable light, are like persons who dwell amidst those beautiful scenes of nature, on which the eye rests with pleasure. Suspicious persons resemble the traveler in the wilderness, who sees no objects around him, but what are either dreary or terrible.

*Murray, Introduction to the English Reader, 1819*

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## THE FEMALE CHOICE

Barbauld

A young girl, having fatigued herself one hot day with running about in the garden, sat down in a pleasant arbor, where she presently fell asleep. During her slumber, two female figures presented themselves before her. One was loosely habited in a thin robe of pink, with light green trimmings. Her sash of silver gauze flowed to the ground. Her hair fell in ringlets down her neck; and her head dress consisted of artificial flowers interwoven with feathers. She held in one hand, a small ticket, and in the other a fancy dress all covered with spangles and knots of gay ribbon.

She advanced smiling to the girl, and with a familiar air thus addressed her:

"My dearest Melissa, I am a kind genius<sup>1</sup> who has watched you from your birth, and has joyfully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they have rendered you a companion worthy of me. See what I have brought you. This dress and this ticket will give you free access to all the ravishing delights of my palace. With me you will pass your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amusements.

Like the gay butterfly, you will have no other business than to flutter from flower to flower, and spread your charms before admiring spectators. No restraints, no toils, no dull tasks, are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleasure, life, and good humor. Come, then, my dear! Let me put on you this dress, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away with me!"

Melissa felt a strong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph, but first she thought it would be prudent at least to ask her name.

"My name," said she, is "Dissipation<sup>2</sup>."

The other female then advanced. She was clothed in a close habit of of brown stuff, simply relieved with white. She wore her smooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole person was perfectly neat and clean. Her look was serious but satisfied; and her air was staid and composed. She held in one hand a distaff<sup>3</sup>; on the opposite arm hung a work basket; and the girdle round her waist was garnished with scissors, knitting needles, reels, and other implements of female labor. A bunch of keys hung at her side. She thus accosted the sleeping girl.

"Melisa, I am the genius who has been the friend and companion of your mother; and now I offer you my protection. I have no allurements to tempt you with like those of my gay rival. Instead of spending all your time in amusements, if you enter yourself of my train (followers), you must rise early; and pass the long day in a variety of employments, some of them difficult, some laborious, and all requiring exertion of body or mind. You must dress plainly; live mostly at home, and aim at being useful rather than shining.

But in return, I will ensure you content, even spirits, self-approbation (self respect), and the esteem of all those who thoroughly know you. If these offers appear to your young mind less inviting than those of my rival, be assured, however, that they are more real. She has promised much more than she can ever make good. Perpetual pleasures are no more in the power of Dissipation, than of Vice and Folly, to bestow. Her delights quickly pall, and are inevitably succeeded by languor and disgust. She appears to you under a disguise, and what you see is not her real face.

For myself, I shall never appear to you less amiable than I now do; but, on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will see me cheerful at my work; and when work is over, I can enjoy every innocent amusement. But I have said enough. It is time for you to choose whom you will follow, and upon that choice all your happiness depends. If you would know my name, it is Housewifery."

Melissa heard her with more attention than delight; and though overawed by her manner, she could not help turning again to take another look at the first speaker. She beheld her still offering her presents with so bewitching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to resist; when, by a lucky accident, the mask with which Dissipation's face was so artfully covered, fell off. As soon as Melissa beheld, instead of the

smiling features of youth and cheerfulness, a countenance wan and ghastly with sickness, and soured by fretfulness, she turned away with horror, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her sober and sincere companion.

*Murray, Introduction to The English Reader, 1819*

\*No further identification, but presumably Mrs. Anna Laetitia Aiken Barbauld (1743-1825) an influential poet, hymnist, teacher, and education innovator. With her husband, they ran a school for the children of dissidents from the Church of England. The "female choice" presented in this piece seems rather limited: to become a housewife, or, eventually and inevitably, a woman of the streets. That was not the full range of choice for women even in those days, and certainly not today. This choice, however, remains -- a life of dissipation, or "*content, even spirits, self-approbation, and the esteem of all those who thoroughly know you.*"

1. Genius, an archaic usage, from genii, meaning a supernatural being of some kind.
  2. Dissipation is unrestrained self-indulgence that wastes life's real opportunities.
  3. An implement used in spinning thread.
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## NOBLE BEHAVIOR OF SCIPIO

Dodd

Scipio the younger<sup>1</sup>, at twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman Republic to the command of the army against the Spaniards. Soon after the conquest of Carthage (New Carthage), the capital of the empire, his integrity and virtue were put to the following exemplary and ever memorable trial, related by historians, ancient and modern, with universal applause.

Being retired into his camp, some of the officers brought him a young virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of everybody. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprise; and seemed robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was very remarkable. In a few moments, having recovered himself, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth, and connections; and finding that she was betrothed to a celtiberian<sup>2</sup> prince named Allucius, he ordered him and the captive's parents to be sent for.

When the Spanish prince appeared in his presence, Scipio took him aside; and to remove the anxiety he might feel on account of the young lady; addressed him in these words: "You and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with freedom. They who brought me your future spouse, assured me at the same time, that you loved her with extreme

tenderness; and her beauty and merit left me no room to doubt it. Upon which, I reflected that if I were in your situation, I should hope to meet with favor. I, therefore, think myself happy in the present conjuncture to do you a service.

Though the fortune of war has made me your master, I desire to be your friend. Here is your wife; take her, and may you be happy! You may rest assured that she has been amongst us, as she would have been in the house of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchase any pleasure at the expense of virtue, honor, and the happiness of an honest man! No, I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you, for this inestimable gift, is that you will be a friend to the Roman people."

Allucious' heart was too full to make him any answer; but, throwing himself at the general's feet, he wept aloud. The captive lady fell down in the same posture, and remained so, till the aged father, overwhelmed with transports of joy, burst into the following words: "O excellent Scipio! Heaven has given thee more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! what pleasure could equal that which must now fill your heart, on hearing the prayers of this grateful virgin, for thy health and prosperity!"

Such was Scipio, a soldier, a youth, a heathen! nor was his virtue unrewarded. Allucius, charmed with such magnanimity, liberality, and politeness, returned to his own country, and published on all occasions, the praises of his generous and humane victor; crying out, "There is come into Spain a young hero, who conquered all things less by the force of his arms, than by the charms of his virtue, and the greatness of his beneficence."

*Murray, Introduction to The English Reader, 1819*

1. Scipio the Younger (185BC-129 BC), was the grandson of the famous Roman general Scipio 'Africanus' (conqueror of 'Africa', meaning Hannibal, and Carthage, the great general, and rival city state on the North African coast). Now, Scipio the Younger was making a name for himself in clearing out Carthaginian colonies on the Iberian peninsula.

2. Spain and Portugal now occupy the Iberian Peninsula. The Celts were the 'indigenous population' of western Europe, and their heritage remains to some degree in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Brittany, and the Basque regions of Spain. The Carthaginians and Romans were both invaders of Celtic territory, but, through such treatment as Scipio's, the Romans were able to successfully merge the Iberian Celts, for the most part, into their empire.

At this time, early in the rise of Rome, 'virtue' was of primary importance; but as Rome's power, wealth, and dissipation grew, 'virtue' became a joke.

## INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY REWARDED

Berquin

A rich husbandman<sup>1</sup> had two sons, the one exactly one year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he set in the entrance of his orchard two young apple trees of equal size, which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them.

When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them one fine morning in the spring, to see these two trees which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "My dear children, I give you those trees; you see they are in good condition.

They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence; and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labor."

The youngest, named Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it; and he propped up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bent.

He loosened the earth about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. his mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple tree.

His brother Moses did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time on a mount that was near, throwing stones at the passengers in the road. He went among all the little dirty country boys in the neighborhood, to box with them; so he was often seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels.

In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till one day in the autumn, he, by chance, saw Edmund's tree so full of apples streaked with purple and gold, that had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it; but to his great surprise, he saw scarcely anything except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow withered leaves.

Full of passion and jealousy, he ran to his father and said, "Father, what sort of a tree is that which you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother you have used better; bid him at least share his apples with me."

"Share with you!" said his father; "so the industrious must lose his labor to feed the idle! be satisfied with your lot, it is the effect of your negligence; and do not accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful and in as good order as his; it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil, only it was not fostered with the same care.

Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered (allowed) them to eat up yours in its blossoms. As I do not choose to let anything which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name.

It must pass through your brother's hands before it can recover itself; and from this moment, both it and the fruit it may bear are his property. You may, if you will, go into my nursery, and look for another and rear it to make amends for your faults. but if you neglect it, that too shall be given to your brother for assisting me in my labor."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He therefore went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple trees he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it; and Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it.

He was now never out of humor with his comrades, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work, and in autumn he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit, and at the same time, of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted. His father was so well pleased with this change, that, the following year, he divided the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

*Murray, Introduction to the English Reader, 1819*

1. In this instance it refers to a farmer and orchardist, in other contexts it may refer to a livestock rancher, and in others it may refer to the status of an agricultural tenant.

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A Family Conversation  
ON THE SLAVERY OF NEGROES  
P. Wakefield

*Augusta.* My dear papa, you once informed me, that in the West Indies, all laborious operations were performed by negro slaves. Are those islands inhabited by negroes? I thought these people were natives of Africa.

*Father.* You are right, my dear; they are indeed natives of Africa; but they have been snatched, by the hand of violence, from their country, friends, and connections. I am ashamed to confess, that many ships are annually sent from different parts of England, to the coast of Guinea, to procure slaves from that unhappy country, for the use of our West India islands, where they are sold to the planters of sugar plantations; and afterwards employed in the hardest and most servile occupations; and pass the rest of their lives in slavery and wretchedness.

*Sophia.* How much my heart feels for them! -- How agonizing must it be, to be separated from one's near relations; parents perhaps divided from their children forever; husbands from their wives; brothers and sisters obliged to bid each other a final farewell! But, why do the kings of the African states suffer their subjects to be so cruelly treated?

*Mother.* Many causes have operated to induce the African princes to become assistants in this infamous traffic; and instead of being the defenders of their harmless people, they have frequently betrayed them to their most cruel enemies. The Europeans have corrupted these ignorant rulers, by presents of rum, and other spirituous liquors, of which they are immoderately fond. They have fomented jealousies, and excited wars amongst them, merely for the sake of obtaining the prisoners of war for slaves. Frequently they use no ceremony, but go on shore in the night, set fire to a neighboring village, and seize upon all the unhappy victims, who run out to escape the flames.

*Celia.* What hardened hearts do the captains of those ships possess! They must have become extremely cruel, before they would undertake such an employment.

*Mother.* There's reason to believe that most of them, by the habits of such a life, are become deaf to the voice of pity; we must, however compassionate the situation of those, whose parents have early bred them to this profession, before they were an age to choose a different employment. But to resume the subject of the negroes. What I have related, is only the beginning of their sorrows. When they are put on board the ships, they are crowded together in the hold, where many of them die for want of air and room. There have been frequent instances

of their throwing themselves into the sea, when they could find an opportunity, and seeking in death a refuge from their calamity. As soon as they arrive in the West Indies, they are carried to a public market, where they are sold to the best bidder, like the horses at our fairs. Their future lot depends much upon the disposition of the master, into whose hands they happen to fall; for, among the overseers of sugar plantations, there are some men of feeling and humanity; but too generally, the treatment of the poor negroes is very severe.

Accustomed to an easy, indolent life, in the luxurious and plentiful country of Africa, they find great hardship from the transition to a life of severe labor, without any mixture of indulgence to soften it. Deprived of the hope of amending their condition, by any course of conduct they can pursue, they frequently abandon themselves to despair; and die in what is called 'the seasoning', which is becoming inured by length of time to their situation. They who have less sensitivity and stronger constitutions, survive their complicated misery but a few years; for it is generally acknowledged that they seldom attain the full period of human life.

*Augusta.* Humanity shudders at your account! But I have heard a gentleman, who has lived many years abroad, say, that negroes were not much superior to the brutes; and that they were so stupid and stubborn, that nothing but stripes and severity could have any influence over them.

*Father.* That gentleman was most probably interested in misleading those with whom he conversed. People who reason in that manner do not consider the disadvantages which the poor negroes suffer, from want of cultivation. Leading an ignorant savage life in their own country, they can have acquired no previous information; and when they fall into the hands of their cruel oppressors, a life of laborious servitude, which scarcely affords them sufficient time for sleep, deprives them of every opportunity of improving their minds. There is no reason to suppose that they differ from us in anything but color; which distinction arises from the intense heat of their climate. There have been instances of a few, whose situation has been favorable to improvement, who have shown strong powers of mind. Those masters who neglect the religious and moral instruction of their slaves, add a heavy load of guilt to that already incurred, by their share in this unjust and inhuman traffic.

*Charles.* My imagination rises at this recital. -- Why does not the British Parliament exert its power, to avenge the wrongs of these oppressed Africans? What can prevent an act being passed to forbid Englishmen from buying and selling slaves?

*Father.* Many persons of great talents and virtue, have made several attempts to obtain an act for the abolition of this trade. Men interested in its continuance have hitherto frustrated these generous designs; but we may rely upon the goodness of that Divine Providence, who cares for all creatures, that the day will come when their rights will be considered; and there is great reason to hope, from the light already cast upon the subject, that the rising generation will prefer justice and mercy, to interest and policy; and will free themselves from the odium we at present suffer, of treating our fellow creatures in a manner unworthy of them, and of ourselves.

*Mother.* Henry, repeat that beautiful apostrophe to a negro woman, which you learned the other day out of Barbauld's Hymns.

*Henry.* "Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity, and weepest over thy sick child, though no one sees thee, God sees thee; though no one pities thee, God pities thee. Raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one; call upon Him from amidst thy bonds, for assuredly he will hear thee."

*Celia.* I think no riches could tempt me to have any share in the slave-trade. I could never enjoy peace of mind, whilst I thought I contributed to the woes of my fellow creatures.

*Mother.* But Celia, to put your compassion to the proof; are you willing to debar yourself of the numerous indulgences you enjoy, from the fruit of their labor?

*Celia.* I would forego any indulgence to alleviate their sufferings.

*The rest of the children together.* "We are all of the same mind."

*Mother.* I admire the sensibility of your uncorrupted hearts, my dear children. It is the voice of nature and virtue. listen to it on all occasions, and bring it home to your bosoms, and your daily practice. The same principle of benevolence, which excites your just indignation at the oppression of the negroes, will lead you to be gentle towards your inferiors, kind and obliging to your equals, and in a particular manner condescending and considerate towards your domestics; requiring no more of them, than you would be willing to perform in their situation; instructing them when you have the opportunity; sympathizing in their afflictions, and promoting their best interests to the utmost of your power.

*Murray, An Introduction to The English Reader, 1819*

This is obviously the story of a family conversation in England, but it was deemed appropriate for this American edition. The strongly condescending, and totally conventional, attitude of the upper class English to "inferiors" and "domestics"

expressed in the last paragraph would definitely be objectionable to most Americans, and such content is one reason for the rejection of English readers. This piece is interesting in several other ways. The date is not given, but the trafficking in slaves by English ships was banned in 1807, so prior to that. Slavery was abolished in most of the British Empire beginning in 1834. The importation of slaves into the US was banned as of 1808. This story illustrates the public opinion campaign preceding the political actions; and the part, the central part, Christian values had in the abolition of slavery, in both the US and England.

Though the story makes the valid, and usually overlooked, point that Africans were sold into slavery by other Africans, it is oddly condescending also to the Africans, who are pictured as "harmless people", childlike, innocent, and enticed into evil by Europeans, who bear the brunt of guilt. The possibility that African rulers might be just as greedy, selfish, and hard hearted as the white slave traders seems not to occur in the family discussion. We observe this supposed racial dichotomy, or 'the noble savage' myth frequently in regard to American Indians, and especially in New England readers. The fact is, however, that black Africans, like the rest of fallen humanity, have been at war among themselves since before the dawn of history; fighting, killing, building and losing empires, selling each other into slavery, and being enslaved, long before Europeans came upon the sub-Saharan African scene. The Egyptians, whatever color they may have been themselves, had black slaves; and so did every other passing civilization in the region. The vast Arab empires were built on slavery, and they became the dominant sub-Saharan Africa slave traders for centuries; until Christian Europeans stamped out the African slave trade, as best they could, and at terrific cost in European blood, just as it was in the American Civil War. It is an inescapable fact that it was white, Christian western Europe and the United States that forced upon the world, as far as possible, a new, and unfavorable view of slavery. Even so, slavery persists around the world, and among black Africans today.

A further consideration of this issue is included in the Appendix.

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## *Murray's English Reader, 1814*

### SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

(The following selections begin with the first line of the text, and skip around randomly to some other particularly good lines in the first few pages.)

Diligence, industry and proper improvement of time, are material duties to the young.

The acquisition of knowledge, is one of the most honorable occupations of youth.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood.

The chief misfortunes that befall us in life, can be traced to some vices or follies which we have committed.

Were we to survey the chambers of sickness and distress, we should often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and sensuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and sloth.

To be wise in our own eyes, to be wise in the opinion of the world, and to be wise in the sight of our Creator, are three things so very different, as rarely to coincide.

He who pretends great sensibility towards men, and yet has no feeling for the high object of religion, no heart to admire and adore the great Father of the universe, has reason to distrust the truth and delicacy of his sensibility.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are, in nothing, more capricious and inconsistent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when the view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them consume it. ...

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life; its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This, the monarch of Israel experienced. He sought in piety, that peace, which he could not find in empire; and alleviated the disquietudes of state, with the exercises of devotion. His individual psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. ...

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JOHN LOCKE AND PIERRE BAYLE:<sup>1</sup>

Christianity Defended Against the Cavils (objections) of Skepticism  
Lord Lyttleton\*

*Bayle.* Yes, we were both philosophers, but my philosophy was the deepest. You dogmatized; I doubted.

*Locke.* Do you make doubting a proof of depth in philosophy? It may be a good beginning of it; but it is a bad end.

*Bayle.* No, the more profound our searches are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we shall find; and the most subtle minds see

objections and difficulties in every system, which are overlooked or undiscoverable by ordinary understandings.

*Locke.* It would be better, then, to be no philosopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows something. I find that the eyes which nature have given me, see many things very clearly, though some are out of their reach, or discerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a physician, who should offer me an eyewater, the use of which would, at first, so sharpen my sight as to carry it farther than ordinary vision; but would, in the end, put them out? Your philosophy is to the eyes of the mind, what I have supposed the doctor's nostrum those of the body. It actually brought your own excellent understanding, which was by nature quicksighted, and rendered more so by art and a subtlety of logic peculiar to ourself; it brought, I say, your very acute understanding to see nothing clearly; and enveloped all the great truths of reason and religion in mists of doubt.

*Bayle.* I own it did, but your comparison is not just. I did not see well, before I used my philosophic eyewater; I only supposed I saw well, but I was in error, with all the rest of mankind. The blindness was real, the perceptions imaginary. I cured myself first of those false imaginations, and then I laudably endeavored to cure other men.

*Locke.* A great cure indeed! and don't think that, in return for the service you did them, they ought to erect you a statue?

*Bayle.* Yes, it is good for human nature to know its own weakness. When we arrogantly presume on a strength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourselves, or at least deserving ridicule and contempt, by vain and idle efforts.

*Locke.* I agree with you, that human nature should know its own weakness; but it should also know its own strength, and try to improve it. This was my employment as a philosopher. I endeavored to discover the real powers of the mind, to see what it could do; to refrain it from efforts beyond its ability; but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature, with the utmost exertion and most proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vast ocean of philosophy, I had the line and the plummet always in my hands. Many of its depths I found myself unable to fathom; but, by caution in sounding, and the careful observations I made in the course of my voyage, I found out some truths of so much use to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.

*Bayle.* Their ignorance makes them think so. Some other philosopher will come hereafter, and show those truths to be falsehoods. He will

pretend to discover other truths of equal importance. A later sage will arise, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned, whose sagacious discoveries will discredit the opinions of his admired predecessor. In philosophy, as in nature, all changes in its form -- and one thing exists by the destruction of another.

*Locke.* Opinions taken up without a patient investigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principle begged without proof, like theories to explain the phenomena of nature, built upon suppositions instead of experiments, must perpetually change and destroy one another. But some opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common sense of mankind, which the mind has received on such rational grounds of assent, that they are as immovable as the pillars of heaven; or (to speak philosophically) the great laws of nature, by which, under God the universe is sustained. Can you seriously think, that because the hypothesis of your countryman Descartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well imagined romance (fiction), has been lately exploded; the system of Newton, which is built upon experiments and geometry, the two most certain methods of discovering truth, will ever fail; or that, because the whims of fanatics and the divinity of the schoolmen, cannot now be supported, the doctrines of religion which I, the declared enemy of all enthusiasm<sup>2</sup> and false reasoning, firmly believed and maintained, will ever be shaken.

*Bayle.* If you had asked Descartes, at the height of his vogue, whether his system would ever be confuted by any other philosophers, as that of Aristotle had been by his, what answer do you suppose he would have returned?

*Locke.* Come, come, you yourself know the difference between the foundations on which the credit of those systems, and that of Newton is placed. Your skepticism is more affected than real. You found it a shorter way to a great reputation, (the only wish of your heart), to object than to defend; to pull down than to set up. And your talents were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together in a critical dictionary<sup>3</sup> a pleasant tale, or obscene jest, and a grave argument against the Christian religion, a witty confutation of some absurd author, and an artful sophism (deceit) to impeach some respectable truth, was particularly commodious to all our young smarts and smatterers<sup>4</sup> in free thinking.

But what mischief have you not done to human society? You have endeavored, and with some degree of success, to shake those foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabric of social happiness, entirely rest. How could you, as a philosopher, in the sober hours of reflection, answer for this to your conscience, even supposing you had doubts of the truth of a system, which gives to virtue

its sweetest hopes, to impenitent vice its greatest fears, and to true penitence its best consolations; which restrains even the least approaches to guilt, and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the stoic pride denied to it, but which its real imperfection, and the goodness of its infinitely benevolent Creator, so evidently require?

*Bayle*. The mind is free; and it loves to exert its freedom. Any restraint upon it is a violence done to its nature, and a tyranny against which it has a right to rebel.<sup>5</sup>

*Locke*. The mind, though free, has a governor within itself, which may, and ought, to limit the exercise of freedom. That governor is *reason*.

*Bayle*. Yes, but reason, like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice, than upon any fixed laws. And if that reason, which rules my mind or yours, has happened to set up a favorite notion, it not only submits implicitly to it, but desires that the same respect should be paid to it by all the rest of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppose this desire in another; and that if he is wise, he will use his utmost endeavors to check it in himself.

*Locke*. Is there not also a weakness of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? Do we not often take a pleasure to show our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading the notions set up by other men, and generally respected?

*Bayle*. I believe we do; and by this means it often happens, that if one man builds and consecrates a temple to folly, another pulls it down.

*Locke*. Do you think it beneficial to human society, to have all temples pulled down?

*Bayle*. I cannot say that I do.

*Locke*. Yet I find not in your writings any mark of distinction to show us which you mean to save.

*Bayle*. A true philosopher, like an impartial historian, must be of no sect.

*Locke*. Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a sectarian and total indifference to all religion?

*Bayle*. With regard to morality, I was not indifferent.

*Locke.* How could you be indifferent to the sanctions religion gives to morality? How could you publish what tends so directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of those sanctions? Was not this sacrificing the great interests of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

*Bayle.* A man may act indiscreetly, but he cannot do wrong by declaring that, which, on a full discussion of the question, he sincerely thinks to be true.

*Locke.* An enthusiast, who advances doctrines prejudicial to society or opposes any that are useful to it, has the strength of opinion, and the heat of a disturbed imagination, to plead in alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and sound judgment can have no such excuse. I know very well there are passages in all your works, and those not a few, where you talk like a rigid moralist. I have also heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when, in the most labored parts of your writings, you sap (undermine) the surest foundations of all moral duties; what avails it, that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you appeared to respect them? How many who have stronger passions than you had, and are desirous to get rid of the curb that restrains them, will lay hold of your skepticism, to set themselves loose from all obligations of virtue?

What a misfortune it is to have made such a use of such talents! It would have been better for you and for mankind, if you had been one of the dullest of Dutch theologians, or the most credulous (naive) monk in a Portuguese convent<sup>6</sup>. The riches of a mind, like those of a fortune, may be employed so perversely, as to become a nuisance and pest, instead of an ornament and support of society.

*Bayle.* You are very severe upon me. But do you count it no merit, no service to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of priestcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticism, and from the terrors and follies of superstition? Consider how much mischief these have done in the world! Even in the last age, what massacres, what civil wars, what convulsions of government, what confusion of society did they produce! Nay, in that [age] we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not see them occasion a violent persecution in my own country! And can you blame me for striking at the root of these evils?

*Locke.* The root of these evils, you well know was false religion; but you struck at the true. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the system of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you speak. Why would you so fallaciously confound them together in some of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention than ordinary readers have, to separate them again, and to make the proper distinctions? This, indeed, is the great art

of the most celebrated freethinkers. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenious minds, by lively strokes of wit, and by arguments really strong, against superstition, enthusiasm, and priestcraft. But, at the same time, they insidiously throw the colors of these upon the fair face of true religion; and dress her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or despicable, to those who have not penetration enough to discern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived themselves as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that was ever written by the most acute of these gentlemen, is so repugnant to priestcraft, to spiritual tyranny, to all absurd superstitions, to all that can tend to disturb or injure society, as that gospel they so much affect to despise.

*Bayle.* Mankind are so made, that, when they have been overheated, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again, till they have been overcooled. My skepticism may be necessary, to abate the fever and phrenzy of false religion.

*Locke.* A wise prescription, indeed, to bring on a paralytical state of the mind, (for such skepticism as yours is a palsy, which deprives the mind of all vigor, and deadens its natural and vital powers) in order to take off a fever, which temperance, and the milk of evangelical doctrines, would probably cure.

*Bayle.* I acknowledge that those medicines have a great power. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of some harsher drugs, or some unsafe and ridiculous nostrums of their own.

*Locke.* What you now say is too true. God has given us a most excellent physic (medicine) for the soul, in all its diseases; but bad and (self-) interested physicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, administer it so ill (badly) to the rest of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is, unhappily, lost.

*Murray's English Reader, 1814*

\*Presumably George Lyttleton, 1st Baron Lyttleton (1709-1773), a prominent British statesman, poet, and essayist.

1. This is an imagined posthumous argument between two eminent philosophers of the Enlightenment Age -- John Locke and Pierre Bayle. Locke is, of course, well known for his "Natural Rights" political and economic doctrines that were highly influential among the American Founding Fathers. Bayle was influential among the "Free-thinkers", a movement that has evolved into today's anti-Christian 'secularism'.

2. 'Enthusiasm' can refer to any kind of fanaticism, and is used later in such a way by Locke, but this use appears to refer to apparently life-changing, emotional religious experiences such as in the 'Great Awakening' that were roiling the established churches.

3. *Historical and Critical Dictionary*, Bayle's influential encyclopedia of religious biography and theology, and historical events. Although the entries in the "Dictionary" were accurate, the lengthy commentaries accompanying them were highly skewed toward religious skepticism.

4. Smart alecks, and those with only a 'smattering' of learning.

5. Bayle here gives a succinct definition of 'free thinking' and Locke, in the next paragraph a succinct refutation of it.

6. An apparent reference to Bayle's having been born into a French Protestant (Huguenot) family, briefly converting to Roman Catholicism, then having to flee to the Netherlands for sanctuary, becoming a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, then becoming an agnostic, if not an atheist.

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## SHORT EXTRACTS FROM MURRAY'S ENGLISH READER

### *Moderation in our wishes recommended.*

The active mind of man seldom or never rests satisfied with its present condition, how prosperous soever. Originally formed for a wider range of objects, for a higher sphere of enjoyments, it finds itself, in every situation of fortune, straightened and confined. Sensible of deficiency in its state, it is ever sending forth the fond desire, the aspiring wish, after something beyond what is enjoyed at present. Hence that restlessness which prevails so generally among mankind. Hence that disgust of pleasures which they have tried; that passion for novelty, that ambition of rising to some degree of eminence or felicity, of which they have formed to themselves an indistinct idea. All which may be considered as indications of a certain native original greatness in the human soul, swelling beyond the limits of its present condition; and pointing to the higher objects for which it was made. Happy, if these latent remains of our primitive state, served to direct our wishes towards their proper destination, and to lead us into the path of true bliss!

...

Blair (no other identification)

### *Letter from Pliny to Germinius*

Do we not sometimes observe a sort of people, who though they are themselves under the subject dominion of every vice, show a kind of malicious resentment against the errors of others; and are most severe upon those whom they most resemble? yet, surely a lenity (leniency) of disposition, even in persons who have the least occasion for clemency themselves, is of all virtues the most becoming. The highest of all characters, in my estimation, is his who is as ready to pardon the errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself; and at the

same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one. It is a rule then which we should upon all occasions, both private and public. most religiously observe; to be "inexorable (stern) to our own failings, while we treat those of the rest of the world with tenderness, not excepting even such as forgive none but themselves."

...

### *Excellence of the Holy Scriptures*

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel, with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. I congratulate that man who is possessed of it: for amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

Brattie (no further identification)

*The speech of Fabricius, a Roman Ambassador, to King Pyrrhus, who attempted to bribe him to his interests, by the offer of a great sum of money.*

With regard to my poverty, the king has, indeed, been justly informed. My whole estate consists of a house of but mean (average) appearance, and a little spot of ground, from which, by my own labor, I draw my support. But if, by any means, thou hast been persuaded to think that this poverty renders me of less consequence in my own country, or in any degree unhappy, thou art greatly deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune; she supplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free of the desire of them.

...

Murray's English Reader, 1814

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### SECTION THREE: AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL READERS IN THE EARLY-MODERN ERA.

Again, exact demarcations of readers' style and content are not possible, but this period begins roughly at the turn of the Twentieth Century. This section is by far the shortest section of the three simply because of the lack of what I would call 'advanced reading material' in them. There are several reasons for that, one is that public school was being offered to older students; up to twelve years of school, rather than the previous eight years. That allowed the subject matter to be spread out more, and 'readers' became more designed for the earlier grades. Still, the maturity level of the material, and the reading difficulty unquestionably dropped sharply from the second era to the third, and the Christian emphasis dropped almost entirely from many of the readers. That, as documented earlier, was according to a deliberate scheme.

The California Eighth Reader, the McGuffey, and the Howe readers maintained some Christian content, though greatly lessened, and perhaps most importantly, it was becoming more and more confined to 'religious' pieces, rather than incorporated into the content as a natural part of it. But that trend was already apparent in the second period, the Post-Civil War period. 'Religion', at least theistic religion, was being separated from 'real life'. Even the latest, last, and least of the readers, The Golden Deed Book of 1913

#### CHAPTER 27: *The New McGuffey Fifth Reader* American Book Co., 1901

This venerable series was well on its way down by 1901. But for its much slimmed down size, though, this reader could well have been placed in the prior section. Its most notable feature is the exceptional concentration on the Civil War, now nearly four decades removed.

#### ON THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION Alexander H. Stephens\*

Now that the storm of war has passed, it behooves us all to labor for the establishment of good government, with its resulting prosperity and happiness. I need not assure you, if this can be obtained, that our desolated fields, our barns, our villages and cities, now in ruins, will soon, like the Phoenix, rise from their ashes, and all our waste places will again, at no distant day, blossom as the rose.

Wars, and civil wars especially, always menace liberty. They seldom advance it, while they usually end in its entire overthrow and destruction. Our civil contest stopped just short of such a catastrophe. It is now our duty to retrace our steps and look for vindication and maintenance of constitutional liberty in the forums of reason and

justice, instead of on the arena of arms; in the courts and halls of legislation, instead of on the fields of battle.

I have not lost my faith in the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the American people, or in their capacity for self-government. But for these great essential qualities of human nature to be brought into active and efficient exercise for the fulfillment of patriotic hopes, it is essential that the passions of the day should subside, that the causes of these passions should not now be discussed, that the embers of the late strife should not be stirred.

The most hopeful prospect at this time is the restoration of the old union, and with it the speedy return of fraternal feeling throughout its length and breadth. These results depend upon the people themselves, upon the people of the North quite as much as the South. The masses everywhere are alike equally interested in the great object. Let old issues, old questions, old differences, and old feuds be regarded as fossils of another epoch.

The old Union was based on the assumption that it was for the best interests of the people of the United States to be united as they were, each state faithfully performing to the people of the other states all their obligations under a common compact. I always thought that this assumption was founded upon broad, correct, and statesmanlike principles. I think so yet.

And now, after the severe chastisement of war, if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption that it is for the best interests of all the States to be so united, as I trust it will, I can perceive no reason why, under such restoration, we may not enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the old world by grand achievements hereafter made, than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our American institutions of self-government.

*New McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901*

*\*[Mr. Stephens was an attorney, a member of US Congress from Georgia, and although originally opposed to secession, he was elected Vice President of the Confederate States. He was returned to Congress after Reconstruction. This is an extract from a speech delivered at Milledgeville, Georgia, in 1866.]*

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## THE HERO IN GRAY

Henry W. Grady\*

Some of you saw, and all of you have heard of the grand review of the Northern army at the close of the war. How in the pomp and circumstance of war they came back, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. But there was another army that sought its home at the close of the war: an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory; in pathos and not in splendor; but in glory that equaled theirs, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home.

Picture to yourself the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox, in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find – let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice – what does he find when he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. What does he do – this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely god, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity.

As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always.

As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten; and she rejoices that the omniscient God held

the balance of battle in His almighty hand; that human slavery was swept forever from American soil; and the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

But what of the North? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? If she does, the South, never abject in asking comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not; if she accepts in frankness and sincerity this message of goodwill and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment:

"Those opposed eyes,  
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in th' inner shock,  
Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,  
March all one way."

*The New McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901*

\*American journalist from Georgia.

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MUSIC IN CAMP  
John R. Thompson\*

Two armies covered hill and plain,  
Where Rappahannock's waters  
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain  
Of battle's recent slaughter's

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents  
In meads of heavenly azure;  
And each dread gun of the elements  
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made  
No forest leaf to quiver,  
And the smoke of the random cannonade  
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down  
With cannon grimly planted,  
O'er listless camp and silent town  
The golden sunset slanted;

When on the fervid air there came  
A strain, now rich, now tender,  
The music seemed itself aflame  
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn  
Played measures brave and nimble,  
Had just struck up with flute and horn  
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,  
Till, margined by its pebbles,  
One wooded shore was blue with "Yank,"  
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band  
With movement light and tricky,  
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,  
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,  
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,  
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow  
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again  
The trumpet pealed sonorous,  
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain  
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew  
To kiss the shining pebbles –  
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue  
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang  
Above the stormy riot;  
No shout upon the evening rang –  
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood  
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles:

All silent now the Yankees stood,  
All silent stood the Rebels:

No unresponsive soul had heard  
That plaintive note's appealing,  
So deeply "Home Sweet Home" had stirred  
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,  
As by the wand of fairy,  
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,  
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies  
Bend in their beauty o'er him;  
Seen through the tear mist in his eyes  
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain  
In April's tearful weather,  
The vision vanished as the strain  
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,  
Expressed in simplest numbers,  
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart –  
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,  
That bright celestial creature,  
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines  
Gave this one touch of nature.

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1901*

\*American Journalist, and a Southerner from Atlanta.  
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## WAR

Charles Sumner\*

I need not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor lights, as we travel the pages of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of

mothers, sisters, and daughters – of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted.

Our eyes rest at last upon one of these fair fields, where nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes – or, perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista – amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature – on the Sabbath of peace – we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred.

The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their co-mingling blood. The air is rent with their co-mingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult. Horror-struck we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy, but truthful answer comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations!

The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvas broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions, and in their well compacted sides, while they look in their dimensions like floating happy islands on the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travelers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the masthead shall give the signal of friendship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yardarms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies.

The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped “the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks” – who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave – whom the hurricane had spared – in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their immitigable war – now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror

greet us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murderers of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield<sup>1</sup>, seem to break forth anew, and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha.

At length, these vessels – such pageants of the sea – once so stately – so proudly built – but now rudely shattered by cannon balls – with shivered masts and ragged sails – exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary lull of peace is their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest – away from country and home – where there is no country or home to defend – we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations.

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1901*

\*Sumner was an American politician, Senator from Massachusetts, and leader of the abolitionist cause in the Civil War Era.

1. Three notorious massacres – of Protestants in France on St. Bartholomew's Day, of French citizens in Sicily during a rebellion against the rule of the French King, and of 'heretics' in England during the reign of "Bloody Mary" Tudor.

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## RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE

Edward Everett\*

I believe the poverty outside the almshouse, produced by intemperance, is greater, in the amount of suffering which it occasions, than the poverty inside the almshouse. To the victims of drunkenness, whom it has conducted to the almshouse, one bitter ingredient of the cup is spared. The sense of shame and the struggles of honest pride are at length over. But take the case of a person whose family is dependent on the joint labor of its heads. Suppose the man a hardworking mechanic or farmer, the woman an industrious housewife, and the family supported by their united labor, frugality, and diligence.

The man, as the phrase is, "takes to drink." What happens? The immediate consequence is, that the cost of the liquor which he consumes is taken from the fund which was before barely adequate for their support. They must, accordingly, pinch in the frugal comforts and necessities of life, in wholesome food, in decent clothing, in fuel, in the education of the children.

As the habit of excess increases, there must be more of this melancholy retrenchment. The old clothes, already worn out, must be worn longer; the daily fare, none too good at the beginning, becomes daily more meager and scanty; the leak in the roof, for want of a nail, a shingle, or a

bit of board, grows wider every winter; the number of panes of broken glass, whose place is poorly supplied with old hats and rags, daily increases; but not so the size of the unreplenished woodpile.

Before long, the children are kept from school for want of books and clothing; and at length the wretched family is ashamed to show their sordid tatters in church on the Sabbath day. Meantime, the fund for the support of the family, the labor of its head, although burdened with a constantly growing charge for liquor, is diminished, in consequence of the decline of his health, strength and vigor. He is constantly consuming more unproductively – destructively.

Let this process proceed a year or two, and see to what they are reduced, and how poverty passes into crime. Look into his hovel – for such by this time it is – when he comes home on Saturday evening, the wages of his week's labor already squandered in excess. Not wholly intoxicated, he is yet heated with liquor and craves more. Listen to the brutal clamors, accompanied by threats and oaths, with which he demands of his family the food which they have been able to procure neither for themselves nor for him.

See the poor, grown up children – boys and girls, perhaps young men and women, old enough to feel the shame as well as the misery of their heritage – without a tinge of health upon their cheeks, without a spark of youthful cheerfulness in their eyes, silent and terrified, creeping, supperless, for the night, to their wretched garret, to escape outrage, curses, and blows from the author of their being.

Do I paint from imagination, or do I paint from nature? Am I sporting with your feelings, or might I heighten the picture, and yet spare you many a heart sickening trait from real life.

*The New McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901*

\* Everett was one of the foremost speakers and opinion leaders of mid-nineteenth America. We often ridicule the Prohibition idea, but was Everett right that alcohol represented a dire threat to many people? Certainly, and it was lawless people who didn't care about the damage alcohol did to millions of Americans who thwarted the efforts of the majority of American voters to make this country a better place by prohibition of alcoholic drinks. Prohibition may have been the highwater mark of American Puritanism, though Americans are still crusaders for what they think is right.

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## THE VIRGINIANS

William Makepeace Thackeray\*

Mr. Esmond called his American house Castlewood, from the patrimonial home (his fathers' family home) in the old country. The whole usages of Virginia, indeed, were fondly modeled after English customs. It was a loyal colony. The Virginians boasted that King Charles the Second had been king in Virginia before he had been king in England. English king and English church were alike faithfully honored there.

The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York, and the money-getting Roundheads<sup>1</sup> of Pennsylvania and New England. Never were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British Crown.

The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal<sup>2</sup>. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of hands – of purchased and assigned servants – who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, livestock, and game.

The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol, – bringing back English goods and articles of home manufacture in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate.

Their hospitality was boundless. No stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and traveled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of Slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginia gentleman; nor, in truth, was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty; the poor black people lazy and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Eswood of Castlewood as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn-bag were good for both.

Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a skeptical turn on many points, but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected than rebellious. At one period, this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards; but in later days he did not seem to care for

them. A something had occurred in his life, which had cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence.

He was not unhappy, – to those about him most kind. – most affectionate, obsequious even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours when he was going to lay it down.

*The New McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901*

\*Thackeray, 1811-1863, was an English novelist. His best known work is *Vanity Fair*, but the above selection is from his novel *Virginians*. The above piece is just over half of the extract in the McGuffey Reader.

1. 'Roundhead' was a deprecatory term for the Puritan supporters of the Parliamentary side in the English Civil War. It refers to the Puritan male fashion of short hair cuts, rather than the long, coiffured hair of the Royalists, or 'Cavaliers'.
  2. 'Patriarchal' is strictly defined as male domination, but is used here in a broader sense of an hereditary ruling aristocracy passed from father to oldest son, and where the elder son is, at least nominally, the head of the family. It also bears the sense of a class exclusivity, and where the few aristocratic clans owned much, and the masses owned little or nothing; 'feudal' in that sense, as is noted later on.
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## CHAPTER 28

*The Heath Readers: Fifth Reader*

D. C. Heath & Co. Publishers  
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 Boston, New York, Chicago, London

As this is not what I consider an advanced reader, I have not included a full sampling of its contents, but I do want to give some idea of the more advanced selections from it. The three following pieces are included in the OFSB Standard Fourth Reader. The paragraphs in italics are my notes from the Fourth Reader.

*You can set anything to rhyme, from silly to sublime; and here we have a fine example, though only the smallest sample. It's a form of literature dubbed 'nonsense'; and yet, in its way, makes some sense.*

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER<sup>1</sup>

Lewis Carroll\*

"The sun was shining on the sea,  
 Shining with all his might:  
 He did his very best to make  
 The billows smooth and bright —  
 And this was odd, because it was  
 The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
 Because she thought the sun  
 Had got no business to be there  
 After the day was done —  
 "It's very rude of him," she said,  
 "To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
 The sands were dry as dry.

You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead —  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
If this were only cleared away,'  
They said, it *would* be grand!  
If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,  
That they could get it clear?'  
I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

O Oysters, come and walk with us!  
The Walrus did beseech.  
A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head —  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat —  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more —  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

The time has come,' the Walrus said,  
To talk of many things:  
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —  
Of cabbages — and kings —  
And why the sea is boiling hot —  
And whether pigs have wings.'



But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,  
Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!  
No hurry!' said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,  
Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed —  
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed.'

But not on us!' the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!  
The night is fine,' the Walrus said.  
Do you admire the view?

It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!

The Carpenter said nothing but  
 'Cut us another slice:  
 I wish you were not quite so deaf —  
 I've had to ask you twice!'

It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,  
 To play them such a trick,  
 After we've brought them out so far,  
 And made them trot so quick!  
 The Carpenter said nothing but  
 'The butter's spread too thick!'

I weep for you,' the Walrus said:  
 I deeply sympathize.'  
 With sobs and tears he sorted out  
 Those of the largest size,  
 Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
 Before his streaming eyes.

O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,  
 You've had a pleasant run!  
 Shall we be trotting home again?  
 But answer came there none —  
 And this was scarcely odd, because  
 They'd eaten every one."

### *The Heath Third Reader*

\*Lewis Carroll was the pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1832-1898. He is best known as the author of "children's books", although he was also a scholar, mathematician of some note, and Deacon in the Church of England.

1. From *Through the Looking Glass*, a sequel to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

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## DOUBTING CASTLE

John Bunyan\*

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep on his grounds.

Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bade them awake and asked them whence they were and what they did on his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant,

"You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any person to ask how they did. In this place Christian had double sorrow because it was through his counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence (self-doubt). So he told his wife what he had done, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further with them? So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound? And he told her. Then she counseled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crabtree cudgel, and goeth down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to berating them as if they were dogs. Then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully in such sort that they were not able to help themselves or to turn upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress.

The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves.

So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?

But they desired him to let them go. With that, he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew and left them as before to consider what to do.

Towards evening the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found

them alive, and truly, alive was all. For now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they had received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

But, I say, he found them alive, at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether they had best take it or no.

Now the Giant's wife asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

She said she, "Take them into the castle yard tomorrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard and shows them as his wife has bidden him.

"These," said he, "were once pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed on my grounds as you have done, and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do to you. Go, get down to your den again!" And with that, he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day Saturday in lamentable case as before.

Now, when night was come, Mistress Diffidence and her husband the Giant began to renew their discourse of the prisoners; and the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that, his wife replied:

"I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have pick-locks about them, by means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed broke out into this passionate speech: —

"What a fool," quoth he, "am I to lie in a dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That's good news; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt as he turned the lock gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went hard, yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but the gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe.

Now when they were gone over the stile (steps over a wall), they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at the stile to prevent those who should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the king of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many therefore that followed after read what was written and escaped the danger.

### *The Heath Fifth Reader, 1903*

\*Bunyan, 1628-1688, was an English Puritan preacher and writer beginning his career during Puritan leader Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate. With the Restoration of the Stuart Monarchy after Cromwell's death, Bunyan was imprisoned for refusing to conform to the Church of England doctrines. After twelve years, during which time he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, he was released, then arrested again for six months, then released shortly before the Glorious Revolution of 1688 again toppled the Stuart Monarchy, and restored freedom of religion.

*Doubting Castle* is a very short section of the lengthy allegorical story *Pilgrim's Progress*. The allegorical story is set as a dream about a Christian's journey from the "City of Destruction" to the "Celestial City", during which the pilgrim has to face many difficulties, temptations and dangers. Like 'Christian', all the multitude of characters are personifications of these obstacles, and aides, along the King's highway – Giant Despair, Diffidence, Giant Grim, Mrs. Inconsiderate, Innocent, Envy, Faithful, Goodwill, etc.

In this selection, Christian has come a long way on his journey, but like any Christian, is apt to get off the King's road and get into trouble, even to fall under the power of

despair, which we might more likely call 'depression'. Despair is usually married to 'diffidence', a term meaning loss of confidence, of hope – in one's self, in the future, perhaps in God. Despair often, all too often, leads to suicide; but as in *Pilgrim's Progress*, God does provide a way out. Christian and Hopeful got on their knees before God, remembered His promises, and made their way back to the King's road. Today, people may regard this allegory as little more than children's fantasy, but it has been, for centuries, one of the most widely read books ever written, and selections were included in many of the old readers.

That continuing popularity, until the last two or three generations, underscores that the dangers of the journey today are very much like those of Bunyan's day, and the allegorical representations of Christian's battles are very relevant to our lives.

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## THE VIRGINIA INDIANS

Capt. John Smith\*

Within sixty miles of Jamestown there are about five thousand people, but of able men fit for war there are scarcely fifteen hundred. There is a far greater number of women and children than of man. To support so many together, they have yet no means, because they derive so small a benefit from their land, be it ever so fertile. Six or seven hundred have been the most that have been seen together.

The people differ very much in stature, and especially in language. Some are very great, others very little; but generally tall and straight, of a comely proportion, and of a brown color when they are of age, but white when they are born. Their hair is generally black, and but few have any beard. The men shave one-half of their hair and wear the other half long. For barbers they have the women, who with two shells grate away the hair in any fashion they please. The hair of the women is cut in many fashions suitable to their years, but some part always remains long.

They are very strong, of an able body, and full of agility; able to endure lying in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weeds and grasses in abuscade in summer. They are treacherous in everything except where fear constrains them; crafty, timorous, and quick of apprehension. Some are of fearful disposition, some are bold, most are cautious, all are savage, and generally covetous of copper, beads, and suchlike trinkets. They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury.

Each household knows its own lands and gardens, and most live by their own labor. For their apparel they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hair, but in summer without. The better sort use large mantles of deerskins. Some of these mantles are embroidered with white beads, some with copper, others painted after their manner. We have seen some wear mantles made of

turkey feathers, so prettily wrought and woven with threads that nothing but the feathers could be discerned. They were exceedingly warm and very handsome.

They decorate themselves mostly with copper beads and paint. Some of the women have their bodies and faces tattooed with pictures of beasts and serpents, wrought into their flesh with black spots. In each ear they have three great holes, from which they hang chains, bracelets, or pieces of copper. Some of the men wear in those holes a small green and yellow colored live snake, nearly half a yard in length.

Some wear on their heads the wing of a bird or some large feather, and a rattle, which they take from the tail of a snake. Many have the whole skin of a hawk or some strange fowl stuffed, with the wings spread. Their heads and shoulders are painted red with a kind of root bruised to powder and mixed with oil; this they claim will preserve them from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter.

Men, women, and children have their several names, according to the humor of their parents. The women, they say, love their children very dearly. To make them hardy, they wash them in the rivers in the coldest mornings, and by paintings and ointments that so tan their skins that after a year or two no weather will hurt them.

The men pass their time in fishing, hunting, wars, and such manlike exercises, scorning to be seen doing any womanlike work. The women and children do all the work. They make mats, baskets, pots, mortars; pound their corn, make their bread, prepare their victuals (food), plant and gather their corn, and bear all kinds of burdens.

For fishing, hunting, and wars they use their bows and arrows. They bring their bows to the form of ours by scraping with a shell. Their arrows are made, some of straight young sprigs, which they head with bone two or three inches long. These they use to shoot at squirrels on trees. Another sort of arrow is made of reeds. These are pierced with wood, headed with splinters of crystal or some other sharp stone, the spurs of a turkey, or the bill of some bird.

For a knife they use the splinter of a reed (bamboo) to cut their feathers in form. With this knife they can joint a deer or any beast, shape their shoes, buskins (over boots), and mantles. To make the notch of their arrows they have the tooth of a boar set in a stick. The arrow head they quickly make with a little bone, or with any splinter of a stone, or glass in the form of a heart. With the sinews of deer and the tops of deer's horns boiled to a jelly they make a glue that will not dissolve in cold water, and with this they glue the head to the end of their arrows.

For their wars they use targets (shields) that are round and made of the bark of trees, and wear a sword of wood at their backs, but often times they use the horns of a deer, put through a piece of wood in the form of a pick-axe for swords. Some have a long stone sharpened at both ends and used in the same manner. This they were wont to use for hatchets also, but now by trading they have plenty of iron.

In their hunting and fishing, they take the greatest pains; and as it is their ordinary exercise from infancy, they esteem it a pleasure, and are very proud to be expert in it. By their continual ranging and travel they know all the advantages and places most frequented with deer, beasts, fish, fowl, roots, and berries. In their hunts they leave their habitations, and, forming themselves into companies, go with their families to the most desert (wilderness) places where they spend their time in hunting and fowling up the mountains, or by the heads of the rivers, where there is plenty of game. For betwixt the rivers, the ground is so narrow that little game comes there which they do not devour. It is a marvel that they can so accurately pass three or four days' journey through these deserts without habitation.

In their hunts in the desert they commonly go two or three hundred together. Having found the deer, they surround them with many fires, and betwixt the fires, they place themselves. Some take their stand in the midst. They chase the deer, thus frightened by the fires and the voices, so long within the circle that they often kill six, eight, ten, or fifteen at a hunting.

They also drive them to some narrow point of land and force them into the river, where, with their boats they have ambuscades to kill them. When they have shot a deer by land, they track it like bloodhounds by the blood, and so overtake it. Hares, partridges, turkeys, fat or lean, young or old, – they devour all they can catch.

One savage hunting alone uses the skin of a deer, slit on one side, and so put on his arm that his hand comes to the head, which is stuffed; and the horns, head, eyes, ears, and every part are arranged as naturally as he can devise. Thus shrouding his body in the skin, by stalking he approaches the deer, creeping on the ground from one tree to another.

If the deer chances to suspect danger, or stands to gaze, he turns the head with his hand to appear like a deer, also grazing and licking himself. So, watching his best advantage to approach, he shoots it, and chases it by the marks of its blood till he gets it.

When they intend any wars, the chiefs usually have the advice of their priests and conjurers, and their allies and ancient friends; but the priests chiefly determine their resolution. They appoint some muscular

fellow captain over each nation. They seldom make war for land or goods, but for women and children, and especially for revenge. They have many enemies in all the western countries beyond the mountains and the heads of the rivers.

*Heath Fifth Reader, 1903*

\*[Captain John Smith (1579-1632) was one of the founders of the Virginia Colony. His "True Account of Virginia," printed in 1608, was the first book written by an Englishman about America.]

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### THE VALUE OF WISDOM

Holy Bible, Proverbs iii: 13-18

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,  
 And the man that getteth understanding.  
 For the merchandise of it is better than the  
     merchandise of silver,  
 And the gain thereof than fine gold.  
 She is more precious than rubes;  
 And none of the things thou canst desire  
     are to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand;  
 In her left hand are riches and honor.  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.  
 She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her:  
 And happy is every one that retaineth her.

*Heath Fifth Reader, 1903*

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## CHAPTER 29:

*The Howe Readers: A Fifth Reader*

Will D. Howe, Myron T. Pritchard, Elizabeth V. Brown  
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The Howe Reader is my favorite of the advanced readers from this period, although it, too, is well below the level of the older readers. Again I have to emphasize that education had changed over the intervening decades and absolute comparisons between the books are not possible. The general trend of 'dumbed down' text books is unmistakable however; and though much less so in the Howe Reader, so is a deemphasis on patriotism, and Christian faith and morality. The following selection is surprisingly out of its time.

Even as late as the American Civil War little could be done for some wounded. Mangled arms and legs could be amputated, but the healing of internal injuries was in higher hands. This is the story of a wounded soldier's struggle to stay alive, and the thoughts, hopes and loves that sustained him until sundown – the things that give real value to life.

The caption on this battlefield photograph by famed Civil War photographer Mathew Brady reads:

*...the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. The wounded, in whom there was a hope of life, were given immediate care and hurried on stretchers to nearby houses and barns from which floated the yellow flag of the Medical Department. Large hospital tents were erected near the scene of battle. At times all the rooms in the surrounding farmhouses were full of wounded; the injured men were laid on corn stalks and hay in the barns. Sometimes it was impossible to find shelter for them all and they were laid on boards inclined against fences. Many of the large trees formed a shelter for a temporary hospital, where the men were laid in rows while the attendants administered to their wants. In no previous war in the history of the world was so much done to alleviate suffering as in the War of 1861-1865. But notwithstanding all that was done, the wounded suffered horribly. After any great battle it required several days and nights of steady work before all the wounded men were gathered.*



IF I LIVE TILL SUNDOWN

## Henry Woodfin Grady\*

A soldier lay wounded on a hard fought field; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there sorely smitten and speechless but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars.

Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons and the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved, and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another.

As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives till sundown tomorrow he will get well." And again leaving him, not with death, but with hope. All night long these words fell into his heart as the dew fell from the stars upon his lips, "If he but lives till sundown, he will get well."

He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of his life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard, and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown, I shall see it again. I shall walk down the shady lane; I shall open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird will call to me from the orchard, and I shall drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown, I shall look back once more into her deep and loving eyes, and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of his old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under the his load of sorrow and old age.

“If I but live till sundown, I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head, while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart.”

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and dangled their little hands into his heartstrings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

“If I live till sundown, they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face.” And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her, and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

“If I live till sundown, I shall see her again, and I will rest my head at the old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night.” And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending down from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held the staunch until the sun went down and the stars came out and shone down in the brave man’s heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

*Howe Fifth Reader, 1907*

\*Grady, 1851-1889, was a American journalist and orator of the “New South” after the Civil War. The Howe Fifth Reader contains three selections by Grady, all included here.

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## THE TYPICAL AMERICAN

Henry Woodfin Grady

It has been said that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of colonist Puritans and Cavaliers<sup>1</sup>, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this republic – Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American; and that in his

homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government; charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering, that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty.

*Howe Fifth Reader, 1907*

1. The Puritans, and the Cavaliers, or Royalists, were the opponents in the English Civil War; the Cavaliers settling mostly in Virginia forming a new aristocracy, and the Puritans settling mostly in New England. The blending together on the frontier, whence sprang Lincoln, did, in a sense, create a new American.

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### ON HIS BLINDNESS

John Milton\*

When I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest He returning chide,  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
 Is kingly; thousands do his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

*Howe Fifth Reader, 1907*

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RIP VAN WINKLE

## Washington Irving\*

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Katskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. At the foot of these mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.

In that same village, there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village. The children would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. He was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled away life in perfect contentment; but his wife kept dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on the family.

Rip had but one way of replying to all her lectures. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master. Times grew worse and worse with Rip as years rolled on. Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Katskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green

knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a logging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time, Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from the distance hallowing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square built fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion; a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore a stout keg that seemed to be full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.

Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or

rather cleft, between lofty rocks toward which their rugged path conducted.

He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud.

During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly at what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high healed shoes with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companions approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth countenances that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs for him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eyes were fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirst soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from which he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes – it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor – the mountain ravine – the wild retreat among the rocks – the woe-begone party at nine-pins – the flagon – “Oh! That wicked flagon!” thought Rip – what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked about for his gun, but instead of his clean, well oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip, “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.”

With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made a shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came

tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He was grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve in the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariable stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found that his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the outskirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered, it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors – strange faces at the windows – everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Katskill Mountains – there ran the silver Hudson at a distance – there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been.

Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay – the roof fallen in, the windows shuttered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This

was an unkind cut indeed. “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children – the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn – but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.”

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the little Dutch inn of yore, there reared a tall naked pole, with something that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag of stars and stripes. All this was strange. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, but the red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, ‘General Washington’.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Brummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious looking fellow, with pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens – election – members of Congress – liberty – Bunker’s Hill – heroes of seventy-six – and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, “on which side he voted?” Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, “whether he was Federal or Democrat.” Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right or left with his elbows as he passed.

Planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, “what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?”

“Alas! Gentlemen,” cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, “I am a poor, quiet man, a native of this place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!”

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders – “A Tory! – a Tory! – a spy! – a refugee! – hustle him! Away with him!” It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for and whom he was seeking. The poor man assured them that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors. “Well, – who are they? – name them.” Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice: “Nicholas Vedder! Why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone, too.”

“Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point<sup>1</sup> – others say that he was drowned in a squall, at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know – he never came back again.”

“Where’s Van Brummel, the schoolmaster?”

“He went off to the wars too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”

Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus lone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war – Congress – Stony Point! – he had n courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, “Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three. “Oh, to be sure! That’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

“God knows,” exclaimed he at his wit’s end; “I’m not myself, I’m somebody else; that’s me, yonder, – no, that’s somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and everything’s changed, and I’m changed; and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “Hush, Rip,” cried she, “hush, the old man won’t hurt you.” The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

“What is your name, my good woman?” he asked.

“Judith Gardenier.”

“And your father’s name?”

“Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it is twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and has never been heard of since, – his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with faltering voice:

“Where’s your mother?”

“Oh, she too has died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in fit of passion at a New England peddler.”

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he – “Young Rip Van Winkle once – old Rip Van Winkle now! – Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a

moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle – it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor.”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as but one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head – upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip’s daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip’s son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of his story, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point in which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Katskill but that they say Hendrick Hudson<sup>2</sup> and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

### *Howe’s Fifth Reader. 1909*

\*Irving was one of the great early American novelists and essayists. He styled these stories of old New York as “*A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIETRICH KNICKERBOCKER*”.

1. A bloody battle of the Revolutionary War.
2. Henry Hudson, an English explorer in pay of the Dutch East India Company to explore the Hudson River and Hudson’s Bay area. After wintering in the wilderness, his determination to continue the exploration led crew members to mutiny and put Hudson, his son and several loyal crew members into a small boat and abandon them. Their fate is unknown to history.

Rip Van Winkle may have been the most ubiquitous story in all the readers, perhaps because it is not only an amusing fable, but, in the true Puritan spirit, an allegorical morality play. It’s a tale of two people in a failed marriage, neither of whom abide by Biblical instruction – the husband to love his wife and support his family, the wife to honor her husband. That combination drives Rip to drink and bad companions that rob

him of much of his life, including his opportunity to serve his country, subject the family to hardships, and pass on that bad character to the next generation.

I have included a brief commentary on this story as an allegory in the Appendix.

To the right is a painting of the once famous actor Joseph Jefferson portraying Rip in a stage play that ran for many years. He's hoisting a glass to "Dis von don't count". Below that is Jefferson portraying Rip in another season of his life.

Does Irving's well turned phrase that Rip would "rather starve on a penny than work for a pound" have any relevance in today's world?





Even the good, kind and strong who spend their lives helping others, themselves grow old and needy. A long hoped for, but unexpected, visitor brings help and cheer to a lonely, impoverished widow in this tale of kindness remembered. And, like most stories, it is a mirror to show ourselves in the characters of the story.

Interesting, isn't it, that in the theater we call the *dramatis personæ* (being Latin for "persons of the drama") "characters", for character is what we chiefly see on the stage of theaters and of life.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING

Sarah Orne Jewett\*

There was a sad heart in the low-storied dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside. There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She owned a pig, and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house, but almost a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground.

At last, sickness and age had come hand in hand, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame handed, with a debt to carry, and her bare land, and the house ill provisioned to stand the siege of time.

For a while she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for any one to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than for a few neighbors, and she had better go to the poorhouse before winter, and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still. There was something appealing even to strange passers-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale worried face at the window.

Someone has said that anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes, when that come, they seem to full of shadows. Poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself to poor and sorrowful indeed.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to to the town farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting impatiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands; he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended there was still a debt after he had cleared her wood lot to pay himself back.

He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past, and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh if she could only die in her own house and not suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out helplessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

“There was Johnny Harris,” said Mary Robb, softly; “he was a soldier’s son, left an orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded, but I couldn’t see the poor boy want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite of what everybody said, and he helped me what little he could; he said I was the only mother he’d ever had. ‘I’m going out west, Mother Robb’, said he, I won’t come back till I get rich’. And then he’d look at me and laugh , so pleasant and boyish. He wasn’t one that liked to write; I don’t think he was doing well when I heard – years ago now. I always thought if he got sick, I should have a good home for him. There was Ezra Blake, the deaf one, too; he won’t have any place to come to.

The light had faded out of doors, and again Mrs. Robb’s troubles stood before her. The snow clicked fast against the window, and she sat alone thinking, in the dark. “There’s lots I love,” she said once. “They’d be sorry I’ve got nobody to come, and no supper the night before Thanksgiving. I’m glad they don’t know, glad they don’t know.” and she drew a little neared to the fire and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking chair.

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the old stove, and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Rob waked up frightened and bewildered.

“Who’s there” she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was conscious only of her one great fear. “They’ve come to take me to the poorhouse!” she said, and burst into tears.

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway. “Come, let me in,” he said gayly; “it’s a cold night. You didn’t expect me, did you, Mother Robb?”

“Dear me, what is it?” she faltered, stepping back as he came in, and dropping her crutch. “Am I dreaming? I was dreaming about – oh, there! What was I saying? It isn’t true; no, I’ve made some sort of mistake.” Yes, this was the man from the poorhouse, and she would go without complaint; they might have given her notice, but she must not fret. “Sit down sir,” she said, turning toward him with touching patience. “You’ll have to give me a little time. If I’d been notified, I wouldn’t have kept you waiting a minute, this cold night.”

It was not the keeper; the man by the door took one step forward, and put his arms around her and kissed her.

“What are you talking about?” said John Harris. “you aren’t going to make me feel like a stranger. I’ve come all the way from Dakota to spend Thanksgiving. There are all sorts of things out here in this wagon, and a man to help get them in. Why, don’t you cry so, Mother Robb; I thought you ‘d have a great laugh if I came and surprised you! Don’t you remember I said I should?”

It was John Harris indeed. The poor soul could say nothing; she felt now as if her heart were going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking chair, and came and went in his old busy way, bringing in his store of gifts and provisions; it was better than any dream. He laughed and talked, and went out to send away the man to bring a wagon full of wood from John Mander’s, and and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime.

They must cook the steak for supper right away; they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles. They must get wood fires started in both the bedrooms; why, Mother Robb didn’t seem to be ready for company from out west! The great cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had she not a house for John to come to, were not her old chairs and tables in their places still, and he remembered everything and kissed her as they stood before the fire as if she were a girl!

He had found plenty of hard times, but fortune had come at last. “No, I couldn’t seem to write letters; no use to complain of the worst, and I

wanted to tell you the best when I came”; and he told it while she cooked the supper.

“No, I wasn’t going to write foolish letters,” John repeated; he was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been, and they sat down to supper together just as they used when he was a homeless orphan boy whom nobody else wanted in winter weather, while he was crippled and could not work.

Mother Robb could not be kinder now than she was then, but she looked so poor and old. He saw her take a cup of tea and set it down again with a trembling hand, and look at him. Wiping his eyes and trying to laugh, he said, “And you’re going to have everything you need to make you comfortable as long as you live, Mother Robb.”

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

### *Howe’s Fifth Reader, 1907*

\*Ms. Jewett (1849-1909) was a novelist, short story writer, and poet who lived in Maine.

## THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

At eleven o’clock on the morning of November 19, 1863, a vast, silent multitude billowed, like the waves of the sea, over what was, not long before, the battlefield of Gettysburg. There were wounded soldiers there who



Lincoln's Address at the Dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.

had beaten their way four months before through a singing fire across those quiet fields, who had seen the men die who were buried here; there were troops, grave and responsible, who must soon go again into battle; there were the rank and file of everyday Americans gathering in surging thousands; and above them all, on the open-air platform, there were the leaders of the land, the pilots who that day lifted a hand from

the wheel of the ship of state to salute the memory of those who had gone down in the storm. Most of the men in that group are now passed over by the majority, but their names are not dead in American history – great ghosts who walk still in the annals of their country, their flesh and blood faces were turned attentively that bright, still November afternoon toward the orator of the day, whose voice held the audience.

For two hours Everett spoke, and the throng listened untired, fascinated by the dignity of his high-bred look and manner almost as much, perhaps, as by the speech which has taken a place in literature. As he had been expected to speak, he spoke – of the great battle, of the causes of the war, of the results to come after. It was an oration which missed no shade of expression, no reach of grasp.

At last, as the ex-Governor of Massachusetts, the ex-Ambassador to England, the ex-Secretary of State, the ex-Senator of the United States – handsome, distinguished, graceful, sure of voice and movement – took his seat, a tall, gaunt figure detached itself from the group on the platform and slouched slowly across the open space and stood facing the audience. A stir and a whisper brushed over the field of humanity, as if a breeze had rippled a monstrous bed of poppies. This was President Lincoln.

A quivering silence settled down, and every eye was wide to watch this strange, disappointing appearance, every ear alert to catch the first sound of his voice. Suddenly the voice came, in a queer, squeaking falsetto. The effect on the audience was irrepressible, ghastly. After Everett's deep tones, after the strain of expectancy, this extraordinary, gaunt apparition, this high, thin sound from the huge body, were too much for the American crowd's sense of humor, always stronger than its sense of reverence.

A suppressed yet unmistakable titter caught the throng, ran through it and was gone. Yet no one who knew the President's face could doubt that he had heard it and had understood. Calmly enough, after a pause almost too slight to be recognized, he went on, and in a dozen words his tones had gathered volume, he had come to his power and dignity. There was no smile now on the face of those who listened. People stopped breathing rather, as if they feared to miss an inflection. A loose hung figure, six feet four inches high, he towered above them, conscious of, and quietly ignoring, the bad first impression, unconscious of a charm of personality which reversed that impression within a sentence. That those were his people, was his only thought. He had something to say to them; what did it matter about him or his voice?

“Four score and seven years ago,” spoke the President, “our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and

dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

“But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us – that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion – that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

There was no sound from the vast silent assembly. The President’s large figure stood before them, at first inspired, glorified with the thrill and swing of his words, lapsing slowly in the stillness into lax, ungraceful lines. He stared at them a moment with sad eyes full of gentleness, of resignation, and in the deep quiet they stared at him. Not a hand was lifted in applause. Slowly the big, awkward man slouched back across the platform and sank into his seat, and yet there was no sound of approval, of recognition from the audience – only a long sigh ran like a ripple on an ocean through rank after rank. In Lincoln’s heart a throb of pain answered it. His speech had been, as he feared it would be, a failure. As he gazed steadily at these, his countrymen who would not give him even a little perfunctory applause for his best effort, he knew that the disappointment of it cut into his soul. And then he was aware that there was music, the choir was singing a dirge; his part was done, and his part had failed.

When the ceremonies were over, Everett at once found the President. “Mr. President,” he began, “your speech – ,” but Lincoln had interrupted, flashing a kindly smile down at him, laying a hand on his shoulder. “We’ll manage not to talk about my speech, Mr. Everett,” he said. “This isn’t the first time I’ve felt that my dignity ought not to permit me to be a public speaker.”

He went on in a few cordial sentences to pay tribute to the orator of the occasion. Everett listened thoughtfully, and when the chief had done, “Mr. President,” he said simply, “I should be glad if I could flatter myself

that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes.”

But Lincoln shook his head and laughed, and turned to speak to a newcomer with no change of opinion – he was apt to trust his own judgments.

The special train which left Gettysburg immediately after the solemnities on the battle-field cemetery brought the President’s party into Washington during the night. There was no rest for the man at the wheel of the nation next day, but rather added work, until, at about four in the afternoon, he felt sorely in need of air and went out from the White House alone, for a walk.

His long strides had carried him into the outskirts of the city, and suddenly, at a corner, from behind a hedge, a young boy of fifteen years or so came rushing toward him and tripped and stumbled against him, and Lincoln kept him from falling with a quick, vigorous arm. The lad righted himself and tossed back his thick, light hair and stared haughtily, and the President, regarding him, saw that his blue eyes were blind with tears.

“Do you want all of the public highway? Can’t a gentleman from the South even walk the streets without – without -” and the broken sentence ended in a sob.

The anger and the insolence of the lad were nothing to the man who towered above him – to that broad mind this was but a child in trouble. “My boy, the fellow that’s interfering with your walking is down inside of you,” he said gently, and with that the astonished youngster opened his wet eyes wide and laughed – a choking, childish laugh that pulled at the other man’s heartstrings. “That’s better, sonny,” he said, and patted the slim shoulder. “Now tell me what’s wrong with the world. Maybe I might help straighten it.”

“Wrong, wrong!” the child raved; “every thing’s wrong,” and launched into a mad tirade against the government, from the President down.

Lincoln listened patiently, and when the lad paused for breath, “Go ahead,” he said good-naturedly. “Every little helps.”

With that the youngster was silent and drew himself up with stiff dignity, offended yet fascinated; unable to tear himself away from this strange giant who was so insultingly kind under his abuse, who yet inspired him with such a sense of trust and of hope.

“I want a lawyer,” he said impulsively, looking up anxiously into the deep-lined face inches above him. “I don’t know where to find a lawyer in this horrible city, and I must have one – I can’t wait – it may be too late – I want a lawyer *now*,” and once more he was in a fever of excitement.

“I want him to draw a will. My brother is -” He caught his breath with a gasp in a desperate effort for self-control. “They say he’s – dying.” He finished the sentence with a quiver in his voice, and the brave front and the trembling, childish tone went to the man’s heart. “I don’t believe – he can’t be dying,” the boy talked on, gathering courage. “But anyway, he wants to make a will, and – and I reckon – it may be that he – he must.”

“I see,” the other answered gravely, and the young, torn soul felt an unreasoning confidence that he had found a friend. “Where is your brother?”

“He’s in the prison hospital there – in that big building,” he pointed down the street. “He’s captain in our army – in the Confederate army. He was wounded at Gettysburg.”

“Oh!” The deepest-set eyes gazed down at the fresh face, its muscles straining under grief and responsibility, with the gentlest, most fatherly pity. “I think I can manage your job, my boy,” he said. “I used to practice (practice) law in small way myself, and I’ll be glad to draw the will for you.”

The young fellow had whirled him around before he had finished the sentence. “Come,” he said, “don’t waste time talking – why didn’t you tell me before?” and then he glanced up. He saw the ill-fitting clothes, the crag-like rough modeled head, the awkward carriage of the man; he was too young to know that what he felt beyond these was greatness.

They had arrived at the prison. “I can get you through all right. They all know me here,” he spoke over his shoulder reassuringly to the President with a friendly glance. Dashing down the corridors in front, he did not see the guards salute the tall figure which followed him; too preoccupied to wonder at the ease of their entrance, he flew along through the big building, and behind him in large strides came his friend.

A young man – almost a boy, too – of twenty-three or twenty-four, his handsome face a white shadow, lay propped against the pillows, watching the door eagerly as they entered.

“Good boy, Warry,” he greeted the little fellow; “you’ve got me a lawyer,” and the pale features lighted with a smile of such radiance as seemed incongruous in this gruesome place. He held out his hand to the man who swung toward him, looming mountainous behind his brother’s slight figure. “Thank you for coming,” he said cordially, and in his tone was the same air of a *grand seigneur* as in the lad’s. Suddenly a spasm of pain caught him, his head fell into the pillows, his muscles twisted, his arm about the neck of the kneeling boy tightened convulsively. Yet while the agony still held him, he was smiling again with gay courage. “it nearly blew me away,” he whispered, his voice shaking, but his eyes bright with amusement. “We’d better get to work before one of those little breezes carries me too far. There’s pen and ink on the table, Mr. - my brother did not tell me your name.”

“Your brother and I met informally,” the other answered, setting the materials in order for writing. “He charged into me like a young steer,” and the boy, out of his deep trouble, laughed delightedly. “my name is Lincoln.”

The young officer regarded him. “That’s a good name from your standpoint – you are, I take it, a Northerner?”

The deep eyes smiled whimsically. “I’m on that side of the fence. You may call me a Yankee, if you’d like.”

“There’s something about you, Mr. Lincoln,” the young Georgian answered gravely, with a kindly and unconscious condescension, “which makes me wish to call you, if I may, a friend.”

He had that happy instinct which shapes a sentence to fall on its smoothest surface, and the President, in whom the same instinct was strong, felt a quick comradeship with this enemy who, about to die, saluted him. He put out his great fist swiftly.

“Shake hands,” he said. “Friends it is.”

“Till death us do part,” said the officer, slowly, and smiled, and then threw back his head with a gesture like a boy’s. “We must do the will,” he said peremptorily.

“Yes, now we’ll fix this will business, Captain Blair,” the big man answered cheerfully. “When your mind’s relieved about your plunder, you can rest easier and get well faster.”

The sweet, brilliant smile of the Southerner shone out, his arm drew the boy’s shoulder closer, and the President, with a pang, knew that his friend knew that he must die.

With direct, condensed question and clear answer, the simple will was shortly drawn, and the impromptu lawyer rose to take his leave. But the wounded man put out his hand.

“Don’t go yet,” he pleaded, with the imperious, winning accent which was characteristic of both brothers. The sudden, radiant smile broke again over the face, young, drawn with suffering, prophetic of close death. “I like you,” he brought out frankly. “I’ve never liked a stranger as much in such short order before.”

His head, fair as the boy’s, lay back on the pillows, locks of hair damp against the whiteness, the blue eyes shone like jewels from the colorless face, a weak arm stretched protectingly about the young brother who pressed against him. There was so much courage, so much helplessness, so much pathos in the picture that the President’s great heart throbbed with a desire to comfort them.

“I want to talk to you about that man Lincoln, your namesake,” the prisoner’s deep, uncertain voice went on, trying pathetically to make conversation which might interest, might hold, his guest. The man who stood hesitating, controlled a startled movement. “I’m Southern to the core of me, and I believe with my soul in the cause I’ve fought for, the cause I’m -,” he stopped; and his hand caressed the boy’s shoulder. “But that President of yours is a remarkable man. He’s regarded as a red devil by most of us down home, you know,” and he laughed; “but I’ve admired him all along. He’s inspired by principle, not by animosity, in this fight; he’s real and he’s powerful and” - he lifted his head impetuously and his eyes flashed - “and, by Jove, have you read his speech of yesterday in the papers?”

Lincoln gave him an odd look. “No,” he said, “I haven’t.”

“Sit down,” Blair commanded. “Don’t grudge a few minutes to a man in hard luck. I want to tell you about that speech. You’re not so busy but that you ought to know.”

“Well, yes,” said Lincoln, “perhaps I ought.” He took out his watch and made a quick mental calculation. “It’s only a question of going without my dinner, and the boy is dying,” he thought. “If I can give him a little pleasure, the dinner is a small matter.” He spoke again. “It’s the soldiers who are the busy men, not the lawyers, nowadays,” he said. “I’ll be delighted to spend a half hour with you, Captain Blair, if I won’t tire you.”

“That’s good of you,” the young officer said, and a king on his throne could not have been more gracious in a more lordly yet unconscious way.

“By the way, this great man isn’t any relation of yours, is he, Mr. Lincoln?”

“He’s a kind of connection – through my grandfather,” Lincoln acknowledged. “But I know just the sort of fellow he is – you can say what you want.”

“What I want to say first is this: that he yesterday made one of the great speeches of history.”

“What?” demanded Lincoln, staring.

“I know what I’m talking about.” The young fellow brought his thin fist down on the bedclothes. “My father was a speaker – all my uncles and my grandfather were speakers. I’ve been brought up on oratory. I’ve studied and read the best models since I was a lad in knee-breeches. And I know a great speech when I see it. And when Nellie – my sister – brought in the paper this morning and read that to me, I told her at once that not six times since history began has a speech been made which was its equal. That was before she told me what the Senator said.”

“What did the Senator say?” asked the quiet man who listened.

“It was Senator Warrington, to whom my sister is – is acting as secretary.” The explanation was distasteful, but he went on, carried past the jog by the interest of his story. “He was at Gettysburg yesterday, with the President’s party. He told my sister that the speech so went home to the hearts of all those thousands of people that when it was ended it was as if the whole audience held its breath – there was not a hand lifted to applaud. One might as well applaud the Lord’s Prayer – it would have been sacrilege. And they all felt it – down to the lowest. There was a long minute of reverent silence, no sound from all that great throng – it seems to me, an enemy, that is was the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator.”

The boy, lifting his hand from his brother’s shoulder to mark the effect of his brother’s words, saw with surprise that in the strange lawyer’s eyes were tears. But the wounded man did not notice.

“It will live, that speech. Fifty years from now American schoolboys will be learning it as part of their education. It is not merely my opinion,” he went on, “Warrington says the whole country is ringing with it. And you haven’t read it? And your name’s Lincoln? Worry, boy, where’s the paper Nellie left? I’ll read the speech to Mr. Lincoln myself.”

The boy had sprung to his feet and across the room, and had lifted a folded newspaper from the table. "Let me read it, Carter – it might tire you."

The giant figure which had crouched, elbows on knees, in the shadows by the narrow hospital cot, heaved itself slowly upward till it loomed at its full height in air. Lincoln turned his face toward the boy standing under the flickering gas-jet and reading with soft, sliding inflections the words which had for twenty-four hours been gall and wormwood to his memory. And as the sentences slipped from the lad's mouth, behold, a miracle happened, for the man who had written them knew that they were great. He knew then, as many a lesser one has known, that out of a little loving-kindness had come great joy; that he had wrested with gentleness a blessing from his enemy.

"Fourscore and seven years ago," the fresh voice began, and the face of the dying man stood out white in the white pillows, sharp with eagerness, and the face of the President shone, as he listened as if to new words. The field of yesterday, the speech, the deep silence which followed it, – all were illuminated, as his mind went back, with new meaning. With the realization that the stillness had meant, not indifference, but perhaps, as this generous enemy had said, "The most perfect tribute ever paid by and people to any orator," there came to him a rush of glad strength to bear the burdens of the nation. The boy's tones ended clearly, deliberately:

"We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There was deep stillness in the hospital ward, as there had been stillness on the field of Gettysburg. The soldier's voice broke it. "It's a wonderful speech," he said. "There's nothing finer. Other men have spoken stirring words, for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest who can be a partisan without bitterness, and only such to-day may call himself not Northern or Southern, but American. To feel that your enemy can fight you to death without malice, with charity – its lifts country, it lifts humanity to something worth dying for. They are beautiful, broad words, and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies. Do you agree with me?" he demanded abruptly, and Lincoln answered slowly, from a happy heart: -

"I believe it is a good speech," he said.

The impetuous Southerner went on: "Of course, it's all wrong from my point of view," and the gentleness of his look made the words charming. "The thought which underlies it is warped, inverted, as I look at it, yet that doesn't alter my admiration of the man and of his words. I'd like to put my hand in his before I die," he said, and a sudden, brilliant, sweet smile lit the transparency of his face like a lamp; "and I'd like to tell him that I know that what we're all fighting for, the best of us, is the right of our country as it is given us to see it." He was laboring a bit with the words now as if he were tired, but he hushed the boy imperiously.

"When a man gets so close to death's door that he feels the wind through it from a larger atmosphere, then the small things are blown away. The bitterness of the fight has faded for me. I only feel the love of country, the satisfaction of giving my life for it. The speech – that speech – has made it look higher and simpler – your side as well as ours. I would like to put my hand in Abraham Lincoln's ."

The clear, deep voice, with its hesitations, its catch of weakness, stopped short. Convulsively the hand shot out and caught at the great fingers that hung near him, pulling the President, with the strength of agony, to his knees by the cot. The prisoner was writhing in an attack of mortal pain, while he held, unknowing that he held it, the hand of his new friend in a torturing grip. The door of death had opened wide, and a stormy wind was carrying the bright, conquered spirit into that larger atmosphere of which he had spoken. Suddenly the struggle ceased, the unconscious had rested in the boy's arms, and the hand of the Southern soldier lay quiet, where he had wished to place it, in the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

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*The Howe Readers, A Fifth Reader, 1909*

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## CHAPTER 30

*The California State Series, Eighth Year Literature Reader*

by Leroy E. Armstrong, 1917

## IF

Rudyard Kipling\*

If you can keep your head when all about you  
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
 But make allowances for their doubting too;  
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
 Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;  
 If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim,  
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
 And treat those two impostors just the same;  
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;  
 If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss;  
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
 And never breath a word about your loss;  
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
 Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,  
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
 If all men count with you, but none too much;  
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
 Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
 And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

*California State Series Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917*\*Kipling was a prominent British author in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century.

## THE DONNER PARTY

Leroy E. Armstrong\*

In relating the story of the Donner Party one has to deal with the story of one of the saddest events in the history of California. During the winter of 1846-47 men, women, and children were slowly starving to death at Donner Lake in the Sierra Nevadas. The beautiful Sacramento Valley, the land of sunshine and plenty, lay just beyond the mountain range; but the road over the mountains was blocked with snow and ice. The story of these poor people begins with life and hope; it ends in despair and death.



*Trail to California*

Stories of the fine farming land of California had reached the eastern states, Many Americans made up their minds to seek a new home beyond the western mountains. In Illinois in the spring of 1846 a party of emigrants was formed under the leadership of George Donner, Jacob Donner, and James Reed. There were just ninety people – men, women, and children – in the party. There were several families, for these people were going to California to make new homes. This was two years before gold was discovered here.

Large, strong wagons were made ready for the long trip across the plains. Narrow wooden strips shaped like a half-hoop were placed over the wagons and nailed to the sides. Heavy tentcloth was then stretched over these curved frames and securely fastened. This made an excellent covering; it kept out the hot rays of the sun as well as the driving rain. Then the wagons were loaded for the long trip. The first thing to think about was food, for there would be no opportunity to buy any after leaving the western settlements in Missouri and Iowa. Flour, bacon, cornmeal, beans, and rice were the staples. Clothing, bedding, tools, cooking utensils, ammunition, and a little medicine completed the load. All the men and the larger boys had guns; they hoped to keep the company in fresh meat by killing game on the way. Finally the oxen were yoked to the wagons, the members of the party said a last good-bye to their old neighbors and friends, the drivers cracked their long whips, and the journey to California had begun.

A few days over the pleasant prairies of Illinois brought the party to the Mississippi. The wagons were then taken across on a large ferry-boat, and the journey was continued across Missouri to the town of Independence. Here the Donner Party found other emigrants bound for California. As large parties were in less danger of attack from the

Indians, these emigrants, including the Donner Party, formed one large train of more than two hundred wagons. When the train was in motion, it was about two miles long. Upon leaving Independence, the route taken was up the valley of the Missouri to the Platte.

Making a short stop occasionally to kill buffaloes and rest the stock, the party followed the Platte to the forks of that river. Passing up the North Platte, the party reached famous old Fort Laramie, and spent the Fourth of July there.

Here at Fort Laramie, the members of the party saw the red man in all his glory. A number of Sioux Indians were at the fort, ready for the warpath against their old enemies, the Pawnees. Dressed in their warpaint and mounted on their fleet ponies, they presented a fine appearance. They manifested the greatest friendliness toward the white men. When the emigrants left the fort and resumed their journey, about three hundred young warriors accompanied them quite a distance, escorting them in true military fashion.

The emigrants were never seriously molested by the Sioux. On one occasion, however, Miss Mary Graves, a beautiful young woman, was riding with her brother a short distance in the rear of the party. They were surrounded by the Sioux, who seemed to have become infatuated with the young woman. They wanted to buy her, and made several handsome offers to her brother. When he refused to sell her, one of the Indians seized the bridle of the girl's horse and tried to carry her away captive. It would be hard to say whether he was jesting or in earnest. At any rate, when he looked down the muzzle of her brother's gun, he dropped the rein promptly.

The emigrants were now within sight of the Rocky Mountains. Passing on, they entered the valley of the Sweetwater River, a tributary of the north Platte; and climbing steadily they reached South pass, the opening through which the Sweetwater flows. They were now on the great rock plateau, and traveling became more difficult. But a few days more brought them to Fort Bridger, then a trading post in what is now southwestern Wyoming.

Here the Donner Party made their first great mistake. The regular emigrant route to California ran through Fort Hall, in what is now southern Idaho. At Fort Bridger the emigrants were told that a new and better road had just been opened. This road ran south of Great Salt Lake and rejoined the regular route on the Humboldt River in Nevada. It was called Hastings' Cut-Off, because it was supposed to save three hundred miles. It was claimed that Great Salt Lake could be reached in six days. Most of the emigrants, however, refused to leave the beaten track. They went by way of Fort Hall and reached California in safety.

But after considerable deliberation, the Donner Party separated from the main train and set out on the supposed cut-off. The way was fearfully rough and dangerous. In some places the men were obliged to lower the wagons over precipices with ropes. In other places it required ten yoke of oxen to pull one wagon up the steep sides of the gulches. They were compelled to make their own road. This severe toil weakened the men and the oxen, but they toiled bravely on. At last their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the Great Salt Lake. But instead of six days, it had taken a month to reach it. The loss of this time proved fatal later on.

After resting a few days beside the cool and pleasant lake, the Donner party set out to cross the dreary stretches of sandy desert between the lake and the headwaters of the Humboldt. They thought this distance was about fifty miles. As there was no grass nor good water in the desert, they cut considerable grass and filled their casks with water. But the fifty miles stretched into sixty, and the sixty into seventy, and still nothing but dreary stretches of alkaline waste could be seen. The grass for the oxen gave out and the poor animals began dying. Then the water ran short. The men searched desperately for springs, and found a few poor ones. The water was so alkaline that it was scarcely fit to drink. One night, all of James Reed's oxen, eighteen head, made frantic with thirst, rushed off into the desert and were never seen again.

While making this dreadful trip across the desert, a careful inventory of all the food was taken, and the members of the party were alarmed to find that the provisions were running low. They did not have enough to reach California. The situation was indeed serious. A council was held. As a result, two men, William McCutcheon and Charles T. Stanton, agreed to cross the Sierras on horseback, and ask aid of Captain Sutter at Sutter's Fort. Because of hostile Indians along the way, these men were taking their lives in their hands in making the attempt. But more food must be secured or all would perish. The prayers of the emigrants went with the brave volunteers as they rode out on the trail for California.

Amid great hardships the party struggled on. All except helpless children walked beside the wagons to favor the famished oxen as much as possible. The fearful glare of the sun upon the desert sands tortured the footsore travelers and the patient, suffering animals. All were inexpressibly glad when they reached the cooling waters and the pleasant grass of the Humboldt.

While traveling down the Humboldt a deplorable tragedy occurred. Reed and a popular young man named Snyder became engaged in a quarrel. Both men were of fiery disposition. After several angry words, Snyder

struck Reed several blows with the butt of his ox whip, cutting deep gashes in his head. Mrs. Reed ran between the men to save her husband, and the cruel whip fell upon her shoulders. In an instant Reed drew his hunting knife and plunged it into Snyder's breast.

The after-life of James Reed was clean and strong; he lived in San Jose for many years, a useful, respected citizen. It seems just to consider that his killing of Snyder was in self-defense, and to protect the wife who was dearer than life itself.

But Snyder had been a general favorite, so a council was called to decide Reed's fate. He was banished from the train. With only a gun and a few provisions, he bade his family a sad farewell, and started out afoot for California. His anxious wife and children each day looked for traces of the husband and father. Sometimes feathers of birds he had killed were scattered on the road, and sometimes he pinned a note to the brush. But one day there was no sign nor message. Poor Mrs. Reed was nearly distracted. She thought perhaps her husband had been killed by the Indians, or had slipped and fallen over some rock place and perhaps lay wounded and dying below. But the poor woman had to be brave and bear up because her children needed her. If she should die, with their father gone, what would become of them!

From the valley of the Humboldt, the party crossed to the Truckee River, and began its ascent. When their provisions were nearly gone, their hearts were rejoiced by the return of Stanton. He and McCutcheon had made their way safely to Sutter's Fort and laid their case before Captain Sutter. One appeal to the generous-hearted Swiss was enough. Though Stanton and McCutcheon could only promise that the emigrants would pay for the provisions when they reached California, this promise even was not needed. When Captain Sutter heard that women and children were in danger of starving, he immediately had five mules packed with four and dried beef. With them he sent two of his Indian vaqueros with orders to assist the white men in every way possible. McCutcheon was taken ill and could not return; so Stanton guided the Indians and mules over the Sierras to the weary emigrants on the Truckee River. It is certain that but for this timely help from Captain Sutter, the entire party must have perished.

The Sierras were now in sight. Feeling safe because of the new supply of provisions, the Donner Party made their second great mistake. They rested four days at the town where Reno now stands. There was a wagon road over the summit of the mountains; and if the party had pressed right on, the Sierras would have been crossed. It was now late in October and the weather had been delightful. But the storm-king of the mountain now began to show his power. First his threats were seen and felt in the dark clouds on the crests and the chilliness in the air. But

the storm-king was too quick for them. His icy hand was stretched out in wrath against them.

On October 28, 1846, the emigrants at Prosser Creek, three miles below Truckee, were traveling through five inches of snow, while from two to five feet lay on the summits. With a great fear in their hearts, the party pressed on. The present site of Truckee (city) was passed by the foremost wagons. A few of them tried the deeper snow toward the mountains, but the oxen could do nothing in the heavy drifts. Weary and disheartened, their drivers turned back to a little lake halfway between Truckee and the summit. More of the wagons came up. The men talked together. It was too late now to cross the mountains. A month earlier than usual, grim Winter had captured the Sierras and bade them wear the snowy robes that marked them as his own. His laugh was the sharp wind that seemed to mock the hopes of the poor travelers. They were held fast in his icy grip.

All the poor emigrants could do was to prepare as best they could to spend the winter there. Rough cabins were hastily built, the cattle were killed, and piles of wood were cut. November went by, the party hoping against hope for a warm spell that would clear the road of snow. By the middle of December, the food was nearly all gone, and one man had already died of starvation.

Something had to be done. Better meet death face to face up there among the snow-clad peaks, trying to escape and bring help, than to wait for the sure approach of the dread monster through starvation. Charles T. Stanton, who had saved the party once by his gallant trip to Sutter's Fort, said, "I will bring aid to these famishing people or lay down my life." Patric Dolan, a brave, generous Irishman, gave what food he had left to the Reed family, and made ready to go with Stanton. They were joined by thirteen others. Who composed this forlorn hope? "Mothers, whose babies would starve unless the mothers went; fathers, whose wives and children would perish if the fathers did not go; children, whose aged parents could not survive unless the children, by leaving, increased the parents' share of food."

From the ox-bows, the men made snowshoes for each of the fifteen. Taking rations for six days, and bidding their loved ones a sad farewell, they started on their desperate undertaking. They traveled about five miles a day. After crossing the summit, Stanton was almost blinded by the glare of the sun on the snow. His strength failed him, but uncomplainingly he let the others pass on. He knew that an attempt to save him would endanger the lives of all. So alone and blind among the pitiless peaks that towered toward heaven, Death claimed him, and the heroic soul of Charles T. Stanton went home to meet its God. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Who was this man who so calmly met the supreme test? This hero who gave his life for others was a native of New York, thirty-five years of age. But for his word, he might have remained in the Sacramento Valley when he made the trip for supplies. He had no relatives or dear friends among the Donner Party. But faithful to his trust, he imperiled his life and lost it. Lost it? As there is a God in heaven, it was a glorious losing.

Stanton's companions, struggling along through the snow, were soon in desperate straits. Their food was gone and their strength also. Dolan died, and the others stripped the flesh from his bones and ate it. Then forward again with staggering steps. Then the death of another and another, till only seven – two men and five women – were left. The sufferers finally reached an Indian camp, and the squaws cried when they looked at the starving men and women. A little acorn bread strengthened them to press on, and finally they reached Johnson's Ranch on Bear River, thirty-two days after leaving Donner Lake. Word was sent at once to Captain Sutter that men, women, and children were starving at Donner Lake. He fitted out a relief party without delay, and started it to their rescue.

Captain Sutter played a part in the early history of California that few people fully appreciate. He deserves a larger place in our histories and our hearts. Kind and generous to a fault, he ministered to the needy at all times. A story of suffering touched his heart and his pocketbook at the same time. He obeyed the injunction to give meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked.

We may well remember this California pioneer as one who loved his neighbor as himself. The prompt kindness shown twice to the Donner Party was characteristic of the man.

Meanwhile, the poor snow-bound prisoners at Donner Lake were having a dreadful time. Their sufferings can not be described. The fearful pangs of starvation caused them to do things that are shocking even to think about. When the food was all gone, they boiled the hides of the cattle and ate them. A few mice were caught and eaten. The when the weakest began dying of starvation, the living ate the bodies of the dead. The grim monster, Death, stood silent, waiting for them all. But he was to be balked of his expected prey.

On February 19, 1847, sixty-five long, heart-breaking days since the fifteen under Stanton had started, shouts were heard by the starving people. A few had strength enough to climb to the top of the snow around their cabins, and look. The most welcome sight of their lives met their eyes. The relief party of seven men sent by Captain Sutter had arrived, each man with a pack of provisions strapped to his back. When these men of the relief party entered the cabins and saw the fearful

misery of these poor people, they broke down and wept from sheer pity. But no time was to be lost, for another storm might set in. A return party of twenty-three, besides the seven men, was soon formed. Some of the men strapped children to their backs, and took them out that way. Two of the party were compelled by failing strength to return to the cabins, and three died on the snowy road over the mountains. The remaining eighteen went through and saved their lives.

When this relief party of seven men sent by Captain Sutter were going to Donner Lake, they left some of their provisions in Summit Valley, tied up in a tree. The men had too much to carry through the deep snow, and besides, they would need food on the return trip. Imagine their dismay upon their return to find that wild animals had climbed the tree, gnawed the rope in two, and eaten every scrap of the food. They had counted confidently upon these provisions to carry them below the snow-line. It looked as if the rescuers and rescued were yet to die in the snow-drifts of the Sierras.

Now comes the part that proves the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. When all were staring Death in the face because of the loss of the provisions, who should arrive but James Reed with a second relief party! He had plenty of food, and but for this timely assistance many if not all of the party must have perished. Reed had returned in time to save some of the very men who had cast him out. Here Reed met his wife and two of his children. When told that his two other children had been left in the cabins at Donner lake, the fond father immediately planned to rescue them. He pressed right on with his relief party and reached the desolate sufferers at the lake thirteen days after the arrival of the first relief party. Reed was rejoiced to find both of his children still living, though very weak.

A second return party of seventeen was quickly formed of the strongest. But all were emaciated and weak, and progress was very slow. The second day out they were caught in a dreadful storm and forced to camp in the whirling snow. For three days the storm continued, the wind was blowing furiously most of the time. It was difficult to keep a fire, and the entire party had a close call from freezing to death. Several were severely frozen, and suffered indescribable tortures in consequence. When the storm ceased, the snow was so soft and deep that traveling through it was very difficult. But starvation was again imminent. Something had to be done.

Reed had left men and provisions at Bear Valley to assist on the return trip. These provisions must be reached or all would perish. So the men of the relief party, and the strongest of those whom they had come to rescue, struggled on, promising to send back food and help from Bear Valley. This necessitated the deserting of helpless women and children,

but it was the only chance of saving all their lives. Those left in Starved camp, as they called it, had very little food. At last, all was gone, and hope was almost dead. Again Reed failed not in the supreme hour of trial. The men sent by him arrived just in time to save the party. Twenty-four hours more would have been too late. Three of that forlorn group on the mountain-side had died of starvation, and again there had been the awful eating of human flesh while waiting for help.

A third relief party soon found its way to Donner lake. When it was ready to return, George Donner, the leader of the train and the one for whom the lake is named, was too weak and sick to travel. His brave wife, although strong enough to make the journey, refused to leave her husband. Her children twined their arms around her neck, and with tears running down their faces, kissed her a last goodbye. What the anguish of the mother's heart in parting with her darlings must have been, only the recording angel knows. The name of Mrs. George Donner must forever stand high on the heroic roll of those who willingly choose duty rather than life. When the fourth and last rescue party arrived, both Donner and his wife were dead. There was but one left, a man named Kessberg, who was taken out by this party.

The Donner Party started with ninety people. Forty-eight lived to reach the promised land of their hopes. Six died crossing the plains, and thirty-six gave up their lives on the frozen slopes of the Sierras. Nothing in history surpasses the unflinching courage and patient suffering of the members of the Donner Party. Their trials and hardships serve to remind us of the dangers that beset the pioneers, the sturdy men and women who laid the foundations of our beloved state.

*California State Series, Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917*

\*Armstrong was a writer, and the compiler of the *Eighth Year Literature Reader*.

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## FRIENDSHIP AMONG ALL NATIONS

Victor Hugo\*

Let us suppose that four centuries ago some far-seeing prophet dared to predict to the duchies (lands ruled by Dukes) composing the kingdom of France that the day would come when they would no longer make war upon each other. Let us suppose him saying:

“You will have many disputes to settle, interests to contend for, difficulties to resolve; but do you know what you will select instead of armed men, instead of cavalry, and infantry, of cannon, lances pikes, and swords?”

“You will select, instead of all this destructive array, a small box of wood, which you will term a ballot-box, and from that shall issue – what? An assembly – an assembly in which you shall all live; an assembly which shall be, as it were, the soul of all; a supreme and popular council, which shall decide, judge, resolve everything; which shall say to each, ‘Here terminates your right, there commences your duty: lay down your arms!’

“And in that day you will all have one common thought, common interests, a common destiny; you will embrace each other, and recognize each other as children of the same blood and of the same race; that day you shall no longer be hostile tribes – you will be no longer merely Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Provence – you will be France! You will no longer make appeals to war; you will do so to civilization.”

If, at that period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men would have cried out: “What a dreamer! what a dream! How little this pretended prophet is acquainted with the human heart!” Yet, time has gone on and on, and we find that this dream has been realized.

Well, then, at this moment we who are assembled here say to France, to England, to Spain, to Italy, to Russia: “A day will come, when war shall appear as impossible, and will be as impossible, between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, as it is now between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia.

“A day will come, when you, France; you, Russia; you, Italy; you, England; you, Germany; all of you nations of the continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and shall constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, have blended into France. A day will come when the only battlefield shall be the market open to commerce, and the mind to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and shells shall be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by arbitration of a great sovereign senate.”

Nor is it necessary for four hundred years to pass away for that day to come. We live in a period in which a year often suffices to do the work of a century.

Suppose that the people of Europe, instead of mistrusting each other, entertaining jealousy of each other, hating each other, became fast friends; suppose they say that before they are French, or English, or German, they are men, and that if nations form countries, human kind forms a family. Suppose that the enormous sums spent in maintaining armies should be spent in acts of mutual confidence. Suppose that the millions that are lavished on hatred, were bestowed on love, given to

labor, to intelligence, to industry, to commerce, to navigation, to agriculture, to science, to art.

If this enormous sum were expended in this manner, know you what would happen? The face of the world would be changed. Isthmuses would be cut through. Railroads would cover the continents; the merchant navy of the globe would be increased a hundredfold. There would be nowhere barren plains nor moors nor marshes. Cities would be found where now there are only deserts. Asia would be rescued to civilization; Africa would be rescued to man; abundance would gush forth from every side, from every vein of the earth at the touch of man, like the living stream from the rock beneath the rod of Moses.

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\*Hugo was one of the greatest French poets and novelists of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century.

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## WAR AS THE MOTHER OF VALOR AND CIVILIZATION

Andrew Carnegie\*

We still hear war extolled at times as the mother of valor and the prime agency in the world's advancement. By it, we are told, civilization has spread and nations have been created, slavery has been abolished and the American Union preserved. It is even held that without war, human progress would have been impossible.

The answer: Men were at first savages who preyed upon each other like wild beasts, and so they developed a physical courage which they shared with the brutes. Moral courage was unknown to them. War was almost their sole occupation. Peace existed only for short periods that tribes might regain strength to resume the sacred killing of each other.

Advancement in civilization was impossible while war reigned. Only as wars became less frequent and long intervals of peace supervened could civilization, the mother of true heroism, take root. Civilization has advanced just as war has receded, until in our day, peace has become the rule and war the exception.

Arbitration of international disputes grows more and more in favor. Successive generations of men now live and die without seeing war; and instead of the army and navy furnishing the only careers worthy of a gentleman, it is with difficulty that civilized nations can today obtain a sufficient supply of either officers or men.

In the past, man's only method for removing obstacles and attaining desired ends was to use brute courage. The advance of civilization has developed moral courage. We use more beneficent means than men did

of old. Britain in the eighteenth century used force to prevent American independence. In more recent times, she graciously grants Canada the rights denied America.

The United States also receives an award of the powers against China, and, finding it in excess of her expenditures, in the spirit of newer time, returns ten million dollars. Won by this act of justice, China devotes the sum to the education of Chinese students in the republic's universities. The greatest force is no longer that of brutal war, but the supreme forces of gentleness and generosity – the golden rule.

The pen is rapidly superseding the sword. Arbitration is banishing war. More than five hundred international disputes have already been peacefully settled. Civilization, not barbarism, is the mother of true heroism.

Out lately departed poet and disciple of peace, Richard Watson Gilder, has left us the answer to the false idea that brute force employed against our fellows ranks with heroic moral courage exerted to save or serve them:

“Twas said: “When roll of drum and battle’s roar  
 Shall cease upon the earth, oh, then no more  
 The deed, the race, of heroes in the land.’  
 But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand  
 Lifted victorious o’er a giant wrong  
 That had its victims crushed through ages long;  
 Some woman set her pale and quivering face,  
 Firm as a rock, against a man’s disgrace;  
 A little child suffered in silence lest  
 His savage pain should wound a mother’s breast;  
 Some quiet scholar flung his gauntlet down  
 And risked, in Truth’s great name, the synod’s frown;  
 A civic hero, in the calm realm of laws,  
 Did that which suddenly drew a world’s applause;  
 And one to the pest his lithe young body gave  
 That he a thousand lives might save.”

On the field of carnage men lose all human instincts in the struggle to protect themselves. The true heroism inspired by moral courage prompts firemen, policemen, sailors, miners, and others to volunteer and risk their lives to save the lives of their fellowmen. Such heroism is now of everyday occurrence.

In our age there is no more reason for *permitting* war between civilized nations than for relaxing the reign of law within nations, which compels

men to submit their personal disputes to peaceful courts, and never dreams that by so doing they will be less than heroic. ...

When war ceases, the sense of human brotherhood will be strengthened and “heroism” will no longer mean to kill, but only to serve or save our fellows.

*California State Series Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917*

\*Carnegie was one of the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century industrialist “Robber Barons”, who later in life became well known as a philanthropist. His endowment of libraries to small towns across America was his best known philanthropy. This essay represents an idealistic view that was common at the time, but has been rising and falling since with the tides of world events, especially WWI.

Gilder’s poem lists heroes, yes, certainly ‘heroes’, beginning with Christ, who have fought wrong with peaceful means. That is all very well in poetry, but as a matter of practice, it is entirely different. I italicized Carnegie’s inclusion of the word “permitting”, above, for a moment’s reflection. That term implies...no, requires, a superior authority, and force, to maintain peace. The Christian Millennium of peace will have as its power the rightful king, Jesus Christ. Any earthly authority that can maintain peace among the nations will have to be supremely powerful, and either constantly at war itself, or so exceedingly brutal and omnipresent as to cower all opposition to its rule. Such an authority may be favorable to a sort of ‘peace’, that “*purchased at the price of chains and slavery*”, as Patric Henry so memorably cast it; but hardly favorable to liberty.

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UNCONQUERED (‘INVICTUS’)

William Ernest Henley\*

Out of the pit that covers me,  
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever gods may be  
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced or cried aloud.  
 Under the bludgeonings of chance  
 My head is bloody but unbowed.  
 Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
 Looms but the horror of the shade,  
 And yet the menace of the years  
 Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,  
 How charged with punishments the scroll,  
 I am the master of my fate;  
 I am captain of my soul.

*California State Series, Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917*

\*Henley was a popular poet in his day, and admired for having overcome years of hospitalization, and loss of a leg from a serious illness (which eventually killed him in his late middle age). The poem was held up as the ideal of the indomitable human spirit. Unfortunately, though, this poem reveals pride, bitterness, and rebellion against God, rather than thankfulness. It is obvious that the 'straight gate' refers to Jesus, and the 'punishments' of the 'scroll' is a Biblical reference to those who reject God's offer of salvation. It is a substitution of evil for good that would not have been so admired by earlier generations.

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PRAYER<sup>1</sup>

Alfred Lord Tennyson

More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep and goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not their hands in prayer  
 Both for themselves and for those who call them friend?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

*California State Series, Eighth Literature Reader, 1917*

This is a passage from Tennyson's "The Passing of Arthur" that has taken its own place in literature.

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## EARTH IS ENOUGH

Edwin Markham\*

We men of Earth have the stuff  
 Of Paradise – we have enough!  
 We need no other stones to build  
 The Temple of the Unfulfilled –  
 No other ivory for the doors –  
 No other cedar for the beam  
 And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every day –  
 Here on the common way  
 Is all the stuff the gods will take  
 To build a Heaven, to mold and make  
 New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime  
 To build eternity in time!

*California State Series, Eighth Year Literature Reader. 1917*

\*Markham, author of "The Man With The Hoe", is here poetically invoking non-theological, humanistic religion; mankind ("the gods") has everything it needs to build heaven "in time", that is, in this earthly existence. "The Temple of the Unfulfilled", refers to those, like the 'man with the hoe', whose dreams, he presumes, are unfulfilled. There are several flaws in his philosophy that man will make better gods than the God of our forefathers. He fails to understand that the evils of our world are man made, not God made; and that man is just as disposed to destruction as to construction of the "Temple of the Unfulfilled". Despite the flaws in his reason, he was popular in the educational elite, with many schools named for him.

Wee Willie Winkie, not the nursery rhyme, or the Shirley Temple movie, but the short story by Kipling about the British in India, is sometimes said to be a "children's story". That, I suppose, is because the hero of the story is, in some ways, a child, "who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright." But the point of the story is that the definition of 'man' and 'boy' is not just about age and size.

The story was very popular as we see from the cover of this copy of "Child Stories" sold in India. Today, however, it would scandalize many people who would accuse it of every politically incorrect crime; but judge that for yourself.



### WEE WILLIE WINKIE: An Officer and a Gentleman. Rudyard Kipling\*

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's ayah (house maid) called him Willie-Baba, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the ayah said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the Colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what Military Discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was

graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he, slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Copsy, because of your hair. Do you mind being called Copsy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the Commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the Station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Copsy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess (officers) and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis--henceforward to be called "Copsy" for the sake of brevity – Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Copsy returned his liking with interest. Copsy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword – just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Copsy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Copsy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more – Copsy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it.

Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Copsy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why,

then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing – a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—"I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a tea-cup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked:—"I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. "But ve groom didn't see. I said, 'Hut jao.'"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Copsy, enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days – hang it, how can I make you see it! – I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Copsy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Copsy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie, briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink you'd do vat, Copsy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Copsy, gravely. "But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I must vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie,

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Copsy?"

"Awfully!" said Copsy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha--or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Copsy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the Regiment and – all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Copsy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like--tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Copsy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth,

was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment--deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days confinement to barracks--the house and veranda--coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery--called by him "my quarters," Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie, mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house – that was not forbidden – and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river – dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy – the almost almighty Coppy – had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins – a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men.

Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the

Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Copsy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Copsy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Copsy Sahib, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mould of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of Humanity, He turned into the road, leaned forward; and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the Police-post when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Copsy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her over night, that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Copsy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce, ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are you doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody – not even Cobby – must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Cobby will be angwy wiv me, and – I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Cobby. Cobby told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie, disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming--one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must always look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the Princess's nurse. He heard them talking to

each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto (corrupted dialect) that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically "Jao!" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong, Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you – I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These were the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's ayah, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future Colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little Sahib Bahadur," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly, – "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular – and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three – was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying:—"O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. Our villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their God, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the Color Sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each Room Corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e couldn't fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy, "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet

faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The pulton are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap. And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Copsy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Copsy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I knew she didn't ought to go across ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Copsy--"a pukka (genuine) hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any more, I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

*California State Series, Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917*

\*Kipling, 1865-1936, was a prominent British author, whose stories are still widely read, and formed the basis of many Hollywood movies in times past. He was born in British India and most of his work dealt with the British Empire in India.

RECESSIONAL<sup>1</sup>  
Rudyard Kipling\*

God of our fathers, known of old -  
    Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
    Dominion over palm and pine -  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget - lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies -  
    The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
    An humble and a contrite heart -  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget - lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away -  
    On dune and headland sinks the fire;  
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday  
    Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget - lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose  
    Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe -  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
    Or lesser breeds, without the law -  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget - lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts its trust  
    In reeking tube, and iron shard -  
All valiant dust, that builds on dust,  
    And guarding calls not Thee to guard -  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

*California State Series: Eight Year Literature Reader, 1917*

\*Kipling is one of the greatest British poets and novelists of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, much of whose work was set in the British colonial world of the day.

1. The following is the original introduction:

[This poem was written in 1897 at the close of the great festival held to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria. The world had never

before seen such pomp and parade. From every portion of the great British Empire – the homeland, India, Australia, Canada, the island possessions – and from the other countries of the world, came thousands of people to the great celebration in London. Britain’s soldiers and battleships were called home to take part in the great parade. Naturally Britain’s glory and power were uppermost in the thoughts of the people. Then, at the close of the jubilee, Kipling wrote this poem to bring people down from the heights of pride and arrogance. The poem is really a prayer, and its title singularly appropriate; for the recessional hymn in church services is the hymn that concludes the services. The poem appeared just at the close of the great festival. Its effect was instant and tremendous. Soon everybody was repeating it. It is the greatest hymn written for many years.]

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CHAPTER 31:  
The Golden Deed Book; A School Reader

E. Hershey Sneath, George Hodges, Edward Lawrence Stevens  
The Macmillan Company, New York, 1913

We now come to the next to the last of the chapters, and the least of the readers. Though it does contain some worthwhile reading material, including these selections and others from Robert Burns, Shakespeare, Emerson, Tennyson, Victor Hugo, and other great literary figures, it is not of the level of the older readers, nor is the quantity of reading material anywhere near the same – but we’ve already looked at that. The following selections are included in this Advanced Reader only for illustrative purposes. These and other stories from this and similar readers of the period are included in the lower level standard readers of the Old Fashioned School Book series.

## A BATTLE OF PEACE

Anonymous

Formerly it was believed that nothing could be done to combat yellow fever. It came into southern cities like an invading army, and the people surrendered. Then they died in great numbers. And nobody knew how to stop it.

In 1900, three United States medical officers were appointed from the army to attack yellow fever. They found a good battle field in Cuba. There they went, taking their lives in their hands, to fight an unseen enemy. They had a foe who fought in ambush, with poisoned weapons. They knew not where to strike.

At last, Dr. Walter Reed, the leader of this almost hopeless crusade, came to the conclusion that yellow fever killed people by means of the stings of mosquitoes. His theory was that when a mosquito that has stung a yellow fever patient stings a well man, it carries the poison of the fever with it. But this theory had to be tested; and it had to be tested in the bodies of the doctors themselves. They deliberately tried it. They let the yellow fever mosquitoes sting them, and they had yellow fever. One of them died. No Christian martyr ever gave his life more devotedly to the cause for which he contended, than did this brave young doctor. Dr. Lazear dies that thousands of people might live.

Then they exposed themselves in other ways. They slept in beds in which men had died of yellow fever, but under screens so that no mosquito could sting them. And this exposure did not cause disease. These men who took this chance were as brave as any soldier in a battle field. The courage that makes men face the guns of the enemy and the courage that makes a man expose himself to a plague are of the same order.

Thus the theory was proved. It was found that yellow fever is conveyed by mosquitoes. In 1900, when the doctors began this battle of peace, three hundred people died of yellow fever in the city of Havana; in 1902, the number was reduced to six.

On a tablet erected to the memory of Dr. Lazear in John's Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, there is this inscription written by President Eliot of Harvard University: "With more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier, he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated, and how its ravages may be prevented.

*The Golden Deed Book, 1913*

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## THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Theodore Roosevelt

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is the first consideration in their eyes; to be the ultimate goal after which they strive?

You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research; work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation. We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort.

Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune.

But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.

*The Golden Deed Book, 1913*

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### VOLUNTARIES III

Ralph Waldo Emerson

In an age of fops (dandies) and toys,  
 Wanting wisdom, void of right,  
 Who shall nerve heroic boys  
 To hazard all in Freedom's fight,  
 Break sharply off their jolly games,  
 Forsake their comrades gay  
 And quit proud homes and youthful dames  
 For famine, toil and fray?  
 Yet on the nimble air benign  
 Speed nimbler messages,  
 That waft the breath of grace divine  
 To hearts in sloth and ease.  
 So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
 So near is God to man,  
 When duty whispers low, Thou must,  
 The youth replies, I can.

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### THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Edwin Markham\*

The following is as it appeared in  
*The Golden Deed Book*,  
 an extract from the longer,  
 original poem based upon  
 Jean François Millet's painting  
 "The Man with the Hoe." (Right)



Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
 The emptiness of the ages in his face,  
 And on his back the burden of the world.  
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
 Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?  
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
 Touch it again with immortality;  
 Give back the upward looking and the light;  
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
 Make right the immemorial infamies,  
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?  
 O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
 How will the Future reckon with this Man?  
 How answer his brute question in that hour  
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings –  
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is –  
 When the dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
 After the silence of the centuries?

*The Golden Deed Book*, 1913

\*Markham was a prominent American poet in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, though little known today. This poem is one of his best known, and most controversial. Markham was heavily involved with 'social justice' issues of the day, and to some degree, involved in the occultism popular in those days.

This poem was immediately seized upon as an anthem for oppressed workers of the world. Other viewers found Markham's attitude, both to labor and to laborers, offensive. It is that attitude that I want to address briefly here. Ironically, the 'social justice warrior' Markham had the very same attitude toward the man with the hoe,

and all like him, that the oppressive “masters, lords, and rulers” had – that he was less than human, “a brother to the ox”, with “no light within this brain”, a “monstrous thing distorted and soul quenched”, a “dumb Terror” in the sight of God – whose neglect was responsible for it. That has always been the weakness of Utopian socialists and their schemes to liberate the ‘working class’; they do not understand ‘workers’, nor respect them, nor love them. And with ‘friends’ like that...no wonder the horrors of socialist history.

Millet a devout Catholic, was very upset at this ‘misunderstanding’ of his work. And placing this one painting in with others of his series on peasant life casts a wholly different light on it. A few of the others are presented below. Another reviewer of the painting saw in it, “...the severe and simple pathos of this moment of respite in the interminable earth struggle, invests it with a sublimity which belongs to eternal things alone.” Meaning, is also in the eye of the beholder, it seems; and I believe this reviewer saw far better than Markham, what was in Millet’s eye.



## THE WAR HORSE AND THE SEVEN KINGS Retold from the “Jātāka”

Once upon a time, when horses could talk as well as men, the king was presented with a noble steed, the bravest and most beautiful in the world. So the king fed the horse from a golden dish, and kept him in a golden stall, which was hung about with crimson curtains. And on the walls were wreaths of fragrant flowers, and a lamp was kept forever burning, fed with scented oil.



Now it came to pass that seven kings came up to battle, and the king who owned the horse sent for a knight and offered him the command of all his hosts.

“You are to go out,” he said, “and fight with seven kings.”

“Gladly will I go,” the knight replied, “if I may ride upon your horse.”

And the king consented, and so the battle began. On the first day, the knight on the king's horse broke through the ranks of the first king and took him alive a prisoner. On the second day, he served the second king in like manner. But on the sixth day, in capturing the the sixth king, the horse was wounded.

Then the knight prepared to mount another horse. The wounded steed opened its eyes and saw the knight's intention, and he said to himself, "No other horse can carry him in safety. If he mounts another, the seventh king will kill him. Wounded as I am, he must take me." And he said this to the knight.

Accordingly the knight bound up the horse's wounds, and into the seventh battle he went, and gained the victory as before, capturing the seventh king. But as he led the captive king into his master's court, the horse fell and died. He had given his life to make the victory complete.

*The Golden Deed Book, 1913*

*This is the sixth book in the Golden Rule Series, for the eighth grade. Compare it with the Golden Rule Series book for the third grade, below; then compare with older readers for the eighth grade. Admittedly, this is one of the poorest stories in the book, but still significant as an indicator of its level.*

*The Golden Ladder Book;  
Part of the Golden Deed Series  
The Macmillan Company, NY, 1912*

## THE TWO FRIENDS

Many years ago there lived in Greece two young men whose names were Damon and Pythias. They were good friends, and loved each other like brothers.

At that time Greece was ruled by a cruel tyrant. He cast Pythias into prison because Pythias had convicted him of wrongdoing.

He punished him still more. He commanded that Pythias should be put to death, and set the day on which he should die.

The father and mother of Pythias were still living. He wanted to see them once more to say goodbye. But they lived faraway. So he asked the king to let him go on a journey to his parents.

The king laughed in scorn, and said: "How can I be sure that you will come back?"

The Damon, his friend, spoke to the king, saying: "If you will let Pythias go, I will stay in prison for him until he returns."

"But what if he does not come back?" asked the king.

"Then, " said Damon, "I will die in his place."

The king was greatly surprised at this reply. He could hardly believe that one man would be willing to die for another in this manner. But he let Pythias go, and put Damon in prison in his place.

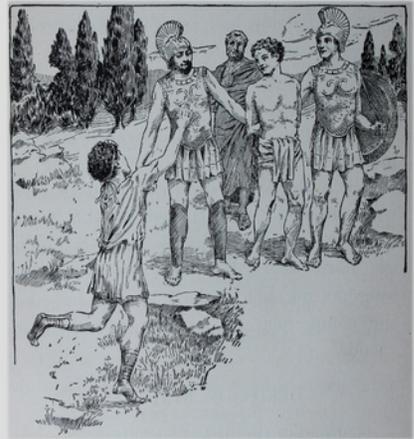
Days and weeks passed by, but Pythias did not return. At last the day came on which he was to die. What if he should not come back?

But Damon had great faith in him. He said that his friend would return if he were still alive.

At the appointed hour Damon was led forth to die. Pythias was still absent. Had he failed his friend?

Just then soldiers came running and shouting: "Here comes Pythias!"

It was true. He was coming in great haste. His ship had wrecked, and he had been cast ashore by the waves, and thus delayed. He had to travel many miles on foot to get back in time to save Damon from being put to death in his place.



When the king saw this, his hard heart was softened. He turned to the young men and said: "Pythias shall not die. You are both free. I would give my entire kingdom for such friends." And he asked the young men to let him become their friend.

*The Golden Ladder Book, 1912*

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Welcome, dear readers, to this commentary section. You have already been subjected, inadvertently perhaps, to some of my commentary; but be prepared, this section is all commentary, all the time. Those of you who are still with me, I thank, for if you weren't, I would have done a great deal of work for nothing. You may think me shamelessly self-promoting with the references to articles and opinion pieces on my websites, but the subjects of those pieces and these commentaries weigh heavily on my heart, and I hope, and pray, they are worth your reading. Of course, I must admit to being an opinionated and verbose old...so and so, and I wanted to make these comments. Let us begin with:

A COMMENTARY ON AMERICAN HISTORY IN GENERAL, AND WIRT'S "*LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH SPY*" IN PARTICULAR.

## PART I

To paraphrase George Orwell's frighteningly prescient, if a bit premature, novel, *1984*: 'Who controls history controls the future, and who controls the present controls history.' Orwell was quoting the government propaganda maxim, "Who controls the past controls the future & etc...". But if one believes in absolute truth (which Orwell's government didn't), that maxim doesn't quite work. The past is a set of unalterable facts, it is truth, though it may be known fully only to God. "History", on the other hand is the compilation of data upon which we understand the past, and that *is* subject to error, bias, and calculated manipulation, as was the case in *1984*. He who controls history does, to

a large degree, control the future. False or misrepresented history can serve the same purpose as a slow acting poison on a nation, it can kill one future and conceive another, and we seem to have reached that crisis point.

So, how does one go about binding together truth and history? That is difficult, unfortunately, and may involve a great deal of work – detective work. I have to admit to being inordinately fond of 1930's and '40's mystery/detective movies; perhaps that's why I love to delve into history, or vice-versa. In both, it is necessary to evaluate the evidence with a skeptical eye toward motive; the recorder of history always has a motive, and it's not always pure. That brings us to the subject at hand the old and revered concoction of established fallacy, misunderstanding, bias, psychopathology, and plain calumny reeking of racism that can be summed up in the axiom “The white man stole America”?

It has been for a long time poisoning the American diet with anger, hatred, guilt, shame, and alienation, as Wirt's 1803 “Letter” demonstrates. Though less ambitious critiques were fairly common in the New England readers, Wirt's may be the most broadly defamatory of them all – the more eloquent, but no less pernicious, grandfather of that contemporary summation of our history.

What makes Wirt's "Letter" defamatory rather than factual? What could have been on Wirt's mind at the time? What could be the motive of Wirt's ideological descendants beating out the same message today? These are questions we will have to answer as we examine the evidence in the case.

To correct all the historical errors and misrepresentations of Wirt's “Letter” is far too great an undertaking for this relatively short commentary, so I refer you who are interested to *Bound for the USA*, which covers some of the historical background of America's relations with the 'indigenous peoples' of this continent. Here, I am hoping to present, if not a complete case for exoneration, at least enough new evidence for a stay of execution and a new trial; that is, for those who want a stay. Yes, I do assume that some people are content with their condemnation as white Americans. Why would that be? Don't try to answer that question just yet either, hold it in abeyance until the other questions have been resolved.

Before getting into the itemized charges of Wirt's indictment, lets examine, from the philosophical perspective, the validity, or the truth, of the general summary statement “The white man stole America”. To do so, we must make a short foray into the murky world of Postmodern Philosophy, where ‘reason’ and ‘truth’ are frowned upon, and ‘feelings’ reign supreme. We must begin, then, by feeling about in the murk for

some common ground to stand upon. I will propose a definition here to serve as a touchstone for our deliberations: (1) *Racism, racial prejudice, and racial bigotry categorize all people according to skin color and/or ethnicity as members of some 'race'; and (2) ascribe to all members of a 'race', the physical, intellectual, and moral character ascribed to one or some members, and (3) transfer to all members of the 'race' the guilt earned, or at least commonly applied to specific other members of the 'race'.*

Note that this is a classic definition of racism, and does not include the recent, and spurious, demands that racism include "white supremacist" Christian traditional morality, Constitutional government, and 'western thought'. If we can agree upon the proffered definition of racism without the political Left's deliberately divisive baggage, then we have a basis to begin. If not, then we are irreconcilably at odds.

If we can overcome that hurdle, surely we can we agree on the statement that: Racism, racial prejudice, and bigotry are irrational and wrong, and that such ideas should be opposed, and certainly not allowed to influence the self-concept of the object of the racial bias.

Let me, then, propose this corollary statement: 'To automatically interpret all interactions between individuals, or communities, as based primarily upon racial considerations, rather than the normal considerations governing interactions between people and communities of the same 'race' (political opinions, personalities, generational and social mores, economic interests, etc.), evinces a racist mentality that should be suspected of bias and ulterior motives.' With these things in mind, let us examine the charge: "The white man stole America."

The subject of the accusatory sentence is "the white man". Is the accusation that one particular white man, Christopher Columbus perhaps, "stole America"? Of course not, that would be ludicrous. So it must mean 'the white race stole America'. But that sweeping condemnation also fails the test of reason. Most generations of the 'white race' to date came and went without ever hearing of America. And the vast, vast majority of white people never set foot on the shores in question. Of how many white people can it be said with the slightest bit of plausibility that they 'stole America'? Are today's white Americans thieves simply because we were born here? No, not by any reasonable standard, and no standard that other peoples of the world would accept for themselves; and neither should we.

Then the statement that "the white man stole America" is plainly and blatantly racist bigotry, born of ill will and intended to harm. That it is more often repeated, and with more vehemence, by 'white people' than 'native Americans' is a sign of deep seated spiritual problems in this

country; not a support of its validity. The transference of guilt and shame for the sins of others to one's own self, then obsessing on that assumed burden of guilt to the point of ignoring one's own real sins, is a very successful ploy in Satan's arsenal of weapons of mass destruction. It seeks to preempt a personal relationship with a loving, and forgiving God, and keep people subservient to an implacable self-condemnation. Jesus came to seek and to save those who are lost in their own sins, not the imputed sins of their race. We will revisit this issue shortly.

Even granting, for the moment, the validity of the charge, no living American was involved, nor our father's father's fathers. **Guilt for the 'stealing of America' should be disavowed and abandoned by all Americans.** I should not even need to continue this exposition, but I fear that killing this psychological vampire will require more than one stake. So let us examine the validity of the charge: "The white man stole America."

Let us consider the direct object – "America". What 'America' is that charge referring to? This present nation of more than three hundred million souls with one of the highest standards of living in the world, great cities, highways, ports, vast fields that feed multitudes across the world, great institutions of learning, and centers of medical care? No, this America was built by the Americans, not stolen from anyone. The North American continent the first white people came upon was largely a wilderness sparsely populated by people hopelessly stranded in the stone age.

Finally, on to the predicate, "stole". Leaving aside for the moment the historical events on which that claim is based, the first thing that strikes me is that the '*corpus delicti*', so to speak, is nowhere to be found. There are more than five million self-identified "Native Americans" listed on the last US census. That is far more than the indigenous population when the first white people arrived on these shores. Then there are untold millions of 'white' Americans who have some degree of American Indian ancestry. Are they not the co-owners of the United States of America? Are they not, in fact, more in possession of it than their distant ancestors?

The idea of an "Indian nation" from sea to shining sea is a white man's invention. To the Indian tribes of old, this land was 'my' land, not 'our' land, and interlopers from other tribes were not welcome. Today however, a Cherokee, say, can get into his rv and travel across the country without fear that he will be attacked by his tribe's traditional enemies – the Chickasaw, Creek, Choctaw, Shawnee, or by the Iroquois, Pawnee, Arapaho, Apache, Comanche, Sioux, Crow, Blackfoot, or any others of the myriad of warlike tribes whose ancestral lands he might traverse if he wanted to see the Gulf, the Big Bend, the Grand Canyon,

the Great Lakes, the Pacific Northwest. Certainly there are tribes that have ceased to exist individually, but as a 'race', the American Indian is quite healthy.

That the 'red man' now has to share America with the 'white man' (and the 'black', 'brown', and 'yellow' men who make up the population of this country) elicits no sympathy from me. Rather than complaining, they should thank God, as most probably do, for all the European Christian 'cultural appropriations' they now enjoy.

## PART II

All these extenuating circumstances notwithstanding, the real crux of the matter revolves around the verb 'to steal'. And that, in the philosophical sense, revolves around the nature of 'property'; one has to own property in order for it to be stolen from him. In other words, 'to steal' is a legal, and ultimately, a moral term – a matter of right and wrong. It is my understanding that there are four methods of determining 'right' in such situations. Three of these may be considered systematic and rational, though the presuppositions of each are arguable.

The fourth method is completely subjective, though people may not recognize it as such – let us dispatch it first. Lacking serious study or reflection on the issues of America's history with indigenous tribes, many people simply 'feel' this way or that way based upon the hodgepodge of bits and pieces of fact, fiction, biases, misunderstandings that they pick up almost subconsciously along the way. The salient feature of this method is that it contains no justification for anyone else accepting those feelings as truth. Whether they be right or wrong, they are simply a matter of unsupported personal opinion. What can we say about that except that there are many Americans who do believe all that Wirt expounds, and that is, I hope to demonstrate, erroneous, irrational, and a psychopathology that should be confronted.

Let's 'paste' this issue into the more systematic methods of determining right and wrong. Since 'scientific' Darwinian Evolutionary theory has long been decreed as truth by public education, we'll apply it first to the case. Though little mentioned today, Evolutionary dogma cannot rise above its racist foundation in 'the struggle of species for survival'. The Social Darwinist ideal of the good, as stated by Charles Darwin himself, is that in the struggle for survival, *"the civilized races of man will almost certainly exterminate, and replace, the savage races throughout the world."* Darwinism is upheld by the observable facts of the modern world, but not abandoned. And with all due respect to the Indians of old, they were inarguably inferior in the technology for survival. One finds

no support for the moral condemnation of white America in the atheistic, biological determinism line of reasoning.

Don't think for a moment, my dear readers, that the preceding statement is an irrelevant, throw away line, it isn't. Social Darwinism was not buried in the rubble of the Nazi's Third Reich. It is alive and well, by other names. Want proof of that charge? How about the billions poured into Planned Parenthood and other abortion mills operating in minority neighborhoods; the billions pumped into 'family planning' in the third world; the acceptance, and even encouragement of the devastating drug epidemic sweeping the country; the corporate media's promulgation of a culture of violence. All with one goal: eliminating the "unfit".

The list could go on and on, but I will top it off with the latest hit death knell: guaranteed income. Let us say government guarantees everyone \$1000 per month, so what? Oh, it would be a nice little boost to working people, or retirees; but to the street people, the marginal, those too damaged to make it on their own, it would be a death sentence. Enough to get by on till they OD; thereby ridding the community of its "surplus population" in the words of Scrooge, "human parasites" in the words of Margaret Planned Parenthood Sanger, "Life unworthy of life" in the words of the Nazis. When these supporters of eugenic cleansing of the population evince outrage at the fate of 'Native Americans', know of a certainty they are lying, and have some ulterior motive.

Next to consider, is the socialist, or utilitarian, doctrine that whatever achieves the most good for the most people is the right. That argument is based upon the supposition that private 'property' does not exist, everything is public domain. No one can reasonably contend that the exclusive domination of North America by a million or so stone age aborigines achieved more good for more people than the rise of the American nation – though I must reiterate "reasonably contend".

Let's consider an example of utilitarian/socialist doctrine in action. Roughly a century after the 'Trail of Tears' forcibly removed some sixteen thousand Cherokees to the Indian Territory west of the Mississippi, the Roosevelt "New Deal" Tennessee Valley Authority relocated tens of thousands of 'white people' for creation of the vast TVA hydro-electric project. Over the course of the Twentieth Century close to a hundred thousand people were relocated, some forcibly evicted by a power they couldn't resist. They left behind, to see flooded, homes and communities of generations building, and many small cemeteries containing the graves of their fathers. In return, the TVA provided electricity to millions, and vast economic development, as well as a string of beautiful recreational lakes. The TVA project was denounced in some circles at the time as 'socialism', but whether it was right or

wrong, whether the land was 'stolen' or not, I leave to your judgment; only I note that it could not be called an example of 'white racism'. It was strictly utilitarian and designed for the benefit of people, including those displaced from their homes, whether they wanted it or not.

But was that episode in any way similar to the history of white America's relations with the Indian tribes? Let's consider these points, from an excerpt from *Bound for the USA: The 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> Colonies and the Deep South*:

...even as early as 1751 the very astute Benjamin Franklin was writing about a new phenomenon observed in the colonies. The histories of the Floridas and of the entire United States derived in large part from this now little remembered or understood phenomenon – the explosive population growth of Anglo-America ...

*"In countries full settled..."*, Franklin noted in his treatise, ***Observation Concerning the Increase of Mankind***, *"all lands being occupied and improved to the height; those who cannot get land must labor for others that have it; when laborers are plenty, their wages will be low; by low wages a family is supported with difficulty; this difficulty deters many from marriage, who therefore continue servants and single..."*. In those days, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness depended upon the acquisition of a little land. God's first command to man, *"Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it..."* required the acquisition of land. Without it was to labor and die a servant, alone and unremembered. Here in America, land was to be had, and Americans married and had families – large families, as the children survived, despite the hardships, at a much higher rate than in the old world. Americans counted those as blessings of God Almighty.

The term 'land hungry' is used today as a condemnation of our pioneer settlers, but the desire for a little piece of land to water with their sweat and blood was the foundation of the great nation we have enjoyed for so long. To acquire land was to live in the full sense, and was worth any risk and any sacrifice.

But in the way of acquiring land stood Spanish claims, French claims, then mandates of a British empire ruled by an aristocracy that feared the expanding population of rugged, self-confident 'commoners'. The Indians, too, stood in the way of Americans acquiring land.

Franklin continued: *"America is chiefly occupied by Indians, who subsist mostly on hunting. But as the hunter, of all men, requires the greatest quantity of land from whence to draw his subsistence (the husbandman [livestock man] subsisting on much less, the gardener on still less, and the manufacturer requiring least of all), the Europeans found America as fully settled as it could well be by hunters..."*

In this light, it was not the Indians themselves who posed the obstacle, for they were a tiny population in an immense land, but the Indian's inefficient hunter/gatherer economy. If this distinction between Indian and Indian culture was lost on most white settlers, it was not lost on governments, nor was it lost upon the Indians themselves. Underlying and intensifying the struggles over the next few decades between the European powers, the Americans, and the Indians was a literal, and brutal, 'culture war' among the Indians – could they adopt the White Man's ways, settle down to agrarian life and give up their vast hunting preserves to white settlement – or not?

It was an inescapable fact that development of the continent to its highest and best use (the most good for the most people) required drastic changes that the Indians often fought against. When they did, they were, unfortunately, caught in the spokes of American progress. But, didn't Communist idol Lenin use the old saw 'You can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs', as a justification for his Communist revolutionary holocaust. And unlike the Communist debacle, the settling and development of America was a rising tide that did, eventually, raise all boats. So, despite the hypocrisy of the Left, there is no support for moral condemnation of America in the socialistic, utilitarian line of reasoning either.

We come now to the code of morality underlying western civilization, as it has been until recently – theistic morality, specifically Christian morality. Ironically, that morality is the last resort for all the mob shouting for revenge against the white man, especially those who otherwise hate Christian morality. To theistic morality we must also add 'natural rights', an appendage of 'natural law'. These may be theistic or non-theistic, but in the case of early American development, it was most definitely theistic – natural rights proceeded from the sovereign God. So how do Bible believing Americans compose their Christian morality, "Thou shalt not steal", with American history? Let's see how the founders of the country looked at the issue of 'property' with

another excerpt from *Bound for the USA: The 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> Colonies and the Deep South*:

The more reflective observers, especially among the Virginia and New England elites, pondered theories of ownership. The Enlightenment, chiefly the opening up of the Bible to the common man, had brought about new ways of thinking about ownership of property. It had long been held, even taught by the Church of the Middle Ages, that the title deed to all creation was given individually to Adam and his absolute title passed down to emperors and kings – land was theirs to distribute as they saw fit. That didn't seem to square with the Bible however.

One of the first and clearest expositions of this new theory of ownership, one that offered hope to the common man, was delivered in a sermon to Gov. John Winthrop and his party of Puritans just before they set sail to found the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the year 1630. The preacher was the Rev. John Cotton who, like the others, was a dissenter from the Church of England and would soon be forced to flee for American shores himself. In America, he would found a line of famous preachers, including early America's most influential preacher, his grandson Cotton Mather.

This is a brief excerpt from Rev. Cotton's detailed exegesis of the Biblical view of land ownership (in my own slightly modernized English, and with scripture quotations rendered into the King James Version).

*...it is a principle in Nature, that in a vacant soil, he that taketh possession of it and bestoweth culture and husbandry upon it, his Right it is. And the ground of this is from the grand Charter given to Adam and his posterity in Paradise, Gn. 1:28: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it". If therefore any sons of Adam come and find a place empty, he hath liberty to come, and fill, and subdue the earth there. This Charter was renewed to Noah, Gen. 9:1: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth". So that it is free from the common Grant, for any to take possession of vacant countries. Indeed, no nation is to drive out another without special Commission from heaven, such as the Israelites had, unless the Natives do unjustly wrong them, and will not recompense the wrongs in a peaceful way; and then they*

*may right themselves by lawful war, and subdue the country to themselves.*

*This placing of people in this or that country, is from God's sovereignty over all the earth, and the inhabitants thereof: as in Psalms 24:1: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof".*

This was the seed of hope for white settlers and of doom for Indians who, in a land that now easily supports over three hundred million souls, continually tried to drive out the dozens, then hundreds, then thousands of European settlers who came here to be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it. It is a testimony of the sovereign will of God that the Indians were unable to drive them out, and were in a very few generations vastly outnumbered by the Europeans; and that largely from the astonishingly rapid increase of descendants of the early white settlers rather than a rapid influx from Europe which began later, after America had become a great nation.

John Locke, the English Enlightenment philosopher, formalized the new philosophy of ownership that was most influential with America's Founding Fathers. According to Locke, God had given the creation to man in common, but in a "state of nature" - that is, in a wild and undeveloped state. Men, he asserted, had a God given "natural right" to acquire property existing in a state of nature.

One acquired ownership of property by putting labor into it - 'sweat equity' purchased property from nature's common endowment. That principle became enshrined in American law, most notably in the Homestead Act of 1862, but it existed in men's minds long before it became written law.

President Andrew Jackson very forcefully made that point in his first Address to Congress, what we would call his first 'State of the Union Address' in 1829, in arguing for his Indian Removal Act, signed into law the next year. He called it "*visionary*", or we may say 'a pipe dream', that Indian claims be allowed on tracts of country on which they have "*neither dwelt nor made improvements, merely because they have seen them from the mountain or passed them in the chase.*"

The main tribes of the Southeast – Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, and Chickasaw – claimed tens of millions of acres each, amounting to thousands of acres for every man, woman and child in the tribes. To the landless, those seemingly limitless tracts where tribal hunters might not even have set foot for years much less worked was as wicked as it was wasteful. Hunting over the land didn't seem to qualify as wresting it from the 'state of nature' – those vast Indian territories, for the most part, remained in the 'state of nature' and were thus fair game for those willing to clear and work it.

There was bitterness among the poorer settlers even over the claims of so much by so few; it seemed to the landless that it was the Indians who were the “land hungry”. It seemed too much like the system in the old world where a few families, the 'nobility', owned most all the land, and the poor, landless people were left to be serfs, or if not needed by the landed gentry, to be turned out to starve, or immigrate. But the would-be settlers were in the New World now, and new ways were developing, perhaps for the first time in human history, from the people.

If God is sovereign, and an objective reading of the facts show them compatible with that contention, then there is little support for use of the moral term “stole” in the general outline of American history. That some people will dispute this assertion is, of course, to be expected. Some may resort to the “*the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus!*” as did Wirt, for a moral basis of condemnation. But that approach cannot be honestly used without the context of the whole Biblical picture. The ‘God’ of Jesus is sovereign and the Biblical record of God’s “*placing of people in this or that country*” has to be recognized by true Bible believers. The use of a few cherry picked verses from the New Testament to create one’s own soft and cuddly image of Jesus and the Father is not a valid argument.

Others may say that this claim of the ‘sovereignty of God’ is simply to disguise racism, greed, or the utilitarian argument that the end justifies the means’, and the ‘means’ was brutal and shameful. There are many individual instances in American history that shame those involved; but that is true of all ‘races’, ethnicities, and nationalities. As we have already established, it is racist bigotry to condemn a race for the actions of a few.

Ultimately though, can the assertion of God’s sovereignty be sustained logically and historically? It can for those who are willing to see it; implacable skeptics will never see it though. Our own national

experience confirms it in both the past, and the present. Let us look at another short excerpt from *Bound for the USA*:

Deuteronomy 28 seemed written especially with America in mind – thirteen verses of blessings concluding with:

*11. And the Lord shall make thee plenteous in goods, in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy ground, in the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers to give thee.*

*12. The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasures, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thine hand: and thou shalt lend to many nations, and thou shalt not borrow.*

*13. And the Lord shall make thee head, and not the tail: and thou shalt be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath; if that thou hearken unto the commandments of the Lord thy God, which I command thee this day, to observe and to do them.*

Thirteen verses of blessings which we claimed for our own – then comes a dire warning and fifty-eight verses of curses for following after other gods, ... John Winthrop set before his little band of Puritan settlers the famous charge:

*“Consider that we shall be as a City upon a Hill, the eyes of all people are upon us; so that if we shall deal falsely with our god in this work we have undertaken and so cause him to withdraw his present help from us, we shall be made a story and a byword through the world”* so terrible will be the curse upon us.

All who knew the Old Testament knew it was the lot of the Canaanites to be driven out by Israel, even as the Indians were being driven westward by American expansion. And when we read the sins of the Canaanites – killing of their unwanted children, divination, witchcraft, consulting spirits (Dt. 18:10,11), – we see clear parallels in the Indian culture and religion.

The phenomenal blessings of God upon America were once understood as conditional, and it should be obvious now that God’s blessings are being recalled. Return to the here and now – unprecedented social chaos, burgeoning drug abuse, interminable war, insurmountable debt,

weather extremes, resurgence of long “eradicated” diseases; and between abortion, contraception, homosexuality, STD’s, and now the ‘mysterious’ decline of fertility among white people – a birthrate below replacement level for white Americans.

The declining birth rate is no mystery, children are the blessing of God. Weather extremes were a common way of warning Israel of her wayward course, and perhaps that is true today also; but Satan has cleverly obscured that connection, however, with the ‘anthropogenic climate change’ scam. One can always recognize Satan’s handiwork whenever the solution to some ‘problem’ is the wholesale elimination of humanity. As for the social chaos, etc., that is easily explained, and to be expected, by the desertion of Godly wisdom and morality. As the voice of Godly Wisdom speaks in Proverbs 8:36 "... he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death."

These circumstances are convincing evidence of the sovereignty of God to Bible believing Christians; but to others, they are meaningless happenstances, and even to be celebrated.

### PART III

Now, I want us to make an examination of Wirt’s bill of indictment, and please bear with the redundancies, I make these points again for the sake of continuity.

While the subject is still fresh in our minds, let us examine Wirt’s conception of the sovereignty of God. Wirt assures us of the white man’s claim, that *“in heaven’s chancery, there can be little doubt that it has been long since set aside on the ground of compulsion.”* Is it the contention of the “Letter” that God has simply become a celestial observer, a record keeper for future reference, not an active participant in mankind’s history? This is a matter of prime importance, for it is the germ of secular humanism – the demotion of God as sovereign to a mere observer; then to the idealized source of the ‘highest ethical system man has ever devised’; now to a racist, sexist, patriarchal myth to be swept into the dustbin of history. The demotion of a sovereign God elevates man to sovereign (or actually Satan). So man becomes both the hero and the villain of mankind’s historical drama, but often with good and bad transposed.

Atheists rail that if there was a good God, He would not allow evil, but then when evil is punished, they rail against Him all the more. The Aztecs, for instance, made continual war on their neighbors, spread-eagled them across altar stones, cut out their beating hearts in offering to demon-gods, butchered and ate their victims. Their empire and civilization were supremely evil and deserved the judgment of God, yet

their destruction is today lamented, and Columbus and the other Christian European/Americans who built new societies are despised. The new societies were, and are, imperfect and capable of great abuse, but also far more capable of improvement than their predecessor.

We've already considered the issue of God's sovereignty and can come to this conclusion at least: despite Wirt's ill-intended confidence, we see that there still may be some dispute in 'heaven's chancery' as to the right of ownership to America; and there is some pretty good circumstantial evidence on the side of Cotton, Locke, and Jackson.

Let me proceed further by addressing Wirt's incorrect use of the term "nation". At times, such as "*Go, Virginian; erase from the Indian nation, the tradition of their wrongs;*", he ascribes a national and ethnic unity to the Indians of North America that was not the case. The continent was occupied by tribes of different languages and cultures, each with their own fiercely protected territory. A tribe may have regarded its own land claim, and the 'graves of our fathers' as sacred, but their borders were not at all sacred to other tribes, nor necessarily fixed for a very long period. The tribes, or tribal alliances, were continually at war with one another, raiding or invading, moving from depleted hunting land in search of food; and treating their 'red brethren' with dehumanizing savagery, up to and including cannibalism. A captured enemy was fortunate to be sold into slavery to white planters in Virginia, as many were before the day of large scale importation of slaves from Africa.

In most of the crucial battles between Europeans and various Indian tribes, the white men had Indian tribal allies. The British and their tribal allies virtually depopulated East Florida of its Catholic Indians to sell as slaves in Virginia. The French and their Indian tribal allies fought against the British and their tribal allies, and vice-versa.

Another example, closer to home, is that when American forces under Andrew Jackson broke the power of Tecumpseh's 'Red Stick' Creeks at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend he had allied Cherokee, Choctaw, and Creek warriors. The Cherokees and Choctaws were traditional enemies of the Creeks and anxious for a fight; they had special permission to take scalps as trophies. His Creek allies were of the party that wanted to assimilate white culture, they – their villages, their families, and their possessions were targeted for destruction by the nativist Red Sticks. It was mostly for the sake of those beleaguered Creeks that Jackson's expedition was sent into the wilderness of what is now Alabama in the first place. Jackson's defeat of the Red Sticks saved hundreds of 'Native American' lives, probably thousands.

I use these examples merely to illustrate the point that there was no 'Indian nation', except in the minds of later day Europeans. There were a few, like Tecumseh, who called for the 'red race' to ally against the 'white race', but these calls for unity were superseded by militant tribalism. And there was certainly no unity of 'the white race' either.

By a not so surprising coincidence, we find the same kinds of tribal wars throughout European, and all world history. To subscribe to the notion that there was something uniquely evil in the white man's history with the red man in all his "*innocence, simplicity, and bliss*" is asinine and bigoted. This myth of the 'noble savage' that developed among the salons of France in the Eighteenth Century is a form of 'soft racism' that is all too common in the western literary set. The selection, *A Family Conversation on the Slavery of Negroes* displays it well. What I described as "this supposed racial dichotomy" assumes that "red" and "black" people (because they held different cultural mores and were technologically backward at that time) are simple, innocent, and childlike; as opposed to Christian Europeans' deviousness, ruthless greed and ambition. An objective look at history shows all peoples to be pretty much alike in basic human vices, and virtues.

Let's now proceed a little further with the same diatribe, "*make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests, their beloved forefathers, once, in careless gaiety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, the happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain.*" Very eloquent, and affecting, no doubt, but utter nonsense. What "*charming country*" was he referring to; the America of his day, with fields, pastures, roads, towns, churches, schools, all under one government and one law, or the dark and dangerous forests of warlike stone age tribes? That America of Wirt's day, and beyond, was not 'stolen' by white man, it was built by the white man, and yes with help from black men, red men, yellow men, brown men, and any other 'color' the species may come in.

The Indian forefathers' lives were no picnics in national parks, but weary foraging through game depleted forests armed with crude bows and stone tipped arrows, always aware of the possibility of their also being stalked by predators, both four legged, and two legged; then arriving back in camp to find the squaws busily engaged in skinning a few small animals with flint chips, if some hunters were lucky; or grinding acorn meal, chewing rawhide to make it supple, or digging in the soil with a stick or stone. Theirs, for the most part, were lives of hardship, toil, and privation. That is why the Indians began trading with the white men – they wanted, and needed, what the white traders offered. When they ran out of furs and hides to trade, and captives from

other tribes to sell as slaves to Virginia planters, they sold their rights to forest land.

There were cases, major cases, where sales of Indian land was forced, but this idea of “*poor trembling natives who knew that refusal would be vain;*” is not entirely accurate. Let it be noted here that the development of the American nation entailed two centuries of war with the Indians in situations far too complex for a simple and universal description. Those tribes who would make peace were paid very large sums for their land rights and given large tracts of land for their own domain west of the Mississippi in compensation for eastern lands, and billions of dollars over the years since. In most cases, every reasonable effort was made to relocate tribes out of harm’s way.

President Andrew Jackson is often, in recent times, portrayed as a hateful, racist villain in the American saga, but let us consider his own words from his First Annual Message to Congress, delivered December 1 of 1829, making a case for his proposed “Indian Removal Act”:

*...the people of those States and of every State, actuated by feelings of justice and a regard for our national honor, submit to you the interesting question whether something can not be done, consistently with the rights of the States, to preserve this much-injured race.*

*As a means of effecting this end I suggest for your consideration the propriety of setting apart an ample district west of the Mississippi, and without the limits of any State or Territory now formed, to be guaranteed to the Indian tribes as long as they shall occupy it, each tribe having a distinct control over the portion designated for its use. There they may be secured in the enjoyment of governments of their own choice, subject to no other control from the United States than such as may be necessary to preserve peace on the frontier and between the several tribes. There the benevolent may endeavor to teach them the arts of civilization, and, by promoting union and harmony among them, to raise up an interesting commonwealth, destined to perpetuate the race and to attest the humanity and justice of this Government.*

Jackson’s addresses to Congress on this facet of our history are included as an appendix in *Bound for the USA*. They are difficult reading but very enlightening and should be read by all who profess an opinion on the subject. Under the circumstances of that day, with the US tottering on the verge of a civil war that would have surely devastated the tribes

east of the Mississippi, the worst that may be truthfully said of this proposal is that it is paternalistic. Those circumstances, also, are examined in some detail in *Bound for the USA*.

Wirt makes the dismal prophecy that *“they find themselves fugitives, vagrants and strangers in their own country, and look forward to the certain period when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars, driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean”* Was that the case? Certainly not, as we know, today there are more Americans who self-identify as “Native Americans” than lived in US territory in Pre-Columbian days and millions more ‘white Americans’ who are heirs of some ‘Native American’ ancestry. Now this question again: as Americans, are they not still *“the happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain”*. If some few ‘Native Americans’ are not happy at having to share North America with the white man after all these generations, what should be the response of white Americans? One thing it should not be, is to adopt this *“rage of resentment...handed down from generation to generation”* and their *“unabating spite”*.

Let’s now turn to another demonstrable fallacy of Wirt’s imagination, that without Pocahontas *“there is the strongest reason to believe that, but for her patronage, the anniversary cannon of the fourth of July would never have resounded throughout the United States.”* What are we to make of this irrelevancy, that white people are ingrates as well as thieves? While Pocahontas was undoubtedly a remarkable person, and of considerable help to the Jamestown Colony, she had no connection at all with the other English colonies that began to spring up and thrive, and that eventually became the United States of America. And, if the English had never settled in North America, and no United States sprung from it, would this *“charming country”* have remained for the Indians alone? No, the Spanish, French, Dutch, and later, the Russians, were all busily colonizing North America.

Wirt, in pursuit of eloquent and affecting rhetoric, contradictorily describes the Indians as *“poor trembling natives who knew that refusal would be vain”* in one paragraph, and as *“implacably vindictive against the white people”* in the next. He then relates a very vivid, and I think very accurate description of the fruit of that vindictive spirit: *“they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrinks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, and smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.”*

Such unquestionably savage behavior to whatever white person, – man, woman or child – who fell into their hands did not endear the ‘poor trembling natives’ to American settlers, and that more than anything else led to the carnage that was inflicted upon them. Wirt, though, seems to be excusing barbaric behavior on the basis of the white man’s ‘crimes’, but that ignores the fact that such behavior, and worse, was a part of long established cultural and religious practice. You may have wondered who was the noble ‘Alknomok’ (“*Magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which produced an Alknomok, a Logan, and a Pocahuntas.*”); he is a legendary character from the “Death Song of a Cherokee”, a poem and song by Anne Hunter (1742-1821), a prominent British poet and lyricist for Haydn’s English songs. It was said to be based on a ‘barbarous chant’ of defiance to an enemy’s torture, and published in England in 1794, almost a half century before the Trail of Tears.

It is included in Hilliard's *The First Class Reader* of 1855, but I have placed it here in this Appendix for the reader's convenience.

*The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,  
But glory remains when the light fades away.  
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,  
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.*

*Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;  
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from my pain?  
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.*

*Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away;  
Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,  
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.*

*I'll go to the land where my father is gone;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;  
Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain;  
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.*

What the intractable warrior, Son of Alknomook, has in common with Pocahontas in nobility of character escapes me. If his song demonstrates ‘magnanimity’, then the definition of the word has changed completely. His enemies aren’t identified, but the song became known shortly after the Cherokees had driven out the Creeks from what is now northeast Alabama and northwest Georgia, and had warred, unsuccessfully, to drive the Chickasaw from north central Alabama – a project the

Cherokees abandoned after their defeat at Chickasaw Old Fields, just south of present day Huntsville, AL, in 1769. But then, the Cherokee had also warred with the Choctaw and Shawnee tribes in recorded history, and who knows how many others before that, so which tribe exacted their vengeance on the Son of Alknomok is unknown. The fact is, most American Indian tribes were warlike; for the men, like the son of Alknomok, to make war, to kill cruelly, and to die defiantly were cardinal virtues. As for the women, it was their lot to bear, toil for, honor, and lament their tribal warriors.

Since Wirt played the ‘Jesus card’ with “*our forefathers, professors of the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus!*” to stir our shame, I feel obliged to play the game of ‘What would Jesus say?’ in response. Suppose Jesus were to come upon the scene of torture/religious sacrifice Wirt describes; would he say: “Bless you my children, the sweet smell of your sacrifice is pleasing to my Father, the Great Spirit. Keep faithful to your hatred, vindictiveness, and cruelty, for of such is the kingdom of heaven made. The hundreds of millions of Americans who would be born in this land have no right to life, they have no right to their dream of freedom to worship God as their conscience dictates, or a government ‘*of the people, by the people, and for the people*’ that would inspire the world with the desire for freedom. The Gospel missionaries they would send to the far corners of the earth should never be born. The fields that would feed the world’s billions of souls should never be cleared, the Americans should never be allowed to give mankind all the labor saving, life saving, and comfort giving fruit of their industriousness and inventiveness.

Remember the words of the great chief Tecumpseh: ‘*Burn their dwellings! Destroy their stock! Slay their wives and children! The Red Man owns the country, and the Palefaces must never enjoy it! War now! War forever! War upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very corpses from the grave. Our country must give no rest to a white man’s bones. This is the will of the Great Spirit revealed to my brother, his familiar, the Prophet of the Lakes. He sends me to you.*’

If this is what Wirt’s “Jesus” says, then he is not the Jesus we know from scripture. What words would you put in His mouth? Perhaps words including ‘peace’, ‘forgiveness’, ‘repentance’, ‘mercy’, ‘love’, perhaps even words of ‘judgment’ on the “*implacably vindictive*”. I don’t think Wirt played a trump card in this instance.

Wirt enjoins us with this advice: “*were I a president of the United States, I would glory in going to the Indians, throwing myself on my knees before them, and saying to them, ‘Indians, friends, brothers, O! forgive my countrymen! Deeply have our forefathers wronged you; and they have forced us to continue the wrong. Reflect, brothers; it was not our fault*

*that we were born in your country; but now, we have no other home; we have nowhere else to rest our feet. Will you not, then, permit us to remain? Can you not forgive even us, innocent as we are? If you can, O!, come to our bosoms; be, indeed, our brothers; and since there is room enough for us all, give us a home in your land, and let us be children of the same affectionate family' ”.*

Ironically, it has been the ‘white man’ who has given the ‘red man’ a home and made them children of the same family, at least those who wanted it. How would it have been otherwise? Wirt's central argument that ‘there is room for all’ is false if the Indian refused to give up his hunter/gatherer culture. We know from our history that Tecumseh and his Red Stick followers brutally killed all his ‘red brethren’ who wanted peace with the white man, that is, until, and only because, US military forces stopped them. So did Pontiac in his war, and “King Phillip” in his.

When we’ve thrown down our weapons in disgust and shame, professed *“the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus*, and fallen on our knees before some latter day Tecumseh and his ‘Great Spirit’, what then? Do we offer up our scalps, or link arms and march off into the Atlantic like lemmings to quiet our sense of guilt; in fact, what is the point of such an appeal? Whatever the purpose may be, and I don't think it is friendly, the effect is simply to torment and debilitate innocent generations of Americans.

Now, *“As for the present inhabitants, it must be granted that they are comparatively innocent.”* Very generous, but if we are ‘comparatively innocent’ we must also be comparatively guilty – but guilty of what – being white? That genetic heritage is the only link between any white person living today and the ‘criminals’ of Wirt’s fancy, and yet even today we hear echoes of Wirt’s condemnation all about us. To condemn people because of their skin color is the height of racist bigotry, and we should not attribute any value whatsoever to such opinions – we’ve already established that.

Wirt laments that the Indians *“have been made to drink the bitter cup of humiliation”*. If that were so then, it is certainly not so now, it is the exact opposite; it is white people who are ‘made to drink the bitter cup of humiliation’ for the purported crimes of white people generations ago. If humiliation was cruel and unfair to the Indians then, why is it right for white people now? Vengeance, just desserts, or some other still darker reason? None of those reasons justify such punishment on people simply because of their racial heritage.

Now we have finally returned to our first question: why would we not want to be free of the affect of this poison? If it is not a just punishment, then why do so many white people today accept it? They accept it

because they have been force fed a steady diet of self-hating dogma from their infancy. Again, it seems to me to be a form of the 'Stockholm Syndrome', in which victims of continuing abuse begin to form a 'psychological alliance' with their tormentors. Some victims devote themselves zealously to evangelizing their guilt complex as a form of atonement. It's time we spit out this poisonous dogma, and my goal is to make it unpalatable.

But why...why is there this powerful poisonous mentality among Americans? There are some 'Native Americans' who are still suffering that implacable hatred of white people, but they are insignificant. Posturing charlatans promote it for their own gain. Politics play a role – enemies, both foreign and domestic, use it to divide and weaken the American people. In his day, Wirt opposed the expansion of the frontier for reasons that may have included sympathy for the Indians, but perhaps fear of the growing political power of the southern frontier and the expansion of slavery, and perhaps simply loss of the political power of the northeast. Interestingly, 1803, the year of Wirt's "Letter", was the year of the Louisiana Purchase – a deal opposed by many who favored the political status quo.

Today, it is obvious that the anarchical political "Left" is intent on destroying Western Christian civilization, and making a good job of it. Furious accusations of 'white racism' and 'white supremacy' spearhead the attack. 'White supremacy' has come to mean traditional Christian moral values and family relations, free enterprise, Constitutional government and individual liberty, and most importantly, fundamentally actually – the 'modern' western mind. That ludicrous definition forces the vast majority of Americans into the camp of "white supremacists" and is instigating a violent backlash, as planned.

As the modern western mind is the the specific target of so called 'Postmodern' thought, let us consider Postmodern 'thought' briefly. First, there is nothing new in Postmodernism. If we define 'Modernism' (really pre-Modernism) as belief in objective reality/truth that is discoverable by experience, observation, and reason based upon the presumption of an intelligent Creator and an orderly creation; and Postmodernism as denial of a transcendent intelligent Creator, denial of objective reality and of the value of experience, observation, and reason – then we see Postmodernism predating Modernism. It is simply the ancient, superstitious, irrationalism of the pre-Christian, pre-scientific world. I might describe it as the 'New Age roll your own reality'. I once commented that the New Age "I have my reality, you have your reality" delusion makes the Tower of Babel episode seem to be only a slight misunderstanding.

Another way of describing the phenomenon labeled "Postmodernism" would be the very slight change in syntax between these two paradigms: "I must believe what is true" versus "What I believe must be true." The former paradigm required a search for truth, the latter requires barriers to anything that challenges the fragile worldview absorbed uncritically from corrupt public education and pop culture.

So what does that have to do with the subject at hand? Postmodern thought makes people easily manipulable, it undoes everything men like George Minns hoped for education in a republic. In Postmodern 'thought', stronger Indian tribes can torture, kill and destroy other tribes and take their land, and that is invisible. But when white Americans buy tribal lands and relocate the members out of the way of progress so that they are more numerous, more prosperous, and more comfortable than ever before, they are reviled as brutal racists.

Similarly, black Africans can sell other black Africans by the hundreds of thousands to a few white slavers, who sell them to a few plantation owners, and all white people are forever branded as racists; even though white Americans had white slaves, and red Indians had black slaves, and black Americans had black African slaves. Against all reason and historical fact, posturing politicians and professional racial agitators decry American racism and pontificate on slavery as America's "original sin", as though it was an American invention. Though from Egypt to some present-day Islamic nations (and in the shadows – modern worldwide human trafficking), slavery has been a normal societal condition. White Christian Europeans were the only people to try to stop slavery.

Under postmodern 'thought', males can pretend to be females and vice-versa, white people can pretend to be black, or red, and we are all expected to acquiesce in the fraud. The wildest social, political, and economic fads are to be accepted if touted by 'celebrities' with the mentality of spoiled children; while time tested and successful social, political and economic models are trashed. Such Postmodern irrational prejudice, ignorance, and cynical opportunism creates great turmoil across the entire populace, and that is the plan. Why? Because anarchy generally leads to tyranny under a ruling class with a delusional obsession for power and wealth, and no care for the harm their ambitions causes.

Underneath all those secondary evils though, lurks spiritual evil. As Minns pointed out, objective, rational thought and education lead to a knowledge of a Creator, and that leads to a knowledge of the God of the Bible. Tecumseh's "Great Spirit", the Satanic spirit, dominated the western hemisphere for millennia, keeping the 'native Americans' in an ever downward spiral, effacing the image of God in them, and thwarting

God's prime directive to "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it". That Great Satanic Spirit was loath to loose the Americas, and is determined to regain them, and the rest of the earth. And he is no quitter. Will Jesus find righteousness on earth when he returns, He asks. Good question.

And what can modern day Americans do? Can we simply turn around and go back up the path toward the Christian America of old, imperfect though it was? Not 'simply'. The Enemy has burned the bridges and poisoned the water holes, laid waste to much of the countryside, and set loose savage hordes to roam the wastelands behind us. The way back for modern day America is fully as fraught with difficulties and dangers as the way forward for 18<sup>th</sup> Century Americans. Are we up to the challenge? Or, more realistically, since I am already an old man, are you up to the challenge, my dear reader?

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## Commentary on the selections:

*A Family Conversation on the Slavery of Negroes,*  
and *The Negro Nurse.*

Well, my dear readers, since you weren't hopelessly 'triggered' by the "n" word and have let yourself in for another dose of old fashioned history and commentary, let's dive into a subject that by all rights should be receding in America's public discourse; but isn't. Instead, it is swelling in controversy, pushed along by a ruthless enemy. That subject (or subjects, as they are not as closely related as many people think) is racism and slavery in America. All that I can add to the conversation are a bit of historical context, and a caution on the motivation of the so called 'social justice warriors' pushing anarchy, and perhaps even civil war. Hopefully, by the end of this commentary, I can tie them together into a coherent message of some value.

First, though, I want to critique the new fad of 'triggered ignorance'. The socially proper response of Americans, especially young Americans, to subjects of popular disdain is to shout it down, shut it out, and, in short, assiduously cultivate ignorance of it – except hatred of its very name, and everyone remotely associated with it, even to having lived in the same century. The importance of that custom is that the legions of the outraged ignorant are adopting, on faith, the rage of some pop culture hero/mob leader who may be just as ignorant, but is pursuing a hidden agenda. It seems to me that we should understand why we hate something. That is not to say that we can find anything good to say about the practice of slavery, I can't think of anything, but one cannot

have a good understanding of American history, or be responsible curators of its future, without knowing a bit more than the petulant syllogism: Slavery is evil: American Founding Fathers owned slaves: Therefore America is evil.

The alert reader may have noticed that none of the source books for the *Advanced Reader* were published in the south. The southern slave owning aristocracy did not favor 'common education' as did Puritan New England. At the time of the American Revolution, the manumission movement, freeing of slaves, was gaining ground, even in the south. The U. S. Constitution went into effect with the provision that the importation of slaves would be outlawed in twenty years, and for many people, with the hope, if not the expectation, that slavery would be abolished altogether soon after.

How the southern pro-slavery aristocracy turned around that trend in the south is a subject of great interest to me, and years ago I began researching it. Other projects shuffled in ahead though, and I put it aside. I had learned enough by then to form the general conclusion, however, that it was one of the earliest and most successful public relations/propaganda campaigns in history, as well as one of the most tragic. Through a consensus of interests, more than an organized conspiracy, the southern aristocracy used its wealth, superior education, and influence to suppress common education, take control of private schools, colleges, seminaries, pulpits, denominational papers, commercial newspapers, and, through the Democrat Party, to control the local courthouses and state houses, and later, in the lead up to civil war, street mobs, and guerrilla bands.

Southern pro-slavery influence through the Democrat Party in the US Congress led to a delicately balanced stalemate with the anti-slavery north, and juryrigged compromises over addition of new states. The Missouri Compromise of 1820 established the policy of balancing one new free state with one new slave state (Maine and Missouri at that time) but that proved a bottleneck in the growth of the American nation.

Texans rebelled against the Mexican dictator Gen. Santa Anna and appealed to the US for help, and later, after they had won practical independence (not recognized by Santa Anna), they appealed for annexation. President Andrew Jackson denied both requests, even though he had offered to buy Texas and was friends with many of the Texans. The annexation of Texas at that time would have thrown control of the Congress to the pro-slavery south. It was also expected to result in a war with Mexico, as it ultimately did, just at the time South Carolina, Georgia and other southern states were threatening to secede, and only a generation after New England debated secession during the War of 1812. The nation's peace and unity were fragile; and, you might

gather from Jackson's "*Appeal the the Patriotism of South Carolina*", held together only by the force of Jackson's will. It was almost a decade before Texas was annexed as a slave state. California came in as a free state shortly afterward.

The slavery question and its politically debilitating effects had increasing control of American public affairs, and the partisan vitriol streaming from Congress further alienated American society. With the failure of the Missouri Compromise, the slavery issue was left to popular vote in each new state, and that was accompanied by extreme partisan violence, especially in "Bloody Kansas".

Open opposition to slavery, and even disunion, became risky in the south. But, as most southerners were at least accustomed to slavery, as it had been practiced in the southern English, French, and Spanish colonies for centuries, they were easily persuaded by the constant propaganda of the rightness of the aristocracy's case for continued slavery.

And the aristocracy did make a 'case', woven from many concerns, of which racism was an integral part, but not the main issue. There were the fears that freed slaves would spawn crime and social chaos, with Haiti as the prime example. There was the argument that the economy of the south would collapse without slave labor, throwing everyone into poverty; and that white artisans would suffer from the competition of freed slaves. All those concerns had validity in a worst case scenario, but not necessarily in a well planned and cooperatively executed exit from the south's slave economy. Unfortunately, neither side's militant extremes were interested in cooperation, quite the contrary.

On the other hand, southern popular culture presented slavery as a benign, even natural and wholesome institution, as we saw in *The Negro Nurse*. Opponents of slavery were presented as the worst sort of people, and murderous fanatics like John Brown confirmed that image, as did his elevation to the status of hero and martyr in the north. Harriet Beecher Stowe's venomous caricature of the south in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* so stoked the anger on both sides that Abraham Lincoln supposedly semi-sarcastically attributed the war to it: "So you're the little woman who wrote the book that started this great war." That genre of book, common on both sides, certainly was a factor in the war, for ultimately, it was a war of stoked-up anger. The attribution of pro-slavery attitudes to ignorance and poor rearing shown in *A Family Conversation* was unusually charitable.

Most southern white people did not own slaves, and only a small minority owned many slaves and depended upon slave labor, but those were the upper crust, the powerful, the articulate, and venerated by

many of the poor and middle class southerners, though the aristocracy's homes and society were closed to them. That seemed only to add to the mystique of the aristocracy, and the desire to be part of it. Difficult as it is to understand today, many poor and middle class southerners were willing to fight and die for the honor of an aristocracy that despised them.

When the war did come, some of the poorer, mountainous areas of the south were not as much under the spell of the aristocracy as the 'flat lands'. Mountainous western Virginia broke away to form the state of West Virginia. A part of north Alabama tried to secede from the state, but in a brutal civil war within a civil war, it was occupied by the pro-slavery state militia. Tennessee was so divided that the Legislature voted to secede, but many people rebelled at that, and it was promptly occupied by federal forces. You might be getting an inkling that the history of slavery in America is a complex subject.

A few words of explanation about this "southern aristocracy" are necessary to our understanding. By the 1860's the aristocracy had somewhat merged and solidified, but the components were the hereditary plantation owners in coastal Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, with their extended families across the south; and descendants of wealthy French and Spanish planters along the Gulf Coast and up the lower Mississippi River in Louisiana, all of whom had depended upon slave labor for generations.

To understand the former group, we have to recall the English Civil War. The English southern colonies, only Virginia at first, were founded for economic purposes, and slavery, white, red, or black, (they were, over the years, equal opportunity slavers) was essential to their profitability. The New England colonies were founded by Puritans seeking religious liberty from the British monarchy and established church. Slavery was not allowed, or strictly limited in the New England colonies, as they were founded.

As the fortunes of the Puritan/Parliamentary, and Royalist/Cavalier sides in the English Civil War ebbed and flowed, Puritan refugees flowed into New England, and Royalists flowed into Virginia. During the Restoration period, after the death of Oliver Cromwell, King Charles II rewarded his supporters by establishing and giving them the Province of Carolina, which later became six states of the deep south. The Carolina Colony was founded for growing tobacco, rice and sugar cane, and dependent upon slave labor. To further enhance his fortunes, Charles II, with his family and followers, founded the Royal Africa Company to supply slaves to British domains. New England's restrictions on slavery were also liberalized, by royal authority. After The Glorious Revolution of 1688 and the ascension of William and Mary to the English throne,

the royal hand was taken off the throttle of the African slave trade, but by then it was well established commercially.

In addition to the commercial value of slavery, some Royalists, whose fortunes had been ruined, wanted to recreate in America what they had lost in England; a hereditary demi-nobility far above the common herd of humanity. Black slavery was essential to that model, not only for economic reasons, but because white Americans scorned servitude as the English peasantry knew it. (See the brief selection from Macaulay's *The Virginians*.)

Puritan New England took a hard line against slavery, and the moral decadence that leisure and luxury bred. That high moral ground was easier to take because New England was not suited to large scale agriculture. Yankee ships were heavily involved in the African slave trade however. But common education was the special pursuit of the Puritans and their descendants. New England began the publishing of school books, and it quickly spread to the commercial cities of the mid-Atlantic. As we have seen, New England Readers treated slavery harshly and therefore were not used in the south at all. Readers sold in the mid-Atlantic and southern states tended to ignore the issue.

The American Sunday School Union book was published in Pennsylvania, though this example obviously was composed for the southern market. In the south of pre-Civil War days, the Sunday Schools often were the only places of education for the mill workers and other poor people. Even Sunday School education was subject to the censorship of the aristocracy, though, and so we see this idealized, rather pleasant portrayal of slavery. Not long after, the differences over slavery became so bitter that religious denominations and shared institutions like the American Sunday School Union split, and ceased to cooperate, even in their mutual goals.

Baptists, Methodists, and other denominations labored to evangelize black people, both in America, and Africa, with a great deal of success in both. Churches in the south were more integrated prior to the Civil War than now, and doubtless there were many cases similar to that told in *The Negro Nurse*. Southern Baptists split off from the national Baptist organization because the northern Baptists blocked appointment of slave owning missionaries to Africa. The Southern Baptists saw no inconsistency whatsoever in a slave owner, with a slave servant in tow, preaching the Gospel of Christ in Africa; slavery, after all, was the established norm in Africa.

Slavery, as it was legally practiced in the United States for a time, has been correctly called the "peculiar institution", and so it was. Another good descriptive adjective is 'complex'; a peculiar and complex

institution not easily understood, especially by those who are afraid of the subject. For instance, it is commonly demagogued that racism caused black slaves to be legally considered less than fully human. A more accurate statement is that slaves were held to be less than fully citizen. For congressional apportionment, slave owners wanted black men slaves considered equally with white men (though not given a vote). It was the anti-slavery side, not wanting to give the pro-slave south additional representation in Congress, who didn't want slaves counted at all; thus the 3/5 compromise. Complex? Yes!

Another, often mis-characterized matter is the dumping overboard of slaves. There is something demonic about the slave transporting business to begin with, no person in a normal state of mind could stomach such a thing, but disregarding that, there is an interesting contradiction in the situation. After 1808, persons caught transporting slaves into the United States were liable to be hanged as pirates. When US Coast Guard cutters spotted suspicious ships and began chasing them down, a long process in the days of sailing ships, some crews were known to have attached the slaves to heavy chains and dumped them overboard, thereby destroying the evidence. The irony is that they were so callously murdered not because America placed no value upon them, but because it did. The murderers were criminals, not the American nation, or public at large.

And, yes, laws were passed forbidding marriage between black and white people, willing property to mixed race children, freeing of slaves, educating black people to read, and many other things. The most interesting thing about those laws prohibiting normal human relations between black and white, however, is that the pro-slavery power structure felt it *necessary* to legally prohibit them. It seems that many white southerners had no difficulty seeing the full humanity of black people, even in the status of slave. Though there were other dehumanizing theories of race, the most destructive, Darwinism, had not taken root in America at the time of the Civil War.

Many southerners with no love for slavery, especially women, simply felt trapped into tacit acceptance of slavery, and in time of crisis, of loyal support of their menfolk. The character of slave owners varied as it does in all of us. Some were 'good' owners, as they saw it, others bad, as their own society saw them. But kindly disposed owners who had inherited slaves faced many legal difficulties in freeing them, and freedom might have sentenced them to an uncertain future. Selling them, too, might not have been in their best interest; so what was there to do but keep them? Even though they might have been a financial burden.

Several of the Founding Fathers hated today as slave owners were in that boat; hated today for kindness in their lifetimes. Thomas

Jefferson's history is so contorted and obscured by competing claims about his connection with slavery that the full truth may be forever in question. He apparently never bought any slaves, and did free a few, but not all the slaves he inherited; and he did offer resolutions against slavery. But why is Jefferson's relationship with slavery such a critical issue today? Does the fact that he owned slaves when he wrote "All men are created equal..." negate the philosophical basis of the Declaration of Independence? Does the fact of the existence of slavery in the United States render the Constitution null and void, and require the disestablishment of America? Righting that 'immoral founding' is claimed as the noble motive of America's radical Left in destroying the country.

So now we finally get to the point of this rambling dissertation; the immediate objective, anarchy, is obvious, but what is the real motive, and the ultimate objective? Is Thomas Jefferson really under attack because he owned slaves, or is it because he, and we as a nation, declared, "*We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.*"

That motto is anathema to the would-be dictators, elites, and aristocracies of the world. I submit to you, my dear readers, it is this ideal that is the real target. America's history is no simple panoply of unremitting evil, as America's enemies so vehemently declare. It is a complex tapestry of human relations striving for both freedom (as in liberty) and right (as in 'righteous'), as this short history has shown. That striving, for often conflicting ideals, sometimes involves conflict, sometimes requires patience, and tolerance, sometimes compromise.

That is one difference between liberty and tyranny; under tyranny there is no conflict because there is no freedom. Tyrants and their adolescent accolades find that lack of freedom much purer and cleaner than messy liberty. But we Americans need not be ashamed of our country, there is none founded on loftier ideals (including "socialist democracies"), none that has fought for those ideals as hard and as successfully. The blanket condemnation of America and Americans by terminally adolescent 'Social Justice Warriors' is unjust, and nothing less than an attack upon our collective will to exist.

History is repeating itself. Generations ago, a self-styled, self-centered, would-be aristocracy plunged the US into a terrible civil war, the horror of which is memorialized in the Post-Civil War Era readers. It was not, as some may believe, a war in which the south sought to conquer and rule the whole nation, the southern aristocracy was not that foolish. But they were, by their own boast, callous enough to count on spilling so much blood that the United States government would be forced by public opinion to cut loose the Confederate States. They achieved their first objective of breaking the Union by promoting ignorance, fear, and anger. They, of course, failed in their ultimate goal of establishing a Southern Confederacy based upon the model of feudal Europe. The war to determine that outcome cost hundreds of thousands of lives and the suffering of millions, primarily in the south.

Today, another would-be aristocracy, a loose coalition of self-styled 'elites', and various, disposable, special-interest groups is cold-bloodedly prodding America towards another civil war using the same tactics, and even riding the same political party – the Democrat Party. Their goal is not disunion, although they would accept that, but the far more ambitious goal of disestablishing the Constitutional Republic of the United States in favor of an authoritarian state under the 'socialist' rubric, where slavery would not be limited to a few large plantations, but expanded to include the entire populace, with the exception of a ruling class; the typical model of a socialist state.

The method of obtaining their goal is to collapse American society and government. First, by fostering troops of ignorant, alienated, confused, and angry 'useful idiots', as Communist patriarch Lenin is said to have so accurately described his followers. Public education and the pop culture have done that job well. Secondly, to pry apart all social structure, dividing men and women, parents and children, young and old, black, white, red, and brown, urban and rural, rich and poor, government and the people; until anarchy reigns, and revolution promises an end to it. Anarchy is intolerable, and people will accept tyranny over anarchy; it has happened time and again.

Consider Founding Father John Adam's comment:

*"We have no government armed with power capable of contending with human passions unbridled by morality and religion . . . Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious people. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other."*

Although classical socialism has been at the helm of this movement, now that the breakup has begun, all sorts of new entrants are vying for the prize. Exactly what flavor of tyranny: a "Deep State" autocracy masquerading as Democratic Socialism, Communist, Feminist, Neo-

Pagan earth worshiping theocratic, Islamo-Fascist, or the inevitable "right-wing" reaction, will be determined eventually by which faction proves the most determined, ruthless, and brutal. At least, that is the usual course of such events. And of course, that does not preclude the breakup of the United States into mini-states under any of the aforementioned schemes. At any rate, such a scenario as our enemies, both foreign and domestic, plan would be the end of America as we know it – the golden goose would be dissected, and no pot of gold at the end of the gizzard.

I should not need to point out that this social and political turmoil has roots in the spiritual war. The 'useful idiots' of the lower strata of the anti-Christian, anti-American, movement is deluded and manipulated by their masters; but they, in turn, are equally the deluded useful idiots of their demonic spiritual masters. Is there a cure for this crisis? Yes, George Minns gave it to us generations ago: a big dose of old fashioned Christian education, if administered in time.

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## A Commentary on George Minns, Science, and Spiritual War.

George Washington Minns was an attorney, and a largely self-taught amateur naturalist, as were many great men of science in previous generations. He recognized the hand of God in the wonders of nature and used the natural sciences as a tool for the Christian evangelism of California public school students, apparently with the full support of the government and people of California. Today, he would be reviled as the worst sort of criminal by an outraged state, and scoffed as a pretender to the high calling of science by most of today's breed of scientists. In reality, though, he was a far better teacher, and more a man of science than those misanthropes of today who evangelize atheism, nihilism, and anarchy while posing as 'scientists'. As an attorney, he was trained to form conclusions on the basis of evidence, a key component of scientific methodology. Even more important to his scientific credential; he was not afraid of the reality of God, his reason was not darkened by the delusion that there is no God. When research is founded upon the unchallenged axiom that there is no Creator and no Intelligent Designer in the cosmos, it ceases to be true scientific research and goes dangerously astray.

In 1861, when Minns gave the speech quoted in the Foreword, he likely had never read Darwin's treatise, published in England in 1859; he may never even have heard of Charles Darwin (though he undoubtedly was familiar with similar ideas). And yet, Minns, quite by accident, demolished Darwin's Speculation. Or should have, if mankind's sinful nature wasn't champing at the bit to rid itself of the reign of God and *"be as gods, knowing good and evil."* (Genesis 3:5). Blind fear and

bigotry often overmatch reason; the only thing Darwinian Evolutionary Theory proves is that mankind is in rebellion against God.

So what was Minns' magic bullet that failed, "*Every creature made by the Divine Hand, He sees to be perfect, with an organization exactly suited to its wants, and its place in the scale of being, and adapted to contribute to its happiness.*"

A simple statement, and a scientific statement in the true sense. We can observe that the various types of organisms are perfectly suited to their habitats. They arrive on the scene that way, and remain that way, within the pre-set parameters of their gene pool which allows considerable variation, but not major "evolution". The first and most obvious explanation for that fact is that they were designed for that particular habitat. Design always presupposes a designer, and one has to delve into the realms of speculation to derive any other explanation.

The desperate dive into deep speculation has brought up some absurd fancies like alien visitors, millions of monkeys with millions of typewriters, blind watchmakers, inexplicable 'Punctuated Equilibrium' (which, conveniently, would not be likely to yield fossil evidence), etc., replete with shameless self-contradictions. It is now acceptable in 'scientific' circles to declare that yes, "there is an appearance of intelligent design", but then deny the reality of intelligent design, because acceptance of the obvious explanation would lead one's thoughts to the Designer.

What is meant by the 'appearance of intelligent design' is that the discoveries of modern biology, chemistry, and paleontology are compatible with intelligent design and special creation, rather than Darwinian Evolutionary Theory. Unfortunately, the power of the God Deniers is so pervasive that only those who actively search for this truth ever find it.

Ok, whether you are a God believer, a denier, or undecided, you are correct that I just made some 'gratuitous assertions', that I have not backed up with proof. I am not the one, nor is this the place, to take on that task; but "the truth is out there" for those who are looking. And you all should be looking, my dear readers, for there is nothing more important than knowing the truth about who we are; children of God with a destiny beyond this world, or an insignificant speck of animated matter in a temporary, and pointless existence.

At least, those are the two publicly offered cosmological choices; but there is a third, one that secretly warms the bosoms of many an avowed materialist who is thoughtful enough to recognize the shortcomings of his public position. Pantheism is the last resort of those who have lost

faith in the religion of naturalism, of which Darwinism was once thought to be the savior. In the un-redacted history of naturalism, we see that pantheism has always been at its base. Ernst Haeckel, the so-called "German Darwin" pronounced that truth more than a century and a half ago:

The opponents of the monistic or mechanical conception of the world have welcomed Agassiz's work with delight, and find in it a perfect proof of the direct creative action of a personal God. But they overlook the fact that this personal creator is only an idealized organism, endowed with human attributes. This low dualistic conception of God is in keeping with a lower animal stage of development of the human organism. The more developed man of the present day is capable of, and justified in, conceiving that infinitely nobler and sublimer idea of God which alone is compatible with the monistic conception of the universe, and which recognizes God's spirit and power in all phenomena without exception. The monistic idea of God which belongs to the future, has already been expressed by Giordano Bruno in the following words: "A spirit exists in all things and no body is so small but contains a part of the divine substance within itself, by which it is animated." This sublime conception of God is based upon the religion within the sphere of which the noblest minds of antiquity as well as those of modern times have thought and lived, viz. Pantheism. It is of this noble idea of God that Goethe says: "Certainly there does not exist a more beautiful worship of God than that which needs no image, but which arises in our heart from converse with nature." By it we arrive at the sublime, pantheistic idea of the unity of God and nature.<sup>1</sup>

I have included this excerpt to illustrate two points. First, the arrogant close-mindedness of so-called 'men of science' who assume that Christians "*...overlook the fact that this personal creator is only an idealized organism, endowed with human attributes.*" That is a perfect example of both a gratuitous assertion, one based entirely upon opinion without any supporting data; and the planted axiom at the base of public education in the 'sciences'.

Granted, there are similarities in the Biblical revelation of the nature of God, and the commonly observed nature of man that atheists call "anthropomorphisms". The bigoted arrogance of one who has no experience with God concluding that 'man has conceived god in man's own image', is far less convincing than the declaration of someone who has experienced God that man is made in the image of God.

Now, as to Pantheism underlying Darwinism, and the entire range of atheistic Naturalism, let me point out its chief assumption; that 'the Cosmos is all there is, there is nothing else' to paraphrase Carl Sagan, the official apostle of Pantheism on PBS. Haeckel called that a "monistic conception"; that god (whatever that may be) is within, and part of, a single Cosmos. The "low dualistic conception" is that God is apart, separate from His creation, and there is more than meets the eye of the skeptical 'scientist'.

In order to make Pantheism work, however, that immanent god has to display some sort of intelligence and purpose, such as Karma in eastern pantheistic religions. That would fit into the general category of Directed Evolution scenarios. I doubt that many of the apostles of Darwinian Evolutionary dogma would admit it, but the only logical conclusion of their assumptions is that man evolved himself, man is his own creator, man is god. That blending of the once popular quasi-Christian Theistic Evolution Doctrine, with Pantheism, and Adam's sin in the Garden of Eden is hinted in some of Evolutionists' more philosophical works.

Perhaps most of us older folks, brought up in the western Christian tradition of thought, find the Pantheistic Directed Evolution concept unconvincing, but a very significant portion of humanity believe in such things as Karma and reincarnation; self-directed human evolution would fit in quite nicely with that, and especially with New Age religious beliefs.

There are only two logically supported conceptions of the origin of mankind, and neither is the naturalist/materialist garbage fed our public school students. By "logically supported conceptions" I don't mean two possibly correct conceptions, but two that include a logically necessary Intelligent Designer; one an impersonal force of some kind immanent in the cosmos, the other a Creator with all the attributes of personhood, in fact, the giver of personhood, who exists outside His created cosmos.

The nonsensical garbage of naturalism forced upon our young people has had the effect (and I believe the deliberate effect) of alienating them from science, forcing many who cannot compose naturalism with their own experience, into a state of rebellion against this faux-science, and through that, to all science. Unfortunately many of them are seeking some sense of being by delving into equally nonsensical, but dangerous spiritualism. The American people today, in a supposed age of scientific dominance, are more superstitious than ever before. But, not ironically, there is no outrage over that in 'scientific circles'; no organized opposition to astrology from astronomers, or from geologists to New Age animism that attributes all manner of spiritual powers to mineral

crystals. Is that because pantheistic spiritualism is not an enemy of their "science"?

Now, my dear readers, although I have honestly admitted that I am not the one to educate you on the latest scientific findings related to this most important question; please indulge me while I have your kind attention. I want to get a few pet peeves off my chest. It is so infuriating to hear the pompous declarations of atheists that 'intellect gets in the way of faith'. Humbug! It is not intellect that is the stumbling block, it is man's sin nature; the desire to be god. Free intellect would come down decisively for Intelligent Design, and from there, would find its own end, whether Biblical Christianity or some other faith.

First, logically so, is the question of the origin of the created universe, or the eternal, uncreated cosmos. Pantheistic cosmology requires an eternal, self-existing cosmos in which everything is contained, while Monotheistic cosmology posits a created universe with a beginning and an end, with the creative force residing outside it. The "Steady-State" understanding of the universe/cosmos served both sides equally well. But with the discovery that the universe/cosmos was expanding, presumably from a "Big Bang", the pantheistic cosmology was thrown for a loss. It became necessary for adherents to explain away this apparent beginning of the cosmos. Fertile minds soon concocted the "Oscillating Universe" speculation, among others, that the cosmos eternally cycled through periods of explosion and expansion, then contraction back to a speck of pure matter. When the contraction reached some critical mass – explosion and expansion again. The contraction was supposed to result from the exhaustion of the explosive energy, followed by gravitational self-attraction pulling it back together again.

There is no evidence for this, of course, it is simply "science" in the service of cosmology, or religion, if you like. Unfortunately for them, there isn't nearly enough visible matter in the universe to account for the needed gravitational attraction; but, not to worry, they will find it. A new speculation has been born to explain the missing matter, "dark matter". And so, 'in the interest of science', taxpayers in Europe and America are socked for billions of dollars to fund research to find this missing matter. It is not that I begrudge funding basic science research, but that I do resent the hypocrisy of government funding pantheistic metaphysics, while trying to kill Christianity.

Secondly, I do also resent the absolute lie told Americans by the pseudo-scientific establishment that the origin of life has been explained by naturalistic science. The "Primordial Soup" concoction of the two Marxist scientists, Oparin and Haldane, has been sold as fact for generations. It was even ballyhooed as "proven" by the famed Miller-

Urey Experiment. As a student, I attended the 1969 Geological Society of America Convention. The Society awarded several medals that year, one to Neil Armstrong for, as I recall, 'the longest geological field trip'; and another to Dr. Harold C. Urey for, again as I recall, 'lifetime achievement'.

With all due respect to Professor Urey, I presume that it was his collaboration with graduate student Stanley Miller to "prove" the naturalistic theory of the origin of life that accounted for most of his achievement. Ironically, if it had succeeded, all that could honestly be said about the extremely complex experiment is that intelligent design created life. As it turned out, that carefully designed laboratory experiment succeeded in producing a complex, but dead molecule; a "building block of life", but not life. It was as if someone built a brick barbecue grill in their back yard, and declared, "This proves that with enough time, I could build the Empire State Building." No doubt that, too, would be heralded by the media, and go down in the public mind as truth. Stanley Miller has admitted that the origin of life was not quite as simple as they thought, but his opinion today is of no news value. Furthermore, even the assumptions about the 'primordial' climate used to design the experiment have now been shown to be incorrect.

Thirdly, I am appalled at the ease with which the public accepts the so-called 'Fossil Record' as fact, and especially at myself for not seeing a glaring defect in it until I was approaching middle age, and that I had to keep it to myself until I retired because my boss was a hardline evolutionist. Now finally, I can say it: "The so-called 'Fossil Record' does not support Darwinian Evolution."

The glaring defect? Let me tax your memory to recall a diagram of the fossil record. You know the type, with a lot of weird marine creatures near the bottom, progressing upward to our common mammalian species at the top. In fact the Cambrian, Ordovician, Silurian, and most of the Devonian Periods are represented by marine fossils exclusively. Then we proceed upwards into swamp dwelling amphibians, then reptiles, then mammals. That 'record' is characterized as a series of 'snapshots' in the time line of animal evolution, and *perhaps* it is; but what it most *certainly* is, is a cherry picked series of snapshots of different habitats – deep sea, shallow sea, coastal swamp, uplands, each with its own collection of perfectly adapted fauna.

I have exposed some blatant gratuitous assertions and planted axioms already, but here is a whole field of them. These 'time periods' are identified by their fossil assemblages; all the Cambrian fossils, for instance, are marine. What are we to infer from that, that the entire earth was covered by the sea? Or that there was no life on earth at that time other than what is represented by these fossils (which, by the way,

appeared mysteriously fully developed). But how do we know that there weren't amphibians, dinosaurs, and horses cavorting in their native habitats? Because we don't find horse fossils in the Cambrian rocks, along with corals, sponges, and trilobites? Every one of the fossil assemblages assigned to the different periods suffer the same defect, they are records of one, or a few, particular habitat(s) at one particular time, not all possible habitats at one particular time.

I don't argue with the Law of Superposition that the Carboniferous Periods of coastal swamp habitats are younger than the Cambrian, but that does nothing to prove there weren't amphibians in their proper habitats at the same time the Cambrian marine fossil beds were laid down. If they were, they wouldn't be recognized as such because they weren't marine. And how do we know what fossils have been subducted, buried under thousands of feet of lava, or crushed and metamorphosed, or remain under ice caps? That this argument is a gross simplification, I grant (but not an oversimplification that renders it invalid), and that undiscovered fossils records might be a two edged sword I also grant. Still, that lack of proof either way reduces the extravagant claims about the "Fossil Record" to dogma, rather than science.

That is only one problem with the Fossil Record, I could throw in any number of inconsistencies, as well as two whopping big lies. One is that there is "primitive life" at the bottom of the Fossil Record. If 'primitive life' is supposed to mean 'simple', then it is a lie, the magnitude of which we are only recently beginning to fathom. Recent discoveries in cellular biology have opened up a whole new scale of complexity which human endeavors cannot even approach. Then, the big lie that there is any such thing as "transitional fossils"; all the links are missing. Oh, there are claims that this or that fossil out of billions is 'transitional'. I've seen them come and go over the years; but many, like the Neanderthal Man, mis-characterized as a brutish sub-human 'missing link', remain in the popular consciousness as true.

If evolution by natural selection of random mutations were true, there would be whole series of transitional fossils; it would be difficult, if not impossible, to define a species; not to find a transitional form. No, the fossil record does not support evolution as atheistic science presents it. The wide-spread acceptance of Darwinian so-called 'science' proves only one thing — that man is in rebellion against his Creator

Fourth, finally, and perhaps most importantly, I ask your continued attention to some comments on spiritual warfare. Spiritual warfare! What has that to do with science? Everything; and everything past, everything present, and everything future. I have already made several allusions to the disastrous effects of spiritual war, especially delusion,

upon science and society. Perhaps some skeptics have already accused me of making the same kind of unproven assertions as I charge to "Evolutionary Science"; and, if so, they are right. But I don't want to close out this commentary leaving that impression. To realize how something so overwhelmingly important could be so overlooked by so many people is disheartening, but I suppose people who cannot see the handiwork of God in His creation shouldn't be expected to see the handiwork of spiritual evil in it either. To attempt to remedy that tragic condition, I am going to offer you, dear reader, three lines of argument for the spiritual warfare to which I have referred. Reasoned argument is all that I can offer, but then, that is the best that can be argued against spiritual warfare, spiritual evil, an Intelligent Designer/Creator, God; and most of those arguments don't rise to the level of "reasoned" argument.

I will begin with corroboration from the Biblical account. Now I realize that this line of reasoning will not convince religious skeptics, but perhaps there are some of you who want to live the Christian life, who don't quite get spiritual warfare. You are in the situation of having targets drawn on your backs, but not being armed. From the Garden of Eden in Genesis, to the Final Judgment in The Revelation of Jesus Christ to St. John, the dangers of spiritual war to humanity is a central theme. There are far too many relevant scriptures to cite here, but I will give a few from a wide distribution of books.

*Deut. 32:16-17; They made him jealous with their foreign gods and angered him with their detestable idols. They sacrificed to demons, which are not God — gods they had not known, gods that recently appeared, gods your fathers did not fear.*

*Psalm 91: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.*

*Isaiah 14:12-17; How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High.*

*Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?*

*Matthew 4:8-10; Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*

*Ephesians 6: 10-17; Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.*

*I Peter 5:6-9; Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time: Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: Whom resist steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world.*

So we have the testimony of Jesus Christ, St. Paul, St. Peter, Moses, David, and Isaiah, of the power, corrupting influence, and danger of spiritual evil – who could ask for better witnesses. For those who don't believe that the Biblical record is God inspired truth, would you accept it as based upon thousands of years of human experience? The ravage of evil is part of the human experience, and that experience has burned its

record into most religious traditions. That brings us to the next argument – the human experience.

Here, too, we are overwhelmed with the tragic evidences of spiritual evil, if we would only recognize it as such. Tecumseh proudly proclaimed the spiritual root of his mad quest to destroy white America and drag his people back into the Stone Age, murdering any of his red brethren who opposed him; sacrificing them, along with his white victims, to his "great spirit" (see Commentary on Wirt's "Letter" in the Addendum). What, but demonic delusion, could have persuaded the southern slave-owning autocracy to ignore Andrew Jackson's stern, and prophetic warning, and divide America with a river of blood (see *Appeal to the Patriotism of South Carolina*).

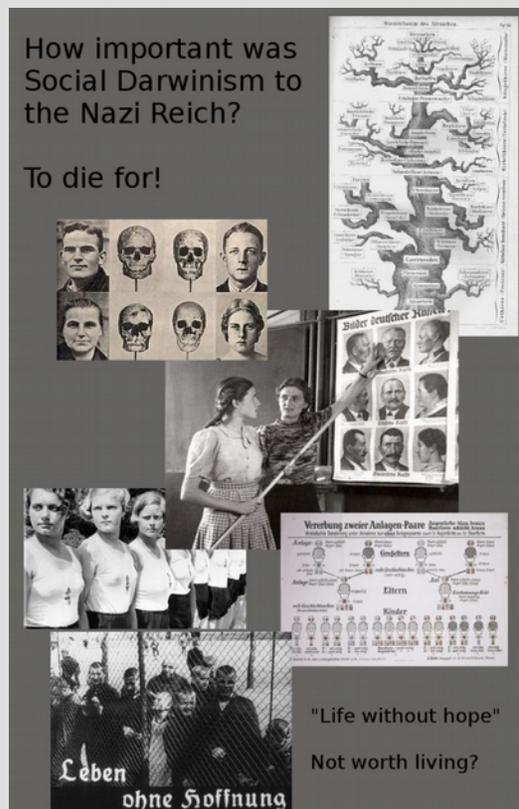
Perhaps the most glaring examples of spiritual war and its disastrous effects on science are the tragic events of the Nazi Era. That is a subject I studied for a quarter century and wrote extensively about in *WAR COMES TO GOD'S HOUSE: The German Church War, World War, Euthanasia, Holocaust...and US*. I hope to stitch spiritual war and science together, albeit hastily, with the following paragraphs taken from that pdf 'book'.

As a first step in this exercise, I want to present a short summary of Nazism's scientific boast by Henri Lichtenberger, a French scholar and authority on Germany, who lectured at the Sorbonne in Paris, and at Harvard, during the early years of Nazi Germany.

Lichtenberger objectively recounts the Nazis' boast:

*“National Socialism prides itself on its solid scientific foundation. It holds that it is based on the most recent findings of biology, anthropology, and prehistory, and it endeavors to develop the teaching of the knowledge of racial science in all its stages”.*<sup>2</sup>

Hitler was obsessed with creating a “Master Race” through the “science” of eugenics – selective breeding of “superior” people and the weeding out of



“inferior” people much as was done with livestock. Francis Galton, cousin of Charles Darwin, was the founder of the Eugenic Movement, and Darwin himself was a supporter. It was a powerful movement throughout the western world in the early 20th Century. In most countries it focused primarily on birth control and sterilization of the “genetically inferior”. Hitler’s Germany took the next logical step of destroying those individuals, races, and nationalities deemed genetically inferior by Nazi Racial Science.

School children in Nazi Germany were trained in genealogy to track down ancestors and relatives who may have had some “genetic taint” like certain diseases, alcoholism, mental disorder and such, and report it to authorities. Had not WWII interfered, Germany would have seen massive culling of its population of “genetically unfit” people and an even greater degree of subjugation of women into breeding stock for the elites of the SS.

The next selection from *War Comes to God’s House* is an assertion that I believe history fully supports. Unfortunately, space and time prevent me from going fully into that proof, and I offer only the one last selection of that proof.

That dark chapter in human history cannot be entirely explained by reference to political science, sociology, psychology, or psychiatry. It can be fully explained only in terms of Biblical revelation. This isn’t a treatise on Theology, but we will be looking into some theological issues that played out very prominently in the Church War – the nature of God and man, of revelation, and the authority of scripture. We will see clearly some Biblical truths that seem to be largely forgotten in today’s world. In a half century of studying, I’ve never found better keys to understanding human history than that there is an adversary who roams up and down the land as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour (I Peter 5:8), and those who refuse the truth and have pleasure in wickedness will fall prey to strong and destructive delusion (2 Thes. 2:11). Those two facts make a dangerous axis. If we examine the steps that led to the inferno consuming the Nazi regime we cannot but be struck with the realization, “These are not the actions of rational men!”



Top photo: Hitler (l), Herman Goering (c), and Baldur von Schirach (r) enjoy the good life at Hitler's Berghof compound overlooking Salzburg.

Goering was a much decorated WWI Ace who took over 'Red Baron' von Richthofen's 'Flying Circus' after the Baron's death. Once second only to Hitler in the Nazi hierarchy, by the end of the war, Hitler had ordered his death. Capture by the Allies saved him from that death sentence, but Goring's reprieve was only temporary, as the Allies sentenced him to hang. He cheated that sentence by taking his own life the night before his hanging.

Schirach was the man in charge of turning the youth of Germany into worshipers of Hitler and the Nazi Party, as he was. His worship of a false god cost him twenty years in prison after the war, and far worse, I fear, at the end of his life.

Ernst Rohm (upper right photo), the old brawler and street fighter who developed the largely blue-collar SA "Brown Shirts" into a para-military force that crushed all political opposition and opened the way to power for Hitler also fell out of favor. Early in Hitler's reign, Rohm and the other top SA leaders were murdered and the SA dissolved by the SS, a more elite, brutal and fanatical Nazi organization.

Heinrich Himmler (second row left) commanded the SS, the Gestapo secret police, concentration camps, extermination camps, and Special Operations killing units. Despite his success at mass killing, by the last gasp of the Third Reich, betrayal and suicide were his well deserved reward.

The man in the second row center, of course, needs no introduction, Reich Chancellor Adolph Hitler.

Far right on second row: Dr. Leonardo Conti, Reich Minister of Health (l) confers with Dr. Karl Brandt, surgeon, abortionist, and onetime personal physician to Hitler. Brandt was made co-director of the euthanasia program, and along with Conti was responsible for ghastly medical "experiments" on prisoners, among other horrors. Dr. Brandt was hanged by the War Crimes Tribunals for "Crimes Against Humanity". Dr. Conti hanged himself in his cell.

The center photograph is of a gala 1938/39 New Year's Eve party at Hitler's Berghof (Mountain House) compound with much of the cr me of Nazi high society. To Hitler's left was his mistress, actress Eva Braun. Hitler and Eva Braun

committed suicide on the evening of Berlin's fall and their bodies were burned per Hitler's last instructions.

To Hitler's right was Gerda Borman, wife of Nazi big shot Martin Borman, who stood beside Eva Braun. It was Borman who carried out Hitler's last wishes. Hitler bequeathed his position as head of the Nazi Party to Borman that evening. Later that night, Borman crushed a cyanide pill between his teeth when he found he couldn't escape Berlin. His remains were accidentally discovered years later, crushed glass capsule still in his mouth.

To Gerda Borman's right stood Mr. and Mrs. Philipp Bouhler. Beginning as an insurance clerk to battered Nazi thugs, he rose to what could be considered the chief bureaucrat in the Third Reich. He was Brandt's co-director of the euthanasia program, and he was involved to some extent in most of the Nazis' "Crimes Against Humanity". Both Mr. and Mrs. Bouhler committed suicide in American captivity – he by cyanide, she by jumping from a window.

Other VIPs included Mr. and Mrs. Albert Speer, Dr. and Mrs. Karl Brandt; and two of Eva Braun's beautiful celebrity sisters also graced the occasion. Speer was a talented architect who impressed Hitler greatly, and became, as much as anybody ever did, Hitler's friend. That friendship afforded Speer an opportunity few architects ever had for designing and building on a grand scale. Speer's abilities led to his downfall in the end, however. As the Allied bombing campaign began to cut into Germany's industrial production, he was taken off architecture and placed in charge of industrial production, chiefly war material, and given a slave labor force. Failure in that position would have been fatal, and Speer was both ruthless and resourceful in keeping production up to levels that astonished the Allies. He was fortunate that his success cost him only twenty years of his life in prison.

Below, left, is a photo of Dr. Joseph Mengele; not a big shot, but a devoted Nazi notorious for his fiendish medical experiments. He died hiding out in a South American jungle.

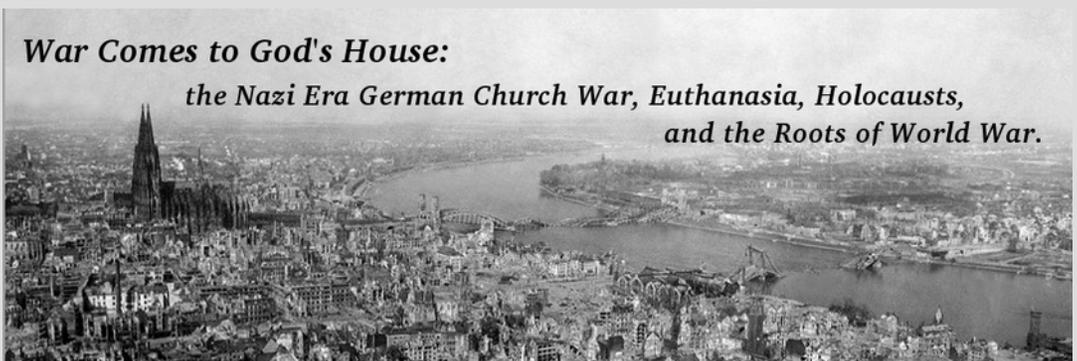
Beside Mengele is Reich Bishop Mueller, Hitler's old friend and choice to head the Nazi "coordinated" German Protestant Church, chief antagonist in the German Church War. Mueller committed suicide in Russian custody at the end of the War.

Last is a photograph of dedicated propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels and his beautiful “perfect Nazi family” who figured prominently in the popular media during the Third Reich. The Nazis were masters of the psychology of propaganda. That is not surprising; propaganda is the elevation of the lie to an art form, and the one whom the Nazis served is the “father of lies” (John 8:44).

Hitler’s Last Will and Testament bequeathed his position as Chancellor to Goebbels, but whether Goebbels knew of the honor I don’t know. At any rate, the Goebbels were otherwise occupied that last evening of the Third Reich. Joseph and Magda Goebbels returned home, murdered their children and then committed suicide. Of all the “perfect Nazi family”, only the young officer away on duty, Magda’s son by a previous marriage, survived.

This appendage to the chapter is more than an introduction to the main characters of the Third Reich, it is the first installment in a photo gallery of its victims. Here, too, we have photographs of victims, and not only the innocent children. Perhaps some of you, my dear readers, will be outraged at the suggestion that even Hitler and Himmler were victims; yet they were, though certainly not innocent victims. They deserved their fates, yet they were victims of the of the age old enemy of God and man. Like father, like son – we see the family resemblance in these Nazi leaders; liars, deceivers, slanderers, murderers:

*Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it. (John 8:44)*



The above photo of Cologne, Germany in 1945 reminds us that the sins of a nation's leaders are visited upon the people also.

My final argument (yes, I am almost through) is of a personal experience with spiritual warfare. There have been only a few instances in my life where spiritual war rose to the level of my consciousness, and only this one that I could ascribe any objective character to, and that too, may be criticized by skeptics. To that skepticism, let me point out one thing. I testify that I believe in spiritual war, and God, because I have experienced spiritual war, and that I have experienced the grace of God. An atheist may declare that 'I know there is no God, because I have never seen him; and there is no spiritual world, certainly no spiritual war, because I haven't seen that either.' In the ordinary course of events, on subjects of ordinary importance, which testimony would be considered the most reliable; one based upon knowledge, or one based upon ignorance? The declaration that something doesn't exist because one has no knowledge of it rests upon the false premise that one knows everything there is to know. Unfortunately, in this most important of all questions, many people go with the opinion based upon ignorance.

Now back to my story. Many years ago, not long after college, I visited the Mayan ruins at Copan. It wasn't well developed then and there were very few people there. At times, I was all alone wandering among the stumpy pyramids adorned with horrid stone faces, supposedly of animal gods, and the large, flat altar stones with the blood grooves cut in them where, centuries ago, human sacrifices were spread eagled and butchered. I quickly felt the most oppressive, palpable feeling of hatred seeming to emanate from the carved stone faces. I cut the visit short and left. After reflection, being a rational young man, trained in science, I ascribed the experience to being alone in a strange place with very unpleasant connections, simply put, I was 'creeped out'. Later, I visited the similar Aztec ruins in Mexico City, which were crowded with tourists, with no similar reaction, only revulsion. So, in time, the experience faded into the dim recesses of almost forgotten memory.

Thirty years later, my wife and I signed up with Forty Days For Life for a prayer vigil at the local Planned Parenthood killing center. It was a quiet Sunday morning (we were between churches at the time, and there was no one else for Sunday mornings) in an urban residential area between a university-hospital complex and a large public housing project; college and minority girls being the chief targets of PP. Almost from the moment I stepped out on the sidewalk in front of the landscaped, though poorly kept, PP facility, a strong emotional response hit me, and I recognized it immediately as the same I had felt all those years before in the Mayan ruins. This time, I knew what it was – spiritual, demonic evil, and a hatred of mankind; God's highly beloved creation. And, although I can't explain how, I understood why it resided in both places; despite different architecture and technology, the Mayan altar stones and the PP killing center served the same function – offering human blood to demons.

My wife felt it too, as did others involved in the prayer vigil. Over the next days and weeks as the prayer vigil continued, the oppressive evil feeling weakened. In between prayer vigils it recharged somewhat but never back to its prior strength. Now PP is building a new killing facility more isolated from the prayer vigils and pro-life witnesses.

Let me add a few more strands to the story before closing it. Just over a decade before my visit to Copan, my parents had taken me to an old fashioned, hell fire and brimstone Baptist revival. When the soles of my feet began to burn, I ran down the aisle and put my faith in Jesus for salvation. I doubtless agreed to make Him my Lord also, but I rebelled against that for a long time, and am not fully on 'the way' yet. But Paul speaks of the Holy Spirit as the 'earnest', or the down payment of our salvation. Looking back, I am sure the Holy Spirit was with me at Copan, warring with the spiritual enemy, and I could feel that warfare in my spirit. I am sure that the Holy Spirit was with me at the PP altar also, which explains the identical response in me.

I offer this experience and my other arguments to you, dear readers, in the hope that it serves you in understanding this life we live, and the desperate need for Christian education as George Minns knew it. That includes science that is not afraid of Intelligent Design. Darwin is usually lauded as a great scientist, even by his critics, but he was not. He was a terrorist disguised as a scientist who smuggled a bomb aboard high flying science and blew off a wing. Since his time, science, or really science based technology, has been spiraling downward in its relation to man, becoming ever less a benefactor of man, and more and more an enemy. Absurd? Radical? Perhaps, but give it some really serious thought.

1. Haeckel, Ernst. The History of Creation: or The Development of the Earth and Its Inhabitants by the Action of Natural Causes. V. 1&2. Trans. Sir E. Ray Lankester FRS. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1925

2. Lichtenberger, Henri. The Third Reich. Trans. Koppel S. Pinson. New York: The Greystone Press, 1937. P-140

*War Comes to God's House* is available as a free download on [www.warcomestogodshouse.com](http://www.warcomestogodshouse.com), and is linked through [www.oldfashionedhistory.com](http://www.oldfashionedhistory.com).

## A COMMENTARY ON 'RACISM' AND IMPERIALISM AS DEPICTED IN RUDYARD KIPLING'S WORKS

Is there any selection in this reader that would trigger the 'woke', politically correct set more than Rudyard Kipling's *Wee Willie Winkie: An Officer and a Gentleman*? It's strange that a seemingly innocuous little story should be guilty of such high crimes – patriarchy, sexism, imperialism, racism; and I'm sure, if one looks hard enough, one could also find climate crimes, homophobia, and transphobia. It is only the interlaced crimes of racism and imperialism that I wish to address however, and using Kipling's works only as context for some considerations that I want to introduce, or reintroduce, into the public discourse.

Kipling and his works are from another time, long gone and beyond the vengeance of today's 'Social Justice Warriors'. The only punishment they can inflict on Kipling is banishment from the store of knowledge. And ignorance of the past punishes only the present and future generations – and empowers those who profit off ignorance.

Among the sundry offenses crammed into the little story is this stunning declaration: "*Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race*". What do we make of that? Racist? Most would agree with that assessment on first thought, but I want to consider it a bit farther. It is certainly a racial statement, but what do we mean by 'racist'?

For many generations prior to this story, and a couple after, European nations, whose populations were largely light skinned, were indeed the dominant race. Most of Asia, most of Africa, North and South America, and, of course, Europe, were dominated by light skinned people. That was historical fact, however much some people might hate it.

Is recognizing historical reality to be condemned because we don't like that reality? If noting that Winkie was 'of the dominant race', a historic fact, is racist, then what label would we use for such statements as "The white race is the intellectually superior race", "the most advanced in evolution", "the only race capable of mastering modern science and technology." Those were common sentiments in the 19th and early 20th Centuries, and seemingly reasonable, based upon the vast disparity in wealth, industrial development, and education between the light skinned 'First World' and the darker skinned 'Third World'. But late 20th and early 21st Century experience has disproven them. They were merely biased opinions, bigoted opinions, if you prefer, based upon

conditions in one moment of human history. That seems to me to be the proper definition of racism, not acknowledgement of historic fact. History should be studied as key to understanding the present, and the future, not condemned and obscured by emotion.

That's not the point I want to make here, but is a step in the direction. The European world began mastering technology centuries before other parts of the globe. Soon, grown accustomed to a premier place in the world of men, Europeans began to flatter themselves that supremacy was in their makeup. By the mid-nineteenth century, the cultural differences were glaring and the idea of a biological basis for cultural supremacy began to acquire a scientific gloss. At the same time they began to forget their roots in Christian faith – and recognition of the hand of God in the affairs of men.

Yes, there was another characteristic the European nations shared beside skin color – they were "Christian" nations. I placed Christian in quotes because they were all mixed bags of saints and sinners. Despite Europe being a field of wheat and tares, the Judeo-Christian Worldview, and I have no doubt, Divine intervention, raised Europe to the forefront of humanity. And notwithstanding that humanity makes a poor servant, I believe they were carrying out God's purposes<sup>1</sup>.

Kipling's reminder of that in his *Recessional* came as something of a shock to the proud British, and it remained in their minds for a time.

*God of our fathers, known of old –  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
**Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine –**  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget - lest we forget!*

Though I am no authority on Kipling, I believe that he was sincere in acknowledging the hand of God in the affairs of empire, and not an atheist Social Darwinist seeing western Europeans at the top of the evolutionary tree and the rest of the world as their fair game. If Western Europe held dominion over so much of the world as part of God's purpose, I have to believe it was for the good. Do I have any objective proof of that belief? Only that Western Europe's climb paralleled the growth of its Christian culture, and its world dominion declined with Europe's desertion of the Christian faith. Now we see Europe self-destructing, much to the delight of many peoples of the world – peoples who were...well, let's leave that for the moment. I want to dig a bit deeper into Kipling's world.

If you, dear reader, were 'triggered' by *Wee Willie Winkie* or *Recessional*, perhaps you'd best not read on; but if you seriously want to understand the present, you must understand the past. Kipling wrote *Recessional* for Queen Victoria's Jubilee, but it was not his original work for that event. The first effort was too...controversial. He saved it to present to the United States a few years later. Though the British Empire was at its height at the time of Victoria's Jubilee in 1897, the Empire was beginning to show signs of weariness in bearing 'the white man's burden'.

Kipling did, indeed, pen those infamous words, and he presented to the United States, just after the Spanish American War, the challenge to pick up that burden. Such was the world, and such was Kipling's stature, that the United States government, on behalf of all Americans (but without a vote), took up the burden; and we have shouldered it ever since. This is poetry at its best – passion, bitter-sweet pathos, and truth that could not be expressed in mere prose. It deserves a serious read. Let me emphasize that it is not in any of the school textbooks that I reviewed, I include it here as explicative of Kipling's other works.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN —  
The United States and the Philippine Islands  
by Rudyard Kipling

Take up the White Man's burden —  
Send forth the best ye breed —  
Go bind your sons to exile  
To serve your captives' need;  
To wait in heavy harness,  
On fluttered folk and wild —  
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden —  
In patience to abide,  
To veil the threat of terror  
And check the show of pride;  
By open speech and simple,  
An hundred times made plain  
To seek another's profit,  
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden —  
The savage wars of peace —  
Fill full the mouth of Famine  
And bid the sickness cease;

And when your goal is nearest  
 The end for others sought,  
 Watch sloth and heathen Folly  
 Bring all your hopes to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden —  
 No tawdry rule of kings,  
 But toil of serf and sweeper —  
 The tale of common things.  
 The ports ye shall not enter,  
 The roads ye shall not tread,  
 Go make them with your living,  
 And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden —  
 And reap his old reward:  
 The blame of those ye better,  
 The hate of those ye guard —  
 The cry of hosts ye humor  
 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light: —  
 "Why brought he us from bondage,  
 Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden —  
 Ye dare not stoop to less —  
 Nor call too loud on Freedom  
 To cloak your weariness;  
 By all ye cry or whisper,  
 By all ye leave or do,  
 The silent, sullen peoples  
 Shall weigh your gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden —  
 Have done with childish days —  
 The lightly proffered laurel,  
 The easy, ungrudged praise.

Comes now, to search your manhood  
 Through all the thankless years  
 Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,  
 The judgment of your peers!

Do those lines: *Send forth the best ye breed — Go bind your sons to exile,  
 To serve your captives' need; The savage wars of peace — And reap his  
 old reward: The blame of those ye better, The hate of those ye guard —*  
 and the rest have any significance for America today? I believe that it  
 does, but for what reason is America involved around the world in other

people's business? Is it racism and imperialism for profit? The answer is 'yes', and 'no', for America, too, is a field of wheat and tares.

Let me point out two cultural artifacts in Kipling's poem. First, it is not the 'white man's burden' he refers to, but the Christian's burden. 'White man' and 'Christian' were synonymous in Kipling's world. This is not the screed of hatred and greed – insufferably patronizing cultural imperialism perhaps, but not racism in its truest form. It is a remnant of Puritanism – the compulsion to establish the Kingdom of God on earth, now. I asked you to compare lines in Kipling's poem with the modern American experience for relevance, now compare these verses from our Lord with "*The White Man's Burden*":

*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.*

*And he sat down, and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.*

*Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.*

To Kipling, being 'white', that is to say a member of the privileged race, came with heavy obligations; because "*By all ye leave or do, The silent, sullen peoples Shall weigh your gods and you.*" The non-Christian world judges Christianity by all that the Christians "leave or do", and so does God. The record of European imperialism in Christianizing the world is spotty at best, less successful than in modernization, but still, the offer of Christ's Gospel was made to very much of the world, and it bears fruit yet. And because of that fruit, it breeds martyrs yet. Thousands of Christians are killed annually in Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and other parts of the world, and thousands more are persecuted and imprisoned even in formerly 'Christian' nations.

As to the second cultural artifact I referred to above – we have little understanding today of how backward, to our western eyes, the 'Third World' was generations ago when Kipling shouldered his burden. His lines "*fluttered folk and wild – Half-devil and half-child*" would seem quite a bit different in the 19th Century than it does in the 21st because the rise of the 'Third World' has brought about a great deal of leveling.

I don't want to get too deeply into an argument on the evils versus the benefits of European imperialism, though that is an interesting discussion. For instance, take the case of 'India'. We might think today, that the British invaded, subjugated, and looted a peaceful, progressive nation. But there was no 'India' until Britain collected up the myriad mini-states ruled by warlords, mostly Islamic invaders themselves, who ruled the Indian subcontinent. The British brought to India unity, relative peace, stability and democratic ideals, as well as health care, common education, railroads, telegraph, and many other benefits of 18<sup>th</sup>, 19th and 20th Century technology. And they stamped out, as much as they could, slavery, human sacrifice, and India's rigid caste system, extending the benefits of the modern world even to the "untouchables".

That came at a great cost to the British, and they were not often thanked. Even of more importance, potentially, they brought Christianity into their far-flung empire, and it was not widely welcomed.

Yes, some Britishers did profit greatly from empire. They built the great houses, that are mostly museums and movie props now, and piled up the crown jewels, but for most of the British people, empire was a net loss of lives and treasure. But, perhaps, for most of the British people, empire was not for profit in the first place, but the burden of their faith.

How about the American occupation of Cuba and the Philippines, was it for the better or worse? One might ask the Filipinos which they preferred, the American or the Japanese occupation, and which was true imperialism. But let's take Cuba for an example. Cuba, especially Havana, was a cesspool of filth and disease at the time of the Spanish American War. Hundreds died annually from Yellow Fever in Havana alone, and Malaria and other diseases were rampant. The United States Army, with hired Cuban laborers, and American knowhow and money, literally cleaned away centuries of filth and sanitized Havana, drained swamps, built modern hospitals, and setup sanitary practices that rapidly brought major improvements to public health.

Those improvements came at a cost to America both in public money, and in lives. America even 'abused' its imperialistic power to demand Cuba include in its constitution the pledge of maintaining those sanitary procedures after American occupation ended. Was it all one sided altruism? No, there were some benefits to America, perhaps the greatest of which was diminishing the contagion coming from pest ridden Cuba.

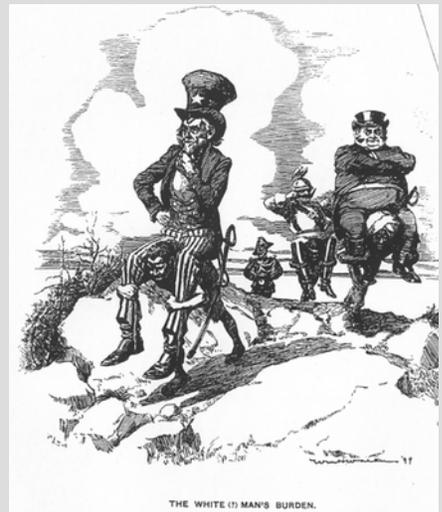
This paternalistic 'imperialism' had many critics, from many points of view. Let us look at a cynical cartoonist's caricature of the 'white man's

burden', from that time, and consider what his point of view might have been.



Who would we say is racist here, Uncle Sam and John Bull (England), or the cartoonist? Was his point anti-imperialism, or anti-Christian-paternalism?

Here's another cartoonist's view; isn't it interesting that they are diametrically opposed views? Can they both be true... no. Can they both be wrong, yes they can, and to some degree they are both wrong. I would have to give the first cartoon the nod as being the closest to accurate. But if I had any talent for art, I would draw a third cartoon showing the American and British soldiers and taxpayers struggling along under the burden of Uncle Sam and John Bull. That is something the second cartoonist's predilections seem to have ignored.



One thing they have in common, however, is opposition to the concept, or perhaps the objective, of 'The White Man's Burden'. One wonders just what the objection is. They could come from several angles.

Let's look at some alternatives to this patronizing Christian imperialism. The following selections are excerpted from *War Comes To God's House*:

"perhaps it was the Greek, Hybrias, when the Roman wolf was a mere cub, who most clearly and unabashedly boasted it (the pre-Christian philosophy of imperialism):

### The Warrior

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,  
 And a right good shield of hides untanned,  
     Which on my arm I buckle:  
 With these I plough, I reap, I sow,  
 With these I make sweet vintage flow,  
     And all around me truckle.  
 But your wights that take no pride to wield  
     A massy spear and well made shield:  
     Nor joy to draw the sword:  
 O, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,  
     Down in a thrice on their marrow-bones,  
     To call me king and lord.

– translated by Thomas Campbell.

This is imperialism in its purest form, without any trace of modern racist sentiment, and without any trace of Christian ethics.

Let's look now at the rivals to Kipling's Christianized imperialism from his own time. We will look first as Sigmund Freud lays out the basis of imperialism in human nature, the 'old man' as St. Paul describes him; all of human nature that Freud knew, unfortunately.

This is Freud's judgment on the Biblical injunction, "*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself*". Freud did a lengthy introspective discussion of this concept and found it to be an impossible demand, as impossible as "*Love thy enemy*" – for it was ultimately the same thing. Man's only possible relationship, by nature, is enemy. To men, as Freud saw it, "*...their neighbor is for them not only a potential helper or sex object, but also someone who tempts them to satisfy their aggressiveness on him, to exploit his capacity for work without compensation, to use him sexually without his consent, to seize his possessions, to humiliate him, to cause him pain, to torture and kill him. Homo homino lupus*" (i.e. Man is a wolf to man).

Now an introduction to imperialism in its more intellectual mode by the philosopher who announced the 'death of God' (and died in an insane asylum, though that didn't seem to dampen the enthusiasm of his admirers):

...the rise of supermen who would know no god but themselves dominated the 20th century, as it may the 21st. Whether or not Hitler ever actually read Nietzsche, he could be considered Nietzsche's disciple; and he liked to be associated with Nietzsche, turning the philosopher's home into a shrine, where he, Hitler, took many a photo opportunity. Hitler undoubtedly believed that Nietzsche had him in mind when Nietzsche wrote:

*Every elevation of the type "man" has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society – and so it will always be – a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth among human beings, and requiring slavery in one form or another.*

*Let us acknowledge unprejudicedly how every higher civilization hitherto has originated! Men with a still natural nature, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, men of prey, still in possession of unbroken strength of will and desire for power, throw themselves upon weaker, more moral, more peaceful races, or upon old mellow civilizations in which the vital force was flickering out in brilliant fireworks of wit and depravity.*

*The essential thing...in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it should not regard itself as a function either of the kingship or the commonwealth, but as the significance and justification thereof – that it should therefore accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of a legion of individuals, who, for its sake must be suppressed and reduced to imperfect men, to slaves and instruments. Its fundamental belief must be precisely that society is not allowed to exist for its own sake, but only as a foundation and scaffolding, by means of which a select class of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher duties, and in general to a higher existence...*

*"Exploitation" does not belong to a depraved or imperfect and primitive society: it belongs to the nature of the human being as a primary*

*organic function, it is a consequence of the intrinsic Will to Power, which is precisely the Will to Life.*

*Why have sympathetic actions been praised? The noble type of man regards himself as a determiner of values; he does not require to be approved of; he passes the judgment:... he knows that it is he himself only who confers honor on things; he is the creator of values.*

Nietzsche's bold, reckless philosophy did not change the world – the world changed and made a place of honor for him to speak. Such thoughts have been always in men's hearts, and the history of mankind is stained by the pursuit of such ideals, though in the Christian age they had to be cloaked in some nobler, more acceptable guise. Now, Nietzsche could openly preach the abandonment and scorn of the Christian world view – the sovereignty of God, the gospel of peace and brotherly love, the innate worth of human life. These were to be ground underfoot. Nietzsche was the leading edge of history circling back upon itself; back to the pre-Christian world. Such was the Nazi dream.

And, of course, we have biological racism. Darwin was not entirely original in this field of endeavor, but his particular interpretation of the Godless delusions of Materialist ideology has served the Enemy of man very well. One need look no further than the title of Darwin's bombshell best-seller to understand its relevance to our discussion: *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or **the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.***

Not long after this first triumph of Satanism over science, Darwin took the next logical step and overtly applied his "struggle for existence" toxin to humanity with *The Descent of Man*. This sequel is one long glorification, and justification, of white supremacy. He looked with clinical indifference, at most, on the destruction of 'savage races'; but don't judge him too severely simply as a racist, he despised all weaker human life:

*Natural Selection as affecting Civilized Nations.—I have hitherto only considered the advancement of man from a semi-human condition to that of the modern savage. But some remarks on the action of natural selection on civilized nations may be worth adding. This subject has been ably discussed by Mr. W. R. Greg, and previously by Mr. Wallace*

*and Mr. Galton. Most of my remarks are taken from these three authors. With savages, the weak in body or mind are soon eliminated; and those that survive commonly exhibit a vigorous state of health. We civilized men, on the other hand, do our utmost to check the process of elimination; we build asylums for the imbecile, the maimed, and the sick; we institute poor-laws; and our medical men exert their utmost skill to save the life of every one to the last moment. There is reason to believe that vaccination has preserved thousands, who from a weak constitution would formerly have succumbed to small-pox. Thus the weak members of civilized societies propagate their kind. No one who has attended to the breeding of domestic animals will doubt that this must be highly injurious to the race of man. It is surprising how soon a want of care, or care wrongly directed, leads to the degeneration of a domestic race; but excepting in the case of man himself, hardly any one is so ignorant as to allow his worst animals to breed.*

### *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex*

Darwin, too, stumbles over the same ethno-centric cultural artifact as Kipling. It is the Christian civilization that has love and mercy for the weak. Most of the world's non-Christian societies – in Asia, Africa, the Americas – culled the weak among them. Darwin's understanding of 'civilized' is his own western-Christian civilization. Furthermore, his logic is self-defeating. The most advanced, 'civilized' peoples are the very ones that defy Darwin's 'survival of the fittest' paradigm. Apparently recognizing that fact, he penned pages of tortured, convoluted speculations to explain that contradiction.

Sadly, it never entered Darwin's mind that the real reason the 'foolish' societies that protect the weak are more advanced is because of the blessings of God. Conversely, those societies given over to the defiance of God's will are under the rule of their worst enemy, Satan, who grinds them under his heel. What other explanation of the historic fact of the world dominance of European people in prior centuries would you prefer? That the darker skinned people of the world were less evolved is logically contradicted by their remarkable rise in the 20th Century. Darwinian dogma of natural selection operating on random mutations is an absurd explanation for that rise. Some people prefer the equally racist explanation that Europeans are just more aggressive and warlike, cruel and greedy. But that explanation only reveals a gross ignorance of world history.

For those who may doubt that our world is enveloped in a spiritual war, let me point out this glaring irony. The liberal, left, woke, progressive,

socialist, feminist, and company of the endlessly growing acronym of perversions, pretend to hate and reject rich, white, straight, racist, imperialist, patriarchal males; especially those who promote the white supremacist and male dominated ethno-cultural ideology of objective reality and science. That is, except Charles Darwin, a notable paragon of all those despised virtues. Their supreme vilification is "Nazi", but the only thing the Nazis added to Darwin was to include the Jewish 'race' in the undesirables. Darwin is an exception, along with Karl Marx, just because they struck mighty blows against the reign of God. That's pretty good evidence that their allegiance is first to Godlessness; so they are really the Godless, not the 'woke', etc. And, of course, Darwin, himself, was not really an objective scientist. He set out in search of a scheme that would validate his idolized grandfather's Godless evolutionary beliefs; and he managed to concoct a plausible one. Walt Disney used to describe the art of cartooning as creating the "plausible impossible". Though Disney may have coined the term, it was Charles Darwin who pioneered the art of the "plausible impossible."

Of course Darwin's Speculation, was only barely plausible in generations past when the living cell was supposed to be simply a blob of protoplasm fostering simple chemical reactions. Modern technology has revealed the 'simplest' life to be stunningly complex; far beyond anything undirected processes could reasonably be expected to produce.

To draw this somewhat scattered discourse to a conclusion, let me return to the allusion to 'God's purposes' that I made earlier. What are God's purposes? In detail, they are far beyond us to comprehend. But it just so happens that God's revelation to us begins with a statement of God's foundational purpose, and His first command to mankind:

*"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Genesis 1:26-28, KJV*

Let's move on now a few thousand years to near the end of St. Paul's journey and a further revelation of God's purposes:

*"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our*

*Saviour Jesus Christ; Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Titus 2:11-14 KJV*

So we learn from this that God wants the growth and prosperity of the human race. And from that he is building a separated (peculiar) people for himself; not people from another planet who are unsullied by this world, but people who are redeemed and purified from this world. Despite romantic idealizations of the 'noble savage', God's purposes could not be satisfied with whole continents sparsely populated by stone age savages, or teeming masses mired in miserable poverty and superstition. God's purposes for mankind are good, and His purposes will be not be thwarted even by humanity's poor service.

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#### COMMENTARY ON MARRIAGE AS DEPICTED IN RIP VAN WINKLE, AND THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE SEXES.<sup>1</sup>

Second only to mankind's relationship with its Creator, the relationship between man and woman in marriage is the most important human relationship. It is the basis of the family, and the family is the basis of civilization as we have known it from the beginning. It is, as C. S. Lewis pointed out, the usual beginning point of the first step beyond self-love. Today, however, demoniacally deluded enemies of humankind, flying the false flag of 'socialism', promote the subordinate relation of quasi-human 'units of society' to the state as the primary, perhaps even the only acceptable, relationship. These old readers present a wide range of examples of relations between the sexes as they once were. Tragically, they would scandalize many people today, whereas today's relationships would scandalize past generations.

To help bridge that gap, I want to point out a few things that may not be widely understood today about old fashioned, traditional, and yes, Christian, marriage. The Christian ideal of a faithful monogamous relationship is a stumbling block to some people, that's true, but the main objection, especially of 'the modern woman' is St. Paul's, and St. Peter's, counsel for wives to 'submit' to their husbands. Let's begin with that shocking demand.

First, I want to make plain that wives are asked to 'submit' – a voluntary act. Nowhere in Christian doctrine that I am aware of, are husbands encouraged to subjugate their wives. Wives, and all Christian women, have a direct relationship with God in Christ; it is not mediated

by the husband. Both parties in marriage are responsible to God for their conduct in the family – a God ordained institution for the procreation and nurture of humanity.

I have already mentioned that Rip Van Winkle was an allegory on a failed marriage. The failings of the Van Winkle family seems a good place to begin looking at what marriage should be.

Rip was not the worst of husbands and fathers by any means, but as Washington Irving describes him:

*The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. He was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled away life in perfect contentment; but his wife kept dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on the family.*

*Rip had but one way of replying to all her lectures. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house.*

*Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master. Times grew worse and worse with Rip as years rolled on. Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods.*

The upshot of that situation was that Rip retreated into alcoholism, fell in with a bad crowd, lost twenty years of his life in an alcoholic stupor, and along with it, any chance he might have had to 'make something of himself'. His wife died an embittered old harridan raging at a salesman. Rip's son turned out just like his dad. The Van Winkle saga tells us a lot about how marriage can go wrong, but how *should* marriage be? We have a guide.

St. Paul tells us in his letter to the Ephesians (5:25): "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."

That's not as simple as it seems. Love, though a "many splended thing", is no simple thing – either to understand or, much less,

consistently to practice. Fortunately Paul went a step further and defined 'love' for us. The word he used, translated 'love', is transliterated from the Greek as 'agape', and in Paul's letter to the Church at Corinth, he describes agape thus:

*Love (agape) is patient and is kind; love doesn't envy. Love doesn't brag, is not proud, doesn't behave itself inappropriately, doesn't seek its own way, is not provoked, takes no account of evil; doesn't rejoice in unrighteousness, but rejoices with the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.*

1 Corinthians 13:4-8 (WEB)<sup>2</sup>

"Where's the passion", you might ask, "I thought 'love' was an all consuming fire?" And well you might conclude that from pop culture, but let's dive beneath that iridescent film for a clearer look at the subject. The English language generally is the most descriptive, but it is a notable failure in 'love'. Classical Greek has three or four words that English translates as 'love', and they are quite different concepts.

'Agape' is a form of love that derives more from the will, and from established character, than from passion. It is respect, it is liking, friendship, honor, it is service, and faithfulness. 'Eros', from the Greek god of love, is the term for 'love' that can be a consuming fire. The very astute Mr. Lewis describes four loves, some with subsets – 'Venus' as a component of 'Eros'. Venus, in Lewis' system, represents carnal love, pure fleshly sexual lust; the one-night stand kind of love. As damaging as that kind of love is to humanity, he finds Eros far more dangerous. Eros, perhaps originating in Venus, becomes a fantasy which may become an obsession, and even an idol. An idol, a false god, to which people may sacrifice everything – judgment, morality, reputation, family, faith, even life. As Lewis remarks, there is no greater sacrifice to a false god than one's conscience. But Eros and Venus are poor masters.

There's an adage that's been kicking around, in one form or another, since before Plato's time; I will paraphrase it like this: 'To be a slave of Eros is to be chained to a lunatic'. A mix of Eros and Venus in a marriage is a good thing, but neither are a good foundation for a marriage. Agape, on the other hand, is not a god, though it is God-like. It is a gift of God, an emissary of God through the Holy Spirit, and the servant of God's purpose to create a family for Himself.

Paul further opined on the duty of husbands, that:

*... if anyone doesn't provide for his own, and especially his own household, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.*

1 Timothy 5:8 (WEB)

And Paul did not forget the father's responsibility to raise his children properly, or the children's responsibility to their parents:

*And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord.*

Ephesians 6:4 (ASV)

*Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.*

Ephesians 6:1 (ASV)

Now, to round out St. Paul's teaching on the Christian family we come to the duties of the wife – and there's the rub: "*Wives, be subject to your own husbands... and let the wife see that she respects her husband.*"

Get the smelling salts! But before anyone calls out the children of the Handmaid's Tale to protest, let me again emphasize that women are counseled to voluntarily submit, not to be forcibly subjugated. And they are counseled to submit to a relationship with mutual responsibilities in order for them to prosper together as a family. If more men, especially, and women, followed this counsel the condition of the American people would be far better.

Unfortunately there are too many Rip Van Winkles who put their own comfort ahead of family. And too many Dame Van Winkles who withhold respect from their men unless they earn it. Men need respect, even more than love; love without respect is sensed only as pity, and is more destructive than honest hate. An unfortunate fact is that some men need respect as a precondition to being able to earn it. Dame Van Winkle's tactic of nagging, though very understandable, didn't work. Perhaps respect would have fared better; it couldn't have done worse.

There is a long history of successful Biblical marriage, you would think it better regarded. Fouling the image of Biblical marriage, however, are the pernicious delusions of the Enemy; delusions fostered by public education, media, and pop culture pseudo-science. These include the degraded image of man and woman, good and evil, and the diabolically twisted idea that females must take on the characteristics of males in order to be real 'women'. From those who tout themselves as champions of women, women are abused with the idea that making a home and raising the next generation is an insignificant calling. Perhaps that would be true if life were only about the things, and the prestige money can buy, but it isn't. That's only one of those pernicious delusions.

*Wives, be subject to your own husbands, as to the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, and Christ also is the*

*head of the assembly, being himself the savior of the body. But as the assembly is subject to Christ, so let the wives also be to their own husbands in everything.*

*Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the assembly, and gave himself up for it; that he might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water with the word, that he might present the assembly to himself gloriously, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. Even so husbands also ought to love their own wives as their own bodies. He who loves his own wife loves himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourishes and cherishes it, even as the Lord also does the assembly; because we are members of his body, of his flesh and bones. "For this cause a man will leave his father and mother, and will be joined to his wife. The two will become one flesh." This mystery is great, but I speak concerning Christ and of the assembly. Nevertheless each of you must also love his own wife even as himself; and let the wife see that she respects her husband.*

Ephesians 5:22-33 (WEB)

1. Note that I do not use the term 'gender'. One of the assaults on civilization is the deliberate misuse of the terms 'sex' and 'gender'. There are two biological sexes – male and female. 'Gender' is properly used only in the grammatical sense – masculine and feminine. In short, words have gender, people have sex (as a noun). 'Sex' used as a verb is only a colloquialism for 'sexual relation'.

There is now a coordinated effort to subvert these usages and supplant 'sex' (noun) with 'gender'. Despite all their best efforts, Satan's crowd still can't fully alter the fact of the two sexes, so emphasis must be shifted to 'gender'. Since 'gender' does not refer specifically to any substantive thing, it can be adapted to describe subjective feelings and fantasies; it is bendable, as in 'gender bender', and susceptible to a rainbow of shadings.

2. I used the World English Bible (WEB) translation, a public domain update of the American Standard Bible of 1901, because I wanted to avoid the archaic English of older translations such as the KJV, which translates 'agape' as 'charity'. Most, if not all, modern translations render Paul's Greek term as 'love'; a better translation than 'charity', at least in the modern usage of 'charity'. Unfortunately the better known modern translations into colloquial English are copyrighted, and I didn't want to hassle with that, so I used the WEB. I haven't checked the WEB thoroughly, but all the selections used here I have found to be in conformity with the best Bible translations.

3. C. S. Lewis, *The Four Loves*.

And now, my dear readers, time has run out, and this verbose and opinionated old so-&-so must sign off, thanks for hanging in with me for so long. And God Bless you.

Bill

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