

# 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*

THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOK  
STANDARD  
FIFTH READER

Edited and Annotated  
by Bill Kitchens.

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OLD FASHIONED HISTORY™  
PUBLISHING

## A Foreword From Beyond the Grave:

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

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 and 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readers these days, but please bear with me and attend to this 'voice speaking from beyond the grave' - for it is not outdated and irrelevant at all:

*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!*

*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 PC 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 people of both the male and the female sexes.

## PREFACE

The OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOK SERIES consists, or is projected to consist, of *PIOUS TO PROGRESSIVE: A CENTURY OF AMERICAN READERS*, a 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 immediate object of the series is to offer American students books that are interesting and uplifting, and that will provide them exercise in reading and comprehension. Of even more importance, is to offer books that are windows through which today's students can discover the Christian moral traditions of American education, the proud history of the United States of America, and the 'blood, sweat, tears', and prayers, of the generations that built, loved, and left us this great nation.

The selections in this *Standard Fifth Reader* are grouped together in the books from which they are taken, and those books are presented in reverse chronological order because the newer readers are generally of a style and vocabulary more familiar to modern readers. Sections I and II, respectively, are composed of selections from Post-Civil War readers, and Pre-Civil War readers. Because of this unusual organization, I have included some topical indexes for the reader's convenience. All these selections are excellent for readers of all ages, but my favorites are found mostly in the older books.

You will notice that the punctuation of some of these selections is not according to today's grammatical system. The 'standard teaching method' of that day was for the lessons to be read aloud or recited from memory. The texts included "rhetorical punctuation", such as ? or ! in the middle of sentences, as vocalization instructions for the reader. Also, use of the comma, which might be called 'comma faults' by many grammarians today, was rhetorical punctuation to emphasize a pause, rather than to simply separate independent clauses. I often punctuate that way myself, as though I am speaking what I write. Where the rhetorical punctuation interfered with the understanding, I deleted it; but where it enhanced the meaning, or where deleting it would have necessitated substantial revision of the text, I maintained it.

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Credits for illustrations: These old readers had few illustrations, most had none, so that for interest's sake, I have added a few from other sources. All, to the best of my knowledge, are in the public domain, and most were found on Wikimedia Commons, to whom I express my thanks.

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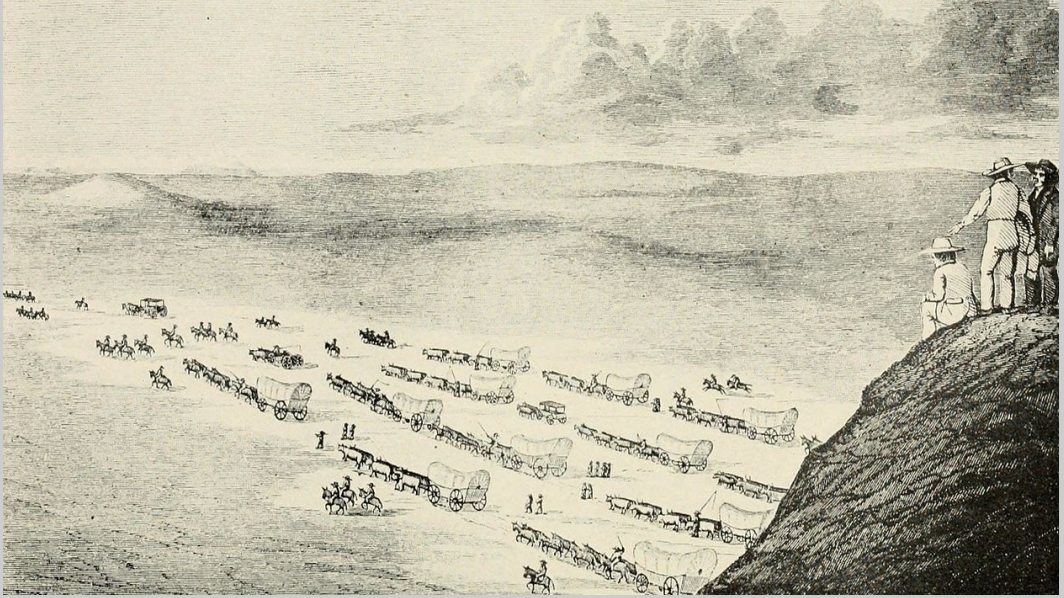
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## SECTION I: Selections from Post-Civil War Readers.

Below is a depiction of a wagon train heading west to California. Most made it, some didn't. The following story is an account of the most famous wagon train that didn't make it. Although most pioneers survived the journey, they all suffered some of the hardships which destroyed the Donner Party.



### 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.

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 brothers 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.



*Donner Pass*

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 a 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." Patrick 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*.

Notes for consideration:

1. This may not be the greatest tragedy in American history, but certainly one of the best known, or at least was at one time. How often can we see the failings of human nature in the workings of this tragedy; like the Donner Party taking the supposedly easier and shorter 'cut-off', and casting out James Reed?
2. And how often do we see something terrible miraculously turn out a blessing, like the return of James Reed?
3. On the whole, is this a depressing story of human folly, or an inspiring story of human courage and self-sacrifice?





The following note accompanied this American Civil War photograph by Mathew Brady:

*...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.*

Even as late as the American Civil War, little could be done for some wounded soldiers. 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.

## 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 dews 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 load of his 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, 1909*

\*Grady, 1851-1889, was a American journalist and orator of the “New South” after the Civil War.

Questions for consideration:

1. Was this wounded soldier of the Union, or Confederacy?
2. What were the "needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come."
3. Who is mentioned as praying in this story? Do you think the soldier prayed?
4. Why did the medics come onto the battlefield only after dark?
5. How old was Grady at the beginning of the Civil War?

## 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, 1909*

\*American journalist from Georgia.

Notes for consideration:

1. Puritans and Cavaliers, or supporters of Parliamentary government, and supporters of the Monarchy in the English Civil War, respectively, were the dual founders of the American nation: Puritans in New England, and Cavaliers in Virginia, as the tides of Civil War ebbed and flowed in England. That duality lay at the root of the American Civil War also.

Again we see Mr. Grady as a voice for reconciliation in this eulogy of President Lincoln, a martyr of the Civil War. How does he conceive of Lincoln as "the sum" of both Puritan and Cavalier. Consider revisiting this question after reading through the following selections in this reader.

## 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 at his bidding speed,  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

*Howe Fifth Reader, 1909*

\*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.

Notes for consideration:

1. Milton uses several Scriptural references here from the parable of the talents, and the unfaithful servant. Worried that his blindness will hamper his usefulness to God, what question does he ask God to justify himself?
2. What does he (Patience) answer himself?
3. The last line has become used in many circumstances; what is the difference between simply standing, and waiting?

Meeting the rhyme scheme makes this poem rather difficult to follow, try writing those sentences in prose to better understand him.

*Washington, D.C., May 23-24, 1865*



## THE LAST GRAND REVIEW

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage\*

Never was there a more tremendous spectacle than when, at the close of the war, our armies came back and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. It made no difference whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature, he could not look upon that spectacle without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and He cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and spread the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington heights, the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge, and, in almost interminable line, passed over.

The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. They passed in silence, yet we heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless

battalions: brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp – thousands after thousands, battery front, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger.

Commanders on horses with their manes entwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that rang along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of the enraptured multitude. Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon wagons, ambulances whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried.

These men came from balmy Minnesota; those, from Illinois prairies; these were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon; those were New England lumbermen; those came out of the coal shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kennesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come. But no! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver that ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession; no rest for the eyes.

We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears; but still we heard it, marching, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush! Uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a once full regiment! Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on and wring your hands. But wheel into line all ye people! North, South, East, West, —all decades, all centuries, all millenia! Forward the whole line!

*The New McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901*

\*Thomas De Witt Talmage (1832-1902) was a leading churchman, orator, author, and social reformer in the New York and New Jersey area. His books and articles were read by millions.

Notes for Consideration:

This is a parade of the triumphant Union Army, but is this account merely 'triumphalism', or a call for unity of the nation?

## 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.]

Notes for consideration:

1. Stephens admitted that "Wars, and civil wars especially, always menace liberty." Why might he have, albeit reluctantly, joined the Confederate cause?
2. What role do you think "the passions of the day" played in the War.
3. Was he correct in his faith that a restored Union would "enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the old world by grander achievements hereafter made, than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our American institutions of self-government."

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

1. We were introduced to Mr. Grady in the first selection, *If I Live Till Sundown*; do we know now whether the wounded soldier was Union or Confederate? Did it make any difference?
2. Grady concludes that the South was 'misguided', but fought nobly in the War; and that "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." One has to ask the question, 'What caused this terrible War?'
3. This is an open appeal from a Southerner for reunification; was that sentiment expressed in the North as well?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

The above selection is included here as a good description of many of colonial Virginia's "best", that is most socially prominent, families, and to distinguish them from their more northerly neighbors in Puritan New England. That Virginia produced so many advocates of popular sovereignty like Jefferson, Madison, and Washington is remarkable. Less remarkable, perhaps, but no less fortuitous for the Revolution, was that many other prominent Virginians had become disenchanted with the increasingly tight control from England, and wanted to rule their own little feudal kingdoms. That is a schism that played a major part in later American history.

Notice the contrast of the Virginians with the Puritans described later on.

The Temperance, or Prohibition, Movement was a powerful force in 19th Century America. Most school books carried anti-alcohol pieces such as this, and often far more graphic accounts of the evils of drunkenness.

## RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE

Edward Everett\*

I believe the poverty outside the almshouse (poor house), produced by intemperance (alcoholism), 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.

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*

\*Everrett was one of the foremost speakers and opinion leaders of mid-nineteenth America. Orators like Everrett were among the greatest celebrities of the day

Notes for consideration:

People often ridicule the Prohibition Law, which overwhelmingly passed in the Eighteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution in 1919, only to be repealed by the Twenty-first in 1933. Prohibition might be considered the high-water mark of Puritan idealism in America, which has been in steady retreat since.

Today we have not only the scourge of alcoholism, but of drug addiction, an even worse scourge. We see similar emotive, if less literate appeals for causes, both good and bad. The question asked by skeptics is "Can you legislate morality?" But another question to consider is "Would it be worthwhile if it could be done?"

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.

Question for consideration:

How is it that music could so affect men bent killing each other?

## 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 (why) 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 greets 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 Protestant 'heretics' in England during the reign of "Bloody Mary" Tudor.

Questions for consideration:

1. It is with shock that Sumner realizes the horror of war, especially civil war. He laments that war is the "*established* method of determining justice between nations!" Is that simply a cynical acceptance of the inevitable, or a sarcastic challenge for the future?
2. What would be the alternatives to war? An all powerful world government? Mutual Assured Destruction? Universal love and respect for human rights?
3. Why does the Bible state that there will be wars and rumors of war until the end?



## LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS

William Dean Howells\*

It would not be easy to say where or when the first log cabin was built, but it is safe to say that it was somewhere in the English colonies of North America, and it is certain that it became the type of the settler's house throughout the whole middle west. It may be called the American house, the Western house, the Ohio house. Hardly any other house was built for a hundred years by the men who were clearing the land for the stately mansions of our day. As long as the primeval forests stood, the log cabin remained the woodsman's home; and not fifty years ago, I saw log cabins newly build in one of the richest and most prosperous regions of Ohio.

They were, to be sure, log cabins of a finer pattern than the first settler reared. They were of logs handsomely shaped with the broad-ax; the joints between the logs were plastered with mortar; the chimney at the end was of stone; the roof was shingled, the windows were of glass, and the door was solid and well hung.

But throughout that region there were many log cabins, mostly sunk to the uses of stables and corn cribs, of the kind that the borderers (frontiersmen) built in the times of the Indian War, from 1750 to 1800. They were frames of the round logs untouched by the ax except for the notches at the ends where they were fitted into one another; the chimney was of small sticks stuck together with mud, and was as frail as a barn swallow's nest; the walls were stuffed with moss, plastered with clay; the floor was of rough boards called puncheons, riven from the block with a heavy knife; the roof was of clapboards laid loosely on the rafters, and held in place with logs fastened athwart them.

There is a delightful account of such a log cabin by John S. Williams, whose father settled in the woods of Belmont County in 1800. "Our cabin," he says, "had been raised, covered, part of the cracks chinked, and part of the floor laid, when we moved in on Christmas day. There had not been a stick cut except in building the cabin, which was so high from the ground that a bear, wolf, panther, or any animal less in size than a cow could enter without even a squeeze.... The green ash puncheons had shrunk so as to leave cracks in the floor and doors from one to two inches wide. At both the doors we had high, unsteady, and sometimes icy steps, made by piling the logs cut out of the walls, for the doors and the window, if it could be called a window, when perhaps it was the largest spot in the top, bottom, or sides of the cabin where the wind could *not* enter.

It was made by sawing out a log, and placing sticks across and then by pasting an old newspaper over the hole, and applying hog's lard, we had a kind of glazing which shed a most beautiful and mellow light across the cabin when the sun shone on it. All other light entered at the doors, cracks, and chimneys.

Our cabin was twenty-four by eighteen. The west end was occupied by two beds, the center of each side by door... On the opposite side of the window, made of clapboards, supported on pins driven into the walls, were our shelves. On these shelves my sister displayed in simple order, a host of pewter plates, and dishes and spoons, scoured and bright.... Our chimney occupied most of the east end; with pots and kettles opposite the window, under the shelves, a gun on hooks over the north door, four split-bottomed chairs, three three-legged stools, and a small eight by ten looking-glass sloped from the wall over a large towel and comb case.... We got a roof laid over head as soon as possible, but it was laid of loose clapboards split from a red-oak, and a cat might have shaken every board in our ceiling....

We made two kinds of furniture. One kind was of hickory bark, with the outside shaved off. This we would take off all around the tree, the size of which would determine the caliber of our box. Into one end we would place a flat piece of bark or puncheon, cut round to fit in the bark, which stood on end the same as when on the tree.... A much finer article was made of slippery-elm bark, shaved smooth, with the inside out, bent round and sewed together, where the end of the hoop or main bark lapped over.... This was the finest furniture in a lady's dressing room," and such a cabin and its appointments were splendor and luxury beside those of the very earliest pioneers, and many of the latest.

The Williamses were Quakers, and the mother was recently from England; they were of far gentler breeding and finer tastes than most of their neighbors, who had been backwoodsmen for generations.

When the first settlers broke the silence of the woods with the stroke of their axes, and hewed out a space for their cabins and their fields, they enclosed their homes with a high stockade of logs, for defense against the Indians; or if they built their cabins outside the wooden walls of their stronghold, they always expected to flee to it at the first alarm, and to stand siege within it.

The Indians had no cannon, and the logs of the stockade were proof against their rifles; if a breach was made, there was still the blockhouse left, the citadel of every little fort. This was heavily built, and pierced with loopholes for the riflemen within, whose wives ran bullets for them at its mighty hearth, and who kept the savage foe from its sides by firing down upon them through the projecting timbers of its upper story. But in many a fearful siege the Indians set the roof ablaze with arrows wrapped in burning tow, and then the fight became desperate indeed. After the Indian war ended, the stockade was no longer needed, and the settlers had only the wild beast to content with, and those constant enemies of the poor in all ages and conditions — hunger and cold.

Winter after winter, the Williamses heard the wolves howling round them in the woods, and this music was familiar to the ears of all the Ohio pioneers, who trusted their rifles for both the safety and support of their families. They deadened the trees around them by girdling them with the ax, and planted the spaces between the leafless trunks with corn and beans and pumpkins. These were their necessaries, but they had an occasional luxury in the wild honey from the hollow of a bee tree when the bears had not got at it.

In its season, there was an abundance of wild fruit, plums and cherries, haws and grapes, berries, and nuts of every kind, and the maples yielded all the sugar they chose to make from them. But it was long before they had, at any time, the profusion which our modern arts enable us to enjoy the whole year round, and in the hard beginnings the orchard and the garden were forgotten for the fields.

When once the settler was housed against the weather, he had the conditions of a certain rude comfort indoors. If his cabin was not proof against the wind and rain or snow, its vast fireplace formed the means of heating, while the forest was an inexhaustible store of fuel. At first he dressed in the skins and pelts of the deer and fox and wold, and his costume could have varied little from that of the red savage about him, for we often read how he mistook Indians for white men at first sight, and how the Indians in their turn mistook white men for their own people.

The whole family went barefoot in the summer, but in winter the pioneer wore moccasins of buckskin, and buckskin leggings or

trousers; his coat was a hunting shirt belted at the waist and fringed where it fell to his knees. It was of homespun, a mixture of wool and flax called linsey-woolsey, and out of this the dresses of his wife and daughters were made; the wool was shorn from the sheep which were so scarce that they were never killed for their flesh, except by the wolves, which were very fond of mutton, but had so use for wool.

For a wedding dress a cotton check was thought superb, and it really cost a dollar a yard; silks, satins, laces, were unknown. A man never left his house without his rifle; the gun was a part of his dress, and in his belt he carried a hunting knife and a hatchet; on his head he wore a cap of squirrel skin, often with the plume-like tail dangling from it.

The furniture of the cabins was, like the clothing of the pioneers, homemade. A bedstead was contrived by stretching poles from forked sticks driven into the ground, and laying clapboards across them; the bedclothes were bearskins. Stools, benches, and tables were roughed out with auger and broad-ax; the puncheon floor was left bare, and if the earth formed the floor, no rug ever replaced the grass which was its first carpet. The cabin had but one room where the whole of life went on by day; the father and mother slept there at night, and the children mounted to their chamber in the loft by means of a ladder.

The food was what has been already named. The meat was venison, bear, raccoon, wild turkey, wild duck, and pheasant; the drink was water, or rye coffee, or whiskey which the little still everywhere supplied only too abundantly. Wheat bread was long unknown, and corn cakes of various makings and bakings supplied its place. The most delicious morsel of all was corn grated while still in the milk and fashioned into round cakes eaten hot from the clapboard before the fire, or from the mysterious depths of the Dutch oven, buried in coals and ashes on the hearth.

There was soon a great flow of milk from the kine (cattle) that multiplied in the woods and pastures, and there was sweetening enough from the maple tree and the bee tree, but salt was very scarce and very dear, and long journeys were made through the perilous woods to and from the licks, or salt springs, which the deer had discovered before the white man or red man knew them.

The bees which hived their honey in the hollow trees were tame bees gone wild, and with the coming of the settlers, some of the wild things increased so much that they became a pest. Such were the crows which literally blackened the fields after the settlers plowed, and which the whole family had to fight for the corn when it was planted. Such were the rabbits, and such, above all, were the squirrels which overran the farms, and devoured

every green thing till the people combined in great squirrel hunts and destroyed them by tens of thousands.

The buffalo and the elk went first; the deer followed, and the bear, and even the useless wolf. But long after these the poisonous reptiles lingered, the rattlesnake, the moccasin, and the yet deadlier copperhead; and it was only when the whole country was cleared that they ceased to be a very common danger.

*Baldwin's Readers, Sixth Year, 1897*

\*Howells, 1837-1920, was a prominent American author, literary critic, and editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He is best known today as a proponent of Realism in literature. Born in frontier Ohio, he knew of what he wrote in this selection, even sometimes referring to "we" in his descriptions. Although this piece is not fiction, his fiction was very like it in its attention to mundane reality rather than flights of fancy.

Notes for consideration:

As crude as they were, log cabins have been identified as one of the main factors in the rapid population growth of early America; the child mortality rate in America was far less than in Europe of the time. The poor people of Europe did not have access to forests or rights to cut timber, most were relegated to stone cottages, which may have been in use for centuries. The American forests also provided ample fuel, also scarce in Europe.

1. Howells commented that "the forest was an inexhaustible store of fuel". As the growth of America and the Industrial Revolution continued it became apparent that even the vast forests of America were not inexhaustible. But rather than exhausting the forests, what happened?
2. God told Adam and Eve to "be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it" (Gn. 2:28); did God expect, and provide for, a massive increase in fuel and housing needs?



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" (bayonets) is omitted.

## 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.

Questions for consideration:

As many other songs that are difficult to define as either 'patriotic' or 'religious' (like *America*), how is this one composed of both?

*The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897*

## 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 drowed 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 be,

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 I 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 streamlet'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 streamlet 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 swoon:  
"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 (poorest) 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*

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

Questions for consideration:

1. How does the description of Sir Launfal's castle describe his heart?
2. Whom does Sir Launfal encounter in his visionary quest for the Holy Grail, and what does he learn of the Holy Grail?
3. If the message of this lengthy poem could be reduced to a single line, perhaps it would be "Not what we give, but what we share". What is the meaning of that phrase? What is the meaning of 'sacrifice'?

## 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, including this one, were produced as hymns.

Questions for consideration:

1. This piece contains several references that could be considered criticisms of modern churches, what are they?
2. What is meant by "full of invitations to Christ not creed"?
3. Sentimentality like that expressed in this poem was once a standard part of songs and sermons, but such appeals to emotions have become unpopular, is that a good thing? What deep feelings would have to rest within the hearer to be moved by such sentimentality?



## QUOTATIONS AND SAYINGS (*Excelsior Reader*)

A small sampling of several pages of 'Wisdom Sayings'.

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)

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*

Questions for consideration:

These "Wisdom Sayings" may be considered obsolete by many people today, are they? Which of them would you say is not always a wise and correct observation?

## 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.

Questions for consideration:

Washington has been compared most favorably to many other historical greats, especially Oliver Cromwell and Napoleon Bonaparte. Is it mere chauvinism to consider him so, or is it justified? Bear in mind that after the death of Cromwell and defeat of Bonaparte, the old monarchies were restored in England and France.



## 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, exemplarily 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 of the 'French and Indian War' 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.

Questions for consideration:

We see here two different types of appraisals of George Washington, perhaps for two different purposes; but do they generally agree?

How could it be that the son of a Revolutionary War hero and friend of Washington could have commanded a rebel army in 1861?

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

Lafcadio Hearn\*

July was dying; for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. To one who found himself alone, beyond the limits of the village and beyond the hearing of its voices, the vast silence, the vast light, seemed full of weirdness. And these hushes, these transparencies, do not always inspire a causeless apprehension; they are omens sometimes—omens of a coming tempest. Nature—incomprehensible Sphinx!—before her mightiest bursts of rage, ever puts forth her divinest witchery, makes more manifest her awful beauty...

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days—days born in rose light, buried in gold. It was the height of the season. The long myrtle shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; the bathing houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all—hunting and fishing parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand....

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by contrast with the previous placidity of the open; it was scarcely two feet high; it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed—a third—a feeble fourth; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced.

One, two, three, four—seven long swells this time, and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet, until at last the whole sea grew restless and shifted color and flickered green; the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving—one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no cirrus-speck revealed itself through all the violet heights, there was no wind—you might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath....



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, 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 continued from the north-east, blowing like an equinoctial gale....

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous.... The gray morning of the 9th 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 (salt water ponds); 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 (foaming) agony of the sea.

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's 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 place, 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>3</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!"

Someone 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. 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.

Notes for consideration:

In this story we can see many differences with our lives today, also many similarities. The nature of weather is immutable, but how has man learned to deal with it? Is the nature of man: folly, cowardice, wisdom, and courage as immutable as the weather?

## THE BATTLE FOR QUEBEC



## 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



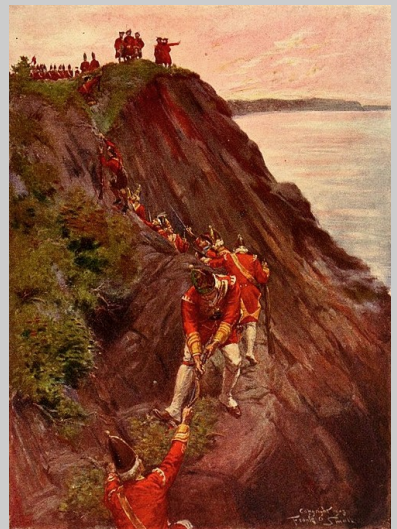
officer of Fraser's regiment, from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

"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 center

(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 canister (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 lungs, 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 sharpshooters 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.

Questions for consideration:

This was a battle in what we think of as the "French and Indian War", but it was part of a world wide war between England and France, and their respective allies, with England the big winner. How much different would the world be today if the French had not lost Canada and the Louisiana Territory?

Bear in mind that after this defeat, England claimed Canada, and forced France to cede the Louisiana Territory to Spain. Later Napoleon forced Spain to cede it back to France, then sold it to the United States at a bargain price and over the objections of England.

## MUSIC

J. L. Spalding\*

“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.

*Harpers Fifth Reader, 1889*

\*John Lancaster Spaulding, born in 1840 in Kentucky, became Bishop of Peoria in 1877. This is an extract from essay on *Religion and Art*.

Notes for consideration:

Bishop Spaulding has a most high opinion of music, as he understands it: "Music is the food of the soul in all its most exalted moods." But can music serve other, less noble moods? Can it still be called 'music', that which debases mankind?



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.

Questions for consideration:

1. This is called a 'hymn'; is it a religious piece, or a patriotic piece?
2. Is it possible to be both?
3. How is God the "author of liberty"?
4. If God, not a man, is king in America, how does government function?

## 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.

*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.

Questions for consideration:

1. What is meant by "we cannot anchor" in our voyage?
2. What happens upon reaching the "ocean"?

## 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 (waster 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 nibble 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.

Notes for consideration:

1. It is obvious that Holland holds fond recollections of his childhood. How might the faith of his parents have influenced the character of his childhood?
2. Is it appropriate for grade school children to be reminded that one day they will be looking back upon their childhood, and that one day their children will look back upon their childhood in turn?

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*

Questions for consideration:

1. What is meant by "a star to guide the humble"?
2. Is 'going it alone' without God braver than putting faith in a higher power?

## 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 quickened 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.

Questions for consideration:

1. Note that in the first sentence Bancroft uses the word "constitute" rather than 'constitutes'. Why is that?
2. What is here a "conceded axiom"?
3. What is the value of "even justice"?
4. How has America changed since this account?

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.

Questions for consideration:

1. How is this like Holland's prose piece above?
2. How is a poetical piece like this one different?



## 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.

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

Questions for consideration:

Why does the bible admonish us to worship the Creator rather than the creation? Is it possible to separate them?

## 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!"

*California State Series, Third Reader, 1886*

Questions for consideration:

What are some examples of knowledge without God's grace in the heart being a curse?

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*



*[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.]*

## THE FLAG ON FT. SUMTER

Anonymous

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 (rainbow) 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*

Notes for consideration:

Notice that this piece is not so much a celebration of Union triumph, but a prayer for peace and unity going forward.

Are there forces today that divide us, and drive us toward civil war?

## 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".

Notes for consideration:

1. This is an essay upon an unavoidable fact of life: death. Would we say these comments are uppers, or downers? Do they encourage, or discourage us?
2. What would make the difference in outlook?
3. Is this something young people should be thinking about?

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*

\*Bryant (1794-1878) was a prominent American poet, and poetry of this sort was far more popular in his day than in our day.

Notes for consideration:

Compare this account of Creation to the Genesis account. How is it different in poetic language?



## 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*

## 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.

Questions for consideration:

This is an example of 'Natural Theology', that God's existence can be inferred from His creation. But what is meant by "In reason's ear they all rejoice"?

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB 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!

*California Third Reader, 1886*

\*George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, 1788-1824) was one of the great British poets of the Romantic Period, also a great traveler and adventurer who died at age 36 of hunger and disease during the siege of a Greek city in the Greek War for Independence.

Questions for consideration:

How was Sennacherib destroyed, but "unsmote by the sword"?

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

George Sand\*

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

*California Third Reader, 1886*

\*George Sand was the pen name of the rather notorious French authoress and socialite, Madame Dudevant, best remembered for her romance with Chopin.

Notes for consideration:

In the age before government welfare, what would have been done without the stimulus of necessity that accompanies poverty; for it is the poor who accomplish all these things.

When you read them later in this volume, compare this poetic rendering of the necessity of work with Thomas Carlyle's *Work*, and Dewey's *Duty of labor*. Do they take the same attitude toward work?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

The author notes that the Bible is a book for this life, "the world of men"; and for "eternity". What is meant by "the world of just men (as in 'justified') made perfect"?

What are things which set the Holy Bible apart from other books?

## 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 Monterrey, 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.

Questions for Consideration:

Does Clay's sympathy for 'all colors, religions, civilizations' seem surprising?

What were Clay's motives for asking for help for Ireland?

Is the the same style of speech politician's use today?

## 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 heir 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 (timid) 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 popular.

An old woodcut print by Gustave Dore, *Paradise Lost*.



SIN, SATAN, AND DEATH  
An extract from *Paradise Lost*  
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 adamantine (diamond hard) rock  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat,  
On either side, a formidable shape;

The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed  
With mortal sting; about her middle round,  
A cry of hell hounds never ceasing barked,  
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal.

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.

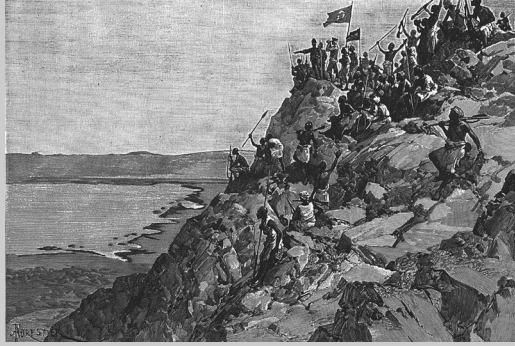
Questions for consideration:

1. This is considered a Christian epic, but which of the images described above can be traced to the Bible, and which to the imagination of Milton?
2. What later fiction can we see originating here?
3. Return to the first verse; do we understand that the "adversary of God" is also the adversary of man?

## 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 Magimgo 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 undertaken in the war against the Islamic slave traders.

Notes for consideration:

What does it mean to discover something? Baker was the first European in recorded history to see the Lake, not the first person; local natives and Islamic slave traders had seen it. Baker brought it to the attention of the world, and to our language and culture; does that make a difference?

## 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."]

Notes for consideration:

California did not join the Confederacy; in fact, isolated as it was, stayed pretty much out of the War; but could we say California's schools including this selection, giving an honorable funeral to the Confederacy, was an effort at reconciliation?



## 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.

Questions for consideration:

What are the lessons that faith, and hope teach?

Where is the lesson for love?

## 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 be asleep 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, 1886*

\*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.

Notes for consideration:

Most of us laugh at these absurd tirades of Mrs. Caudle, and we should. But a serious thought should accompany them; that most marriages have some conflict, and some marriages are mostly conflict. Is this the right relationship for husband and wife as God would have it? How would it affect the children? Inclusion of this piece is a somewhat unusual for the old readers, which usually emphasized ideal relationships; is this dose of reality clothed in humor a good thing?

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.

Question for consideration:

This poem seems to be a chain of cheery folk saying that a cynic might call 'platitudes'; but, though trite, are they also true?

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."

*Barne's New National Fourth Reader, 1884*

Notes for consideration:

Nearly two decades after the Civil War, the country was still in mourning for the loss and in shock over the realization that a people of such a common heritage should have been at each others throats. Could this also be a reminder not to let it happen again?

Is understanding a war so long ago a worthwhile goal today; not the military history of the War, but the political origins of it?

THE SOLDIER OF THE RHINE  
Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton\*

A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of  
    woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed  
    away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say,  
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;  
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen, — Bingen on the Rhine<sup>1</sup>.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd  
    around,  
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;  
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many  
    scars;  
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn  
    decline;  
And one had come from Bingen, — Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,  
For I was a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.  
For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child,  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and  
    wild;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's  
    sword;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used  
    to shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping  
    head,  
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and  
    gallant tread,  
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,  
and to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword  
    and mine),  
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by,  
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her  
eye;

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,  
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest  
mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),  
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hill of Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along: I heard, or seemed to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and  
still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with  
friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered  
walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,  
But we'll meet no more in Bingen, — loved Bingen on the  
Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse; his grasp was  
childish weak,

His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and ceased to speak.  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down  
On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corpses strewn;  
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to  
shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

*McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader, Revised Edition. 1879.*

\*Norton (1808-1877), was an English authoress of some note, and also a social reformer of some influence, and notoriety. This poem is also known as "Bingen on the Rhine" and very popular in readers of the era.

1. Bingen, pronounced Bing'en, is a picturesque town in the Rhine River Valley in Germany. Right is a lithograph of Bingen, circa 1833, by Clarkson Stanfield.

Notes for consideration:

The poet seems to have added the fair city of Bingen to make the death scene more poignant. Might we consider this an 'anti-war' piece?





This is part of a speech in the English House of Lords by a friend of the American Colonies who sought a peaceful settlement of American grievances. His Party, the Whig Party, was descended from the old Puritan/Parliamentary side in the English Civil War. The War continued politically, with one of the consequences being extreme swings of British policy depending on the party in control. At this time, the Whigs were out of power and the Tory party was all for war with the American Colonies.

## 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, devoting 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.

### *Raub's 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.

Notes for consideration:

The Whig and Tory Parties of England, are, or were, somewhat like the Republican and Democratic Parties of the United States, respectively. The Whig Party descended from the Parliamentary side in the English Civil War, and the Tory Party from the Royalist side. American supporters of Britain in the Revolutionary War were known as Tories. Can we see anything of value to modern America in this historic connection?

## 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 (award), 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 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;  
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.

*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*Edward Young, 1681-1765, was an English poet.

Questions for consideration:

This is a difficult poem for the modern reader, but the gist of it clear, and there is at least one 'famous quote' in it that is very plain, what is it?

What is meant by "the fatal precedent will plead"?

There are several instances of a cynical sarcasm, what are they?

## 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.

*Raub's 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.

Notes for consideration:

This can be considered a prime example of 'American Exceptionalism', the belief that America holds a special place as the first nation to form a successful 'republican' government; meaning government by the people but through a constitutional framework (based upon God's "Natural Law") that limits the power of the majority over the minority, and the power of the government over the people.

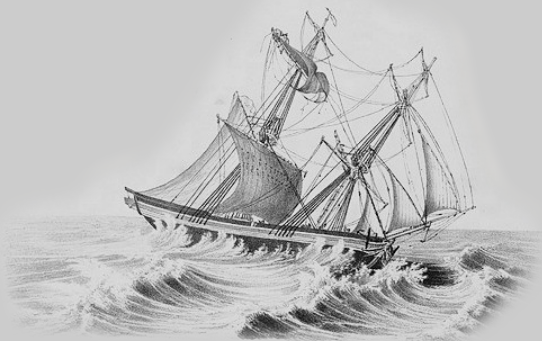
Where does hope for such a government reside?

## A MAN OVERBOARD

J. T. Headley\*

Off the Azores<sup>1</sup> 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>2</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 helm 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<sup>3</sup>. 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 goodwill 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 thy soul!"

*Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*Headley, 1814-1897, was an American minister, historian, and writer.

1. A chain of small volcanic islands in the North Atlantic settled by the Portuguese. For centuries they were as far west as Europeans ventured.

2. A 'reef' is a fold to reduce the surface area of a sail, as for coming high winds.

3. They had to head into every wave or be swamped.

Notes for consideration:

Life often confronts us with difficult decisions, how many difficult choices did this crew have to make, and why?

## 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 (top of a column) 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!

*Raub's 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.

Notes for consideration:

Though not in poetic form, this seems a very poetic piece, almost strange coming from a soldier and man of science. Though man has learned much about our universe since his time, is there any better explanation than St. Paul gave to the "the great unfinished problem".

## 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.

Questions for consideration:

What is the significance of this prayer in understanding the nature of this country?

Is it a prayer of humility and dependence or simply oratory for the occasion?

## 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 (prescription).

*Raub's 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.

Questions for consideration:

Bacon uses groups of three several times in this piece, what are a few of them?

'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*

\*Moore, 1780-1852, was an Irish born poet.

Questions for consideration:

What does Moore liken the 'last rose' to?

## 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*

Questions for consideration:

The theme of this poem is the tragic life that produces "Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves of life's fair ripening grain"; what does that mean?



## DISCRETION AND CUNNING

Joseph Addison

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants (lacks) 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*

Questions for consideration:

Addison draws a distinction between two aspects of character, it is how that character expresses itself that is his point. How might cunning express itself? How might discretion?

## THE DEATH OF HAMILTON<sup>1</sup>

Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott\*

Hamilton yielded to the force of an imperious custom (dueling). And yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest, and he is lost — lost to his country — lost to his family — lost to us. For this act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I cannot forgive. I mean not his antagonist — over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer. Suffers, and wherever he may fly, will suffer, with the poignant recollection of taking the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own.

Had he known this, it might have paralyzed his arm while he pointed at so incorruptible a bosom the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften — if it be not ice, it must melt. But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

Would to God I might be permitted to approach for once the late scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble on the one side the disconsolate mother and her seven fatherless children, and on the other those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would entreat them by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphans' sighs and tears; and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton — I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle — I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God, I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction (regret). Ye who have hearts of pity — ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship — who have wept, and still weep over the mouldering remains of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

O thou disconsolate widow! Robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son<sup>2</sup>! What must be the plenitude of thy sufferings! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. But how could we comfort her whom God has not comforted! To his throne, let us lift up our voice and weep. O God! If thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless — if, in the fullness of thy goodness, there be yet mercies in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother and grant that her helpless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in thee!

## *Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*Nott was a minister and President of Union College in New York.

1. Alexander Hamilton was an American patriot, soldier, New York City businessman, statesman and one of the founding fathers of the United States. He was this nation's first Secretary of the Treasury, and heavily involved in politics, which brought him into conflict with Vice President Arron Burr. They fought a duel in 1804 in which Hamilton was killed. It is suggested that Hamilton deliberately "wasted his shot", from religious scruples, but Burr aimed to kill.

2. Hamilton's oldest son, Phillip, was also killed in a duel three years before.

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.

Questions for consideration:

The 19th Century was a time of a great emphasis upon improving society; anti-slavery, anti-alcohol, anti-gambling, equal rights for women, and so on. We owe our 'social safety net' to ideals popularized in such emotion laden school lessons as this. Yet, despite the 'safety-net', tragedies still occur, perhaps because the emphasis has been removed from the moral aspect of problems and focused only on the financial. Is, for instance, gambling addiction still a problem? What effect does government sponsoring of gaming have on the problem?

This is a famous piece of folk 'history' in Scotland; it is somewhat difficult to read in the vernacular and brogue of the colloquial Scottish tongue. The word 'bairn' is 'born' or baby.

## 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 (wagons), 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 puir 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 EAGLE'S 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 (church), 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’ (blind), 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 (awake)? 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.

Questions for consideration:

What are some cultural differences with our time revealed in this story?

Who is the real hero of the story?

This is an excerpt from the satirical novel *Don Quixote*, by Renaissance Spain's greatest writer, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. 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.

## 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*

Notes for consideration:

The Appleton reader contains a lengthy lesson in logical reasoning following this selection, but I am only briefly mentioning it here.

*"The question here involved is the old sophism of Eubulides (a fourth century BC Greek philosopher) The liar"... which the author goes on to explain like this: A man says that he is a liar; is he a liar telling the truth now, or is he a truthful person telling a lie now? A more modern variant (supposed to confound artificial intelligence) is the statement "Everything I say is a lie."*

If Don Quixote was insane, was his advice to err on the side of mercy wise? In all cases?

## 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 prior to the Civil War. From a speech in the Senate, June 27, 1848

Questions for consideration:

Would we consider this to be a lesson in civics, or a description of human nature? Are they intertwined as Calhoun suggests?

Is it conceivable that a government could promote anarchy in order to justify despotism?

## 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.

Questions for consideration:

This is a very fanciful concept from the "Romantic" period, and may have been comforting to the bereaved, but is it in any way based upon Scripture or Christian theology?

## 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*

Notes for consideration:

This is a poetic rendering of the Biblical passage, how well does this conform to the Scriptural account? Does the emotional impact of dramatic poetry add understanding to the prose account?



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 me 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*

\*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.

Notes for consideration:

If one reads only the first few stanzas of this poem, he will have an entirely false impression of it. What does the voice of the grave tell the poet?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

As an old man, I can attest to the truth of these observations, even to beginning to see growing old as something of beauty (sometimes). That is something the young cannot appreciate, I think, and is hard to accept even for the old. Just how much can the young derive from the experiences of others? Is even an inkling of understanding of value?

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 Souliote 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 Plataea's<sup>2</sup> 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 at 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*

\*Halleck, 1790-1867, was an American poet, and very prominent in the Nineteenth Century.

1. Bozzaris (also Botsaris), c. 1785-1823, was a leader and martyr of the Greek war for freedom from the Ottoman Turkish Empire. Souliotes were a tribe from a mountainous region (Souli) in the north of Greece that had long been in rebellion against the Turks. Although successful in establishing independence for a short time, in the early 18th Century, they were forced to flee into exile, but returned to lead the fight in the general Greek rebellion a few years later.

2. A reference to Greek victory over Persian invaders in 479 B.C.

The concept of public schools was principally an outgrowth of Puritan ideology of self-government and Protestant in doctrine. However, a decent respect for the principles of liberty afforded the minority Catholic populace tolerance to develop their own school system. The following are readings from a Catholic school book of the mid-nineteenth Century which does display a different aspect of our nation's history.

## 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 protector 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*

Notes for consideration:

The English Civil War, though essentially a political war, rule by monarchy or by parliament, found the combatants aligned along religious lines; the Catholics for monarchy, and the Protestants for Parliament. When the Catholics or quasi-Catholic Anglicans were in power in England, Protestants

fled to America, and vice versa when Protestants were in control. These were important factors in the development of this country, both in population and in political structure.

The isolation of the several colonies and the absence of a tight central control allowed the colonies tolerance and mutual respect. How did the Constitution enshrine that freedom to forestall any such conflict here as there was in Britain?

The purchase of the formerly French Louisiana Territory in 1803 added a large Catholic populace, which was further added to in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries by immigration. How did that populace adapt?

Read on for further understanding of the questions.

Other selections in this OFSB 5th Reader view battles of the English Civil War from the Protestant/Parliamentary side. This one, however, is seen from the Catholic side. William is the Protestant King of England brought in from Holland upon Parliament's ouster of King James II in 1688. He was related to James and part of the royal line.

## 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 lightning 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 (James *is 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.

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.

Notes for consideration:

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.

We see in this selection the celebration of heroes of the Catholic side of the English Civil War, but there were both heroes and brutality on both sides aplenty. If history could be fully understood, could such pointless tragedy be avoided (Athlone was only temporarily 'saved'), or is it simply part of man's nature?

Under what conditions can a nation survive that has two opposing sets of heroes?

Do we see in later history, American heroes common to both factions? Bear that question in mind as you read the following piece.

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.

(Signed)

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*

Notes for consideration:

Of all the eulogies of Washington, I consider this the most affecting. In partial answer to a question on the last selection, how can a nation have two opposing sets of heroes: it can have a set of heroes in common to which people are more loyal and attached. What were the actions and characteristics which endeared Washington to the Catholics?

How did Washington respond to this high praise?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

Channing disputes the basic claims of atheistic government (socialism, communism, etc.) that civilized society can exist without belief in a higher power and a future beyond this life. What evidence do we have of Channing being correct?

## THE BLIND PREACHER

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 (slap); 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*

\*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".

Notes for consideration:

This is a rare description of the revivalistic preaching of early America which had a great effect on our history. It demonstrates the power of an orator to move his audience, for good and for evil. Is such emotional appeal a good thing?

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:

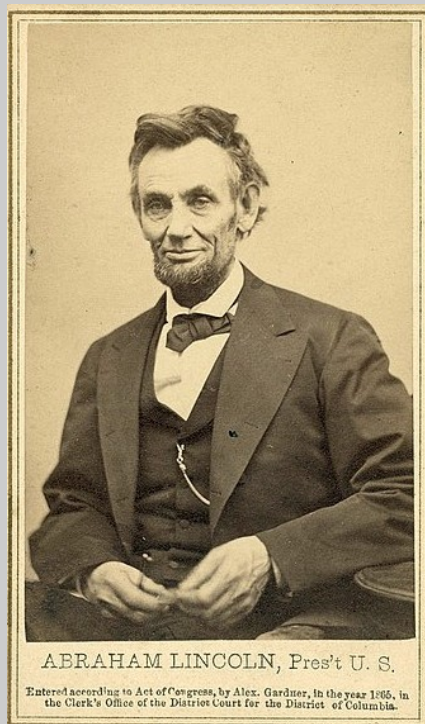
"On a rock, whose haughty brow,  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood;  
(Loose his beard and hoary hair  
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air:)  
And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of 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.

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.



*Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874*

Notes for consideration:

Lincoln was a man of little formal education, mostly self-educated, yet a man of great expression that grew out of his life and character. What two or three characteristics do we see in this short selection?

## 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!

*Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874*

\*Moore was an Irish poet, singer, song writer, and champion of Irish nationalism in the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century.

Notes for consideration:

Freedom is so dear to those who have lost it, yet so easily taken for granted by those who have it. Yet freedom and tyranny mean different things to different people, and subjects of a tyrannical government will fight foreign invaders who offer greater freedom (as was seen in the Napoleonic Wars). In the western tradition, personal freedom is of utmost importance, in other cultures, the individual hardly exists.



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*.

Notes for consideration:

These are only a few scattered lines from a very long poem, just to give the reader the flavor of it. Coleridge has turned many well known phrases, the last stanza perhaps the best known. However the first few lines are the most moving to me. Most of us have, or will, at times, feel "Alone on a wide, wide sea!" But what is meant that God "*scarce* seemed to be there"?

Indeed, it is a story of redemption, when the mariner's heart changed from selfishness, he was freed to pray.

## 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-haired 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.

Notes for consideration:

Growing old is often difficult to take, and much more difficult if our years have been empty. In the end, the old man finds that the passing years have been worth it. How does the 'angel' use absurdity to remind Holmes of his blessings?

## DANGERS TO OUR REPUBLIC

Horace Mann\*

Behold, on this side, crowding to the polls (voting places), 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 family), 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*

\*Mann was a Massachusetts politician and advocate of public education.

Notes for consideration:

Not surprisingly, we see many parallels with Mann's day and our own. Do we see any truth in Mann's apocalyptic vision of politics?

What does he mean by "the hosts of crime are to lead on the hosts of ignorance in their assault upon Liberty and Law!"

Which does he see as worse—allowing unworthy people to vote, or denying the vote to the masses of people?

This is a fictional dialogue by Daniel Webster in which he presents arguments for and against the Declaration of Independence that were on people's minds in 1776.

## OPPOSITION TO INDEPENDENCE

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."

[This lesson and the one which succeeds (i.e. the two above) 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.]

Notes for consideration:

Webster was not of that generation who decided for independence, but seems to have made a fair representation of both sides. Did both sides have valid arguments? What are the most telling arguments of each party?

The old reader's notes (in brackets above) describe the opponents of independence to be of "timid and desponding temperament"; we might say 'pessimistic'. How much might have attitude affected the deliberations?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

Can we conceive of two Englands, one of the aristocracy, and one of those who fought for a better England ruled by laws and men of high character. Among those latter we see the men Channing speaks of: Bacon, Newton, Locke, Burke and Chatham. That is the English heritage he claims, as he makes plain. Unfortunately, England was not able to entirely shake off the shackles of the aristocracy.

## 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 (wake) and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Nivevish 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.

Notes for consideration:

This is a flowery, romanticized denunciation of slavery. The "new-born child who sitteth on the Alleghenies" is America, and he recounts the destruction of empires of old who trod down mankind with injustice. That, however, is a Judeo-Christian idea, not universally held even in nominally Christian lands, and so such injustices continue until today.

Who is the final arbiter of justice in his warning?

## 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.

Questions for consideration:

Why is it that he makes a distinction between New England, and the US as a whole?

Why does he worry about what the world thinks of the US?

## 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.

This appears to me a very important and timely essay. What is the difference between reform and regeneration?



## 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 statecraft, 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 usuper 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 English 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.

See also a more complete history of the English Civil War on page 411.

Questions for consideration:

Do Americans today have anything to learn from the life of Cromwell?

## 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, and one of several similar pieces in the Franklin Reader lamenting the miseries of war. It was published less than a decade after the Civil War,

Is there veracity in its descriptions of the cost of war?

## 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 frailist 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 you

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 (Dr. of Divinity) was a Universalist clergyman and noted orator in New York State in the mid-Nineteenth Century.

Notes for consideration:

This is an excellent statement on the distinctions between Naturalism, and Theism, and as relevant today as in 1874. Does he speak to such modern atheistic claims as "The Blind Watchmaker"?

Does he make a proper distinction between the Creator and His works?

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 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 woman, 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 Whig, and 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.

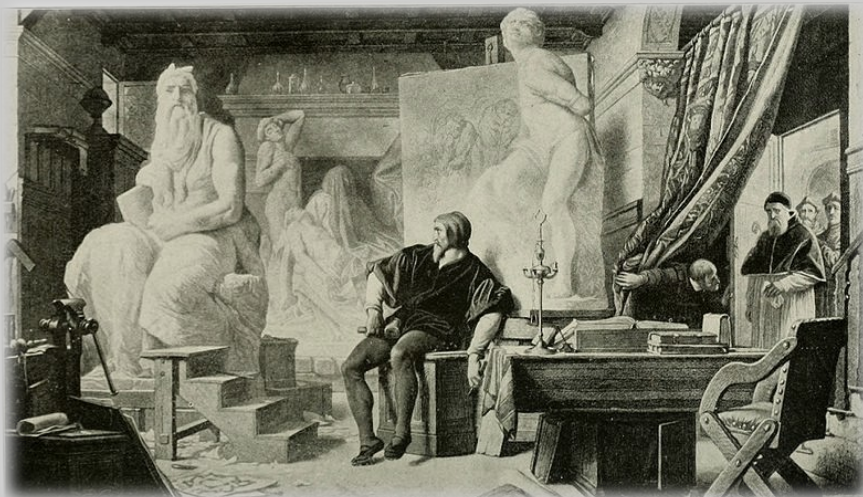
2. Hyder Ali Khan, also known as the Sultan of Mysore, was the military leader of the Kingdom of Mysore in the mountainous region west of the Carnatic. He was an able soldier and built a powerful army. Siding with the French in their colonial wars against the British in India, he gave a major defeat 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 (his 'creditors'). 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.

Questions for consideration:

Can we see echoes of modern US history in this situation?





## DISCIPLINE

Anonymous

A block of marble caught the glance of  
 Of Buonarotti's\* 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 furled 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*

\*Bwō-nä-rōt-te; Michaelangelo Buonarotti, 1475-1564, was one of the greatest artists and sculptors of Renaissance Italy. In the painting above, he is shown in his studio contemplating his statue of Moses, and being visited by the Pope.

Questions for consideration:

Who is the "sculptor of souls" and how would he "set me free"?

In the painting below, Oliver Cromwell and the Army of Parliament have taken the King's encampment and found treasonous documents among his baggage. The King was later executed.



## 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 raiment (clothes) all red?

And wherefore doth your rout (hard 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 (Rupert) 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, 1872

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, in brackets, 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 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 (Whitehall). The two, “bravos of Alsatia” and “pages of Whitehall”, make an interesting juxtaposition, doubtless to liken them in character.

4. A gated (bar) entrance in London where the heads of traitors were placed on pikes and left to rot.

Questions for consideration:

How is it that both the Puritan/Parliamentary side and the Royalist/Catholic/Church of England side both call on God?

We seldom link the English Civil War with the Wars of the Reformation in continental Europe, but how do they fit together?

## 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<sup>3</sup>; 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, King of England, Ireland, and Scotland, overthrown and executed by the army of the English Parliament under Oliver Cromwell.

2. James II was the son of Charles I and inherited the throne for a short time after the Restoration of the Stuart Monarchy. He was ousted by the "Glorious Revolution of 1688", and replaced on the throne by his nephew and daughter, William of Orange, and Mary.

3. A reference to high ranking clergymen of the Church of England, controlled by and allied with the monarchy, and given life and death powers over the charge of "heresy".

Questions for consideration:

Can we make similar arguments (a good man, but a bad ....) with public figures today?

## 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's Sixth Reader, 1872*

\*Convers Francis was an American writer, Unitarian minister, and professor at Harvard

Questions for consideration:

Why do some people see God in nature, while others see only nature?



## 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 (wool cloth) 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 (servant) 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. 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-waggings.

"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, 1872*

\*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.

Notes for consideration:

Mrs. Stowe reveals herself to be a talented writer, using such literary devices as Mr. Crowfield, an exaggerated stereotypical 'male' to be treated like a child, contrasted with a wise, long suffering wife. Can we see in this some hint of why *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was so effective in stirring up passions in an already hotly divided nation?

We see, in the reference to "nervous fluid", an archaic understanding of emotions.

## 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, 1872*

\*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.

Notes for consideration:

In Clay's time, most of the world was still ruled by hereditary monarchies. We were pioneers of democratic government and the US considered itself the champion of oppressed peoples all over the world. Has that ideal changed?

Is there a difference in people oppressed by monarchies, and people oppressed by socialist, and even democratically elected, tyrannies?

At that time, Clay infers, American business interests were opposing our taking sides for fear of hurting trade. Do such considerations still affect our foreign policies?

## 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; such as "*Will the circle be unbroken?*"

Notes for consideration:

As mentioned above, this is an example of a deep, perhaps even maudlin, sentimentality common in the day. Some people today might object to this sort of reminder of man's mortality as harmful to young people. Do you think it is, on the whole, a good thing, or a bad thing to remind young people of the more painful facts of life? Would it make a difference whether a person is a firm Christian, or a functional atheist?

## 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.]

Daniel Webster was the father of the Colonel Fletcher Webster of the next selection.

## 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 (i.e. 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.]

In those days, it was common for some leading citizen to form his own regiment of volunteers who would remain together during their active service. The ladies of the community provided them with a banner.

Questions for consideration:

This is a very stirring, martial speech, intended to stir up fighting spirit. One has to wonder, though, is that martial spirit taken too far, leading to unnecessary carnage?

## 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 (exit), 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 they 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.

Notes for consideration:

Moral training was of primary importance in the school books of this era; the era of Pietism in the German states, and called the 'Victorian Period' in the English speaking world. This piece gives both positive and negative reinforcement. How does it compare with similar moral teaching in *The Old Man Dreams*, *The Grave*, and *Old Age*?

How does the poetic version in *The Grave* differ in effect from the prose versions?

## 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 hardwoods, 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!

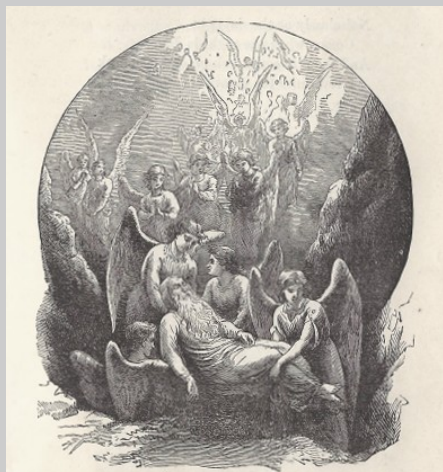
## *The Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871*

\*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*.

Questions for consideration:

1. In what ways does this account of a true adventure differ from fictionalized pieces?
2. After the fire had passed over, what persuaded Audubon not to despair, but to persevere?

*“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*



THE BURIAL OF MOSES<sup>1</sup>  
Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander

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 (at the top) is one of the very rare illustrations in books of that age. These early lithographs were engraved in relief on polished slabs of limestone (sometimes steel); 'lithograph', in fact, means drawing (graph) on stone (lithos) . The areas not to show were cut or dissolved away with acid, the remaining areas were coated in ink, and the paper pressed upon the slab. It required great skill and patience.

Notes for consideration:

The death and burial of Moses is one of the strange mysteries of the Bible. Here it is used in an analogy. What does the author mean by the last stanza?

## 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 Hampden 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!

*National Fifth Reader, 1866*

\*Dewey, 1794-1882, was a New England scholar, theologian, and sometime Unitarian pastor. Because of ill health he was frequently forced to discontinue his pastorates, and university lectures and return to the small farm of his childhood.

Notes for consideration:

Dewey had some great thoughts on 'liberty' from the first words of this piece; but to skip to the last paragraph, does he mean simply political liberty, or is there a broader, even more important liberty?

Does he use 'liberty' and 'freedom' entirely interchangeably, or is there a shading of difference?

Where all does he state, or imply, that the burden of maintaining liberty lies with the the person?

What does he say are the three main supports ('tribunal') of freedom?

Some so-called 'men of science' today (Behaviorists), deny that there is any such thing as "moral freedom" (also called 'free will'). Would Dewey believe that political liberty was possible without moral freedom?

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*

\*Mackay, 1814-1889, was a Scottish man of letters in several venues, including song writing.

Notes for consideration:

Mackay uses wind, ocean, and moon metaphorically as sources of advice, comfort, direction in life; what might be some actual philosophies, or life styles in which some people might seek the blessing he mentions?

How does he describe the nature of his "secret soul"?

## 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, 1800-1859, was an English historian, orator, poet, politician, and considered one of the greatest English essayists of the Nineteenth Century. He served in important government positions when the Whig Party was in power in England. The Whigs were the political descendants of the parliamentary supporters of the English Civil War.

Notes for consideration:

The printing of the Bible and its wide dissemination, and the Protestant Reformation in Europe were major philosophical factors underlying the English Civil War. Macaulay gives, in this piece, a very good description of the philosophical changes that made an hereditary aristocracy abhorrent to much of the English public, and those Puritans who settled in Colonial New England.

Compare this description of the Puritans who settled New England, with the description of "The Virginians" further on.

Unfortunately, the Puritan virtues decayed over time. Can we see in the selections of this reader (OFSB), the work of Puritan descendants, a rise of pride in eloquence, self-righteousness, societal position, and other non-Puritan attitudes?

## 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 (worked) upon these hymns<sup>1</sup> 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>2</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<sup>3</sup> 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 down 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. The original Reader denoted the collection they worked on as the "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," published in 1855.

2. St. Ambrose: a celebrated Christian Father, was probably born at Treves, in 340 AD. He was appointed Bishop of Milan in 374 AD; and finally acquired so much influence, that after the massacre of Thessalonica in 390, he caused the Emperor Theodosius to perform a public penance.

3. Huguenots, Covenanters, and Puritans were Protestant sects persecuted in France, Scotland, and England, respectively.

Questions for consideration:

Beecher uses metaphors of inanimate objects as descriptions of hymns, "crystalline tears" for instance; what are some others?

In a later paragraphs, he uses more human metaphors to describe hymns; what were some of those?

In relation to the last question in the previous selection, might Beecher's obvious dedication to eloquence (pleasing men) be considered a detriment to the old Puritan values?

## CURRAN'S REPLY TO THREATS OF VIOLENCE

John Philpot Curran\*

We have been told this night, in express words, that the man who dares to do his duty to his country in this house may expect to be attacked without (outside) these walls by the military gentlemen of the castle. If the army had been directly or indirectly mentioned in the course of the debate, this extraordinary declaration might be attributable to the confusion of a mistaken charge or an absurd vindication; but, without connection with the subject, a new principle of government is advanced, and that is—the bayonet. And this is stated in the fullest house, and the most crowded audience I ever saw.

We are to be silenced by corruption within, or quelled by force of arms without. If the strength of numbers or corruption should fail against the cause of the public, it is to be backed by assassination. Nor is it necessary that those avowed principles of bribery and arms should come from any high personal authority; they have been delivered by the known retainers of administration, in the face of that bench, and heard even without a murmur of dissent or disapprobation.

For my part, I do not know how it may be my destiny to fall; it may be by chance, or malady, or violence; but should it be my fate to perish the victim of a bold and honest discharge of my duty, I will not shun it. I will do that duty; and, if it should expose me to sink under the blow of the assassin, and become a victim to the public cause, the most sensible of my regrets would be that on such an altar there should be immolated (burnt) a more illustrious sacrifice.

As to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril. I feel in my own spirit the safety of my honor; and in my own and the spirit of the people do I feel strength enough to hold that administration, which can give a sanction to menaces like these, responsible for their consequences to the nation and the individual.

*Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878*

\*Curran, 1750-1817, was a flamboyant attorney, politician, wit and humorist in late eighteenth and early nineteenth century Ireland. Though a Protestant, he gained much popularity, and many enemies, for his spirited defense of Catholic religious liberty, free speech, and Irish nationalists accused of sedition against British rule. Despite violent political threats, several duels, and notorious escapades, Curran managed to die of natural causes at a respectable old age. Though not a life to be admired in all its aspects, his courageous dedication to principle is laudable, and so remembered in the following selection from a speech in the (English controlled) Irish Parliament. Among many notable sayings, he is credited with the original quote upon which the more concise "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom" is based.

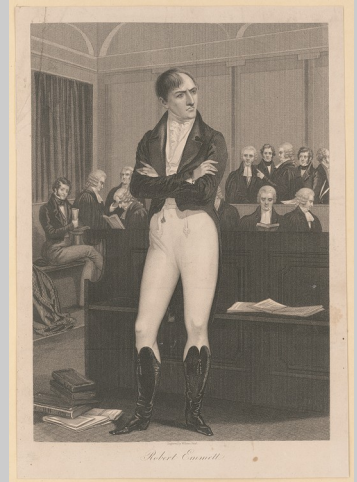
This, however, is only a part of the Curran story—a tragic melodrama that obsessed the early 19th century English speaking world. Curran represented

the young Irish rebel Robert Emmett, a man much like himself in some ways, until Emmett and Curran's daughter fell in love. We will see that tragedy play out in the following three selections, that in themselves, reveal the emotional response it generated.

## 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 (changeable) 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 (the pro-English Protestants of Northern Ireland), 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—am 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 in 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 from England. 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 farewell to the daughter of the famous barrister (attorney), Curran. He was tried, 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, 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.

Notes for consideration:

What did Emmett mean by this statement: "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"?

Emmett gave a stirring accolade to liberty from a foreign oppressor, although he does not use either word 'liberty' or 'freedom'. Does mere independence assure either?

His statement, "My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life", brings up the question 'Can one put an idol, even a noble ideal, before God'?



## SECTION II - THE PRE-CIVIL WAR ERA.

### BROKEN HEARTS

Washington Irving\*

Every one must recollect the tragic story of young Emmett, 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 (charming) girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister (Curran). She (Miss Curran) 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 scaith 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.

Questions for consideration:

We saw in *Emmett's Vindication*, that he had made an idol of his country, and was giving his life for it. Could it be said that Curran's daughter had made an idol of Emmett, or perhaps, the romantic ideal of 'love'? Is there anything in the selections you have read so far that offers solace to the broken hearted?

Does Irving do a convincing job in describing the emotional setting of this story? Are there some particularly memorable scenes?

A poet now takes a turn at describing the scene. How do prose and poetry differ in description, and effect on the reader?

### 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*

\*Moore, 1780-1852, was an Irish born poet.

Notes for consideration:

There was, during the 'Romantic Era' a controversy as to whether poets glorified hopeless, tragic love to the point that it became a detriment to society. Such ideas as 'There is only one love possible for me, and life without that person is intolerable'. That morbid idea breeds an 'All is fair in love and war' attitude that excuses depression, suicide, hatred, jealousy, murder, adultery, home wrecking.

Is there something in the Christian faith that counters such self-centered thinking?

## 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*

\*"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." So reads the original textbook.

Questions for consideration:

Idealistic Europeans had high expectations of America, perhaps unrealistic expectations. Because a nation does not live up to romanticized, unrealistic expectations, does that negate the good that a nation does? Is that a problem today?

## 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 hubub, 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, 1795-1881, was a Victorian Era British "man of letters" prominent in several fields of writing, best known in his day as a social commentator, but perhaps best known today for his voluminous histories.

Questions for consideration:

In what ways does Carlyle characterize a "dishonest speaker"?

## 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; (the abuse the powerless just must patiently accept from the 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 (visions) 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, anymore 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.

Notice that the lengthy second paragraph is all one sentence, separated by semi-colons. What effect does this have on the reader? Read aloud, does it enhance the drama of the litany?

A lengthy excerpt from Hamlet follows in the *National Fifth Reader*; but another, shorter selection, Hamlet’s Soliloquy, from the same book is coupled here with the Essay on Hamlet’s Character.

Notes for Consideration:

Shakespeare, we read, is not so much of a story teller, as a reader of men's minds, especially in Hamlet. And Hamlet, especially, is, in a sense, all men; his thoughts plague all men in similar circumstances. As you read *Hamlet's Soliloquy* (solo speech), notice that it pictures the depressed musings of a man without God contemplating suicide.

Would a man of faith have some source of hope that Hamlet does not seem to acknowledge?

How do Hamlet's musings compare with the stories of Robert Emmett and his widow?

## 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*

\*Shakespeare, 1554-1616, was playwright, poet, actor, widely considered the finest playwright in the English language. Though most of his life was during the relatively quiet reign of Elizabeth I, his life did overlap the periods of chaos over succession, religion, and Divine Right of Monarchs versus Parliament both before and after Elizabeth's reign, and that, after his death, eventuated in the English Civil War.

Questions for consideration:

The first line states the thesis of this soliloquy; what does it mean?



## 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*

\*Bryant, 1794-1878, was an American poet, hymnist, and journalist of the Romantic School, and considered among the greatest poets of his day. This poem, as were many others, was converted to a hymn. Death was a common subject of Bryant's poems, but never despairing death, as we have seen in other's works.

Questions for consideration:

We are not told who is the subject of this poem, who might it be?

The poem delivers some extraordinary descriptions of the common idea of a 'conqueror'; what are some of these descriptions?

How does the 'Conqueror' of this poem differ from the others?

Who is 'her great Master', 'the mighty Sufferer' who makes her a conqueror?

Why is the present tense, rather than the past tense correct in the above sentence?

## 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, 1795-1881, was prominent British essayist and historian. His works represent a continuation of the ideals of the Parliamentary faction in the English Civil War, ideals that were adopted by America's founding fathers.

Questions for consideration:

Carlyle uses many Biblical allusions; in Genesis, is 'work' assigned to mankind before the fall and curse, or after?

What types of occupation qualify as 'work' to Carlyle?

In aristocratic, or 'elite', circles in past centuries, and even today, those who work are despised. Do we see in this selection a significant attack upon that prejudice?

If it did not convince an elitist, would it at least encourage workers to see themselves as beings of worth?

How does Carlyle's vision of workers differ from Socialist/Communist views of 'workers'?

## 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 form 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*.

Questions for consideration:

Dana describes an ideal home, and an ideal relationship between the sexes. Recognizing that imperfect humans can never achieve the ideal, are all homes even attempting to reach the ideal described? Should they be?

What are the fruits, or the blessings, of the home described?

Can we see in the fruit of this ideal relationship and home, the Enemy's reason for targeting the home, and true femininity and masculinity with destructive counterfeits?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

We may be given the impression that non-theistic explanations of the diversity of life on earth began with Darwin's theory on the Origin of Species by Natural Selection of Random Mutations, but that is not so. This sermon of Tillotson's informs us that the arguments of atheists against Divine Creation are not freshly plucked from the fields of science, but have been around a long time; in fact, from the fall of mankind.

How alike are the arguments Tillotson criticizes in the 17th Century to more modern ones such as 'The Blind Watchmaker', and a million monkeys with typewriters accidentally producing a Shakespeare play?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

We see here, again, a romanticized vision of marriage and home; seemingly from the husband's point of view, as it describes feminine virtues, but does it also assume, or demand, a reciprocity, making it not entirely a one-sided relationship?

I believe the first sentence points us in the direction of the answer to the above question: "The heart of a man, with whom affection is not a mere name, and love a mere passion of the hour." What is the meaning of that statement?

The editors of the *National Fifth Reader* (not to be confused with a fifth grade reader, but the most advanced reader in the series for the upper levels of ungraded schools) recognized the wide disparity in marriages and homes and have included selections displaying less than ideal marriages, like the following comedic satire.

## CONVERSATIONS AFTER MARRIAGE

Richard B. Sheridan\*

This is a transcription of the dialogue of a popular 18th Century play. It will help the understanding to imagine the dialogue as spoken. Stage directions are also given.

*Enter Lady Teazle and Sir Peter. (right)*

*Sir Peter.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady Teazle.* 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 in, just 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 playwright, 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".

Such rejoinders as "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." have been the stuff of comedy since man began to speak. Even in their verbal fencing, can we not see a nuance of affection, at least on Sir P's part?

We see in this play a satire of upper class English society, but even in their exaggeration, can we also see issues that do plague marriages?

## 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 such as sheep, cattle, goats, etc.

Notes for consideration:

This piece by Blackstone, despite its archaic language, bears careful study, for it concerns many of the issues of our lives today. He was engaged in establishing a legal code for England based, not upon Church Canon Law, or upon the dictates of monarchs, but upon "natural law" founded in Biblical revelation.

He states the theorem that "Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society." The right to private property is under assault today as socialists reject Blackstone's reasoning, as they reject Biblical authority. As a corollary to that theorem, he states that men will not willingly labor for what they have no stake in. The history of socialist governments is that they fall into decay and poverty, even with the government trying to force defacto slave labor.

Blackstone further declares that "the bodily labor of the occupant ... is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein." That idea, espoused by John Locke, was the basis for much of American property law, including land grants, and the denial of Indian tribal land claims east of the Mississippi River. To paraphrase President Andrew Jackson, merely traversing land in hunting, or seeing it from a mountain top does not make it 'property'; only labor and improvement from the natural state makes it property.

This is an account from the English Civil War, a precursor of both the American Revolution and American Civil War, and even our current political war. A basic knowledge of the English Civil War was once thought essential to education in American public schools and most readers carried selections on it, several of which are included in this reader.

## 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 (Austrian Prince Rupert, nephew of English king Charles 1) and his cavalry. Essex (a general of the Parliamentary forces) 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 (relaxed) 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 conjuncture 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 (a criticism of Oliver Cromwell).

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, 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. 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.

Notes for consideration:

Both Marston Moor and Dunbar are references to brilliant military victories of Oliver Cromwell. The disparaging comments refer to Cromwell's inability to establish a successful parliamentary government, and becoming, himself, a tyrant.

Macaulay states, in a very awkward way, that when the "sullen tyranny" of King Charles was ended (Cromwell had him beheaded), what then did the country face. Is there a big difference in winning a war, and establishing a government?

Why was Washington so respected by Macaulay, a Britisher?

## 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 (woodland) 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.



The Death of Marco Botzaris

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

At this time, mid-Nineteenth Century, spurred on by the American example, there was a great flowering of popular rebellion against tyrannical empires. Is the American example still valid today?

## 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*

\*Dewey, 1794-1882, was a New England scholar, theologian, and sometime Unitarian pastor. Because of ill health he was frequently forced to discontinue his pastorates, and university lectures and return to the small farm of his childhood.

Questions for consideration:

How does this compare to Carlyle's selection, "Work"?

Do these essays on the value of work indicate a difference in attitude toward work between then and today?

The last two paragraphs present an interesting metaphor on 'killing time'. How true is the metaphor?

## 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 infinity of 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.

Questions for consideration:

In the first paragraph, we are given the theme of this essay; what is it that separates humans from other species?

What is the 'downside', or the misapplication of care for both ancestry and posterity?

Would anyone deliberately harm their posterity? Does it happen? How would one go about providing a blessing on their posterity?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

Guizot wrote this piece after the bloody chaos of the French Revolution and short lived Republic, the rise of the war mongering tyranny of the Napoleonic Empire, the restoration of the hated Bourbon Monarchy, and its fall to a new Republic. No wonder he was impressed with Washington's record of achievement.

What did he mean by this: "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."

How does the Constitution fit in to this question?

What did Guizot declare as Washington's two greatest accomplishments?

What was Washington's "true glory"?

What sort of men, "alone", should be entrusted with government?

Guizot offers several questions of his own, and they are still valid questions, but they must be answered with the understanding of the changing character of the political parties themselves.

## MOUNT AUBURN Joseph Story\*

A rural cemetery seems to combine in itself all the advantages which can be composed to gratify human feelings, or tranquilize 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 (rising slope) 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 (temporary) 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.

Questions for consideration:

Story mentioned "the bosom of mother earth"; given the rest of the piece, do you think he meant that phrase in the sense of the pantheistic 'Earth Goddess', or was it just a figure of speech for the grave, returning to the dust from which man was made?

A question asked of a previous selection; is this essay generally more uplifting, or depressing? What would make it different to many people?

He points out that the grave is a great leveler of wealth, station, fame; is that a good point for young people to consider?

From where is this quotation taken: "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality"?



The Wreck of the *Grovesnor*, 1782

## A SHIPWRECK STORY

Anonymous

The *Grosvenor* (*grōve´-ner*), East Indiaman<sup>1</sup>, homeward bound, goes ashore 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 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.

Questions for consideration:

Like other selections dealing with death, do you consider this piece generally depressing, or uplifting? If the latter, why?

Whose words are quoted at the end of the story?

## 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 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 at 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 (split off) 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 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 height, 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 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 forms 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 not 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 and 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*

\*Joel T. Headley, 1814-1897, was a very busy American clergyman, writer, historian, adventurer, and politician. The above selection is from his book *The Sacred Mountains*, in which he describes the mountains of the Bible and their relationship to the Gospel. He also authored a prominent book on Napoleon and his main officers.

### 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.

Questions for consideration:

Did you notice how the first four paragraphs differ from the rest of the piece? Though this is generally a narrative prose piece, in an elegant style, the first four paragraphs have elements of non-rhyming poetic style very similar to Hebrew poetry with a certain rhythm and parallels and antithetical parallels interwoven, as in: "Health and sickness lie down in the same apartment; joy and grief look out of the same window".

Does Murat's remembrance of the "scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor" seem somewhat antithetical to its common understanding? Does he have the same idealized view of Napoleon as of Murat?

In his description of the Transfiguration in the Seventeenth Chapter of the Gospel of Mathew, Headley does revert somewhat more to the poetic style. Does that add clarity to the Biblical account?

## 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<sup>3</sup> 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.

3. A worldling is someone who has devoted his life to pursuit of worldly pleasures at the expense of virtue. It is a term seldom used in today's 'non-judgmental' culture.

Questions for consideration:

How does the Christian first describe 'hope'?

An 'anchor' can be taken in two ways; properly deployed, it holds someone steady and safe; it can be used in the sense of dragging someone down to destruction also. Could it be said of the others, especially the 'worldling', that they have anchors also?

What happens to a Christian's hope at death?

## 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 wayside; 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 framework 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*

\*Dewey, 1794-1882, was a New England scholar, theologian, and sometime Unitarian pastor. Because of ill health he was frequently forced to discontinue his pastorates, and university lectures and return to the small farm of his childhood. He was, however, as his writings show, always engaged in deep thought. In the next selection we see him thinking about life, and how to live it better.

Questions for consideration:

Does Dewey refer to voices of "ghosts"; if not, what?

What are 'the works of the dead' they leave behind?

In reading this essay, one must remember the difference in cultures of Dewey's day and our own. In his day, death was usually at home, attended by family, without intrusive life support paraphernalia, and narcotics. What differences do you think that would make in the "sweet serenity" of the death scenes he describes?

If, as he assumes, Christians should not fear death, what does he believe they should fear?

## LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

Orville Dewey

Life is what we make it. To some, this may appear to be a very singular, if not extravagant statement. You look upon this life and this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a very different impression. You see the earth, perhaps, only as a collection of bland, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. You look upon the mountains that stand fast forever; you look upon the seas, that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides; you walk through the annual round of the seasons; all things seem to be fixed, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, growth and decay; and so they are.

But does not the mind spread its own hue over all these scenes? Does not the cheerful man make a cheerful world? Does not the sorrowing man make a gloomy world? Does not every mind make its own world? Does it not, as if a portion of Divinity were imparted to it, almost create the scene around it? Its power, in fact, scarcely falls short of the theory of those philosophers, who have supposed that the world had no existence at all, but in our own minds (Philosophy of Idealism).

So again with regard to human life; it seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers which control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions, and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions presses down one impartial law. To all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the mind gives their character. They are, in effect, not what they are in themselves, but what they are in the feelings of their possessors.

The king on his throne amidst his court, may be a mean, degraded, miserable man; a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness (pleasure), to fear, to every low passion. The peasant in his cottage, may be the real monarch, the moral master of his fate, the free and lofty being, more than a prince in happiness, more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names these men bear, blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation? No, beneath the all-powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave; and the slave is the master.

It is the same creation, upon which the eyes of the cheerful and the melancholy man, are fixed; yet, how different are the aspects which it bears to them! To the one it is all beauty and gladness; "the waves of the ocean roll in night, and the mountains are covered with day." It seems to him as if life went forth, rejoicing upon every bright wave, and every shining bough, shaken in the breeze. It seems there were no more than the eye seeth; a presence of deep joy among the hills and the valleys, and upon the bright waters.

But the gloomy man, stricken and sad at heart, stands idly or mournfully gazing at the same scene, and what is it to him? The very light, yea, the very light seems to him as a leaden pall (shroud) thrown over the face of nature. All things to his eye a dull, dim, and sickly aspect. The great train of the seasons is passing before him, but he sighs and turns away, as if it were the train of a funeral procession; and he wonders within himself at the poetic representations and sentimental rhapsodies that are lavished upon a world so utterly miserable.

Here then, are two different worlds, in which these two beings live; and they are formed and made what they are, out of the very same scene, only of different states of mind in the beholders. The eye maketh that which it looks upon. The ear maketh its own melodies or discords. The world without reflects the world within.

Every disposition and behavior has a kind of magnetic attraction, by which it draws to itself, its like (alike). Selfishness will hardly be a center, round which the benevolent affections will revolve; the cold hearted may expect to be treated with coldness, and the proud with haughtiness, the passionate with anger, and the violent with rudeness; those who forget the rights of others, must not be surprised if their own are forgotten; and those who forget their dignity, who stoop to the lowest embraces of sensuousness, must not wonder, if others are not concerned to find their prostrate honor, and to lift it up to the remembrance and respect of the world.

To the gentle, how many will be gentle; to the kind, how many will be kind! How many does a lovely example win to goodness! How many does meekness subdue to a like temper, when they come into its presence! How many does sanctity purify! How many does it command to put away all earthly defilements, when they step into its presence! Yes, a good man will find that there is goodness in the world; an honest man will find that there is honesty; a man of principle will find a principle of religious integrity in the hearts of others.

There are no blessings which the mind may not convert into the bitterest of evils; and there are no trials which it may not transform into the most noble and divine of blessings. There are no temptations, from which the virtue they assail, may not gain strength, instead of falling a sacrifice to their power.

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1855*

Questions for consideration:

Dewey cites the "all-powerful law of the heart"; but cannot the 'heart' be trained, conditioned, and protected so that it will perform as described in the final two instances of this piece?

## THE PRESENT AGE

Channing\*

The Present Age! In these brief words, what a world of thought is comprehended (included)! what infinite movement! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith, and doubt! 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 star. Another American name will live in history,—your FRANKLIN; and the kite 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 be 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 (a private space), 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 (age) 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 unfaltering hope.

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1855*

\*William Ellery Channing, 1780-1842, was an American preacher, writer, and theologian, influential in the founding of Unitarianism. The views expressed here vary greatly with later Unitarian beliefs.

In the Nineteenth Century, great orators like Channing, Edward Everett, and Daniel Webster were celebrities, and are well represented in the old textbooks. Notice the generous use of "Rhetorical Punctuation" in this piece. It was given as a rousing speech, and the 19th Century students were to read it, aloud, as it was originally given; hence the use of exclamation marks within the sentence as vocalization cues.

Questions for consideration:

Channing's age was, indeed, eventful; but is ours any less so?

Read the fourth paragraph and consider; is the influence of that "new power" into the future assured, or, are the "few" always at war to obliterate that "new power"?

The end of this piece is a prayer; is it still a valid prayer for us today?



The following is an important, but little known, document in American history that sheds a lot of light on President Jackson and his time—the lead up to the Civil War.

## 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 (England)? 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 (in Latin America) 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 (urge) 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. That Act, though carried out after Jackson's Presidency, is now supposed to be a black mark on his memory, but it could be said that his decisive action removed the Indian tribes from the center of an impending civil war that would likely have obliterated them.

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, which does not mention slavery, but: "... *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 (taxes), 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 (preceding) 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.]

Questions for consideration:

Did you note that the *Sander's Reader* was published prior to the Civil War; and no post war textbook, that I have seen, carries this selection. Do you think Jackson's message is obsolete in our modern world?

## 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 (devotees) of tyranny and usurpation.

*Sander's Fifth Reader, 1855*

\*Madison, 1751-1836, a Virginian, was the fourth President of the US (in office 1809-1817). He was a major figure in the creation and ratification of the Constitution, including his co-authoring the *Federalist Papers* explaining and defending the proposed Constitutional system.

Notes for consideration:

There is much controversy today over whether or not there is "American Exceptionalism"; did Madison believe in American Exceptionalism?

Was that American Exceptionalism strictly to be enjoyed by Americans?

The term "usurpation" as used here means the illegitimate taking of man's natural, God given rights. Where in America's founding documents are those rights enumerated, and what have those rights to do with the role of government?

## 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*

\*Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. 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.

Questions for consideration:

Does Webster believe in 'American Exceptionalism'? If so, to what does he attribute it?

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, uninstrucive avocations of the understanding; and is that all?

Have we felt, in fortunate hour, the charm of the beautiful that invests us 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*

\*No further identification.

Questions for consideration:

This selection is a series of leading questions, all roughly hinting at the same answer; what answer was Wilson looking for?

## 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 (French) 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 (right) 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 route 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 unequaled 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.

Questions for consideration:

If we could reduce the long litany of the first paragraph into a few words, what would they be?

The phrase: "vertigo of glory which hides the immorality and the abyss of such a reign" certainly applies to Napoleon's career; but does it apply also to lesser figures whose celebrity overshadows their corruption?

What is meant by "the genius of materialism".

## 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*

\*George Washington, first President of the United States of America.

What does Washington mean by "national morality"?

Is Washington speaking out of turn here, as a public figure, to promote "religious principles"? Before answering that question, consider to whom he was speaking: the citizens of a Republic undertaking the perilous role of self-government. Is there a difference between the responsibilities of citizens, and those of subjects of a monarchy or some other autocratic form of government? Does that figure in your answer?

## 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*

\*No further identification.

Notes for consideration:

Park describes what was once called 'Christendom', and somewhat synonymous with 'European', and 'white', and 'western civilization'. By the 16th Century, Christendom was forging ahead of the rest of the world dramatically, especially in science and industry. And these nations of Christendom were dominant in the world until the late 20th Century. During this period of racial/cultural dominance, many Europeans began to consider their dominance as of racial/genetic origin. Does Park give us any clue to an error in that belief, especially given the falling away from Christianity of the western world, and the rise of the 'third world'.

## 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*

Notes for consideration:

"Testimony" to whom; to the person himself?

What are the "earnests" he speaks of? Check out 2 Corinthians 1:22 (KJV)

## 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<sup>1</sup> 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, 1707-1708, was a Swedish naturalist and pioneer in the field of biology.

1. This refers to the efficient way all systems work together; as by design.

Notes for consideration:

Linnaeus informs us that even centuries ago, the arguments of atheists against the rightful rule of God as Creator are basically the same as today. Are his arguments in favor of a Creator valid and of use today?

## 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 (luck), 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.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Davy, 1778-1829, was a pioneering British chemist and inventor who discovered a process and began the isolation and identification of the elements.

Notes for consideration:

Davy, like Linnaeus and most other great early scientists were Christians who proudly used their scientific credentials to glorify God. Again the same question as in the previous selection: Are his arguments in favor of a Creator valid and of use today?

What does he mean by 'religious beliefs make an instrument of fortune'; that is to say how does our faith shape our response to the unexpected events in our lives?

## DEATH

Orville Dewey\*

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, 1794-1882, was a New England scholar, theologian, and sometime Unitarian pastor. Because of ill health he was frequently forced to discontinue his pastorates, and university lectures and return to the small farm of his childhood.

Notes for consideration:

Judging only on the few selection of Dewey's works presented here, it seems he had an obsession with death. Could it be that we, today, have more confidence in medical science, and more comfortable lives than Dewey. which could account for his apparent welcoming attitude to death? Nevertheless, all of us will die, could it be that we, too, should be more like Dewey in pinning our hopes upon the promises of God?



## 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.

Notes for consideration:

Does de Lamennais make a good argument for faith and prayer?

What does he mean by: "The world has its scorching winds which pass over the soul of man, and make it arid"?

## GOVERNMENT OF THE THOUGHTS

Herne (no further identification)

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 silly, 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 many 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 a 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 so 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 (rude insistence), 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*

Notes for consideration:

This is a remarkable series of analogies, metaphors, and similes for bad thoughts to which we are introduced in the first sentence. The thoughts to avoid are listed in paragraph 9, but how much more effective is it to weave them into these literary devices than simply to list them?

What is the advised "best method" of avoiding these thoughts?

A good way of learning to distinguish and use these literary devices would be to take a paragraph, or more, and sort them out—analogy, metaphor, and simile (a type of metaphor).

## SHORT SELECTIONS

from *Sargent's Standard 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!

\*\*\*

### 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.

\*\*\*

### 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.

\*\*\*

### 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 enriches him not,  
And makes me poor indeed.

\*\*\*

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.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*William Wordsworth, 1770-1850, was a prominent English poet of the Romantic School.

Questions for consideration:

The first line is a simile comparing 'primal duties' to stars. What are these primal, or primary, duties? Are they the "essential knowledge"?

The sentence "The smoke ascends to heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth as from the haughty palace" is an analogy with what?

## 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.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*William Cowper (pronounced Cooper), 1731-1800, was a popular English poet and hymnist, and is considered a forerunner of the Romantic School of poetry.

Questions for consideration:

Is Cowper correct that knowledge and wisdom are not the same? Does he, by saying that, diminish the value of knowledge absolutely, or merely in relation to wisdom?

How does one acquire wisdom?

The latter part of this piece is a metaphor, does it work in forming a mental picture?

## 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.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Commanding General of the Continental Army, first President of the United States of America.

Questions for consideration:

Washington states that "The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government" , in what document was they right first claimed?

Washington makes a distinction here between a republic and a democracy, what is the distinction?

Are his warnings of dangers to such a form of government applicable to the present time?



## 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.

*Sargent’s Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Jefferson, 1743-1826, was the third president of the United States, and the principal author of the Declaration of Independence; that is, he organized and wrote the Declaration according to principles held in common by the revolutionary figures of the day.

Questions for consideration:

The crux of the political question facing the Founders of this country can be seen in the rhetorical question at the end of this piece. What is the answer to his question?

Jefferson believes that a republican government is the strongest government on earth, but is that only when it is functioning properly? Andrew Jackson comments on that question in the following selection.

## 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.

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Jackson, 1767-1845, was a frontier attorney, military hero, and seventh President of the United States.

Questions for consideration:

Jackson's time in office is frequently referred to, disparagingly, as the period of 'Jacksonian Democracy', in which political power began to shift from the east to the western frontier. Can we see a bit of that democratic philosophy in this selection? Please note the distinction between Republican and Democrat Parties and republican and democratic political systems.

Is this good advice for today?

## 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?

*Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854*

\*Wirt was an attorney, writer, and politician from Maryland in the early days of the American Republic. He was the longest serving Attorney General in history, and a Presidential candidate. He and Jackson were bitter political, and personal enemies, although both warn against factionalism.

Questions for consideration:

Is the argument correct about the "inevitable and rapid tendency of such a government as ours is to faction, strife, anarchy, and dissolution"?

Did the Founding Fathers of our nation take this fact of human nature into account in building a system of checks and balances to dampen the power of factionalism to control government?

## 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. Though thought is 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 times 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. His works offer prime examples of two characteristics of young American thought: it is of "American exceptionalism" which has now become a point of controversy, and Puritan Post-Millennialism which sees the current age as the "Millennium" prophesied in the Bible, and through the spread of the Gospel, education, morality, enlightened self-government, and other social advances the world will be perfected at the time of Christ's second coming.

Most Evangelical Christians today are Pre-Millennialists, believing that the world will continue in sin until the second coming of Christ, who will then establish the Millennial reign of peace and righteousness.

Questions for consideration:

What are some examples of the Post-Millennial world view in this selection?

What are some examples of the concept of American Exceptionalism?

What does Bancroft mean by: "because the idea of improvement belongs to that of continuous being, history is, of all pursuits, the most cheering".

How does this piece compare to Wirt's?

The impressment of American seamen, that is seizing them off American merchant ships and forcing them into the British navy, was one of the main causes of the War of 1812. It might be considered the second war for American independence.

## 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, at least in many instances.

Notes for consideration:

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.

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*

## 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.

Question for consideration:

In the concluding sentence, does the author make a good point?



## 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 Pnyx<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.

Notes for consideration:

Interestingly, God chose that the New Testament be written in Greek; or was that merely happenstance?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

Fisk, in his first lines, presents the thesis of this selection; does he substantiate that thesis?

## 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.

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

Do these observations seem well founded?

What about the caveat that the judiciary "behave themselves well"?

## 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*

\*No further identification, but possibly the English poet Jane Taylor born in 1783 who penned the lyrics to "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star".

1. Bear in mind that this 'fable' or "legend" is an allegory (a type of metaphor), 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 (which is not included in the OFSB reader).

Questions for consideration:

This is an allegory of life experienced by all of us, what are the chief lessons of it?

How is this like Paul's adventures in the book of Acts?

Does this literary device stimulate one to contemplate the need for salvation more, perhaps, than 'preaching'?

## INCENTIVES TO YOUTHFUL DEVOTIONS

Taylor (No further identification)

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*

Questions for consideration:

Does Taylor make a valid point on the misrepresentation of "religion", and the true spirit of it?

Is devotion simply a worrisome duty?

Would such a view as recommended here benefit the youth of today?

## 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 skies, 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*

\*Probably Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacher, 1796-1868, German theologian and leading preacher and evangelist of his day; though possibly his father or uncle who were also prominent preachers.

Questions for consideration:

Where is the account on which this piece is based found?

If the Lord is not to be found in wind, fire, earthquake, and the other forces of nature which the ancient world worshiped, where is He to be found?

The author repeatedly uses the word 'sublime', an unusual word because it describes a feeling the object invokes. As something 'humorous' makes us feel a certain way, so does 'sublime'; and he gives us a description of the sublime feeling: "*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.*"

That term is only used, however, of the wind, earthquake, and fire, not of the "still small voice"; is that because God wanted to impress upon Elijah His desire for nearness, rather than His majesty?



## 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 cannot 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 (name). 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 any 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 musty 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 (hair). *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?

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader, 1844*

Questions for consideration:

This piece is, of course, a satire, using irony and sarcasm to promote the point of view exactly opposite to the one being expounded.

What would you say are the lessons the anonymous author intends to promote?

Do you think his ironical exposition of common opinion has any credence?

## 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 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 pinnaced 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.

Questions for consideration:

Again we are confronted with the notion of the sublime, how does this piece compare with Elijah's experience?

## 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 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.

Questions for consideration:

There is only one question here; can we see, in light of current events, that the "Preacher" of the Book of Ecclesiastes is correct: "there is no new thing under the sun".

## 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.

Questions for consideration:

This is, of course, a poetic rendering of the first part of the Biblical story of Ruth. As asked of other selections, do you find that this sort of poetic exposition adds to the Biblical narrative?

Did you notice the wonderful metaphor at the end?



## SOME SHORT SELECTIONS

*McGuffey's, Fifth Reader, 1844*

### 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.

Questions for consideration:

Karl Marx, of Communist fame, hated such Christian doctrine as this, calling it "the opiate (the drug, pain-killer) of the masses" because it comforted the masses of people and kept them from overturning the class system. But should it have worked both ways, also modifying the behavior of the high ranking to consider those of low rank?

Marx was a materialist, and put no credence in justice in an afterlife, so he would see no value in such beliefs, but are such expectations comforting for believers?

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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.

Questions for consideration:

Addison personifies Liberty, even deifies it in this piece; is it as God "Author of Liberty", or simply deification of the ideal of Liberty? What is Liberty?

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TOMORROW  
Cotton (No further identification.)

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.

Questions for consideration:

There are old adages that "Tomorrow never comes", and "Never put off til tomorrow what you can do today"; this is a more elaborate form, full of imagery and metaphor, of these 'wisdom sayings'. What are some of them?

What is the intended message of this selection?

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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.

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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.

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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*

## A POLITICAL PAUSE

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 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*

\*Probably Charles James Fox (1749-1806), a member of the British House of Commons, and a leader of the Whig Party, an opponent of King George III, and usually in the minority. Fox had been an opponent of war with France (trying to reinstate the French monarchy after the French Revolution) but came to realize the war had to be 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.

Questions for consideration:

This is another example of sarcasm, but in political speech of a serious nature. Is such speech effective in moving opinion?

Are many of these issues still being debated?

## 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 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*

\*Irving, 1783-1859, was one of the earliest Americans to make a success of writing as a profession. He is most remembered for *Rip van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, but he wrote, as we see here, on many serious topics as well.

Questions for consideration:

Irving comments that, "The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced" and that it can be a good thing—as he describes it. But can it also be a destructive thing?

What makes the difference between sorrow as a noble, uplifting emotion, and a destructive one?

One might complain that such observations cannot be understood by the young, who have never suffered grievous loss, and should not be in school studies. But even if not fully appreciated, isn't it wise and compassionate to prepare the young for such loss which will come in time?

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH 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 misadvising 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, as was James Fox later. 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.

Points for consideration:

Pitt (also known as Lord Chatham) was of the same political persuasion as many of America's founders, and the Whig party was important in early American politics. He gives a testimony to the effort of the Founders in justifying their opposition to the tyranny emanating from King George III and the Tory political party that profited from it.



THE SUN AS AN EXHIBITION OF THE  
GRANDUER OF OMNIPOTENCE  
Dick's Celestial Scenery\*

What a glorious idea, then, does such an object as the sun present to us of the Grandeur of the Deity and the Energies of Omnipotence! There is no single object within the range of our knowledge that affords a more striking and august emblem of its Great Creator. In its luster, in its magnitude, in its energy, in its boundless influence, and its beneficial effects on this earth, and on surrounding worlds, there is a more bright display of Divine perfection than in any other material being with which we are acquainted:

*“Great source of day, best image here below  
Of thy Creator - ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round -  
On Nature write, with every beam, his praise!”*

Could such a magnificent orb have been produced by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and placed in its proper position to distribute light and attractive influence to the worlds which roll around it? Could chance have directed the distance at which it should be placed from the respective planets, or the size to which it should be expanded, in order to diffuse its energies to the remotest part of the universe? Could chance have impressed upon it the laws requisite for sustaining in their courses all the bodies dependent on it, or have endowed it with a source of illumination which has been preserved in action from age to age? To affirm such positions would be to undermine and annihilate the principles of all our reasonings.

The existence of the sun proves the existence of an Eternal and Supreme Divinity, and at the same time demonstrates his omnipotent power, his uncontrollable agency, the depths of his wisdom, and the riches of his beneficence. If such a luminary be so glorious and incomprehensible, what must its Great Creator be? If its splendor be so dazzling to our eyes, and its magnitude so overpowering to our imagination, what must He be who lighted up that magnificent orb, and bade a retinue of worlds revolve around it? who “dwells in light inaccessible, to which no mortal eye can approach?” If the sun is only one of many myriads of similar globes dispersed throughout the illimitable tracts of creation, how great, how glorious, how far surpassing human comprehension, must be the plans and attributes of the infinite and eternal Creator? “His greatness unsearchable, and his ways past finding out?”

Could we thoroughly comprehend the depths of his perfections, or the grandeur of his empire, he would cease to be God, or we should cease to be limited and dependent beings. But, in presenting to our view such magnificent objects, it is evidently

his intention that we should rise in our contemplations from the effect to the cause, from the creature to the Creator, from the visible splendors and magnificence of creation to the invisible glories of Him who sits on the throne of the universe, "whose kingdom ruleth over all, and before whom all nations are counted as less than nothing and vanity."

*The Reader's Manual*, 1839

\*Thomas Dick, 1722-1857, was a popular writer of the day.

Questions for consideration:

The third paragraph, beginning: "Could such a magnificent orb have been produced by a fortuitous concourse of atoms" seems a very familiar argument today of the "Intelligent Design" advocates who wish to advance a theistic hypothesis without directly proposing a Christian model which would be objectionable to the powers who rule modern America. How has that changed from the day of *The Reader's Manual*?

What is the meaning of the final two sentences?

## THE MASSACRE OF SCIO

Anonymous

Scio (also 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 pasha, 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 admiral's 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 Pasha 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 Scots, 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*

Questions for consideration:

As an infamous incident in the Greek War for liberation it was a matter of great interest and passion all over Europe and America. Can we see similarities to events today, in passion for a cause and lurid accounts of barbarity on the other side?

What is the answer to the author's last question?

## THE ETERNITY OF GOD Greenwood\*

The eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, which, at the same time that it overwhelms as 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 plentitude 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 he 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*

\*Not otherwise identified.

Notes for consideration:

The first paragraph, and to a degree, the rest of this piece, hinge on the arguments of 13th Century Christian philosopher St. Thomas Aquinas, and his "Five Proofs of God" that include the "Uncaused Cause". It is an exercise in logic that presupposes the latter development of Newton's Laws of physics.

These arguments are still valid today and should be reassuring to believers, and instructive to skeptics.

## 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.

Points for consideration:

Obviously "reproved" means to rebuke profanity, in this case, use of the Lord's name in vain; but profanity can also refer to foul language in general, and they usually go together.

What does Dwight say is the cause of such profanity?

To paraphrase his question: what do you gain with profanity, and what do you lose?

Sadly, in our time, foul language seems to stem, not only from a sinful heart, but from a lack of ability to express thoughts in an intelligible manner. For citizens to be competent to express themselves was a main goal of public education at one time.



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*

Points for consideration:

This selection is first of all a poem, which, set to music, becomes a hymn. It was a part of a book entitled, *Original Hymns for Sabbath Schools*, what we would generally call Sunday Schools today. Throughout much of the United States in the 19th Century, there were no public schools, and many children worked six days a week and couldn't go to school if there was one. Sunday Schools served to fill in the educational gap to some degree with reading, and even math, geography and other classes on Sunday.

The rhyme scheme is very easy to see on these two simple poems, as is how the sentence structure and selection of words are made to fit.

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*

The *Reader's Guide* seemed to be closer to Sunday School material than other school books, even of this early period.

## 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 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 sigh 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.

Notes for consideration:

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.

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 son-in-law 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. It served as a model for many later fictions. 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; as is of enjoying complex poetry.

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*

\*Sharon is a fertile valley in Israel. The Rose of Sharon is mentioned in Song of Solomon.

Notes for consideration:

What is the "Rose of Sharon"?

What is the significance of Mt. Herman?

## 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, and highly influential, to the American Revolution. One of the main influences of the Great Awakening was to draw large numbers of people away from the Anglican Church which was closely connected to England, and into a less formal, closer relationship with God.

1. The Roman governor of Judea before whom Paul the Apostle appeared.

A note for consideration:

There is great imagery here, try to visualize it.



## ADVANTAGE OF HAVING CHRIST FOR OUR KING

Dwight\*

Nay, the present moment, and every moment when present, is fraught with consequences incapable of being estimated by any finite understanding. On time, Eternity hangs. As we live here, we shall live hereafter. If our time be well employed, and our talents well used, it will be well with us in the end. But if we abuse both here, it will be ill with us hereafter. The present moment is important, chiefly, as it affects those which are future; begins or strengthens an evil, or virtuous habit; depraves or amends the soul; hardens or softens the heart; and contributes, in this way, to advance us towards heaven, or towards hell.

There is no man who is not better or worse today, by means of what he thought, designed, or did, yesterday. The present day, therefore, is not only important in itself, as a season for which we must give an account, but because of the influence which it will have on the events of the morrow. Thus circumstanced, frail, irresolute, wandering, wicked, exposed to immense dangers, and yet capable of immense enjoyments; how infinitely desirable it is, that we should have such a friend as Christ. In his mind are treasured up all the means of happiness which we need; the immense power, knowledge and goodness, the unchangeable truth, faithfulness and mercy, which, and only which, can provide and secure for us immortal blessings, or preserve us from evils which know no end.

In all places, he is present; over all things he rules with an irresistible dominion. No being, no event, can be hidden from his eye. No enemy, however insidious, or however powerful, can escape from his hand. His disposition is written in letters of blood on the cross. He who died, that all sinners might live; he who prayed for his murderers, while imbruing their hands in his blood; can need, can add, no proofs of his compassion for men. This glorious Redeemer is, also, the same yesterday, today, and forever. Such a friend to man, as he was when he hung on the cross, he will be throughout eternity; and to every one who sincerely desires an interest in his goodwill, he will manifest his friendship in an endless succession of blessings.

While we wander through the wilderness of life amid so many wants, how desirable must it be to find a friend, able and willing to furnish the needed supplies? Amid so many enemies and dangers, how desirable must it be to find a friend, able and willing to furnish the needed protection? Amid so many temptations, to watch over us? amid so many sorrows, to relieve us? in solitude to be our companion? in difficulties, our helper? in despondence, our support? in disease, our physician? in death, our hope, resurrection, and life? In a word, how desirable must it be to find a friend, who, throughout all the strange, discouraging state of the present life, will give us peace, consolation and joy,

and cause all things, even the most untoward (unforeseen) and perplexing, to work together for our good?

On a dying bed especially, when our flesh and our hearts must fail of course; our earthly friends yield us little consolation, and no hope; and the world itself retire from our view, how delightful will such a friend be? Then the soul, uncertain, alone, hovering over the form which it has so long inhabited, and stretching its wings for its flight into the unknown vast, will sigh, and pant for an arm on which it may lean, and a bosom on which it may safely recline. But there, Christ is present with all his tenderness, and all his power. With one hand he holds the anchor of hope; and with the other he points the way to heaven.

In the final resurrection, when the universe shall rend asunder, and the elements of this great world shall rush together with immense confusion and ruin, how supporting, how ravishing will it be, when we awake from our final sleep, and ascend from the dust in which our bodies have been so long buried, to find this glorious Redeemer re-fashioning our vile bodies like unto his glorious body, and reuniting them to our minds, purified and immortal? With what emotions shall we arise, and stand, and behold the Judge descend in the glory of his Father, with all his holy Angels? With what emotions will we see the same unchangeable and everlasting friend, placing on us his right hand in glory and honor, which kings covet in vain, and before which all earthly grandeur shall be forgotten? With what melody will the voice of the redeemer bust on our ears, when he proclaims, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world?

How will the soul distend with transport (swell with joy), when, accompanied by the Church of the first-born, and surrounded by Thrones, Principalities, and Powers, it shall begin its flight towards the highest heavens, to meet his Father and our Father, his God and our God? What an eternal heaven will dawn in the mind when we shall be presented before the throne of Jehovah, and settled amidst our own brethren in our immortal inheritance, and our final home; and behold all our sins washed away, our trials ended, our dangers escaped, our sorrows left behind us, and our rewards begun, in that world, where all things are ever new, delightful and divine.

*The Reader's Guide, 1836*

\*Timothy Dwight, Congregationalist (Puritan) minister, President of Yale University, and a leader of "The Second Great Awakening."

Points for consideration:

This is a powerful sermon, encompassing the core of the Gospel of Christ. What are the main points of his sermon.

## 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

Notes for consideration:

This obviously expresses a pacifist ideology, and regardless of one's opinion on that, does accurately warn of war's unknown "destructive miseries". Note that this book was published before the Civil War, even before the Alamo, and the War with Mexico. There was, as described, a celebration of military spirit in that period, celebration of the defeat of England in the War of 1812, triumph over the Barbary pirates, and tension again with England over the Oregon territory. That spirit may have contributed to the almost unprecedented scale of the American Civil War, and the unprecedented, and unexpected, scale of misery it produced.

## 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 in 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*

Notes for consideration:

These are 'wisdom sayings, very much like those in the Bible, and in many other selections in this reader. I have concentrated this type of selection from many old readers into this reader because such advice is not often seen in today's world.

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,  
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses  
The worst acts of one energetic master,  
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

*Emerson's First Class Reader, 1833*

\*George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, 1788-1824, was one of the great British poets of the Romantic Period, also a great traveler and adventurer who died at age 36 of hunger and disease during the siege of a Greek city in the Greek War for Independence.

Notes for consideration:

Though Byron died in the war for Greek independence from the tyranny of the Turkish Empire, he recognizes here that political tyranny ("blood and chains") is not the only tyranny, and not the worst. How does Byron's "sermon" on morality compare with other similar themes in the old readers?

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*

\*Shakespeare, 1564-1616, was an English poet and playwright, and is usually considered the greatest dramatist in the English language. Unfortunately, the English of his day is very archaic today and loses much of its impact. This poem is a monologue by Portia in Act IV of his play, *The Merchant of Venice*, pleading for mercy for someone condemned to death.

Notes for consideration:

Shakespeare tells us that mercy is a quality of character. The second line is a simile equating mercy with dew, why does he say it comes from heaven?

## 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 displeasing 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 not 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 to 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 (German mercenaries), English regulars, Tory irregulars, and Indians; considered a turning point in the Revolutionary War.



TIME  
Mardon\*

I asked an Aged Man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs  
'Time is the warp<sup>1</sup> 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*

\*No further identifications.

1. Warp is a weaving term for the strand that runs lengthwise of the fabric.
2. Revelation 10:5.

Notes for consideration:

'Warp' is a good metaphor for time. Warp runs the length of the fabric, and into it, the weft is inserted to produce the fill and the pattern. The use of our time (the weft) constitutes the substance of our lives.

What is meant by "Time shall be no more"?

## 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 axe, 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<sup>1</sup> 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.

...

*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1833*

This selection consists of a couple of short excerpts from the original.

\*No further identification.

1. A rustic appearance.

Notes for consideration:

This is a description of American frontier settlement; at that time Ohio was 'frontier'. It is obvious that the writer is more interested in seeing human development than seeing wilderness preserved; both are important however, if kept in balance. Note that this selection reflects the attitude of the law (as we saw in the Blackstone selection); labor in improvements creates personal "property" for the laborer, out of the common property of the nation.

## 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 urge—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.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue (patriotism), and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart.

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? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what should its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1833*

\*No further identification

Notes for consideration:

What role does the 'heart' play in patriotism?

Is it possible to manipulate the public opinion of one's nation for evil purposes?

What might those purposes be?

## THE UNBELIEVER

Chalmers\*

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur and glory, and beauty of the natural universe and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition.

The unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him, mind—the god-like gift of intellect, is debased—destroyed; all is dark; a fearful chaotic labyrinth, ray-less, cheerless, hopeless!

No gleam of light from heaven, penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly irremediable; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition, have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high, but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him, that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yea, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and *denies there is a God*.

*Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1833*

\*Thomas Chalmers, 1780-1847, was a prominent Scottish church leader, theologian, mathematician, and chemist. He was well known for advocating the compatibility of science and Christianity.

Notes for consideration:

The use of nature's marvels as a proof of God's existence is sometimes called "Natural Theology". How does this selection compare with Paul's statement in Roman's 1:20?

What does Chalmers say is god-like in man? Is that 'the image of God', or at least part of it?

Can we see in Chalmers' description of the unbeliever, an accurate portrayal of much of our society today?

## 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 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 safely; 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 (used to do)?

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, 1823*

\*No further identification.

Notes for consideration:

This is a very forceful argument for 'righteousness', a word we seldom hear in today's world. It would sound 'corny' or pretentious to many people, but is it an issue that can be empirically determined, if one searches the lives of people at the ends of the spectrum of righteous and unrighteous?

How does the opening paragraph compare with Byron's *Tyranny*?

This piece gives the unfortunate impression that salvation is purchased by good behavior. Whether the writer was of that persuasion, or merely trying to force the point of righteous living I don't know; after all, it wouldn't seem right to tell students to 'party on', just be sure to repent before you die. Evangelical Christianity, at least, attributes salvation to faith in Jesus as Christ, the Messiah. Faith is more than saying "I believe", it involves a desperate desire to become a disciple of Christ, living as He would have us live; not for salvation, but because of it.



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 its 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 languor 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 weak 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 nobleman, naturalist, astronomer and mathematician who was very influential in the development of modern science.

Notes for consideration:

Buffon is indulging his imagination in this charming fantasy of the creation of Adam and Eve; but I believe it to be more than fantasy. It seems to be something of an allegory of the rise of human intellect—reason applied to sensory perceptions, to understand the world around us, and ourselves.

## 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 connections 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. Sickiness 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 educating (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.

Notes for consideration:

Can the first sentence, the thesis of this essay, be considered an empirical defense of Christianity; that is, can the statement be proven by observable facts? Is the rest of the piece an attempt at proof of the opening statement? Does he succeed?

Notice the wonderful metaphor in the next to last paragraph ("When the sun of believers' hopes ...").

## ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF AMUSEMENTS

Alison\*

It were (would be) ungrateful and unjust to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbidden 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 preserve 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 the 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 un-slumbering 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.

Notes for consideration:

This is a long, difficult, and often redundant piece, but, I believe, worthwhile. Can we see in it any relevance to our lives today?

What is the author's purpose in this selection: to sell some amusement? or to revel in denying youth their pleasures?

How does Alison describe 'good' amusements?

How does Alison's attitude differ from the theme of popular culture?

As in the previous selection, the author presents a thesis, and attempts to support it.

Does Alison succeed in making his point?

## SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

Joseph Addison

Scene: Cato, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture; in his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul; a drawn sword on the table beside him.

*Cato.* It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well!  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or, whence this secret dread and inward horror,  
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! Thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,  
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
 Through her works) he must delight in virtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.  
 But when? Or where? This world was made for Caesar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures - this must end them.  
 Thus am I doubly armed: my death<sup>1</sup> and life<sup>2</sup>,  
 My bane<sup>1</sup> and antidote<sup>2</sup> are both before me.  
 This<sup>1</sup>, in a moment, brings me to an end;  
 But this<sup>2</sup> informs me that I shall never die.  
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

*The American First Class Reader, by John Pierpont, 1823*

1. The drawn sword.
2. Plato's book on the immortality of the soul.

## 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



*The Old Church at Lanark.*

be performed, which, 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 un-scaleable 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.



*Covenanters Worshipping in Secret*

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 places of concealment. The more active of the young assisted the elders, 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 the 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 water-spout (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 (would) 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 (Braveheart). 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.

Notes for consideration:

I can't say how much of this story is based upon fact, but the persecution of the Covenanters was real, and their secret church services are an historical fact. The story accurately illustrates the power both of religious faith, and sectarian hatred.

The following is a brief history of the English Civil War which I have included to aid the understanding of the forgoing selection, and others in this reader; but also to aid the understanding of American history, which was intimately connected with it.

It was the period of the Reformation Wars in continental 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 (headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; appointed by the King). 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’. 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 well meant, but 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.

We can see in this bloody history, the conditions the American Founding Fathers sought to avoid with a Constitutional Republic protecting personal liberties by limiting government authority.

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.

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

How different this is than so much of today's attitude toward motherhood. But this piece informs us that there was, long before today, a 'monstrous' hatred alive also.

## 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 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.

## 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 emancipated 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.

Notes for consideration:

At that time, slavery had been abolished in England proper, but not in British colonial territories; and, of course, not in America. The poem is of a polemical nature, trying to influence opinion. Public school readers of the pre-Civil War era, like this one, published in the North, were adamantly anti-slavery. Such views would be found offensive to the ruling aristocracy of the South, who had other views of slavery. Such 'propaganda' as this, was one reason public education was not supported in the South.

Like most polemics, this one glosses over several facts, including that England had only recently outlawed slavery, and the English Royal Africa Company had long been the chief transport of slaves to the New World.

Cowper also makes an error in his judgment of the cause of slavery; it is not rooted in racism; man's inhumanity to man sees no skin color. The English made slaves of their own for debt and criminal infractions. Throughout history, white masters had white slaves. The very word 'slave' is derived from 'Slav', eastern European white people heavily trafficked as slaves in the Roman Empire. The preference for black slaves in Cowper's day derived from the practical reasons that improved navigation had made Africa easily accessible, tribal warfare ensured an ample supply, and the dark skin color made them readily identifiable, rendering escape more difficult.

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

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) dueling is equivalent to savage cruelty. Dialogues are among the oldest forms of political argument.

Dueling was especially controversial in America after the one sided duel between Founding Father and former Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton and then Vice President Aaron Burr. Dueling was illegal at the time, but still practiced.

While it was written as a polemic against dueling, 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 Duelist.

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*

\*Otherwise unidentified, but probably Nathaniel Hooke, 1687-1763, a British historian and writer who translated the work from 1st Century AD Roman historian Titus Livius' *History of Rome*.

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 usage 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.

Notes for consideration:

Cornelius was a Tribune for the Plebian class, known to have been active in the 60's BC, as a crusader for reform and Senatorial integrity in the last days of the Roman Republic before Caesar. Information on him from contemporary sources is sketchy and the accuracy of this speech is unknown, but it does comport with what is known about politics in that time. It informs us that questions of equality and popular sovereignty have been around a long time, even as they roil our society now. Hooke was about a generation ahead of the American Founders, and this work reflects contemporary issues of that day that developed into the American Experiment. It was a common ploy of critics of the monarchy to couch their criticisms in historical and poetic works; there being no First Amendment right to free speech in England.

Cornelius' question "I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you?" was, and remains a key question today, but usually not so openly asked.

Also notice his reference to "natural rights", the philosophical basis of American Constitutional government set forth in the Declaration of Independence.



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 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 Lacedemonians 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), vying 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 the 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.

Notes for consideration:

The Athenian city state was one of the first experiments in republican government (some would say 'democratic government'), and its successes and failures were studied by all succeeding generations. What we learn from this oration is that the problems of self-government, and foreign relations have changed little over the millennia.

How many parallels can we read here with the current political situation?

## 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 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 cherubim. The legal high priest delivered up his Urim and Thummim, 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 lightning 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 cherubim" 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

Notes for consideration:

It is rare to see the Biblical Revelation so fully and passionately expounded in one short essay as Blair does. *Scott's Lessons* is essentially a British reader printed in the US; it was replaced in Boston schools by the "American" reader *The American First Class Book*, in 1823. We can see two things (only hinted at in these selections, but apparent in the full texts) in comparing these readers: One is that the American reader had less an emphasis on classical (Greco-Roman) literature, and that both school readers were unashamedly Christian in culture.

*Scott's Lessons* was essentially a reader for the purpose of teaching elocution, rather than, as were later American readers, a more general textbook. That explains some of the former's concentration on classical orations; although it was the practice in both countries even into the early 20th Century, for pupils to read aloud, or recite their lessons from memory.



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, but probably Rev. John M. Mason (see *Final Triumph of the Gospel*)

1. Bristol, an English seaside city known for hot mineral water springs, once purported to have medicinal properties.

Notes for consideration:

This obviously is a poem to be read with passion. But more than a rhetorical exercise, it is a passionate moral statement. Is it the kind of advice often given to young people today?

## 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.

Notes for consideration:

Pope makes an astute observation on the nature of mankind in his opening lines that is well for all of us to bear in mind. In the rest of the piece he tries to justify his observation, and give it meaning beyond just an accidental condition of mankind.

What did he mean by: "...one man's weakness grows the strength of all."

## IMPORTANCE OF VIRTUE

### Price\*

Virtue is of intrinsic value, and good desert (good 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; it is 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*

\*No further identification.

Notes for consideration:

Hardly anyone disputes the value of "virtue", but we today are at extreme odds in what constitutes virtue, even as to the Biblical definition of virtue. Based upon other selections from this reader (Scott's), and others of the period, what would some of Price's virtues be, and how do they compare with some of today's popular "virtues"?

Check out the next selection for some of Scott's period "virtues".

We must remember that salvation is not found in our virtue, but in Jesus' virtue. There may be old fashioned Bible based virtue without salvation, but salvation without ensuing virtue, is suspect.

The mention of "superior beings" calls for a brief explanation. In that time period, many people believed that the vast reaches of space man was beginning to discover, must be populated by God with beings of a nature superior to man, but not angels. That view was inferred from several Biblical passages, but is not, strictly speaking, a Biblical doctrine.

SELECT SENTENCES from *Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*  
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.

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.

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.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next good sense; the third, good humor; the last, wit.

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 (lack).

*Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820*

Notes for consideration:

These are 'wisdom sayings' that were important parts of almost all the old readers. Do they show us truths about human nature? Can we see ourselves in some of them? What do you think was the purpose of including these sayings?

## THE FEMALE CHOICE

Barbault\*

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 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.

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.



Notes for consideration:

This piece is obviously a hyperbolic admonition for young women, with a point more moral than social, and that remains true today. Young women, and men, will face many choices, including whether to "aim at being useful rather than shining." The author presents an unrealistically narrow range of choices for females even of two centuries ago—essentially being a housewife, or, ultimately, a prostitute. Today, there are virtually unlimited career, and lifestyle, options open to women; though being a homemaker is still the most essential contribution anyone can make to society. And, as Mrs. Barbauld's own biography demonstrates, wives were not, and are not, prohibited from making contributions to society outside the home.

Can young people, in our day, receive any useful admonition from counsel in such outdated style?

Why was such moralizing so prevalent in the old school books?

## NOBLE BEHAVIOR OF SCIPIO Dodd (No further identification)

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."

Allucius' 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).

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.

Notes for consideration:

The Carthaginians and Romans were both invaders of Celtic territory; the Romans subsequent to Scipio Africanus' destruction of Carthage. Now, Scipio the Younger was making a name for himself in clearing out Carthaginian colonies on the Iberian Peninsula; but, through such behavior as Scipio's, the Romans were able to successfully merge the Iberian Celts, for the most part, into their Empire and Iberia became as Roman as any place in the Empire.

At this time, early in the rise of Rome, 'virtue' was of primary importance; but as Rome's power, wealth, and dissipation grew, such 'virtue' became a joke. This piece, probably based mostly on legend, is meant more as an example to live up to than factual history.

Could this be seen as the key line in the story of Scipio: "*Far be it from Scipio to purchase any pleasure at the expense of virtue, honor, and the happiness of an honest man!*"

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*

\*Not further identified, but probably Priscilla Bell Wakefield, 1751-1832, a noted English Quaker author, philanthropist, and innovator who founded several charities for women, and the first savings bank for the low income working class. She wrote many children's books, and books for what we might call 'home schooling' of women. We see in this piece that she was active in the anti-slavery boycott movement in England.

Notes for consideration:

This is obviously the story of a family conversation in England (of more than two centuries ago), 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 (which is in line with her other works) would definitely be objectionable to most Americans, and such content is one reason for the rejection of English readers in favor of American readers beginning about this time.

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. It is, also, 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.

JOHN LOCKE AND PIERRE BAYLE:<sup>1</sup>  
Christianity Defended Against the Cavils 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 (Church scholars of previous centuries), 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 (approval) 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.

Notes for consideration:

This is the oldest of the readers in my library, and in some ways the most advanced. We can see that in the intricacy of the previous selection, also how modern the arguments of two and a half centuries ago are.

1. This is an imagined posthumous argument between two eminent philosophers of the Enlightenment Age — John Locke and Pierre Bayle, which Lyttleton is using to make his own point. 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.

Locke's argument at the top of the preceding page (*Locke*. The root of these evils,...) gives a good summary of what Lyttleton was driving at in this commentary. What are the points he was making, and what was Locke's 'given', the underlying assumption that Locke predicated his arguments upon?

## SHORT EXTRACTS

### *Murray's English Reader, 1814*

(The following selections, from a much larger group, begin with the first bit of advice, 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 they 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 (wasteful). 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. ...

*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)

*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 (luck) to deprive him.

Brattie (no further 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."

...

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*

Notes for consideration:

The Reader again appeals to the heroes of the Roman Republic for examples of virtue and honor, perhaps because they appear in such stark contrast to the later leading figures of Roman history. They are classic treasures of observations on human nature.

## THE END

I pray, dear reader, that you received a blessing from this little sojourn into the past.

Bill



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