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# COLLECTION

OF  
LECTURES, ADDRESSES, ARTICLES, ETC

By O. O. HOWARD and Others.

# II

## Semi-Centennial Celebration of Bowdoin College.

---

As a half-century since the admission of the first class into Bowdoin College will be completed at the next Commencement, it has been determined to notice that event in an appropriate manner. Tuesday, August 31, the day preceding the next Commencement, will accordingly be devoted to the exercises of this occasion; and the undersigned, a Committee of the Alumni, hereby cordially invite their brethren to visit their Alma Mater, and to participate in duty honoring the day.

It is proposed, that the Alumni assemble at the College Chapel at half-past nine, A. M. for mutual congratulations; and that during the day appropriate public services be attended in the Congregational Church. It is also proposed, that the Alumni, with invited guests, dine together, when an opportunity will be afforded for the interchange of thought and sentiment, which the occasion may suggest.

JOHN M. O'BRIEN,  
JOHN M'KEEN,  
ROBERT P. DUNLAP,  
A. S. PACKARD,  
JOHN S. C. ABBOTT,  
AUGUSTUS C. ROBBINS.

Brunswick, May, 1852.

Columbus. —

It is impossible to trace the history of Columbus without a feeling of deep interest, mingled with admiration.

The untiring energy & perseverance with which he pursued an object, regarded at that time by the wisest, as nothing but an idle fancy (or a mere creation of the heated imagination), impresses us strongly with the conviction of his superiority to common men.

The conception itself, the realization of which has rendered his name immortal, (is of a sublime character). (It only needed a few, isolated facts (to set in motion) his powerful mind, <sup>was remarkable</sup> (when this grand <sup>conceived the grand idea</sup> conception sprung into existence) and, <sup>this idea</sup> quickly assumed, in his view, at least, the form of a reality. Had he stopped here, Columbus would have been regarded as nothing more than a superstitious sailor, who fancied that the unknown & boundless ocean was filled with golden isles. But the man that planned was the man to <sup>execute</sup> act. Once convinced in his own mind of the truth, <sup>of his theory</sup> & practicability of his design, <sup>by demonstration</sup> no opposition, hazard or danger could deter him from the zealous pursuit of his cherished enterprise.

It is not, however, my purpose to follow him through all the eventful & interesting periods of his history; but to bestow a cursory glance upon some later portions of his life, and <sup>contemplate</sup> behold for a few moments the rewards of Genius, (seemingly so unpromising).

Columbus had devoted his whole life to the realization of that grand conception, which had at an early age taken possession of his heart & imbued his character & conduct with a loftiness of purpose

energy

& a bold enthusiasm. His youthful, & maturer strength had been exerted unsparringly <sup>in the accomplishment of</sup> towards that one object. While he was seeking assistance <sup>in the formation of</sup> his enterprise, he had wandered from country to country, & often on foot & in the most bare necessaries of life utter destitution of the means of supplying the necessaries of life: Driven from one court he had applied to another: Meeting with bitter disappointment in one place, he had repaired to another, only to meet a like repulse. Yet continually buoyed up by the firm belief of final success - ever inspired with a new vigor & courage by the slightest favorable demonstration - he had cheerfully submitted to toil, privation, & suffering: - he had disregarded the sneers & scoffs of his countrymen, & risen superior to the <sup>Mating of his enemies</sup> (malicious, designing enemy). He had succeeded! He had discovered a new world! (Through him) The Sovereigns, who had so reluctantly aided his enterprise, had been richly rewarded; and the Spanish crown had acquired a new luster & importance among the nations of the earth. Now he has grown old in well-doing: The deeply furrowed brow & the silvered locks bespeak both age & life-long care. Yet his step is firm and his form unshaken. That natural majesty & conscious strength, which are the emblems of real superiority, discover themselves in every movement. Look upon him & say: is he not happy in the consciousness of the good he has done? Is he not beloved by his Sovereigns, & his countrymen? How can they do less than recompense the hardships of his youth & manhood by kindness & respect (to him in age!) But, alas! some natures are but seldom visited

by kindness & gratitude! Some hearts have never felt the glowing warmth of their presence! In fact almost every great benefactor of the human race has been doomed to some temporary disgrace. Envy, malice & blind incredulity (are sure to make him their victim; and) the spirit of ingratitude, - sometimes in the shape of slander, sometimes in the garb of bitter unsparing criticism, but oftener far in the unmistakable form of open abuse - has chilled the too-sensitive, too-much-expecting heart. A few perchance have been fully compensated for toil & study and have basked in the sunshine of contemporary favor.

But (the ruling passion of mankind seems to be,) at the moment when <sup>they often</sup> (a man <sup>the public benefactor</sup> <sup>might</sup> <sup>look for the admiration</sup> <sup>of mankind</sup> would expect a shower of honor, to reward him <sup>he is met by</sup> <sup>by</sup> a most ungenerous persecution. Perhaps this is well in the end. It may teach men to look for something above mere contemporary praise - to seek something more noble & more lasting than <sup>the applause of man</sup> present, transient favor. But hard, hard it must be for the man of proud spirit to be degraded & trampled upon by the very recipients of his favor, by those who are bound by all the ties of honor & gratitude to defend & support him! Even Columbus could not escape this common fate. He too was destined to endure suffering & persecution - the legitimate offspring of ingratitude!

While, in "the new world," he is <sup>faithfully</sup> nobly conducting the affairs of his <sup>Sovereign</sup> (rightful government), quelling discord & insurrection & striving by every possible means to promote the <sup>own</sup> interests of his <sup>Countrymen</sup> Spanish rulers, envy & malice are busily at work with his character. All at once, without warning, without trial, & even without the slightest

Examination Theme  
Written by

Oliver O. Howard



When he drives "past" so fast,  
A flood of tears would flow  
To wet the tender cheek:—  
A flood of ~~words~~ words would go,  
Some near, dear friend to seek. (!)  
But never from her lip  
Doth the sweet girl of Leeds  
let out the secret slip!—  
No prating mouth it feeds.  
But bless you, Doctor, now,  
Be careful & be kind:  
Get married! or I trow,  
You'll many Patients find!—  
A Myers & a Sherrill  
Might some sensation make  
But ah! How very still,—  
Though marriage be at stake!  
Now to close this matter,  
However men may talk  
Our ladies never tattle,  
No more than rocks do walk!  
But sometimes say a word;  
All sure in self defence  
Who wouldn't use the sword  
To guard against offence!—

A Close Observer.



Wattle! Wattle! Wattle!  
Oh! how I hate the sound!  
Horses, sheep & cattle,  
Ne'er in such trash abound.  
But Ladies, bless their eyes,  
And maids both old & young,  
In spiteful anger rise,  
If they can't use the tongue! (?)  
But in the town of Leeds,  
Where rich the ladies bloom,  
We hope that no one needs  
Find fault; or can find room.  
Nor of the classes three,  
The widow, maid & dame,  
No mortals are more free  
From such imputed blame!  
A Doctor comes to Yorou!  
A Doctor young & single:  
Old maids put off the frown;  
But don't begin to gingle. —  
Wherever he may turn,  
No north or to the south,  
The heart perchance may burn,  
But feeling shuts the mouth.  
Oh! could they but give vent,  
(When he their hopes doth blast)  
To feelings inward pent,

Ought Capital Punishment to be abolished?

The avowed object of all civil <sup>law</sup> punishment is the security of life, and the protection of individual, & social rights. In order to enforce obedience to the law, punishment ~~became necessary~~ some restraint was found to be unavoidable: hence arises the necessity of civil punishment. Formerly, when societies & nations were ruled by force, ~~any deviation from the law~~, all the lesser crimes, theft, perjury, treachery, adultery & many others were punishable by death. This method of procuring obedience to the law, was supported by the wisest men, and apparently upheld by the strongest reasons. That mode of punishment which would strike the evil minded beholder with the greatest dread, and show him what would be his inevitable fate, were he to swerve from the path of duty, was deemed the most effectual of ~~anything~~ in restraining him from any meditated crime and frightening him into <sup>obedience for</sup> conformity to legal sway. But as civilization advanced, ~~and~~ the experience of ages matured the mind, & ~~overthrew~~ and gradually ~~overthrew~~ much plausible reasoning, it was found that severity might be carried too far, and even hinder the very object which it was thought the very nature of it would promote. Blood called for blood. Every new execution lessened the terror of death, till it was found that

men would brave the Gallows, with a courage & firmness  
worthy of a better cause. The frequency of capital punishments  
was followed by a multitude of capital crimes.  
But finally the making every crime a capital  
offence fell to the ground, and milder punishments  
were found to be equally effective in the hindrance  
of crime. But the idea that the Murder should  
be permitted to live, could not be endured. It  
was alleged that it was against reason, experience  
justice & humanity. For but trials have been  
made. There are facts, statistics, within every  
the knowledge of every one, showing in a decisive  
manner, that the abolition of capital punishment  
will not be ~~for~~ attended with those horrid  
consequences which some have imagined. If the  
Imprisonment for life is sufficient for security &  
protection against the offender; where is the necessity of  
Capital punishment? Again, it is said in order  
to strike <sup>error</sup> into the minds heart of the villain, who is  
yet free. Experience shows ~~It is a saying of Butler~~  
~~that~~. Experience shows, that the frequency of death  
lessens the fear of it. Crowds collect around the  
offender who is about to pay the penalty of his offence  
by death. Some shout <sup>at</sup> his indignantly - Some  
look upon his strugglings with a horrid pleasure,  
depicted on their countenances - in fact - all elapses  
& kinds are mingled together, Many to curse & few to  
pity; Who goes away with a good impression; ~~whose~~  
~~heart has been warmed by pure & holy influences?~~

3

increase in beauty and splendor to the soul  
soaring nearer and nearer to its divine origin.  
And Music! who can tell its effect? Who can describe  
the emotions engendered in the susceptible heart  
by sweetness and harmony of sound. It often  
seems that a sweet singer or a beautiful player,  
whose soft but eloquent strains awaken such pure  
and lively emotions in the soul, and bespeak a  
depth of feeling which language cannot reach, can but  
be a pure being. Though music does not make  
man perfect, still it contributes to this end.

Of what use are the fine arts? Utility is the cry  
from every quarter! What, <sup>we may at ever</sup> in point of utility  
even exceeds the fine arts? Nothing has tended  
more to spread abroad useful knowledge, and  
scatter the seeds of civilization than the dramatic  
writings of Shakespear. Poetry, painting and music  
are even now deemed essential to the completion  
of female education. They elevate her moral and  
refine her intellectual character. Under whose guidance  
and tender care, I would ask, have the ~~great~~ earth's  
greatest men been reared? What is utility after all?  
It is what contributes most to the happiness  
man. In the fine arts is ample room for the full  
development of man's moral & intellectual powers.  
From them he may draw <sup>many</sup> a deep and pleasurable  
draught, without intoxicating his moral sense and  
degrading his mental strength.

It was on a dark and lowering day  
When heavy clouds hung over the way  
That cousin L. to me proposed  
To take a ride, although exposed  
To wet spoil our hat & bonnet-rib  
And turn our ~~white~~ <sup>white</sup> ~~bonnet~~ <sup>w- muddy</sup> ~~me~~.  
She got the horse (~~for~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>wagon</sup> ~~too!~~)  
"Who knows what - cousins will not do!"  
And off we went at rapid rate  
Nor thought to stop until 'twas late.  
When now we turned our way around  
The way was growing dark we found  
The heavy clouds which threatening <sup>stayed</sup> ~~hung~~.  
The thickening air not boding good,  
Saw plainly to our minds did <sup>stay</sup>:  
Drive now, drive safe while yet you may.  
But, ho! Our knowing Dabbin gently walked  
And talking, "hiking", availed us naught!  
"What can we do; Oh! how it rains!  
My pretty coz - in fear exclaims.  
Now darker, dimmer, darker grows  
The road to me unknown and new. te

Ashepeter 11

What thoughts pervade our hearts, in solitude, could we have  
our midnight meditations which give us more  
pleasure than those which hold up before our  
eyes the beauty & excellence of those things  
which are to come? How often is the soul filled  
with happiness even in anticipation of meeting the  
one that are loved after a long absence & how often  
is <sup>the</sup> expectation of great enjoyment attended with  
disappointments & unhappiness. And well it is  
that we know not the future, that we may  
have pleasure at least in anticipation, for  
should we know our destiny, the troubles & trials  
that we must pass through; & all the evils &  
misfortunes that we set our path, previous  
to their coming, what enjoyment or peace could  
there be to us. Those things which might make us  
happy would be neglected & disregarded, & every  
good would seem to our disordered minds, but attend  
ed with evil, & we should have a disbelieve for what  
it we might thus more enjoy, & shun society  
& the world, But with what fortitude & resignation  
can we endure troubles & affliction, while  
our thoughts are bent upon the blessings that  
we believe are yet to come. With what patience  
& forbearance can we endure sickness when

The pain & deprivation caused by sickness if we can  
only hold before our minds, the hope of <sup>an</sup> insuring  
recovery & health with the thought that health  
can be better appreciated after experiencing the bitter-  
ness of disease, as water is only relished when one  
is thirsty & food only pleasant to the taste when  
one is an hungered,

How many a young person has set their hearts upon the  
world, with these thoughts & flattering hopes & expectations  
"Now shall I be free to do as please, neither father to dictate  
nor mother to chide, where pleasure is there can  
I turn myself with out restraint, I can prosper  
now & be happy, but we soon does he learn the  
regard & appreciate the kind father & the solid,  
itous, loving mother, to know the true freedom there  
is under a father's roof, where every comfort is  
provided, and every right desire & wish granted without  
the cares & anxieties which assail the <sup>young</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>on</sup> the  
wide world experiencing the cold mercy of strangers, & the  
richness & deceit of new acquaintance, But it is well also  
to leave friends & have ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> that we may consider  
their kindness more, appreciate their affection better  
and understand our obligation to those always  
striving & acting with all their ability & strength for  
our good & welfare, But with all our habitness  
consists mostly in an illusion, our day dreams &  
mighty meditations are generally what will happen  
in future, & we await the result of these speculations  
with much more pleasure than real reality furnishes  
our never resting & insatiable minds,

The Government of the United States through the Proclamation of the President and the laws of Congress has promised to free the slaves in certain specified insurrectionary states, and pledged its faith to maintain that freedom forever.

"The Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen & Abandoned Lands" was established as the means of making good that promise; as the practicable method of redeeming that pledge.

By law, it consists of a Commissioner and ten Clerks at Washington, and of ten Asst. Commissioners in the field <sup>in</sup> the disturbed districts.

The law empowers the detail of military officers without increase of pay and the Bureau being in the War Department, this is done by the requisition of the Commissioner upon



the Sec. of War or upon the  
 Commander in Chief - or by the  
 requisition of the Assistant Com-  
 missioners upon their respective  
 Department Commanders. who  
 are required by an Order of the War  
 Department to furnish such aid.  
 It was found necessary, in order to  
 accomplish the purpose of the Government  
 to conform to the military sub-districts  
 as far as possible, having an agent in  
 each reporting to the Asst. Commissioners  
 whose ~~head~~ quarters are designated in  
 Orders. In the selection of Agents two  
 characteristics have been demanded, honesty,  
 and friendliness to the freed men. As  
 far as practicable bonded officers have  
 been asked for. With this brief view  
 of the Organization of the Bureau, I  
 pass to the consideration of the  
 measures proposed by the Commissioners  
 or derived from the Law for the accom-  
 plishment of the objects of the Law:

First - By the regulation of the labor  
of freedmen in such a way as  
to preclude slavery or any approximation  
thereof. In surveying the field, the Com-  
missioner found accumulations of the  
former slaves, at military depots, large  
places - In some of the States that had been  
in insurrection labor was already quite  
well organized as on the coast of South  
Carolina under General Saxton - in the  
Mississippi Valley under Colonel Leaton, & in  
Louisiana under the Supervision of  
Chaplain Conway, and in Va. under <sup>Capt.</sup> ~~Gen.~~ Orlando  
Brown and in the Southern portion  
of N.C. under Capt. James A. M. The  
surroundings of different hostile armies  
opened up <sup>to freedom</sup> almost simultaneously the  
whole South and there was danger that  
the negroes would <sup>en masse</sup> immediately take advantage  
of their new found liberty, leave their old  
masters and rush into the presence of  
those whom they looked upon as their  
liberators. The system of contracts or written

agreements, which had been for some time in vogue in the West, was adopted.

These are required to be voluntary engagements, generally for a year, made by those who rent or own land with the refugees or freedmen. After entering into these engagements both employer & employee will be protected and held to the fulfillment of his obligation. The people are not compelled to make contracts and where farmers, trades or mechanics prefer they can make bargains without record, <sup>depending upon</sup> but interest, the necessity for the property holder to have some security, and the necessity for the freedmen to have some guaranty that they will receive their wages, renders it easy to introduce written contracts. Whereas the light of day has sufficiently penetrated to make men aware of the fact that slavery has really been abolished. Now Camps, villages and large places intelligence officers are established - a careful registry is made & kept, so that

The demand and supply of labor may be better regulated. Now in many places it is impossible to meet the present demand for hands for farm work, for private servants &c. &c. This will probably be changed by the gradual reduction of Government employes, such as laborers, in the quartermaster or commissary's Dept. Veterans, pioneers, & officers servants. The muster out of Colored regiments will throw out a redundant supply and it may be some time before the demand will absorb it. Good intelligence officers enable the officers of the Bureau to acquaint themselves with these matters & prepare them to meet contingencies <sup>such as</sup> ~~and~~ include suppressing, corruption & crime.

The metal of the Bonds, whether confiscated or abandoned, now in the custody of the Government, made in accordance with the law establishing the Bureau, affords a very extensive means of reducing the population accumulated in objectionable

localities. This mental effort to the freedmen  
 as to those who will employ them has  
 been done under the auspices of different  
 agencies of the Treasury Department & War  
 Department. The Bureau is required to  
 receive the whole charge of this. The sale  
 of lands under the direction of the tax  
 commissioners has afforded in some  
 parts an opportunity to try the freedmen  
 in enterprises under their own control.  
 And whenever tried the success has been  
 manifest. The sale of lands will be encouraged  
 whenever the United States has some soundly  
 a title. Where this cannot be done and  
 where the matter of title is uncertain,  
 the lands will either be leased or carried  
 on as they are in some parts of the  
 West & South, as Government farms,  
 for the benefit of the refugees &  
 freedmen. The matter of "abandoned property"  
 is necessarily in a very unsettled state and  
 will be till the action of <sup>the Government</sup> ~~the Congress~~ determines  
~~the matter of title~~ the rules of retention &

7  
surrounds of such property and till the  
question of confiscation has taken  
shape. I propose however, to use everything  
placed in my custody as far as possible for  
the benefit of the negroes & freedmen.

labor is further regulated in connection  
with villages, camps and asylums by  
introducing or encouraging the introduction  
of industrial pursuits. I visited an excellent  
industrial school at Norfolk Va. under  
the immediate charge of friends. This  
affords means of instruction and profit  
to the freedmen. I have further  
instructed the aft. Commissioners to  
encourage joint companies - several  
freedmen may combine their savings  
and rent or purchase lands or enter into  
business, or loyal men may buy  
estates as they are doing in many  
places and employ the freedmen.  
The best results I have noticed have  
been where intercourse has been  
interrupted between the blacks &  
Whites, when the people have worked on well  
loyal  
& with superintending teaching. There will be some

if <sup>soon</sup> time before the colored people will make themselves independent of the White Man's advice and aid. Yet this does not necessitate any of the numerous forms of Slavery, that the friends of Slavery and the enemies of the black man wish to introduce.

The second <sup>division</sup> ~~system~~ of measures for accomplishing the objects demanded, is the encouragement of Education.

Father's Trip on the Colorado California  
For Grace -

- 1 Tell me not in joyful numbers  
Of the river Colorado!  
Disturb me not my early slumbers  
With choicest words of big Colorado,
- 2 About the clear & flowing water  
Coursing thro' the meadow fields,  
Colorado! Say with laughter  
In sand and mud it our deals.
- 3 Sunday night we take steamer  
On the banks and on the floor,  
Whereupon the gentlest whisper  
Betrays our secrets evermore.
- 4 Bristle & bright the captain rises;  
Shrill & quick the whistle blows.  
Gay & light the craft disguises  
From our hearts the coming oh!



5 All the day our steamer presses  
Up along the shallow river  
Over banks and bars: no one guesses  
How our decks do shake & shiver.

6 Yet our boat goes steady on  
With her own important freightage =  
And loaded barge she comes along  
Chasing us with lengthy cordage.

7 = Seventy miles: the captain claims  
"Half way up" Melville rejoins  
= "Tomorrow night"! each one exclaims  
By not in words in speaking signs.

8 Trust no present by its phases  
Wait for tomorrow's sun,  
Bout & barge become more lazy,  
Swamp in sand-storm before the noon!

9 Mud and water banks and land  
With snags entwined mesh along.  
Meanwhile the sky is dark with sand.  
Densely blowing, swift & strong.

10

Night conceals the dirty river,  
 The stars shine brightly overhead  
 Time, hurried, always the fewer  
 While hymns <sup>Keep down</sup> ~~the~~, the morrow dreads.

11

All the morrow groans the steamer  
 Now toiling thro' the bars of sand;  
 All the day no foolish dreamer  
 Thinks at all of coming land. —

12

Our heavy barge she drags & drags  
 And our course she will not follow  
 Her Grecian Captain ever flags  
 Our mate deems "his skull's hollow!"

13

From bank to bank, not on, we go  
 By anchor & hawser & spar.  
 Now backward & forward we move  
 As men upon a night-freight car.

14

"Have patience now" a loud cry,  
 "Seam ye to labor and to wait"  
 "Try fortune," our lady sighs,  
 "No use in mourning over fate".

15 Jonah keeps out my sighing heart,  
While Job distressed comes in to aid:  
For Bible precepts can impart  
The needed rest for Sulthan aid.

16 Here enjoyment & here sorrow  
Must be our destined end or way:  
Here to act that each tomorrow  
Push us no further than today.

17 Art is long and time is fleeting  
sure sure our hearts too strong & brave  
cannot stand this ceaseless chafing  
Upon this Colorado wave!

18 But now they tell in hopeful tones  
That the barge about are free,  
For as the Indian chief that roams  
Whose changing camps we daily see.

19 Let us then be up & doing:  
Keep pressing on to meet our goal,  
With the boat & barge pursuing  
The sand & bar: We'll cut the whole

Head Quarters 11<sup>th</sup> Corps. May 13. 1863

General.

New Knoxville Station

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this Corps during the recent movement.

First day Monday

The Corps left this camp at 5 1/2 A.M. April 27<sup>th</sup> and marched towards Kelly's ford via Hartwood Church. We made 14 miles & encamped about a mile beyond Hartwood. The troops were in position by 4 P.M. My main wagon train was parked near the road that leads from the ridge road to Banks ford.

Second day Tuesday

The head of column left camp promptly at 4 A.M. and the entire Corps was in camp at Kelly's ford at 4 P.M. Making 14 miles. At 2 P.M. of this day I visited the Boundary Line at Morrisville where I received specific instructions and intentions of ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> General plan. At 6 P.M. the ponton bridge was commenced under charge of Capt. Partridge of the Eng<sup>s</sup>. The bridge spans were mostly by detail from my command & were now at the work. Some four hundred men of Col. Baskin's brigade crossed in boats. The enemy's picket <sup>after</sup> with a single shot fell back. At 10 P.M. the

bridge was completed and the crossing commenced - A  
squad of Cavalry 12th Penn Cal. Kellogg reported to me  
and were crossed following the infantry advance guard -  
The Col was ordered to send Scouts & patrols up the different  
roads & picket our front. Owing to the darkness of  
the night & the ignorance of guides it was nearly  
<sup>dark</sup> ~~dark~~ <sup>dark</sup> before the troops were all in position.  
(Third day Wednesday)

The 12th Corps Gen. Schoen passed the 11th Corps  
on the march towards Germania Bridge - The 11th followed  
the 12th. The 12th had some skirmishing in front  
and the 11th had its rear of column shelled by a  
couple of light pieces supported by Cavalry. The  
12th Penn Cavalry was ordered to cover the rear  
& protect the train against this annoyance - which  
it failed to do, but <sup>some of Stoneman's</sup> Buford's Cavalry came up so as to  
relieve our right flank. The 11th Corps commenced crossing  
<sup>at Rapidan</sup> at 11 P.M. and by 4 A.M. Thursday were in camp except  
the rear guard & train.

(Fourth day. Thursday) The Corps followed the 12th, leaving  
camp of A.M. and encamped near Dowdell's Tavern at 4 P.M.  
As soon as the head of my column reached this point I  
went to Chambersville & received my orders from Gen. Schoen.  
He told me I was to cover the right - passing my command

near Hunting Creek. Gen Sherman gave me to understand  
that he would take care of the entire front from Chancellorsville  
to my position. Only afterwards one of his Div<sup>s</sup> "  
Gen<sup>ls</sup> only one word that I would have to take about  
3/4 of a mile of the front so as to connect with  
Gen Sherman's right as ordered. This I did and located  
my command with reference to an attack from the  
front ~~at right~~ in a direction perpendicular to the  
plank road - <sup>also</sup> from the right along the plank road & the  
old turnpike roads. My ~~entire~~ right rested in  
the vicinity of the point marked Will on the map  
but no will was in existence. I sent a force of two  
companies to the point where the Old Ford road is crossed  
by Hunting Creek - At this point Gen. Pleasanton had  
a force of Cavalry & some Artillery.

My Corps was distributed as follows. The first Div<sup>n</sup>  
occupied the right. (The first brigade Col. Pilsen deployed two  
regts. & two companies of another, nearly at right angles with  
old Orange C. R. turnpike. The rest of the first Div<sup>n</sup> extended  
along this turnpike deployed, with two regts in reserve.  
Gen Sherman's Div<sup>n</sup> prolonged this line towards the ~~left~~  
east - facing south, South East. He had Regts  
of Gen Schimmelpenninck deployed and Regts in reserve

~~Had~~ We had also Regts. of Col Krizzenowsky's brigade  
on the front line and Regt in reserve. On the  
proper front Gen. Steinwehr had two Regts deployed &  
two in reserve - all of Col Baskin's brigade. On the morning  
of May 2<sup>nd</sup> Gen. Birney relieved a portion of Gen. Stein  
wehr's command from the front line - viz. Gen. Barlow's  
brigade - this I placed in position for a Gen<sup>l</sup> reserve  
of the Corps. The Artillery was disposed as follows -  
two pieces near ~~the~~ <sup>Gen</sup> Stevens' right enfilading old ~~works~~  
the rest of Dickman's battery on the left of Gen. Stevens  
covering approaches along the plank road - Dily's  
battery near intersection of turnpike & plank road -  
Wadrick's battery four guns near Steinwehr's right &  
two guns near his left. covering approaches  
from the front. These batteries were in reserve & so  
I expect as to be used on any approach. Our  
front was covered with rifle pits and abatis.

On Friday May 1<sup>st</sup> <sup>at 12<sup>th</sup> M.</sup> received the order to march along the  
plank road towards F. Army & take position one mile in  
rear of the 12<sup>th</sup> Corps. We had hardly ~~got~~ left camp  
before the order was countermanded & we resumed  
the old position.

Early Saturday morning Gen. Walker visited my corps  
and rode along my front lines. At one point a  
regt. was not deployed at another a gap in the  
woods refilled - the ~~entire~~ correction was immediately  
made - and the position strengthened - The front  
was covered by a good line of skirmishers - I should  
have said that just at evening of May 18th the enemy  
made a reconnaissance <sup>with a small force of artillery</sup> on our front - Gen Sherman  
being moved out with a ~~butcher~~ and drove him  
back. During the day of the 20th the same Gen. made frequent  
reconnaissances - <sup>supply</sup> Scouts & Cavalry patrols were constantly  
pushed out on every road - The constant report was, the  
enemy is cropping the plank road & moving towards  
Camp Peffer. At four P.M. I was directed to send a brigade  
to the support of Gen Sickles. I immediately ~~took~~ <sup>sent</sup> Gen  
Barlow's brigade by a short route to Gen Sickles'  
right - some 2 1/2 miles from the plank road to the  
front. At about 6 P.M. I was at my quarters at Dowdell's town  
when the attack commenced. I sent my chief of staff to  
the point where firing was heard. <sup>Gen Shays. set off to take care of this line.</sup> It was not three minutes  
before I followed - when I had reached Gen Shays' com-  
mand; I saw that the enemy had enveloped my right  
and that the first div<sup>n</sup> was giving way - I first tried  
to change front the deployed regiments - kept directed



the artillery where to go - formed a line by deploying  
some of the reserve regts. near the church. ~~By~~  
this time the whole front on the north of the  
plank road had given way. Col. Bushbeck's brigade  
was faced about & lying on the other side of the  
rifle pit substantially held on very well. A party  
of Gen. Schumacher's regt & a part of Gen. Krivizanovsk  
brigades moved gradually back to the north of the  
plank road - and kept up their fire. At the center &  
near the plank road there was ~~great confusion~~ & a  
blind panic & great confusion. By the assistance of  
my staff & some other officers - one of whom was  
Col. Dickinson of Gen. Harker's staff the work was  
considerably checked - and all the artillery except 8  
pieces withdrawn. Some of the artillery was well  
served and told effectively on the advancing enemy.  
Capt Dilger kept up a continuous fire till we  
reached Gen. Berry's position.

Now as to the causes of the disaster to my corps.  
1<sup>st</sup> though constantly threatened - and apprized of the moving  
~~column~~ of the enemy, yet the woods were so dense that he was  
able to mass a large force above exact whereabouts, without  
patrols, reconnoissances, nor scouts ascertained. He succeeded  
in forming a column opposite to and outflanking my

right.

2<sup>nd</sup> The panic produced by the enemy's reverse fire.  
Regiments & <sup>companies</sup> ~~troops~~ thrown suddenly upon those  
in position.

3<sup>d</sup> The absence of Gen Barlow's brigade, which I had  
previously located in reserve and in rebellion with  
Gen Donk's so as to cover his right flank.

My Corps was very soon reorganized near Chancellorsville  
and relied her <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ Corps on the left of the general  
line. Here it remained till Wednesday morning  
when it returned its position as ordered at the  
old camp.

The <sup>aggregate</sup> number of killed wounded & missing is  
2508 - ~~approximate~~

The "Six" Brigade Commanders showed the greatest  
attention to duty and a hearty cooperation <sup>with me</sup> at all  
times ~~on the march~~. By a reference to the tabular  
statement it will be seen that a large proportion  
of the regimental Commanders <sup>engaged upon</sup> ~~are~~ killed, wounded or taken  
prisoners.

Lieut. <sup>of my staff</sup> ~~of my staff~~ <sup>particularly at work</sup> ~~of my staff~~ <sup>particularly at work</sup>  
Dissam, was killed while rallying the men.  
I feel confidently that this command will yet honor  
itself & the noble cause we advocate, and I ask for it another  
opportunity for demonstrating its true spirit.

Battle of Chancellorsville

Official Report

Maj. Gen. P. D. Hovess

*[The main body of the page contains several paragraphs of handwritten text, which is extremely faint and largely illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side. The text appears to be a detailed military report.]*

## Facts for Gen. Howard.

Ninty five years ago today, fifty six men sign a paper pledging life, fortune and sacred honor in defense of principles the paper contained. Nine of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, were Natives of the State of Massachusetts, nine claimed Virginia as their birthplace, five were Natives of Pennsylvania, and the same number were from Maryland, four came from each of the states New Jersey, South Carolina and Connecticut, three from New York two from each of the States of Delaware and Rhode Island, three were born in Ireland two in Scotland, one in Wales and one in England.

The war of the Revolution was long and severe, yet right finally triumphed. America was free the stars and stripes proudly floated in the breezes of heaven. As our Fathers came forth from the war for Independence naught remained to them but liberty and stout hearts. Their motto was Onward and upward as they take their new departure. Our fathers were men of large faith and endurance, they believed like the Old Romans that they could found a mighty empire. Their beginning was small all great enterprises are small; how far the faith of our fathers

has realized itself, history will inform us. Seventeen years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence (Twenty eight years ago today), the number of the States in the Union was but fifteen. Senators and Representatives in Congress numbered only one hundred and thirty five. The population was a fraction less than four millions. The amount of receipts in the United States Treasury, less than six millions. The area of the United States in square miles about eight hundred thousand. The number of Colleges was fifteen, Public Libraries thirty five, number of volumes in these libraries seventy five thousand. No Navy, no Telegraphs, no Rail Road. The population of Boston was eighteen thousand, New York City but thirty three thousand, Philadelphia less than forty three thousand. Where Washington city now stands, farm houses existed.

The West was yet to be born, years later the far west was to begin its career on the page of American history. Today what a change the facts of history reveal in relation to this great Country. View it in its superficial extent stretching out from the forests of Maine, to Florida on the Gulf. Reaching from ocean to ocean, from the Commercial Metropolis on the east, to the Golden Gate

on the west, embracing an area of three and a half million of square miles, sustaining a population of thirty nine million of human beings. Instead of fifteen states we have now thirty seven states and eleven territories. The thirty three thousand population of New York becomes a million, instead of forty three thousand for Philadelphia we have six hundred and seventy four thousand. Boston with her population twenty eight years ago of thirty eight thousand two hundred and fifty thousand. In the meantime new cities and villages have sprung up as by magic, on the shores of our lakes, borders of our rivers, dotting our western prairies with populous cities and villages. Chicago with her three hundred thousand, Cincinnati two hundred and sixteen thousand, San Francisco with two hundred and fifty thousand, Washington with one hundred and ten thousand. The iron horse speeds its way, over a track of fifty thousand miles. Telegraphic wires distance Father Time himself spanning the earth changing years into days and days into seconds. The American Navy already lays claim as mistress of the seas. Already the cry comes from the distant Islands of the

sea asking our sons to come and instruct them in Agriculture  
Manufactures, Commerce, and Education. To prepare us  
for the noble destiny before us, two things are required  
of us and our success is sure. Carry the blessings of education  
to all our people regardless of condition or color; instruct  
them in the science of life; how to live on the earth,  
how to prepare for an endless life above, and we have  
nothing to fear.

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and Friday July 14<sup>th</sup> 1854

Wm. Bates' Grove

P  
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My young friends.

My Young. It is with a feeling of reluctance that I come before you today, for I am hardly a fair representative of the principles you advocate. Still you must have learned by this time that much useful instruction can be drawn from the confessions of evil ones; and that in the Providence of God many a bad example is over-ruled for the good of those exposed to the full glare of its sinful influence.

Such is the case when the son of a drunkard becomes a steady, honest and upright man, or when the gentle boy shudders at the oaths that drop from paternal lips and steels his youthful heart forever against such daring wickedness. But do not misunderstand me - for though good may grow out of evil - though the mouth of the Almighty is made to praise him - though you may become wiser and better by knowing the fate and failings of wicked men if you make it your study to avoid the snares by which they were caught, yet more than ten times over, springs from the influence of evil example. So true is this that good men dislike to acknowledge it as a principle that mankind ever receive any benefit from the wicked practices of wicked men.



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Tom had <sup>then</sup> known a little boy about ten years of age, who had <sup>contracted</sup> formed the habit of swearing. He could use oaths as easily and freely as any of our well-practiced scoundrels; he could even rival the drunken jockey in profanity, and make many a proud devotee of Satan hang his head ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> shameful defeat. He had received his first lessons from his own father's sacrilegious lips, and had perfected himself in this noble, thus many vice by dint of his own budding genius and unremitting practice. His honored sire chanced ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> day to hear him curse. The man's face flushed with anger - he demanded & cursed his boy. He kicked him, and so hard that the child fell crying piteously to the ground. He swore that if he heard him use <sup>ever</sup> an oath again ~~that~~ he would whip him within an inch of ~~his~~ life - he meant, no doubt, within an inch of death. Here was precept, strong precept, without example. Did it cure the boy - did it purify his heart and make him eschew the disgusting vice? By no means. He hated his father - avoided him & cursed him at his back. On the other hand, all history shows & individual experience demonstrates the fact, that the influence of the good is both genial & powerful. A good example leads no one astray - it breaks no loving, trusting heart, and embitters not the cup of innocence & virtue. We must remember that man is a <sup>creature</sup> being susceptible of impressions. He is affected by every individual being as the

whom he is brought in contact. You meet your little friend. You spend with him or her a few short hours. You interchange a few sentences. make a few confessions. tell some little secrets. or prate away upon some childish topics, and then you separate perhaps forever. Yet each has left on the others mind a ~~strong~~ marked impression that nothing in this lower world can efface. A word. a sentence ~~or~~ perhaps only a smile was sufficient to change the tenor of your whole future life. Here you have formed a little band of brothers and sisters, pledging yourselves against intoxicating drinks, tobacco & profanity. It affords you innocent amusement and mutual social enjoyment. It was no hard task for you to sign the pledge. Your natural taste had not been corrupted. you had no old companions to break off from. No great efforts of self-denial ~~were~~ <sup>are</sup> dragging <sup>in</sup> at your ~~retard~~ path & clapping your footsteps. But you come as to a rich banquet. an inviting repast. But my young friends, you must recollect that there are little boys & girls who are not situated as you are - and others who are ~~now~~ as happy & unweaned but who, single & unguided, will surely go astray. It becomes then your privilege & your duty to strive & gather them into your little fold. Remember this that the influence of one individual upon another is very great. though you may fail to perceive it in its early stages. and that the combined efforts of so many bright spirits <sup>will</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>be</sup> a <sup>powerful</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>source</sup> of good. It is a beautiful. a holy

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course in which you are engaged and the smiles of Heaven will rest upon you. I have heard scoffing and drinking men laugh at what they call fanaticism here in our State - they pretend that there is now as much drunkenness in Maine as of old and that our very restrictions, are only temporary & even tend to aggravate the evil of intemperance.

Will we not show them that what they say is false! Can we not assure them of a glorious future for Maine, when the innocence & simplicity of childhood are permitted to give lessons of wisdom? When all that is beautiful and attractive is combined and pledged to abstain from those things that principally militate against health & happiness? Be firm - is constant my little friends - stick to your principles. You know not of how much service they will be to you hereafter - You cannot yet appreciate the strength and beauty with which they will invest your characters. I am not much older than the eldest of those who make up your association, yet my fortune <sup>perhaps</sup> has thrown me much more than any of you into contact with the different classes of people that make up this busy world, and especially have I been called to associate with the young. And with pain have I seen one after another of those who were my companions in early boyhood, those who were as light hearted as I & all so soon as they were exposed to the shafts of temptation. One bright, blue eyed boy I remember - who was the son of a pious mother - Rosy health sat on his cheek and ebullient mirth danced & sparkled in his eye. He was

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a good, kind loving child, the pride & delight of his mother. She watched over him with maternal tenderness & affection - She feared to leave the slightest breath of sin reach his fair forehead. She was accustomed to pray with him & for him fervently to her heavenly father. In short she seemed to neglect no duty to secure an effort that she might <sup>lead on</sup> ~~bring up~~ her boy in the path of rectitude. How could he be other than good! He has grown to be a handsome man, his exterior is polished & attractive, yet, strange to tell, his moral being seems nothing but black pollution. It savors of corruption & vice. He visits continually those dissipated dens of iniquity, where fiends reign in attractive smiling places, where I trust not one who hears me will ever enter. He associates with those who seem to make it their meat and drink to do vile things, whose touch is pollution and whose tongues delight in blasphemous against the most high. His employers have cast him forth and honest men have shut their eyes & ears against the fallen one. And he is left to gain his living by fraud & crime. I have heard the mother mourn over her lost son. I have seen her shed tears, bitter, bitter tears as she talked of the past & compared it with his present condition. And pray what caused his ruin! He imbibed those false ideas of gentility which still prevail in some parts

of our country. He could not give offence by refusing the  
social glass. He must needs use the manly oath  
to give strength & zest to his speech. I will not trace  
him step by step in his downward course - for it  
is that of thousands, whose history is printed in the  
annals of human depravity & crime. I had a class-  
mate - a talented youth who once gave promise  
of becoming one of the first men in the country - he  
is said he was once a member of the church &  
studying for the ministry. Now he is a horrid  
blasphemer & one of the most intemperate & vicious  
man I ever knew. He will drink till he is delirious  
like he raves like a maniac - What brought him  
to this I know not. When I have heard him  
electrify an audience by his eloquence, causing  
his listeners often to hold their breath in  
suspense lest they might lose a word from these  
occasional & wonderful ebullitions of genius - and then  
the next instant burst from the same lips the  
bitter venom of infidelity & impious profanity - thought  
pained & disgusted - I could but exclaim - Oth God!  
Why is man fashioned in thine image suffered to  
to fall! What might he not have been! I know  
thousands of hundreds of examples of the same natured -  
those who were upright - were all that paternal anxiety  
could wish them - but are now drinking the dregs  
of dissipation & vice.

You too, my young friends, will sooner or later

go forth into the world - You who have been nurtured  
here under these holy influences - You will be  
exposed to every sort of temptation - Sometimes they  
will come full of attractions - clad in beauty, or  
splendor - sometimes in all the variety & subtlety of  
the serpent - sometimes passing to appetite & passion  
sometimes flattering pride & puffing conceit - In  
whatever shape temptations come, you will have  
your safeguard in the principles to which you  
are pledged. Nay! I am too fast. You may be pledged  
against liquor, profanity & tobacco and still not be free  
entirely safe from the ills of life. There are terrific  
storms to breast - multitudinous trials & vexations  
to endure. Envy, malice, ridicule and a whole  
catalogue of words indicative of passion & violence  
will rise up, in hideous deformity to frighten you  
from the path of duty. You may be temperate, you  
may never use a profane oath, and yet you may  
consider your friends unhappy & yourselves almost  
hopelessly miserable. You may allow self-interest or  
unhealthy feelings to get footing in your heart - you  
may arrogate to yourselves undue importance &  
become satisfied of your own virtues - you may attain  
a high idea of your own superiority - put on airs, or  
assume a demeanor, which provokes approach & causes  
those you might benefit to hate you. Now you  
have all the warmth of youthful natures, and  
your countenances exhibit a freshness & healthfulness

which is unmitigable. Envy has not poisoned your  
 bitter disappointments has never soured your labors.  
 Christed pain is to you as yet an unmeaning symbol.  
 And would to Heaven you might ever remain as  
 pure as you now are - as free from anguish &  
 harassing care - as free from the machinations  
 of malevolent spirits - as full of hopes - so bright  
 and sparkling like the dew of heaven - Would  
 that knowledge might dawn upon you without  
 a sad experience - that you might eat of the  
 fruit of wisdom without plucking that that is  
 forbidden! And may we not you ask - may we  
 not day by day increase increase in knowledge  
 and sin not - may we not go forth into the fields  
 - gather flowers and take delight in studying their  
 beauty & their use - the wild seed & the simple insect  
 can teach us useful lessons. The bird that opens  
 his little throat to pour forth such vigorous greetings  
 affords us example & encouragement. Why may  
 we not gather abundantly from the world of  
 sense & of letters - why not excavate the earth  
 and decipher the enigmas that old time  
 has impressed on the low buried rocks - why not  
 learn by heart the few simple elements that make  
 up this wonderfully variegated earth - why not  
 learn science & art! So there sin in studying the  
 plants to learn <sup>to profit</sup> their virtues & extract from them  
 the healing balm - So there sin in learning from books  
 or from nature the art of alleviating the sufferings of our  
 fellow men! So there ought in knowledge itself there

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1.

can do us harm or taunt the human heart! Ah! Ah,  
My young friends. You reason well. You may study  
nature - you may, you may develop the intellect  
gathering into your heads much & various knowledge  
of the manifold works of God, and this of itself  
shall not harm you. But how few there are who  
seek water at the pure fountain head. It is said "a  
little knowledge is a dangerous thing" and who pray  
has more than a little knowledge! The wisest intellects  
upon our little earth are but specks on the ocean  
of infinity. And yet how well in their own conceit  
our little men become. They strut about with an air  
of proud dignity. In purple robes they deck themselves  
and ape divinities. Minor things they notice not. Our  
big words say some are not to be troubled about  
sublunary affairs: they are traveling among the stars.  
The wails of humanity cry to our nominal wise men  
for relief - they answer what have we to do with the  
common herd - ours is a higher destiny. we must  
not pollute ourselves with indiscriminate contact with  
the low and vulgar. Such seems, at least, to be the  
plain interpretation of their conduct & bearing. True it  
is my friends that learning harms no one, but in  
getting knowledge, men often let go their good  
common sense. Now you have listened to all this, and  
away, no doubt, with the listening. You may well be



10<sup>th</sup>

E. A. Winter

J. E. W.

able to gather my meaning - Look me in the face and I will tell you - You will learn somewhat every day while you live - What you learn may make you worse or it may make you better - it may detract from your comfort or it may add to your happiness - I don't want you to grow up to be niggardly & selfish - to hoard up money or to envy & curse those better off than yourselves - to esteem yourselves the good ones & cast about the rest of the world as bad. I want you to have true wisdom; to temper the knowledge you acquire with common sense - not only to abjure forever habits of intemperance, folly & crime which beset those habits to which poor weak men are so prone and which carry misery in their wake - but I wish you to be able to lead the misguided and fallen into the brighter flowery paths you are treading.

Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead  
 With him in kindest, gentlest mood,  
 And walk the lost one through mercy's land  
 To God, humanity & good.

To do this

Wm. B. Flower

Oliver O Howard  
H

April 21<sup>1/2</sup>  
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Much uncertainty respecting the character of Mary of Scotland arises from the different opinions of authors with regard to her. All appear in some degree to be swayed by prejudice; hence it is difficult to obtain an impartial account. One class favoring Elizabeth of England, the contemporary of Mary, ascribe to her a just and noble character, and consequently represent Mary as deserving the treatment she received. Another class show the Queen of Scots an injured woman, driven hither and thither by the intrigues of ambitious noblemen, subject at all times to the malice and envy of Elizabeth, and maligned by the strenuous advocates of reform, because her religious views did not conform to their stern and rigid principles. She was betrayed by those in whom she placed implicit confidence, and her patronage converted to the furtherance of the most-despicable designs, for which she alone was blamed. Even her brother, who possessed the greatest influence over her, to promote his own ambition, turned that influence to the ruin of many innocent noblemen and her most-loyal subjects. By misrepresentation he made her sanction the most-atrocious <sup>murder,</sup> causing her to believe it deserved punishment.

We are naturally led to overlook the faults and pardon the errors of Mary from compassion for one so unfortunate. Contrasting her character with that of Elizabeth, we admire her virtues and regret the imprudence, which so unhappily decided her destiny,

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whilst we perceive in a clearer light the inconsistency of Elizabeth, upon whom the treatment and death of Mary have left a stain, which the effacing hand of time will never blot out.

Mary Queen of Scots was the daughter of James 5<sup>th</sup>. Died soon after her birth, leaving her yet an infant, the queen of a disordered and factious kingdom. She was instructed after the royal custom in Scotland till the age of six, At that time proposals were made by the King of France to unite her with his son, the Dauphin in marriage. These proposals were accepted, and immediately the young Queen was conveyed to the court of France. Here she received a finished education, and a polish of manners such as, at that period, France alone could give. Her beauty and grace excited admiration, and the sweetness of temper which characterized her, and which she retained through all her misfortunes, gave birth to affection, and made her beloved among her associates. After educating her as became a Queen, the King celebrated her nuptials with his son with great pomp and magnificence. The Prince was a youth much younger than Mary and supposed of far less ability; therefore she acquired the greatest influence over his mind, and moulded him to suit her own designs. But yet she is said to have treated him at all times with kindness and marked attention. She had been married but a short time when the King died, and her husband was crowned, "Francis II. King of France." Now Mary had become Queen of France and Scotland. She had attained all that heart could wish; and, <sup>for a time</sup> sought interposed to disturb her tranquillity or mar her happiness. But this state of things was not long to last. A darkness was soon to overspread her prospects, and hence be driven from her heart, never more to return. She had been

3  
married but about two years, when she was called to mourn the  
Death of her husband. He was taken from her, when her hopes were  
brightest, and anticipations strongest, when she was painting  
to herself a happy future, and life appeared most lovely. But the  
whole aspect was changed at a blow; she was left thus young a  
widow, and those who had been envious of her glory sought now  
in her loneliness to satisfy their malice, and vent their anger.  
Fully understanding her situation, and perceiving that she  
had no interest in France to induce her stay, she resolved to  
return to Scotland. For this purpose she sent to Elizabeth to  
request a safe passage through her dominions; this Elizabeth  
denied her, unless she would sign a treaty, which would  
deprive her of her natural rightful possessions. This she indignantly  
refused to do, and said if she could not obtain her consent, she could  
return to her own country without it. Accordingly she, with a  
few followers set sail from the land of her adoption, which she  
left with a sad heart, and reached her own land, although a  
fleet had been sent out by Elizabeth to intercept her progress.

Previous to her return the reformed religion had made great  
advancement, and the more its progress was <sup>resisted</sup> impeded, the more  
zealous became its adherents, so from opposition it continually  
took deeper root, and seemed to threaten the entire overthrow of  
the established religion. About this time John Knox <sup>took</sup> the lead of  
the protestant party, a man to be admired more for what he accom-  
plished, than for the manner of accomplishment. He seems to have  
imbibed all the fanaticism of his sect; and by his zeal and the  
peculiar power of his eloquence he made new converts, and  
imparted to all a fury, which carried desolation and destruction  
throughout the empire. Such was the internal condition of her

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country when Queen Mary returned. Nevertheless she was received  
with many marks of kindness. She won the affections  
of her subjects by her striking beauty and the elegance of  
her manners: and for a time a spirit of loyalty pervaded the  
Kingdom. But it was not of long duration. For ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> was  
a papist; And ~~King~~ <sup>King</sup> fearing the influence she would exert  
to stay the progress of his religion, took every occasion to make  
her the object of insult: Therefore <sup>the</sup> his power, exceeding <sup>royalty</sup> itself,  
soon caused her to fall into disrepute with his followers.  
Moreover Elizabeth secretly encouraged and assisted the  
malcontents in order that she might undermine the  
power of Mary, and more easily place her at her own  
disposal. Although Mary was a Catholic she seems to have  
placed her confidence especially in those who professed  
the Protestant religion, and upon them she bestowed the highest  
honors. But how little was she compensated for this kindness. Instead  
of acknowledging her benefits and striving for the promotion of her  
interests, they with every new accession to power labored to involve their  
sovereign in difficulty, that they might carry out their own designs.

After Mary's establishment at home, there existed an appearance  
of friendship between her and Elizabeth. The latter appeared to take  
particular interest in all that concerned the Queen of Scots, and  
for many alleged reasons, she urged her to make choice of a husband.

And when there were added to her importunities, the solicitations  
of her <sup>own</sup> subjects, she selected Lord Darnley, the son of the Earl of Lennox.  
He was a man of an exterior wanting no accomplishments, but  
he possessed a worthless character. ~~Dispersed in his favor~~ and  
Decided by the fineness of his person, the Queen is said at their first meeting

to have been highly pleased with the young lord, and rashly resolved to raise him to the highest honors of her kingdom. Immediately on learning this determination Elizabeth feigned the greatest astonishment and displeasure at her choice, and represented such a union pregnant with evil, and dangerous to the empire. vexed by this inconsistent conduct Mary was more strongly than ever determined to follow her own inclination. Accordingly by her ready address she obtained the consent of her most influential subjects, and without delay effected a marriage, which was to cause her years of regret. Gradually the delusion brought upon her mind in the heat of passion wore away, and she began to perceive the true character of her husband. Her love, for one so debased in desire, as he proved to be, so subject to appetite and passion and destitute of every moral principle, soon turned to disgust. Nor did she attempt to conceal her feelings towards him after he in combination with a few nobles murdered her secretary Rizzio, but took every occasion to treat him with scorn. Not being able to bear her persecutions he was compelled to leave her court.

The place Darnley had occupied in her affections, was soon filled by another, the Earl of Bothwell, a man who had <sup>appeared</sup> much attached to the Queen's cause, and in different had many times rendered her assistance. He was possessed of great power from his wealth, and his abilities were of an inferior order. By his insinuating manners and show of attachment

She at first obtained the respect of the Queen, and by degrees gained her love. At this period in Mary's history there appears <sup>on her part</sup> an act of deceit and dissimulation highly culpable. All at once she visited her husband in his retirement just as he was recovering from a severe illness, and expressed so great a friendship for him by every mark of kindness and attention, that she made an impression on his weak and bleibly mind, and caused him to think that her feelings towards him had undergone a change. By her persuasion she induced him to return to Edinburgh, where he had been but a few days, before his life was destroyed. Immediately every eye and every mind were engaged in searching out the perpetrator of so dreadful a crime. So unprovoked a murder could not but call forth the deepest horror and indignation even among a people where life was valued so little, where scarcely a day passed in which some human being was not sacrificed to his religious or political principles. Suspicion fell on the Earl of Bothwell. He appeared to be the only person most interested in the destruction of Darnley for the latter was the only obstacle to his ambition. Could he be put <sup>him</sup> out of the way the hand of the Queen would be his. Mary herself was not free from insinuation. Her previous conduct and the remissness with which she prosecuted those charged with the crime, appeared to the excited minds of the people to give evidence of guilt. The only excuse offered for Mary's conduct on this affair is her hatred of her husband and the influence of Bothwell. The ardor of her affection blinded her reason, and caused her to seek only his interests and the accomplishment of his



Wishes. Hence she was insensibly made <sup>an</sup> accessory to the death  
murder of her husband. Bothwell was brought to trial and  
through the want of evidence was acquitted. After his acquittal  
the Queen not only regarded him <sup>as</sup> innocent, but <sup>as</sup> a man worthy  
of her hand and her heart. And after much importation she  
married him. But a marriage so impiously effected was  
not long to be a source of happiness to either. When Bothwell  
had gained the object of his ambition, he began to manifest a  
disrespect for the Queen not to be expected from one who had  
received so many favors. He endeavored to get possession of her  
son for some vile purpose, probably to put an end to his  
life, and because she gently remonstrated with him, and  
dissuaded him from his ambitious design, used the most insult-  
ing language, and treated her in so unfeeling a manner  
that she wept and threatened to destroy herself. Many nobles were  
incensed at the conduct of Bothwell, and raised an army for  
the alleged reason purpose of rescuing the Queen and her son from  
his oppression. No hostilities ensued, but Bothwell having committed  
a few depredations fled the country. Here his connection with  
Mary's history ends. His character presents nothing that excites our  
admiration or esteem. He was no illustrious patriot to be loved  
by posterity, or philanthropist seeking only the good of his kind,  
but his aspirations were wholly selfish, he ever had in  
view his own interests and his own aggrandizement, and for  
these was ready to sacrifice every moral principle, every thing sacred.  
He threw well his dice till he had won his game. His object was  
gained, but the manner of gaining had incensed the people, and  
he was hurled from the summit of power almost as soon as  
he had reached it. Mary was taken captive by her subjects and

and placed in prison. Her brother from whom she expected  
the most immediately appeared her greatest enemy, he  
together with a few other lords visited her, and prevailed upon  
her to resign in favor of her son. He himself was made regent.

The Queen enduring her imprisonment for a short time, by the  
aid of a few friends effected her escape and placed herself  
at the head of ~~as large a~~ <sup>as large a</sup> force ~~that~~ <sup>as</sup> could be collected. But in the  
first battle she sustained against her brother, she was defeated  
and put to flight. As Elizabeth had manifested a spirit of  
friendship towards her of late she imprudently resolved to  
place herself in her power. Accordingly she hastened to  
her dominions and was received by the subjects of England  
at first with much courtesy. But Elizabeth refused her an  
interview until she should clear herself from <sup>the</sup> suspicion of assisting  
in her husband's murder. And Mary unsuspectingly offered to  
vindicate herself and prove her innocence. But she by no means received  
an impartial trial. Her brother the Earl of Murray, with a few letters (since  
proved to have been forged) written by her to Bothwell, appeared as her  
accuser, and her enemies were her judges. Though this picked court could not  
from the evidence, find her guilty, yet she was not acquitted.

Elizabeth was too politic to let the bird, which she had spent years  
to ensnare, escape from the toils. She confined her now in one  
prison now in another. She transferred her from one place, only to  
place her in another still more lathsome. We will pass over a few  
years of her confinement, during which she had lost her wonted vigor  
and health bloomed no longer in her once beautiful countenance.  
Her mien was no longer stately, and her motions were destitute  
of their former grace. Thus was she changed from a powerful and admired  
Queen to a miserable and persecuted captive.

A few of the most prominent members of Elizabeth's court for some secret  
purpose desired the execution of the Queen of Scots. To effect their object two  
things were necessary, first to convince their sovereign that the death of Mary

was essential to her own safety, secondly to make the Queen amenable to the laws of England for any crime. So they not only endeavored to show her connection with any existing conspiracy, but, taking advantage of her great desire for freedom, to involve her in new and pretended combinations. But finding heraverse to any direct design upon the life of Elizabeth, they invented new means to draw her into the snare.

With well feigned love for their sovereign they proposed the law, that whosoever contributed by action or influence to endanger her life should suffer the penalty of death. Flattered by their zeal for her welfare Elizabeth subscribed the law. This paved the way for Mary's execution. Soon she was bound being to a plot, which had been laid by her friends for her own deliverance. This so well carried on, and coming so near its execution caused great excitement, and Mary was immediately accused as its primary cause. Her papers were seized and she brought to trial, convicted and condemned by the law made for this purpose. She received her sentence with a calm and unshaken countenance, and laid her head upon the fatal block with as much composure as if she were <sup>it</sup> but reclining on a downy pillow.

Thus died the unhappy and unfortunate Mary a victim to fraud and artifice. Her life had been a continual scene of Gloom and disappointment, and her unmerited death wound up an existence which had become a burden. An escape from misery was the greatest blessing she could desire: Hence with Christian fortitude she resigned her spirit to Him, who alone shows mercy to the wronged and persecuted of Earth.

D. J. O'Connell  
May 28

## Journey Home.

There is hurrying to and fro, carrying trunks bidding farewell. All seem to <sup>be</sup> full of action and excitement— What means all this bustle? The examination is past, and all are preparing to take their departure, an event anticipated with the greatest pleasure by the student; both as a relief from study and a freedom from the bondage of College. Every breast is filled with emotions of pleasure. Some are expecting a happy meeting with friends from whom they have been long separated. Others <sup>are</sup> wishing for sport and recreation. All are rejoiced at a change. The party to which I belonged, having chartered a small steamer, set out from Brunswick <sup>about</sup> on a beautiful afternoon (about two O'Clock). The weather was warm, but a cool and refreshing breeze swept along the river, tempering the atmosphere and preventing excessive heat. All things without seemed to harmonize with the feelings within. Along the banks of the Androscoogin the improvements of the industrious farmer were visible, and

P. S. O'Connell  
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May 28

the reward of his labor was foretold in the lively green of his fields of wheat and in the beautiful carpets of grass, furnishing an <sup>appreciable</sup> glowing contrast to the dark loam of the more backward cornfields.

We sailed on rapidly till we came to bay bridge where we were obliged to wait the slow motions of lazy men in the act of raising the bridge: So putting about - we sailed back half or three quarters of a mile, where turning round we found the bridge ready for our passage. Then passing through we soon came into the open bay, a small, but pretty expanse of water, the junction of the two rivers the Androscooggin and the Kennebec. We soon arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec and took our course up the river. This river being navigable naturally draws to its banks a more thriving and wealthy population than the Androscooggin, and hence the scenery became more interesting.

Here the boat appeared alive with motion: some <sup>the</sup> more musical of our companions frequently regaled us with a song, some were laughing some joking some telling stories, and others listening or reading. In this manner time passed quickly and we soon accomplished our journey. At Hallowell ~~some of us~~ <sup>we</sup> parted with our boat and those of our companions, destined to another port. With a parting salute the boat hastened on her journey, and we with light hearts our baggage in our hands wound our way up the hill nodding to one

bowing to another and shaking hands with our  
more ~~intimate~~ acquaintances. At length with one  
fellow student I found my way to the house of  
a relative, where after a hearty welcome, with no  
little pleasure to ourselves we were invited to tea.  
When tea was over we took a stroll to view the new  
and wonderful things <sup>of</sup> Hallowell; But to me especially  
the old were interesting, for I had lived in Hallowell, and  
it had become a place second only in interest to the  
place of my birth both from the dear friends it  
contains and from its rich display of nature's  
handiwork. As soon as we had satiated our  
curiosity, (and wearied our legs) we returned to  
our friends, washed to our place of rest and  
closed a day so full of ~~incident~~ with fanciful  
anticipations of a pleasant vacation, and  
dreamy visions of home.

P.S. Berkeley

1840

Sept's Perley

From  
Perley

Oliver Howard  
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Oliver Howard

Oliver Howard  
Maine

Oliver Howard  
Oliver Howard

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Oliver Howard

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William Goodwin

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Oliver Howard

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South Leeds Maine

Maine South Leeds

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Oliver Howard

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Maine Leeds Maine

Oliver Howard

South Leeds

Bill Goodwin

Sept's Perley

Livermore

Crackle Springs  
Leeds

## Robert Burns,

To judge correctly concerning the character of Robert Burns, to understand his principles and to reconcile the apparent ~~inconsistency~~ in his life, we must have a more thorough knowledge of the circumstances in which he was placed, and the influences by which he was actuated, than can be drawn from his Biographer or his critic. A delicacy and purity of feeling pervades many of his productions, which, one would think could spring from none but a heart <sup>possessed</sup> capable of the finest susceptibilities and wholly free from the contaminating influence of the baser passions of man.

It is alleged, <sup>however,</sup> and with some degree of truth, that many of his writings display a want of delicacy, and have too little reverence for things sacred. He was a man possessed of the strongest passions, the strongest impulses, and by these was led to extremes, which he himself in cooler moments highly deprecated. Every feeling of his heart seems to flow from his pen— he confided his joys and his sorrows to paper as to an intimate friend— Hence, we think, that it was not his intention nor his wish that all should be known to the world. He is also said, in his after life, to have been dissolute and intemperate... His early associations were of the purest kind. His companions were rustic at is true, but honest and virtuous, Hence he was little skilled in repelling the deceitful or eluding



his snares. His knowledge had been drawn from Nature, in which there is no guile. We find him benevolent in his impulses and self-sacrificing to all. The injured hare or the trembling, terrified mouse shared his sympathy. He seems to have considered all earth's creatures alike deserving of her bounties, and he respected their rights as much as those of Lordly Man.

He was too generous to be suspicious, and not accustomed to guard against the flattering tongue (so pregnant with pollution) So, when his writings gained celebrity, and the World called loudly for their author that she might bestow commendations and reward his merits, he was wholly unqualified for the change which was <sup>to be</sup> produced. He left his humble home, but he escaped from a pure to an infected atmosphere.

Fascinated as it were by the pleasures and adulation, ~~from~~ which he ~~had been so long~~ <sup>was so ill prepared</sup> debased, he received the advances of society with open hand and open heart. And after this change in his prospects, he appears blindly to <sup>have</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>zealously</sup> given himself up to the swift current of passion, and Unconscious of danger, ~~he~~ was driven on without endeavoring to extricate himself, till he had emerged into the ocean of vice, whence he could see no way of escape.

As I said in the beginning, to estimate his true character, we must know what circumstances contributed to his change from good to bad; We must know whether, from a polluted heart, or from the evil influences of the educated, vicious noblemen over an unsuspecting, unsophisticated nature, this change was effected. We have much reason to believe, that it was from the latter cause, judging from his Natural disposition, and from his sentiments & feelings, (so strikingly

portrayed in those poems, which he composed when communing alone with nature, when describing, as a model of grace and beauty, the quilelep maiden of his native hills,) in contrast with his character under later associations and later influences. To me think, if he had followed his own wishes, and yielded to his own judgment, his vices would have been few, and he would have been loved not only as a talented, but as a pure & noble poet.

Still with all his vices, he claims our warmest sympathy and highest admiration. Like Byron he was head strong & passionate. Like Byron he suffered hardships, and his merit was not always rewarded. But, methinks, the glowing productions of so great a genius should not all be banished from our libraries and from the world, (as some would have us believe) because some few do not reach our standard of delicacy and morals. Let us separate the gold from the dross, if necessary; but let us not give a man to oblivion, because there were some faults mingled with his virtues. In the case of Burns, even his enemies <sup>admit</sup> allow the predominance of his good qualities, and certainly his bad are only the common failings of human nature.

Burns does begin to have his due. The rival has long since ceased to envy and the voice of the slanderer is fast being <sup>erased</sup> hushed, or drowned by his praises. His real merits as a writer, rather than his personal character are beginning to be regarded. The intelligent man loves him for his wit. The sarcastic for his satire. The lover for his deep feeling and pathos. The Maiden for the sweet

harmony of his songs and the alternately sad & brightly  
sentiment. In short in him is bound fruit from every field  
and water from every fountain.

He was by nature cheerful and a chosen companion, but  
poverty, blighted hopes and unsatisfied ambition often  
enclouded his heart, and gave a touch of melancholy to his

verses. <sup>This is what -</sup> ~~which~~ makes him so loved by the desolate and  
lonely. And in fact - <sup>sentiment -</sup> variety of feeling is a necessary qualify-  
cation of a good poet, <sup>in order that he may</sup> ~~to~~ suit all minds, and be adapted  
to every and touch the feelings, and gain the sympathy of  
every heart. Burns, as a poet, should be dear to every one, yet we  
would not and ~~we~~ think, have not in praising his virtues, exten-  
-ted <sup>farther than was just</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~exposed~~ his vices. We would recom-<sup>on</sup> mend his  
persevering industry, and unsaturated thirst for knowledge  
as an example worthy of emulation. Yet to secure an ~~unspotted~~  
an <sup>unspotted</sup> ~~and~~ reputation, one must shun his vices.

J. Howard

Miller

The discipline necessary to make a good writer

To make a great writer requires a great intellect. But discipline is essential to any mind, however great, to fit it to convey to others its thoughts in a manner to make them <sup>conuse</sup> well received and appreciated. The writer must have a knowledge, a thorough knowledge, of human nature. He must know what will please men and be able in his writings to conform to their tastes and opinions. Embellishments are not useless. In order that an author's writings may be received and read there must be something to recommend them. The beauty of the introduction will contribute much to prepossess the reader in his favor. Ease & perspicuity will secure the interest. But let one read the first few pages of a work, and often find it difficult to ascertain the meaning: or let him <sup>at meet</sup> with subtlety allusions and abrupt turns of expression, he will become wearied, and throw aside the book with disgust. On the other hand with <sup>what</sup> how different feelings and with what interest he reads, perhaps, the same thoughts conveyed with clearness and precision; when the paper itself seems to speak and the true meaning is imbibed almost without an effort. It is absurd to expect men to labor over a volume, which it requires almost superhuman effort.

to understand, when the same amount - of pleasure or instruction may be derived with less labor and certainly with less exertion, <sup>from some other source</sup> Who does not prefer the water from a pure fountain, though any might quench the thirst?

As a model of a good writer we will take Gibbon. And as an example of the discipline requisite for a good writer, we will notice the sure, though slow, method, by which he gained his superiority. - One has only to read the works of Gibbon to admire him. No unnatural exertion is required to follow him; but his deepest reasoning may be understood by the most ordinary intellect. Depth of thought and harmony of expression are blended in one by the touch of his pen. One subject suggests another: and one sentence flows into another, so that every part is necessary to the completion of the whole. Each sentiment appears natural, yet there is something striking in ~~them~~ <sup>it</sup>: under the hand of this skillful writer they receive new beauty and become doubly forcible. From the dry material of many historical events, seemingly unimportant, he has moulded ~~such~~ many a page of instruction and interesting matter. Gibbon first engages the attention by the beauty of his language and <sup>his</sup> striking turns of expression, and securing the interest by throwing into the strongest light, the novel and exciting, he carries <sup>us</sup> on filled as it were with the same generous & noble feelings as <sup>our</sup> himself, impressed with the same sentiments, and seeming to think the same thoughts.

By what method or by what discipline has Gibbon become so <sup>celebrated</sup> ~~reputed~~ a writer? First let us observe him a solitary student: Were his books neglected or was his time spent in idleness & self gratification? Nay! Banished, as it seems, from his paternal roof, he wisely chose books as the only solace for his loss, and study as the only remedy of a dreary and disagreeable life. He sought the purest fountains of knowledge and drank deep and healthful draughts. His Latin was read & re-read. Not a difficult passage passed uninvestigated. Not a beautiful passage unnoticed & unappreciated. He mastered the Latin, Greek, French & English languages. And he did it by severe application & untiring diligence. No doubt he was possessed of more than ordinary abilities, yet his intellect without the culture which it received, never would have been productive of such extraordinary fruits.

After he had stored his mind with ancient and modern literature he was not yet prepared to satisfy men's minds, and establish his reputation as a good writer. He might, it is true, quote the thoughts of others and be considered an ordinary man. But not till he had accustomed himself to close and connected thinking, not till he had observed things for himself and formed his own decisions respecting them, did he feel himself qualified to become the instructor of mankind, the director of other minds.

Oliver O Howard

Miss Howard.

Boston, Mass.



Miss Howard

On a calm and beautiful summer evening, after the sun had disappeared from the eyes of men, and when the thickening shades invited weary mortals to repose, a young man sat in the open door of a splendid mansion, situated in one of Nature's choicest-spots. He gazed long and earnestly upon the scenery which seemed to take to itself double beauty under the softening influence of twilight. This scenery, whose richness he had beheld from early childhood, never had inspired him with such feelings as now. His very soul was enchanted and seemed overflowing with delight - as he fixed his eyes on the landscape before him revealing in its sublime grandeur the greatness and purity of its Author. He surrendered himself to his ~~infinite~~ feelings, and forgot his existence in the intensity of his thoughts...

Not till darkness had begun to obscure his vision, and the chilling moisture of the night shook his slight and feeble frame, did he return to himself and perceive his situation. With a sigh he withdrew his gaze from the outward scene to the inner man, and gloom and dejection oppressed his soul. But why this sadness? The young man has friends numerous & kind. Every external comfort is afforded him, every desire satisfied.



Wealth showers her gifts upon him in abundance.  
But why does he sigh when from the view of Nature's  
magnificence he returns to self. Tell me ye who toil  
night and day, and think to gain peace of mind by  
increase of possessions: Tell me ye, who in health and  
vigor, waste your strength in pursuit of happiness,  
thinking to obtain the treasure by satisfying your  
appetites and passions. He possesses all these <sup>essentials</sup> ~~possessions~~  
(if thus they may be styled), but the boon is not awarded  
him. Look! and learn the cause. The very possession of  
these things is a source of misery. He loves them. His  
heart is bound up in them, but he cannot enjoy them. He  
must soon be separated from them. His emaciated  
countenance, his dry, "hacking," cough & his tottering ~~steps~~  
tell plainly that the strength and vigor <sup>of youth</sup> is gone, and that  
ere long the soul will take its flight from the frail  
tenement and soar ~~back~~ to God who gave it.

Think ye, young men, with your aspiring ambition and  
your hearts beating high with expectation, think  
what would be your feelings, should the "all-levelling"  
hand of disease seize upon your frame and  
disseminate through your vitals the seeds of death.  
To feel that you must be cut off in your youth. Would  
not the loveliness of objects in this world engage your  
attention? Could you leave friends and scenes, which  
have become endeared to you by happy associations,  
without a pang? Would life have nothing sweet in it;  
nothing dear to your heart? Methinks <sup>each</sup> ~~ye~~ would reply - "At

is hard - hard - to die, to dissolve forever the ties, which bind me to earth. I have planted, I have sowed, but I have labored in vain, for the harvest is not to be reaped.

The young man retired slowly to his chamber, threw himself into a chair and fell again into a profound reverie. It was long ere he awakened from it, but when he did it was with a lighter heart & a brighter countenance. His mind had at last fallen upon the only remedy which could give solace to a soul, seeking to escape (from) the bitterness of dispair, the only source through which could flow the knowledge of brighter climes and ~~more~~ <sup>lovelier</sup> spirits, than earth affords. He opened the sacred volume... Gradually its soothing influences calmed his troubled soul. The dark cloud which hung over his mind was dispelled, and his heart was filled with other hopes and higher expectations. He lived not long, but peace reigned supreme in his bosom. He had severed the ties, which bound him, with a keen edged sword, and felt free and happy as the bird uncaged. And death found him, on as calm and beautiful an eve, as one, but enchanted with a scene more grand and sublime.

O. C. Howard.

O. Howard

London College

O. Howard

Importance to young men of Right Principles

The feeble thoughts of one inexperienced are not needed to portray the utility and importance of good principles to men and especially to the young.

Instinct and <sup>or</sup> innate consciousness, ~~the~~ a gift of nature by which the thinking, reflective mind makes its decisions, show us the importance of what is right, good and true if their silent pleadings and dictations are heeded, and their soft but constant admonitions listened to.

All men respect the good, truly good man wherever he may be found. Though they may conceal it from men, cover it with sneers and imprecations either from shame or from envy of his happiness when contrasted with their own, yet there is something within them which continually pleads his favor, making them inwardly acknowledge his worth. Among the great and talented whose praises fill history's page, whose deeds are lauded and celebrated by all, those who possessed for their guide and standard virtue excite the deepest respect and admiration in the minds of their fellow men, and the monuments and memorials of their achievements will last, and their names live and flourish long after the first burst of enthusiasm and praise has past, and the when admiration and interest in what is new and wonderful has subsided. Then will the human heart look deeper

penetrate the surface and judge concerning the motive as well the deed, the principle as well as the action,

The most abandoned and degraded respect principle principle and virtue, even while they violate their most essential restrictions, still, though they heed them not themselves, appear of them in others. For where shall we find a man, should we search America, or the world through, who does not respect the name of George Washington and associate it all <sup>with</sup> ~~who are~~ noble & great? Could he thus have been loved and regarded by his countrymen and friends and admired by his enemies had he been without principle? Would mere bravery and decision have made him thus cherished? Or could he even have accomplished the noble deeds and achievements, which have rendered his name immortal, had he not been upright and virtuous, and had he not led on his inferior and comparatively small forces, with conscious rectitude and holiness of purposes, with a confidence in the justness of his cause, to do battle against a well disciplined, army, superior in both numbers and skill? Or would his praises have been so highly commended and applauded had he made himself king, and instead of making free American citizens, had degraded those who fought and bled for liberty and freedom to poor and miserable subjects?

The questions need not an answer - A glance at ~~that~~ the monarchs of other countries, who have undertaken to lift the yoke of another's power, only to place it on themselves, who have been driven only from selfish motives and in short were without right-principles, responds in

favor of virtue, and shows us the contrast.

Therefore, if virtue, which can only exist and shine in the breast of him who has good principles, is so necessary to true honour and fame, so essential to success, of how much importance it must be to the young man who is aspiring to eminence to cultivate upright conduct and good principles. For in youth is the time to frame the mind and mould the principle, by which the whole life is regulated, by which the destiny, so to speak, is decided, in youth when the soul is unconstrained, and the mind free from the clogs and prejudices of the older man, when sentiment can be nourished in pure soil and as the <sup>tender</sup> plant - spring up and expand into a firm stock if unincumbered by the weeds and thistles of vice.

Again we perceive the advantage of good principles to society, to the enjoyment of social privileges and rights. Principle alone makes man respect the property and possessions of his fellow man, Principle is at the foundation of good and wholesome laws to which society must conform. In short the possession of it elevates the soul of man, and ~~makes him~~ refines his taste and feelings and purifies his soul, whilst the want of it degrades and debases - ~~and~~ lowers man to a level with the brute, causing him to desire only the gratification of appetite and passion, and makes him wholly selfish in all his actions. When do those who are now young, must soon fill the places which their fathers occupy in forming society, in making, repealing and revising

Cases, in deciding the destiny of their country, and  
in framing their own happiness, or misery, how doubly  
urgent is the duty of establishing such principles, as will  
make them sound in judgment, and just in their decisions.  
And as ~~those~~ <sup>the</sup> young men who, ~~is~~ now receiving education  
will be ~~those~~ <sup>the</sup> who will exert the greatest influence in society  
in both public and private, as ~~they~~ <sup>we</sup> will be especially  
noticed and looked to for good example, how great then  
may be his sphere of action, and how extended ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> in  
his usefulness, if he but possessed good moral principles.

Oliver O Howard



# Hope!

As we wind the rugged paths of life, now ascending until we can almost discern the goal, and are almost certain of attaining the summit of our wishes, the height of our ambition, and suddenly some unforeseen obstacle presents itself, retarding our farther progress and forcing us to return, to retrace our steps, and with a new preparation to travel over again our laborious journey; what cheers; what invigorates; what gives us courage, firmness and perseverance? It is hope! hope! a word (I would say) a sensation or feeling, sweet in prosperity, and strengthening in adversity. It pacifies & makes happy the fortunate, and encourages and gives action to the oppressed. It forsakes not the dying nor the living; the sturdy warrior, nor the wretched outcast; It deserts not rich or poor, bond or free. Such being the quality of this precious boon, how great must be its value! Its real worth is known only to him who gave it.

A young man feels its heroading influence, when poor, without fortune, friends, or home, he undertakes to carve his road to fame by pathoming the depths



science, or to become eminently useful as a  
teacher man to his fellow men. The taunts of sluggish-  
ness, caused by his severe application, the neglect  
always accompanying poverty, the cold mercies  
of the world, the respect & deference due to merit, in  
his case disregarded and unobserved, we all counted  
as nought in comparison with the bright prospects  
and brilliant future which hope, his better angel,  
constantly holds up before his view: ~~on the other hand~~ <sup>on the other hand</sup>  
he considers these difficulties as incentives to renewed exer-  
tion.

Hope stimulated our fathers to lay down life & property  
for their country, to take up arms against a hundred  
nations, <sup>it was</sup> the hope of success in order to secure to their  
children unsullied freedom.

Hope induced the pilgrim to launch his bark  
from European shores and steer for the rugged  
coasts of America, where he might without resistance  
~~bring his~~ <sup>bring to his</sup> news and principles, worship his god  
according as his reason, and the bible his guide  
might dictate. And as still there he met with opposition  
and suffered hardships and privations, hope still  
cheered & encouraged him to spread his religion, scattering  
seeds which in time would spring up & bear fruit ripening  
to abundant harvests, instilling principles, not to  
be forgotten, in the minds of his children & descendants, &  
setting examples, which being followed would.

make men happy & society agreeable & beneficial.

It would be foolish & needless ~~to~~ to trace the workings of hope further, which are displayed in every word & every deed of every man. Yet how much sweeter must be its relish to him, who possesses conscious integrity, whose every action tends to what is upright & noble! And how much pleasanter must be this sensation to the innocent and guiltless than to the guilty and degraded. Compare the motives & the hope by which these motives are actuated of the innocent victim, with those of the deceitful, cool calculating libertine: Mark the difference, the one wishing for others & expecting in return what is good and noble through ~~his~~ too sanguine hopes confides too much to flattery, and thus is ensnared, whilst the other is plotting & hoping for ~~his~~ sweep in ~~the~~ ruin. In the former the motive and the hope are in their proper place, and would cause results, if aided by the powers, worthy of virtue and morality. But in the latter they are a heinous sin, for whatever assists & furthers such vile purposes, must be alike vile, or rather what springs from a polluted mind cannot be pure.

Oliver Howard

Latin Translation

Latin Translation  
on quarter of a dollar

Latin Translation

Since I shall commence my harangue with the subject, from which all things under consideration are derived, I will first treat of the laborious & dangerous war prosecuted against your tributaries and allies by two Kings ~~the~~ Tigranes and Mithridates, the latter ~~being~~ <sup>was</sup> left unmolested to regain his power. But the former having been challenged, thought it a suitable opportunity to effect the seizure of Asia.

The Roman Knights, men greatly respected, whose possessions <sup>are</sup> invested in farming your revenues, receiving letters from Asia daily, on account of my connexion with men of that order, informed me respecting the condition of the Republick and the dangerous position of their own households stating "that many villages of your province Bithynia were burned to the ground; <sup>that</sup> the entire empire of Ariobarzanes, which borders upon your revenues was in the power of the enemy, that Lucullus after many brilliant successes had left the war, and his successor not being competent for so great a trust, one alone from all the allies & citizens was selected & demanded to fill his place as a commander in this war, and that the name Lucullus & none other was heard by the enemy".

Lucullus  
Cicero

Chas. P. Howard

Oliver D. Howard



Handwritten notes in the right margin, including the date "1848" and other illegible text.

Handwritten notes at the bottom right, including the date "1848" and other illegible text.

Address from Latin Manilian Law.

Although your crowded assemblies have struck me as the most pleasing of spectacles, this place appeared the most dignified for speaking & being with you. I and the most honourable for speaking, yet the habits of my life formed from my earliest youth, rather than my own will or inclination have previously prohibited me from this avenue of praise acceptable to the talented & those worthy of *ita meret*.

Therefore, on account of my youth, I dared not aspire to so eminent a position as to address you from this place, thinking that nothing should be advanced here but what had been excelled & respected by the talented & wrought out by the studious. Also considering my time well employed in promoting the interests & advantages of my friends.

Perceiving this place never destitute of persons to uphold & defend your rights. I have engaged my exertions considerably & faithfully amidst many dangers in behalf of private individuals, which have through your promotion reaped a most ample reward -

Will did I know O Romans; what you thought  
concerning me, & what you would prescribe to  
others, when an account of the delay of the comitia  
I was thrice elected first praetor by the centuries.  
Now since I possess the power requisite for obtaining  
publick honours from you; And have acquir'd so much  
facility in speaking, as daily & constant practice would  
aman diligent & active, truly I will exert what power "in  
me lies" with those, who have bestowed it upon me.  
And if perchance I obtain any thing, by speaking,  
it shall be shown to them especially, who decid'd that  
I should receive ~~a reward~~ a reward of this thing by their  
suffrages. Firstly

Although your crowded assemblies have been by <sup>seemed</sup>  
far the most pleasing spectacle I ever beheld,  
this place the most dignified for waiting with you,  
and the most honorable for speaking, yet  
my habits of life formed from my earliest  
youth, rather than my own will or inclination  
prohibit me from this avenue of praise, accessible  
to the most talented & those worthy of merit.

Never before have I dared ~~aspire~~ <sup>aspire</sup> on account of my  
youth to so eminent a position, as to address you  
from this place, thinking that nothing should be  
brought here, but what had been executed & perfected  
by talent & wrought out by study. Also I have  
thought that all my time should be employed  
in promoting the interests <sup>&</sup> or advantages of my  
friends. This place never having been destitute  
of persons to uphold <sup>& defend</sup> your rights. my exertions  
having been employed faithfully & faithfully in behalf of private  
individuals amid dangers, have from your  
supplices reaped a most ample reward.

Well did I know <sup>what you thought</sup> concerning  
me & what you would prescribe to others. when on  
account of the delay of the committee I was  
thrice elected first preacher by the congregation.

Now since I profess the power requisite for obtaining  
public honour from you, and have acquired so much  
facility in speaking as the daily & constant ~~at~~ practice  
awards to a man ~~steadfast~~ diligent & active, truly I  
will exert what power "in me lies" among those who  
have bestowed it upon me. And if hereafter I obtain  
any thing by speaking, it shall be shown to them  
especially, who thought that a reward should  
be given me by their own suffrages. <sup>Firstly</sup>  
I therefore ought to rejoice for this, though I am  
so unaccustomed to <sup>harangue</sup> speak from this place; that I am  
to undertake a cause, so fruitful in matter that words  
~~would~~ <sup>could</sup> be wanting to no one, for I am to discuss the  
noble & extraordinary virtue of Cneius Pompei, in behalf  
of whom it would be more difficult to find an end to  
my oration than a beginning. Therefore instead of  
expressing regret, I shall be under the necessity of seeking  
a limit to my remarks. (11)



## The writings of Oliver Goldsmith,

Goldsmith as a writer deserves our highest admiration. His productions are entirely free from those faults which are so prevalent in the writings of many of our novelists and poets. The dark misanthropy of a Byron has never sullied the purity of his sentiments, and given itself vent in bitter sarcasm. The seductive influence of scepticism, which, if heeded, embitters the better feelings of the heart and gives doubt and uncertainty respecting things of futurity upon which the noble mind loves to dwell, pervades not his writings.

The profane sneer, which makes the pious man shudder, blights not his fair fame; and the baneful effect of licentious freedom is not felt by the peruser of his page. He represents things as they are. He confounds not the truly beautiful and lovely with the mere semblance. He makes not the hypocrisy of one, a proof of the want of truth and virtue in others. But with an artists skill he separates "the gold from the dross," drawing a striking contrast between sincerity and deception, honesty and fraud.

We purpose to treat briefly of the Novel of Goldsmith, the Vicar of Wakefield. This is a beautiful and touching

tale, there is something in it which strikes a chord in the reader's heart and calls forth his warmest sympathies, something, which shows that true greatness sits not always on the throne of Kings, nor conches only in the halls of wealth and magnificence, but that it is often found in the humble cot, - revealing itself in the noble fortitude and cheerful resignation of the unfortunate. How different the object, how different the tendency of this tale from many of our writings of fiction. No all-conquering passion rendering miserable its victim, No mad love, destroying sense and reason, is here painted in glowing colors to excite the imagination. No licentiousness, no "refined lust", becomes agreeable through charming sentences, and pleasing sophistings deludes the eager reader. The profane, lawless robber is not made here the man of honor, the man of noble soul. The base murderer is not here gifted with the finest feelings, the finest sensibilities, which man can possess.

We are first introduced to a beautiful family, not in affluence, but living happy and contented. The father, the hero of our story, having the authority of a beloved parent, governs his children with mildness and yet with decision. They revere that authority and delight to do his will. His daughters, though not of celestial beauty and fairy form, are pretty, and his sons are active and intellectual. Nor are his sons perfect, but beings with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows like other beings, still having hearts susceptible of the emotions of beauty, and possessing a refinement of taste, peculiar to the lovers of Nature... But ~~fortune~~ fickle fortune smiled

upon this lonely household, only that she might with more  
cruelty withdraw her favors. Happy in each others love  
the pang of separation & the sting of disappointment were not  
to be felt. At last they came. The blessings of union and happy  
intercourse were no longer enjoyed... We will not follow  
them through all their vicissitudes, but suffice it to say,  
that, though they were troubled and persecuted, though  
they were reduced as low as poverty and affliction  
could reduce them, though they were subjected to abuse  
and insult, yet the father ever preserved the same magni-  
mity of soul, the same true dignity; and the mother,  
though often restless and impatient in her despondency,  
showed the same deference for her husband, the same  
respect for his wishes. No selfish interest - no desire of  
aggrandizement - marks his conduct. No hurry, no  
affliction could make him swerve from the path  
of honor. With the same honesty of purpose, and unyield-  
ing integrity, with an uncomplaining, though almost  
broken heart, he sees his son reduced to beggary, his  
daughter deceived, dishonored, the wretched victim of a  
detested villain, and his dwelling, his only home,  
burned to the ground. And when the loathsome  
person completes his degradation, his generous soul  
is still within him. Shocked at the vile profanity  
of degraded innuendoes, he attempts and accomplishes  
a reformation. Having faith in the truth of his  
instruction, by persevering effort - he gains their attention  
and touches their hearts. He soon converts the habitation  
of vice and misery into a dwelling of peace.

What is the inference drawn from this simple  
story? What are our feelings when we read its  
closing scene? That all men are subject to misfortunes  
but that virtue <sup>is their</sup> kindest friend, their firmest guard, that  
she will finally <sup>prove</sup> triumph. However much the  
base may abuse us and trample on our rights,  
though for a season the villain may have  
his sway, yet, if we possess virtue, if she directs  
our way and lights our path, we need not fear  
but that we may with safety traverse the dark  
windings of lifes maze labyrinth, and sooner or  
later reach the goal of happiness. O. O. Howard.

O. O. Howard

## The Classics as models of Style.

All admit the advantage of Classical Knowledge, as contributing to the store of information necessary to make a good writer. It increases his vocabulary, and affords him a wide field to select appropriate terms of expression. The Classical Student is never at loss for correct and definite language. The <sup>constant</sup> habit of translating or rendering intelligible and in good English the concise language of the ancient - must inevitably impress on his memory every varied form of the English and give him a flow of words not, otherwise, easily acquired. By comparing the analogies of different tongues, and tracing the derivation of words, he must also receive the correct meaning of words and understand their real effect upon each other. But having language ever at his command, will he necessarily become a good writer? Or will a studied imitation of the Classics make him a good writer? Virgil is a good model as a Latin poet and as far as purity & simplicity of style are concerned may be successfully imitated; but in what way can we make his mode of expression conformable to our English idiom?

In what way can that conciseness peculiar to the Latin tongue be preserved and still render the style easy and natural - qualities so essential to the good writer and so particularly enjoined by the Rhetorician.

We are not competent to judge of the Classics as models of composition. The literal translation is not good English. - The Classical scholar by habit of literal version, acquires a style of writing neither well received, nor in any way creditable to him as a writer. Devoid of smoothness, his productions though giving evidence of deep thought will be read with distrelch. His sentences will, seemingly, grate on the ear of even the silent reader.

But let the thorough Classical Student, with his extensive knowledge of language - with his just appreciation of the weight of words, become conversant with the writings of an Addison or an Irving; how quickly a change will be effected! How soon will he conform to a natural and easy style! <sup>in</sup> These, we find no ostentatious display of Classical knowledge; but ideas, embodied in the most expressive language flow smoothly from their pens. No harshness - no welcome abruptness, no unnecessary conciseness, using words as sparingly as the miser his coin, mark their productions. Objects take new interest and beauty under their description.

Again, it is unpolitic to study the Classics as models. A style of writing may be more easily acquired by the

frequent reading of an English author. - As the young man conforms to the language and manners of his associates, so the frequent intercourse with an esteemed author effectually changes and remodels his style of writing. - On the other hand, what an immense amount of labor is required to gain even a passing knowledge of Latin and Greek; and were we to take authors from these languages as models, the study would be greater, ten times, whilst the style would be no better than that derived from the imitation of some of our pure English writers.

Let our motto be - Accomplish as much as possible in the shortest time, provided, that it may be done equally well. The Classics must hold their proper place. Knowledge discipline and pleasure may be derived from the study of them. - In fact, the literary man would be deprived of many sources of enjoyment - the writer many beautiful allusions and happy illustrations - the orator many glowing anecdotes and rich examples of virtue and bravery. - Should the classical library be eternally shut, and all knowledge of Demosthenes & Plato. of Cicero & Virgil be erased from the <sup>human</sup> mind. They stand as beacons to guide the orator, the reasoner and the poet: and if the latter keep in view the ~~brilliant~~ <sup>brilliant</sup> light of their examples, they will surely be conducted to the harbor of success. But the writer needs more than this. He needs an easy & idiomatic style to form into English the instruction thus acquired. The question which is the more expedient method of acquiring a good style from classical or English writers may be argued

But, we think, the candid mind will give  
the preponderance to the English. You can take  
a more exact likeness from the real face than from  
one possessing but few of its attributes.

O. Howard.

Miss Howard



# Hope.

As we wind the rugged path of life, now ascending until we can discern the goal, and are almost certain of attaining the summit of our wishes, the height of our ambition, and suddenly some unforeseen obstacle presents itself, retarding our farther progress and forcing us to return, to retrace our steps, and with a new preparation to travel over again our laborious journey; What cheers; what invigorates; What gives us courage, firmness and perseverance? It is hope! hope! a word (I would say) a sensation, a feeling, sweet in prosperity and strengthening in adversity; It pacifies and makes happy the fortunate, encourages and gives action to the oppressed; It forsakes not the dying nor the living, the sturdy warrior, nor the wretched outcast; It deserts not rich or poor, bond or free. Such being the quality of this precious boon, how great must be its value, Its real worth is known only to him who gave it. —

A young man feels its pervading influence, when, poor, without fortune, friends, or home, he undertakes, to carve his road to fame by fathoming the depths of science, or to become eminently useful as a literary man among his fellow men. The taunts of sluggishness called forth by his severe application, the neglect always accompanying poverty, the cold mercies of the world

the respect and deference due to merit in his case disregarded and unobserved are all counted as nought in comparison with <sup>the</sup> bright prospects and brilliant future which hope, his better angel, constantly holds up before his view, On the other hand he considers these difficulties as incentives to renewed exertions.

Hope stimulated our fathers to lay down life and property for their country and to take up arms against a kindred nation, It was the hope of success, in order to secure to their children unshackled freedom.

Hope induced the pilgrim to launch his bark from European shores and steer for the rugged wilds of America, where he might, without resistance (being made to his views and principles) worship his god according as his reason and his guide, the bible might dictate. And as still there he met with opposition, suffering hardships and privations, hope still urged him on and encouraged him to spread his religion, scattering seeds which in time would spring up and bear fruit ripening into abundant harvests, instilling principles and disseminating truths not to be forgotten in the minds of his children and descendants, and setting examples which being followed would make men happy (and society agreeable and beneficial).

It would be foolish and useless for me to trace the workings of hope further, which are displayed in every word and deed of every man, God had much sweeter must be its relish to him who possesses

conscious integrity, whose every action tends to  
what is up right and noble. ✕ And how much pleasanter  
must be this sensation to the innocent and guileless, than  
to the guilty and degraded. Compare the motives and  
the hope by which these motives are actuated of the  
innocent victim, with those of the deceitful cool calculating  
libertine; Mark the difference, the one wishing for  
others and expecting in return what is good and  
noble through too sanguine hopes & confides too much  
to flattery and thus is ensnared, whilst the other is  
plotting and hoping for success in ruin,  
In the former the motive and the <sup>hope</sup> ~~motives~~ are in their  
proper place, and would if aided by the power cause  
results worthy of virtue and morality. But in the  
latter they become a heinous sin, for whatever  
~~to~~ assists or furthers such vile purposes must  
be alike vile, or rather whatever springs from a  
polluted mind cannot be pure.

Miss D Howard

Duty of living for Posterity. —  
"Sicut arbores, quae alteri semine present."

To whom are we indebted for our present advantages? Liberty, peace and comfort reign throughout our land and through their mild sway award happiness to all under their control. Improvements in art and science, the cultivation of the mind and the cultivation encouragement of virtue and morality are the certain fruits of their rule. And the blessings of religion, from which spring love, kindness and benevolence, are showered upon us in profusion. From what benefactors came all these things? At what price were they purchased? Ask the annals of our country's history. — Recur to the records of the past. Our country has not always been in its present happy state. — The storm of war once raged through its very center carrying desolation in its track; and the impending clouds of oppression, gathering above it, threatened almost certain destruction. Hostile armies swarmed on our shores; and the oppressor, in his cruel rage menaced our fair land and vowed the death of her children. Our ancestors resisted manfully the opposing force. They sacrificed their all, — they poured out freely their hearts blood. — Their sons, their brothers and their friends were cut down

You are the duty of being merely responsible & accountable  
You must be able to determine your duty of writing a letter  
you have learned your duty of writing a letter

around them, but they yielded not, except with life itself: and, even then, whilst their life blood was ebbing fast away, their feeble accents were heard cheering on their comrades in their glorious cause struggle. Though their cause often appeared hopeless, still they despaired not. They fought on and by perseverance and fortitude they, at last, gained the victory over their cruel enemy.

What could be their object in thus struggling and suffering? Was it that they themselves might reap the benefits of peace? They were, all, ready to die, as thousands had done. Were they filled with the superstition of the heathen, that, should they die in battle bravely, they would be immediately transported to a "mansion of bliss?" no self-interested motives - no selfish hopes, nor superstitious beliefs ~~inspired their hearts~~ ~~inspired their minds~~ fired their passions or actuated their conduct. Their benevolent hearts yearned towards the children of after ages. They knew that the prosperity and happiness of their descendants depended on their present exertions. They knew that cruel bondage would be the inevitable result of their failure. For their sakes, or rather for our sakes they nobly and disinterestedly surrendered their lives.

They reaped their reward, an hundred fold in the consciousness of having done their duty. They knew, also, that, a halo of glory would ever surround their names memories, and that their names, ever fresh in recollection and in history, ~~would~~ would be dear to the hearts of their posterity. They were not mistaken. - Gratitude fills our hearts, when we think of the fortitude of the pilgrim and the

generosity of the Soldier: And should we look upon them with admiration alone? Should we not consider them as examples worthy of our imitation? Should the story of their noble efforts for our happiness, "pass by us as the idle wind" and leave no impression on our minds - no thought of our own duties?

We are not called upon to arm ourselves and sacrifice our lives to the good of posterity, but to ameliorate <sup>the condition</sup> society by enlightening the minds of the people. Let education take the place of ignorance - and our country will be "still more blessed". - Posterity will, also, revere the memory of those who have baffled the internal foe - those who have remedied internal evils, as well as those who exposed their breasts to the enemy's weapons.

Improvements in art; discoveries of unknown principles, new systems of education, and various ~~methods~~ means of increasing our national prosperity, are now in operation. Posterity will reap from these many & great advantages: Still, there is much to be done. Good trees may be planted, but the bad must first be rooted up. They cannot both live and flourish together.

Vice is now ~~our~~ worst enemy. - It infects our cities and villages. - It rises up as an obstacle to the young man aspiring to eminence. - It destroys the healthful influence of society... Here, then, is a field for the efforts of the young. Would you be hated by posterity, give them a country degenerated under your care. Would you be revered and loved by them, beguile them a country whose atmosphere is free from the

infection of profligacy and crime - a country in  
which virtue and morality have been the  
guide of its rulers and the aim of its citizens.

Live Onward

Live Onward



the age of

# Literature of Queen Anne

The periods usually denominated the "Elizabethan age", and the "age of Queen Anne", are the two, the most celebrated in English Literature. These, as dissimilar to each other, as light is to darkness, are very properly presented in contrast.

But it is beyond our limits to discern the great merits, and discover the peculiar characteristics of each period.

They occupy opposite extremes. The latter the palm for invention, for originality, while the material is rough, and the style unadorned. The merit of the other consists in the brilliant polish bestowed on that material by which its inherent excellence is made to appear.

The Steam engine was not, at the moment of discovery, the elegant & powerful machine, whose intricacy we so much wonder at, and whose symmetry we so much admire. Nor was it even imagined, that there existed in the power of steam, such unbounded utility, and that ere long it would unite, as it were, the, in one family, the whole world.

~~and~~ The change has been gradual,  
but the improvement manifest. What a  
contrast between what it was and  
what it is! So was it in Literature. The  
original was noble, sublime, - the improved  
Beautiful.

To carry our simile still further. Would not  
it be unnatural and even ungrateful to  
give the greater honor to the improver of  
the engine? He, perhaps, has rendered the  
power more useful; and all who have  
contributed the results of their skill & obser-  
-vation, have, assuredly, formed a more  
elegant machine, and exceeded the  
inventor in benefitting mankind. - Yet  
strike out the invention and where is the  
improvement?

Improvement - then, we would say, is the merit  
of the "Augustan age" of English literature  
Its writers perfected & developed in rich and  
melodious language those ideas which had  
existed in roughness - but yet in magnificence.

Study Addison, and you may acquire a model  
of style - Study Shakespeare, and you will  
attain to something new, something instructive.

Addison, by his happy humor, presents you  
at once with his "all". Read Shakespeare a  
hundred times, and the next reading will

give you some excellent thought, some  
new suggestion.

After the Elizabethan period, till the Restoration,  
the old writers were still held in high estimation.  
Their purity, freshness, and originality continued to  
be admired. But the Restoration placed at  
the head of the English nation, a King & courtiers  
with foreign tastes. French luxury & licentiousness  
gradually crept in. As was natural, the minds  
of the people became infected; and by degrees  
the whole nation underwent a change - a change  
in taste, in habits and desires. Writers could  
not throw off the desire of popular & regal favor,  
and write freely & boldly. The poetry of Dryden is  
perhaps, a fair sample of the degraded taste. He  
however reached the summit. No writer went  
beyond him in profanity & vulgarity. Then,  
the literature began to change. Addison & Pope  
by their united exertions, purified the language  
and introduced a refinement in style, as yet  
unsurpassed. Yet all admit - that the poetry of  
Pope would ~~have~~ have made better prose. There  
is nothing of that which distinguishes true poetry in  
it - none of that feeling, that ideal beauty which moves  
the heart and enlists the sympathies. Still the Euphony  
is perfect, and the harmony of verse unbroken.

A. R. H. H. H. H.  
D. R. H. H. H. H.

Sir Philip Sidney

It is something unusual to find on history's <sup>pages</sup> the record of a man without one blot to mar the purity of his character, or one fault imputed to his charge. Rare as it is, this is the fact with regard to Sir Philip Sidney.

The critic, historian, biographer and poet, all contribute their mite in praise of this great man. His career both public and private, they present to us, full of incidents and actions which show him to be a man of the highest mental abilities accompanied with every personal accomplishment. He (was possessed of a strong and vigorous mind and) strove for the attainment of knowledge with eagerness and pleasure. Not satisfied with those privileges only, which his native country afforded, he visited many of the prominent courts of Europe. This gave a polish to his already superior education, and enabled him also to gain a knowledge of men.

on his return he failed not to take the preeminence as a scholar over all his contemporaries.

Of his productions as an author ~~we have~~ there are but very few extant. And of those few his "Defence of Poesy" is the most celebrated. This work is said to have paved the way for the great writers who succeeded him. He brought the poetic art which was then at very "low ebb" again before the minds of the literary world and argued its merits with ingenuity and power. This work shows the abundant resources of his mind. Ancient was as familiar to him as modern literature.

But the estimation, in which Sir Philip was held, does not appear to have arisen from his merits as an author. Says one, "he was the pride of Chivalry". He embodied in himself every thing which would make him esteemed by his inferiors and beloved by his equals. He was ever generous and noble.

Fathers pointed him out to their children as a model of excellence. Poets and scholars found in him a ready advocate and protector. Men of science —

sought and respected his opinion; and society rejoiced in him as a source of pleasure and instruction.

As one too good for earth he was taken away by a premature, though glorious death.

The death of no man was ever attended with more sincere public lamentation.

It seemed as if the sun, just arisen in all its splendor, had been at once blotted from the horizon.

England mourned for him as one of her bravest and most accomplished sons: Society as one of its brightest ornaments; and the world deplored a noble genius scarce come to maturity. He received his death-wound in the service of his country and his Queen, and during his confinement bore the pain which it caused him with fortitude and resignation. He had placed his confidence in a power above the earth, and awaited his death with calmness, considering it a happy transition from this to a better state. He consoled his friends in their grief, and told them that they beheld in him the uncertainty of human things. Just beginning to attain the height of his ambition, he had been cut off, without being permitted to reap its rewards. He appears to have been a man

noble in the true sense of the word.  
Virtue, generosity and wisdom combined  
in him to give us a specimen of the  
character, which, when united, they ever will  
form.

*This piece is written in a much better style  
than is common with you. Salva vultus*

Oliver O Howard  
" "

*mm*

March 13<sup>th</sup> '59

Oliver O Howard



## A day's Excursion.

One fine morning in autumn, my father asked me if I would like a ride, adding, that he would be pleased to have my company and perhaps, before his return, my assistance. He had just seated himself in his wagon and was holding his horse which pranced about uneasily, impatient of the curb. Without asking any questions I signified my willingness by jumping "aboard" the vehicle and seating myself by his side. I soon learned that we were "bound" to a place called Canton.

This place borders on the Andruscoygin, situated about forty miles from its mouth. It abounds in hills & mountains, and is settled by a very small number of the human species. Hence it affords large tracts of pasture land to farmers for many miles around. My father had driven some cattle thither the previous spring, and now wished to return them home. The distance was but sixteen miles, yet it seemed as if we were never to reach the end of our journey. For, when father met an old acquaintance by on the road (as he too often did), he would entirely forget the flight of time, losing himself, as Republicans are wont, in the mazes of political discussion.

At last, however we arrived at the borders of the town. We had proceeded in it, but a short distance, when we discovered found ourselves at the end of every road.

Here, then, we left our horse, and clambered up a succession of hills, following for two or three miles a foot-path, which seemed to wind in every direction. This, however, in a short time, led us to the place where the Cattle had been left. Here we wandered about for a while over rough and hilly pastures, but to our surprise and vexation we could no where discover the animals sought. On the top of the mountain (for we had climbed hills enough to be near such a place) there was one, solitary, hut. This we resolved to seek, and if perchance, it was inhabited, inquire of its inmates after our lost cattle. Slowly & wearily we ascended, and, if there had been any doubts in our minds respecting the habitable condition of the hut, they were at once dispelled on our approach. An ill-bred little cur, barking, as though he could scarcely "contain himself" assailed us on every side. Here we learned that our Cattle had been removed to a place "a mile further on". This valuable piece of information was given by a strange specimen of the female sex, of masculine dimensions. She possessed a sharp face and a sharper voice. Her eyes gleamed like a wild creature's - and @ wild creature she was. She had much to tell us, - "The creature was 'fat as pigs" - She "had 'em to drive out of the corn field every day"; portentously telling us, that her "man" was so lame (as I should think he would be) that she "had to do all the out-door work". In this manner she ran on clamoring forth many things, one after another, with such a clattering tongue, that the din rung in my ears for hours. My heart fairly leaped with joy, at the prospect of being free from such confusion, on father's announcing

his intention of going to seek her husband, rather than wait the return of the little girl, who had been sent for him. But we could not get away until the creature had examined me "cap a pie". Whilst I was "waxing wroth" beneath such close ~~scrutiny~~ <sup>scrutiny</sup> and itching about like a guilty little urchin, trying to elude the searching eye of his mistress, to my inexpressible relief she turned to father and asked - "Aint that yer son, Sar?" After he had explained my pedigree to the satisfaction of the inquisitive dame, we hastened on to the husband to learn the direction in which we should find our Cattle. On our way to the wheat-field, where he was at work, we met the little girl, before mentioned. She told us that her father wouldnt or wouldnt come to give us the desired information. This child, of eleven or twelve years, might have been pretty, had not the glaring, staring eyes of her loud-voiced mother found in her so faithful a copy. I gave her a small coin, for which she thanked me in so frank & honest a manner, that I became quite possessed in her favor. In the wheatfield we discovered the old husband, the very opposite of his mate - stern, sullen - uncommunicative - just such a being as a man would inevitably become under the tuition of such a beloved "better-half". Without raising his head he mumbled forth something at our salutation - in a short, piquant manner directed us, or rather told us to go a half-mile across a miry swamp to a low hut and inquire. Of these two opposite specimens of <sup>humanity</sup> human beings, I know not which I would prefer, but, surely, I would prefer to meet such "times few and far between".

on we went to the house pointed out, and here we met a being of quite another genus. At the door of an old, small-filthy hut, we knocked. The door flew open and a creature of low stature, as filthy as her dwelling, ~~with~~ her appearance. Squinting eyes - a "turned up" nose and a freckled face were her marked characteristics, and gave decidedly an original and comical expression to her countenance. Her dress was no dress at all, but mere rags.

She told us to go a little ways till we found a pair of bars in Mr Niles' pasture (we knew nothing of Mr Niles' ~~of his pasture~~), then go across Mr Niles' pasture, get over another pair of bars, turn half round, and go straight on, <sup>and</sup> we should find the place. She, however, threw some light upon this ambiguous language, by raising her long, bony finger, and pointing ~~it~~ in a direction, which we conjectured to be the one to be taken. We kept our reckoning as well as we could and happened to meet a man, at last, who showed us the place desired before our eyes.

We found our cattle and started homeward, remarking but few things new & interesting, excepting a little boy, of about three years, with a head as big as a water-pail. The child, they told us was uncommonly bright, which we must ~~have~~ believe, if brightness depends on big-heads or big heads always contain much brains.

We reached home at mid-night, and two weary bodies never sought their beds with more eagerness, or lapped the sweets of repose with a better relish - - O. Howard.

Miss Howard.

Apr 21<sup>st</sup> -

Dorchester College

A

Are the Countries of Europe prepared for a  
Republican Form of Government?

By a Republican form of Government, we understand that Government which is not only established, but constantly and directly maintained by the expression of the people. To determine, then, whether a country or countries are prepared for this form, we must, first, know the character of the inhabitants, their tastes & desires, and their Education; and from these we may judge what kind of Government would conduce most to the prosperity & happiness of the people. In the character of a people may be included their stability, or their fickleness, that is, their decision and perseverance, or their liability to pursue any new thing, that bears a specious name.

We confine their tastes & desires to the like or dislike, with which a nation regards particular institutions of Government.

A people, then, - whose fickleness is their marked characteristic - who love change - who delight in revolution & excitement - following eagerly & rashly wherever a brilliant color meets the eye, need some other curb than the frequent expression of their will. Some head must be established, by which a concentration, a union can be

effected. Among such a people, a Republic, in which each individual must have a voice, and is at full liberty to clamor against any act of his rulers, will stand on a weak foundation, and cannot long be sustained.

All would recognize France beneath this slight delineation. The character of her people is famous for love of excitement and change. Some, however, may say, they are in pursuit of liberty. Admit it. They make many attempts, but these are directed in <sup>the</sup> wrong way or rather in every way. And the result of every trial proves the wisdom of their plans. They are seeking liberty! and place Napoleon on the throne. Freedom is the cry! - and the Bourbons return. And, even now, in their hottest pursuit of liberty, the charm of the name, Napoleon! quickly steals - from their remembrance the atrocities committed under its sanction - and Louis Napoleon takes the presidential chair.

The Germans & Austrians, born & bred under monarchical institutions can never wholly extinguish a strong predilection for kingly rule.

Rank oppression & tyranny are the most palpable incentives to entire emancipation. But early prejudice and education will extenuate the grossest abuses under the sanction of regal authority. And if they can have a "good King", they will prefer a king. This is to some degree substantiated

by the recent election of the Prussian King, emperor  
of a portion of Germany.

With more of truth, Italy may be said to be  
prepared for a Republican government. The union  
of her people and their decision speak favorably  
for their endeavors. But even Italy, for a very  
weighty reason, may be said, not yet prepared  
for a Republic. Before she can be free, though nomi-  
-nally, a republic, an essential end must be  
gained, the emancipation of the mind from  
superstition and ignorance. The Catholic yoke can-  
not be thrown off at once. Nor will the sword the  
~~sword~~ ever effect this. It is the dissemination  
~~of knowledge and true religion~~. It is the education  
of the people, that is necessary. The dissemination of knowl-  
-edge & true religion, will effectually and perhaps  
speedily demolish Catholic institutions. But while  
Catholic power exists, though people may <sup>be</sup> called repub-  
-licans, they ~~would not be~~ for they ~~could~~ cannot be  
free.

Like reasoning can be applied to other countries  
of Europe. England, Spain & Portugal, with  
their powerful aristocracy and their inbred love  
of monarchy, cannot be said by the most zealous, hope-  
-ful republican, to participate, at all, in that spirit  
of Liberty which is ~~supposed~~, so universally, to agitate  
the breasts of Europeans.

All Europe is on the eve of war. This war, with all  
its anticipated horrors, <sup>we hope</sup> will break up anarchy, tyranny



and Catholic oppression - will open avenues to  
the minds & hearts of men - and, by the universal  
enlightenment of mind necessarily occasioned, will  
assist the distribution of knowledge, and finally  
result in the entire emancipation of Europe.

But time is requisite for so vast a revolution -  
so mighty a change! The present appearances  
seem rather to indicate the commencement  
of preparation than the internal & external fitness  
of each nation for a republican form of government.

P. P. Howard.

Oliver P. Howard

July 3<sup>d</sup> 1849. Bond Coll.

## The death of a Child.

The chilling hand of death is laid upon that Sprightly Boy. That eye once beaming with innocent-mirth has now faded like the blooming flower under the withering blast. Those cheeks, once ~~low~~ glowing in health and beauty, are now pale and sunken; and that little bosom, which once heaved with childish sorrow, or swelled with childish pleasure is still and cold. The merry sound of his prattle and his joyous-laugh are silenced forever. Yet a smile rests upon his still-lovely face. Ah! that smile! How much meaning doth it contain! It is the type of peace-of-happiness-left-by-the-departing-soul.

Behold. The mother weeps and refuses consolation from all. In the heart-rending agony of her grief she mourns aloud and cries to God to take the mother also.

The father essays to look upon the lifeless form. His manly bosom swells with emotion and he wrings his hands in silent grief.

This is natural. - In that little one was centered

all their hope. They loved him with  
parents' fondness. They looked forward with  
parental pride to the time when he would  
become a man - when he would be a comfort  
and support to their declining years - ~~when~~<sup>when</sup>  
his arm would support their enfeebled frames -  
when he would be their nurse in sickness  
and their joy in health. But now all  
such <sup>pleasing</sup> visions of future happiness have  
vanished. Cold reality - mocks their sanguine  
hopes and glowing anticipations. The future  
looks dreary, gloomy. The ties of love are severed -  
nay: they love him still - the object of their affections  
is only taken from their sight: for he still dwells in  
their hearts. They mourn and it is natural.

But - let them pause in their grief and consider;  
and their sorrow will be turned to joy. Your  
Child is happy and in Heaven: He is free from  
toil and suffering. Temptation, in her fascinating  
garb, hovers not around his soul to estrange  
it from happiness by flattering promises. Strife  
and passion do not combine to draw his mind  
from virtue and harden his heart.

The cold mercies <sup>of the world</sup> can never beget ingratitude  
and selfishness in his soul. No, He is free from  
the pollution of vice and the degradation of sin.  
You now can think of him only as a beautiful,  
innocent child. Think again. Had he lived, what  
would he have been? It is uncertain, fearfully uncer-

ain. Many a parent has had a child as lovely,  
as innocent - as yours; and that innocent, lovely  
child has bowed his mother's aged form and  
brought the gray hairs of his father in sorrow  
to the grave.

Again. What time of life is more appropriate than  
this, for death to sever the bonds which bind the  
soul to earth, and to set the spirit free?

The heart is not yet bound by love and hope to things  
of earth. The bright anticipation of happiness  
has not yet begotten in his soul that eagerness  
for little longer life, which man in every other  
stage but infancy feels. The seeds of ambition have  
not yet been sown in his heart.

Death must come some time. - After the days of  
infancy have ~~passed~~ <sup>fled</sup>, when again can you find  
a human being without a load of sin upon  
his breast. - No man can say "I've done no  
wrong" - No man dares to say "I ~~deserve~~ deserve  
eternal rest." How fortunate then to die a babe!

Father and Mother weep no more. Be happy and in  
your dreams behold your child in the arms of  
his Savior. If he had lived, all you would have  
asked for him would have been - prosperity, worldly  
success. Now he enjoys much more - felicity.  
Look again upon your child and tell me. What would  
you give for that smile of peace, when you resign your soul  
to the dread uncertainty of futurity? Who but the child  
can meet the grim monster, Death, with a calm & peaceful counte-  
nance?

O. Howard

Cher O. H. Howard

Broad College Nov. 21<sup>st</sup>



## Elizabethan period of Literature.

As the sun, emerging from the clouds after many a dark and stormy day, shines with dazzling brilliancy; so the human mind, for a long time shrouded by the mists of superstition and ignorance, bursts forth, and (by the penetrating rays of its genius) dissipates the thick darkness hovering over the intellectual world. Thus at the age of Elizabeth had the mind just emerged from Mediaeval gloom - truth was beginning to gain the ascendancy over falsehood - and true religion was taking the place of hypocrisy and crime.

The chief and moving power, which caused the revival of learning and set in motion that great revolution of the human mind, was the Reformation. It was now spreading its mighty influence over the world and awakening men from the long lethargy in which they had lain. It gave them new vigor and opened their eyes to the enormities of those whom they had been taught to venerate as saints. They perceived that they had been kept in abject servility through their own false superstitious fears & religious beliefs. When

As a scientific man, a man of great learning,  
one who labored not for the present alone, but  
for the future, stands Bacon. The result  
of his investigations are sufficient monuments  
of his worth. They indicate a deep penetrating  
mind, and a comprehensive genius. With  
Shakespeare, his name requires no oft-repeated  
praise - no flattering encomiums - to make  
him respected, and if these were uttered they  
would be but drops in the ocean of his  
wide-spread fame. Many other prose  
writers might be mentioned, who contributed  
not a little to the renown of this "Golden age  
of Literature"; but it will be unnecessary.

Suffice it to say that even Nobles disdained  
not to cast off their armor of steel, and  
sway their people, by that light, yet mighty  
and effective weapon, the pen. The people sought  
for knowledge and following the example, <sup>of their sovereign</sup> failed not  
to obtain it.

When we notice the rapid progress  
of Literature and Science from the commencement till the  
close of the Elizabethan period we cannot help saying that  
the mind had broken forth from the mists of ~~superstition~~  
ignorance and that the rising genius of man shone forth  
with the bright effulgence of the morning sun. Yet because  
the sun rose in full splendor it follows not that clouds  
would not obscure it for the day. Oftentimes since Elizabeth,  
Literature has been at low ebb. But the clearness of the morning  
has been followed by a dark night.

men were determined to learn the truth and to escape the misery of such degrading imposition: then human intelligence began to advance. The mild precepts of true religion softened the rudeness of the preceding age, and gave rise to intellectual as well as moral excellence. The tastes of men became purer and every one, who aspired to any degree of eminence, not only thought it important to possess a thorough knowledge of his own language, but to store his mind with classic lore. Even the common people strove to educate their children, that they might read the scriptures in their original tongues. It is not wonderful then, that, at such a period, men of genius should come to the surface, and exert their energies in literary pursuits. Hitherto the people had admired only noble deeds and chivalric actions. Every thought had been turned upon physical exercise, and every talent expended on military art. Now the intellectual began to gain the ascendancy over the physical. As formerly the lancee strove to excel his combatant in grace and skill; so now the writer was excited to emulation. Queen Elizabeth herself possessed a mind of high order and great cultivation. She spoke three modern languages, besides being capable of writing and rehearsing pieces in Latin & Greek. With such a



sovereign the people made ample improvement of that freedom of thought and speech which they had so long desired in vain. In short the people of England under Elizabeth increased in knowledge, improved in art and placed the standard of literature on a higher eminence than it had ever before occupied.

The age is remarkable for freshness of thought and originality of conception. Its writers were bold and concise in expression, aiming rather at depth of thought than beauty of diction.

Perhaps we may receive a better idea of the period by noticing more particularly the men it affords. Of these Shakspeare is probably the most eminent. As a dramatist and tragedian he is without a rival. His writings reflect a mind possessed of the highest natural ability, the most extensive knowledge, and a deep insight into human nature. A perfect delineation of the human character is his characteristic excellence. He invests history with new interest and beauty by giving life to men of other times, (causing them, as it were, to assume thought and speech) gives the past becomes as the present and we may ascertain not only the actions but the motives of men. Instead of the mere narration of events, beings rise up before us in active, busy life and

By 4<sup>th</sup>

present us with a view of man's interior  
his emotions, his passions. The manners and  
customs of society are far better portrayed  
by living representations, than by the pen  
of the historian, which gives only an external  
partial view. Herein lies the merit of Shakespeare.

By means through his vivid imagination  
and his knowledge of the actuating motives  
of the human heart, taking causes and results  
as materials, he forms a life-like picture of  
the age on which he treats. King John's bloody  
career might be passed over with indifference  
or with little notice by the reader of the common  
historian. But who can repress a shudder, while  
viewing <sup>as exhibited by Shakespeare</sup> him (enacting his horrid tragedies,  
and) with his hands steeped in the blood of his  
kindred, still adding guilt to guilt, and  
crime to crime, as if he could not satiate  
his impious heart till he could see his subjects  
lie before him mutilated, murdered victims?

On the other hand no historian ever presented  
us with a picture of such innocence and simplicity.

15-<sup>th</sup>  
As Shakspear, in his simple dialogue of Anthony  
and Cleopatra. But I need not dwell on the  
merits of Shakspeare. His writings stand forth  
as a towering monument of genius, which  
the caviling, carping critic can never shake.

The lapse of three centuries dims not their  
splendor: but time only serves to reveal <sup>in them</sup> hidden  
beauties. They impart a lustre to the Elizabethan  
age, being received as an index of the literary  
taste of that illustrious period.

Spenser occupies a place second only to  
Shakspeare in fame. He displays a lively  
imagination and a delicacy of feeling  
little known in his time. When he wrote the  
English language was undergoing a change,  
but it had not reached that fixed standard  
which it did by the time of Shakspeare. Hence  
his style is devoid of that elegance ~~and~~ which  
now pleases the English ear. But this detracts not  
from his merit. He <sup>himself</sup> made many  
improvements in style, and is said to have  
first introduced rhyme into English poetry.

The transition from Chaucer to Spenser will  
be <sup>proof</sup> sufficient to convince one of the merit of the  
latter. It is much easier to imitate than to  
originate. The imitator in poetry may surpass  
the original in beauty of diction, but we should  
be unwilling to grant him the preeminence  
in talent.

When we are asked the nature of the struggle, which is now agitating all Europe, we hardly know what to reply. The movement is various, and the rising of the people results from different causes in different countries. In one nation, there is a desire for change, for the sake of change - a mere love of the excitement of revolution. With another, tyranny & oppression have passed the bound of human endurance, and men fearlessly lift their voices in the cry of "Liberty"; and freely sacrifice their all for its sake. Others, romantically cherishing the hope of liberal institutions & free government, are striving against monarchy & aristocracy. They eagerly desire a more equal distribution of power, wealth & education. All are in motion. Demagogues, aristocrats, & reformists, in short every name, & every class put in for their share in the general tumult & confusion. Sect is opposed to sect, and man to man. The people cry against aristocracy; and the aristocracy vigorously struggle to regain & strengthen

Just presents us with revolutions, which have shaken the earth, - revolutions filled with crimes, horrors & bloodshed. Yet the hand of Providence has turned to advantage even these horrid monsters, & by their instrumentality caused some noble end to be attained.

Fear not then any retrograde movement. Whether Europe becomes a Republic at once or not; something at least will be contributed to the onward progress of man - something will be meted out to his wants.

O. J. Howard

53 - 08 July  
O. J. Howard

Copy of an Address

delivered on the

Fourth of July 1853.

Before the Corps of Cadets.

Assembled at the

Chapel

West Point

N.Y.

West Point, Oct. 15<sup>th</sup> 1853. —

Dear Mother,

I send you a copy of my address. You will observe that a part of it is not in my careless handwriting. A fourth class-man (or as we have it, a plebe) undertook before we came out of Camp to copy it, but as you will see he got tired at the close of a page or two. Last night, as I had some leisure I commenced where he left off & finished copying it. as I did it in some haste you may let father correct the errors before you let any friend read it out of our own family. It is not a discourse that will be of general interest. if in fact it can be called worth reading at all. I am well aware that the credit I got arose from the manner in which I delivered it & not from its intrinsic merit. After those verses that I quoted from "The female poets of America" commencing: "Up & Onward!" all the remainder I wrote from memory as near what I said on the occasion as I could recall. What I said to the ladies or rather of them was probably the part that obtained the bouquet. My health is good. I am anxious to hear from you. I am doing better in my right-lined drawing than when I last wrote you. I trust you are all well & happy.

Your affectionate Son

O. C. Howard.

It was remarked by Webster upon an anniversary of our independence; that no age will come in which the American revolution will appear less than it is one of the greatest events in human history. "Upon the same occasion he put an appropriate prediction into the mouth of John Adams, representing him as speaking of this day in the following prophetic manner, he says: "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 bon-fires and illuminations. On its return they will shed tears, copious gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, of joy."

Now in our deep-seated desire for progress, in our unbounded love for novelty, we are in danger of losing our relish for occasions like the present. "But let us not forget ourselves: a better land, <sup>than ours</sup> is not to be found, a happier, more prosperous people does not exist on the globe. Now we know to whom we owe this, we know what noble and generous spirits were the authors of all this good. Will the time ever come when our people will hear the mention of their names with indifference; when the story of their wrongs, their struggles, their intrepid resistance to oppression and their ultimate success shall have become insipid, like the thrice-told tale? Ah! no; there still throbs a heart in the bosom of every true son of America, a heart which will glow with enthusiasm at the rehearsal of the grand achievements of our fathers— a heart



to make a deep impression on his boyish mind. It was thus that he imbibed a patriotic spirit. It was there in that old man's arms that he learned to reverence and love the names of those who have left us this glorious inheritance. In like manner each one of you may have in mind some aged veteran soldier who still lives, or who but a few years ago was gathered to his fathers. Each may be able to recall the account of some prominent battle scene that he heard from his lips. But the world with its changes goes on. Very, very few of those revered old men are now left to remind <sup>us</sup> of the events of the past; the next generation will never have seen them.

Though monuments to our beloved dead may not be wanting, though the names of our fathers be cherished and the stirring events of our revolution ever occupy a conspicuous place on the page of our history. Still is there no danger of a diminution of interest in these things? Do then no fear of our people severing one by one the ~~bands~~ <sup>ties</sup> which have thus far bound them so closely to the past? The boundaries of our country are extending. The Atlantic and Pacific are teeming with immigrants, bound for the pure air and fertile soil of America. If we walk through the streets of our cities, we meet with men women and children of every class and caste from every part of the known world. These are distributed amongst us, or sent off to the far West to settle new territories, and help fill up our States. Thousands upon thousands know little of our history, or

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hold it in memory like a dim record of some past event which concerns them little. All these new elements—different tastes and habits, and different characters comprising every shade of hue—from that of the sturdy German to that of the uncouth Norwegian—from the intelligent and polished Frenchman, to the half-civilized Chinese; all are grouped together here. Now as we take new States into the common understanding; as we gain in territory and in wealth; as our power and importance among the nations of the earth continually increases, is there no danger of our departing from the wholesome lessons of our patriotic fathers? Is there no fear of importing new customs, of yielding to the luxury attendant upon wealth and prosperity?

Is there no danger of becoming enervated; of gradually losing that moral physical and political strength which characterized this Republic in its infancy? Will all North & South, East and West join hand in hand to withstand every encroachment made upon our constitution, to hush every turbulent spirit and keep alive bright and burning that patriotic fervor which is willing to do or die for our native land?

There is danger, pray God it be slight, danger of an eruption, of a final overthrow of this Republic. We behold it in the discordant elements brought together; we discern in the occasional fanaticism which discovers itself and begets such mortal hatred. Such deep-cherished resentment; we trace it in sectional jealousies and prejudices; we read it in the favor

shown to the many insidious and indirect attacks which are made from time to time upon our constitutional rights. Oh! this Anglo-Saxon Spirit! so progressive, so energetic, so eager for novelty! How soon old things become wearisome. — The old place, the native town are endeared by early associations. Father, Mother, brothers, sisters, friends, all are there; all beckon the wanderer back; but no! all these cannot restrain him, cannot enchain his earnest spirit. Away he goes to distant parts to mingle in new scenes of bustle & activity, to study new faces, submitting to toil, privation or to anything in order to carve out a fortune and become an independent man. He may go forth to dig gold, to lay out roads & canals. He may go to a distant city & become a clerk in a store, or he may bend his way to the South or the West and encumber himself with the irksome and soul-trying duties of the School-teacher; perchance he thinks to become a famous lawyer or an independent physician, or with a sort of submissive pride he may don the straight jacket of the Soldier and fancy himself entitled to all the "otium cum dignitate" of an Officer in embryo. He, at least, must needs desert his father's humble preside and involve himself in all the turmoil of busy life. All for what? To gain a livelihood? His honest and industrious father would have beguatted him a living: — To gain happiness? Ah! happiness, something so universally sought after; so seldom attained! Where is happiness to be found if not in the bosom of one's family? Tell me, whose

heart does not yearn for the kindness of home, for the gentleness of those near & dear friends who are there? No person is happy without true sympathy, that sympathy which is unalloyed with selfishness or egotism. It is found at home, it is felt there, but at few places else. For what then goes the wanderer forth?

It is his nature; his restless restless independent nature. Would we condemn this spirit? By no means; yet what ruin may it not accomplish if it gets misdirected: if in its over-reaching restlessness - in its contempt for old customs and established usages, its aversion for old ideas and tired opinions, it continually bounds blindly and furiously onward? — There is still another feature which makes me tremble for the permanency of our Government. It is the Character - the general character of the young men of our land. Not that they are idle, not that they want intelligence, not that they have not education, not that they lack boldness and courage in times of trial; but there is (may I say it?) a want of virtue, a want of that high & noble virtue, that gave to Washington his greatness, that deep seated principle which is ashamed of vice, rises above the brothel and soars after independence and delights in the purest & highest aspirations. Can the young man boast of profligacy and be proud? Recall the words of him who plead for us before we were born, when our countrymen numbered few & danger was at the threshold: "There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will fight our battles for us." Will that God still be with & sustain a people, who

cling to and applaud the most degrading and enervating of vices!  
No, indeed. — But let us dwell no longer upon the dangers  
whether imaginary or real to which our internal corruptions  
may expose us. It is not pleasant, nor is it the part of  
wisdom for the young man to sermonize or indulge in  
gloomy forebodings. But we remember that our instructors,  
who do all things systematically & logically, are wont to seek  
and set before us our difficulties & errors, before and then  
imparting to us the necessary corrections & solutions. In this  
matter many of us have had rich experience. Now then, how can  
the tide of downward tendencies be arrested? What are the  
corrective substances to be applied? Let us look around us &  
think who & what we are. Have we not the United States, as it  
were, within these walls? What section of our country is not  
represented here? Year after year there go forth from this  
Academy a little band of representatives, bound together by a  
thousand links, a thousand and more cherished remembrances.  
Side by side their spirits have struggled on in a noble  
emulation, that emulation which admits of the kindest feelings,  
the closest friendships. They go forth with a practical education,  
a polished exterior: — they penetrate every nook of our country  
and come in contact with every class of our fellow citizens — they  
are admitted and welcomed into every circle, being almost  
invariably received with open arms. Our turn will soon come —  
We can hardly estimate the importance of our position, — little  
do we feel the trust imposed on us, little can we appreciate its nature.

1 But to the reflecting mind—what are a few moments of  
pleasure compared with the good that one may accomplish;  
What the applause of a few boon-companions compared with  
the noble part we may play, the high destiny we may  
achieve. I love spirit, I love noble daring. But are  
these the virtues to compensate for everything? Are they  
all that the sons of free America, of this Christian land  
should possess to qualify them for the station they are  
to occupy? Ah, no. Let us, then, on this glorious day make  
a firm and deep resolve to cast our influence on the side of  
virtue. We know that example is more effective than language—  
— an old precept but one that every day forces itself more  
than ever upon our minds, and one that receives abundant  
illustration in this miniature world of West Point. Notice the  
Officer you honor & love to obey. It is his consistency that you  
watch for— He must have a noble soul, a true sense of honor;  
these you estimate from his habits— his bearing and the real  
dignity that seems to envelope him which forbids familiarity  
while it begets confidence & respect. — Now it is not flattery  
to allege that this institution does send forth noble sons, worthy  
of their position as the generous & brave defenders of their  
country. The battle-field, the Council, the bar, the Pulpit, all  
furnish ample evidence in their favor. Nor is this to be  
wondered at. Since science, practical & theoretical knowledge, and  
in all its variety & importance, all have received an impulse here.  
We (the members of the first class) may smile when we recall the

the times that we were counting the days, the hours, nay even the minutes that must elapse before our last drawing, we may rejoice & be glad, while we feel that the tedium of that confinement is past; that we will no more be "hived" at sly whisperings; no more shall we twist and yawn and wish for the then-melancholy blast of the bugle; still the time may come when our friend will blush that he ever called drawing "idiotic"; for though he may never succeed in making the canvass speak, yet another who has shared the same privileges, and who perchance can a little better appreciate the use of "a little more Venetian red & Indigo", may please the eye by a little deeper shade of a "little darker" shadow. Yes, there are many who have in those halls for the first time, discovered the true bent of their genius, and gone forth to earn celebrity and help elevate the taste of our people to a higher and purer standard. It is theirs to add to the poetry and real pleasures of life. —

Again, there is something praise-worthy in the character of young men here. There is a love of truth, a hatred of meanness; these are principles, which are imbibed by all, and they tend to make high minded men. —

This day is the glorious Fourth of July - the day - celebrated by the American people in commemoration of those intrepid souls who feared not to stake life upon a mere probability (humanly speaking) for their Country's sake; who boldly & fearlessly ran the imminent risk of dying under the brand of traitors



or rebels; who might (had they failed) have been hanged or quartered to suit the caprice of their oppressors. But they were right, they trusted in the God of right. Are we like them; are we as virtuous, as patriotic, as fearless because we are right? Would we fight for fame and self-aggrandizement, or like them purely for our country and for our posterity? — Americans have not been faithless. The stars & stripes are still waving as freely and proudly as when first unfurled to the breezes of Heaven.

We tread the soil that is dear to us for Washington has trodden the same. We cannot cast the eye to the East or to the West, to the North or to the South but we are constantly reminded of the eventful past; of those whose bodies have mouldered in the dust, but whose guardian spirits are watching over the purchase of their blood. Can their children be forgetful, unmindful of the trust that is bequeathed them? Ah no.

We at least, Young Gentlemen, will rise above petty things. We will emulate, the great, the noble, the good. Our aspirations shall never be low and groveling in the dust. We will not become slaves to a appetite & passion; but we will cherish a lofty ambition, a freeman's enthusiasm. Here as brothers, we will break over prejudice, we will trample upon those strong sectional feelings, which often point to a difference which does not exist. As independent, yet united spirits, we will each form a link of that Grand Chain that must be broken before a star on our Escutcheon.

which will fire with resentment and burn with a just indignation on witnessing any attempt to treat with indifference or disrespect those names, which have become so endeared to us by all the ties of gratitude and long cherished affection. It is natural for a man to be proud of his country, but where can you find a man who has reason to be prouder than the American citizen?

Though we have heard <sup>mention</sup> of it from our infancy, yet the time of our revolution is not yet very remote, since we can still point to a few living memorials of it, a few aged men who in youth bore an active part in its accomplishment. The heart of the American orator is still warmed by early associations connected with it, his <sup>Eloquent</sup> ~~eloquent~~ lips often give earnest evidence that the spirit of the revolution is still wakeful within him. Perchance while a boy his grandfathers would take him on his knee & tell him stories of the revolutionary war: how he had left his poor mother while the dawn of youth was still on his cheek to follow his father to the battle field; how she bade him go forth without repining with a tear and a blessing. Then the old man's countenance would brighten up and the lethargy of age give place to a youthful enthusiasm. He would fain believe himself still young & able to fight for freedom. The boy would hang upon his words, his thrilling tales of labors & dangers endured; of horrid massacres by the relentless savage; of fields won & battles lost; of the memorable conflicts in which this now hoary headed man himself had mingled; all were well calculated

can be made to disappear. We may constitute the bulwark of American liberty. Firm in body, we will wield the sword of protection; firm in spirit, we will cling to a high and true sense of honor. Discordant elements can be assimilated, conflicting sentiments can be brought to agree. We can join the hands of the good <sup>men</sup> from every part of our country, from the rugged hills of the North to the sunny South, from the well-known shores of the Atlantic to the wild & distant coast of the Pacific - Let it be our task, our wish, our aim to encircle all by our common brotherhood - while we disseminate the principles of truth & true patriotism. - It is a beautiful idea for us young men, who have left our homes to obey our country's call to go forth with sentiments like these.

Up and onward! towards the East,  
Green oases we shall find,  
Streams that rise from higher sources  
Than the pools we leave behind.

} Life has something more inspiring,  
Than the fancies of our youth  
It has hopes as high as Heaven  
It has labor, it has truth.

Since Officers and Cadets are so noted for their gallantry, it would be unpardonable in me as their representative to pass unnoticed those gentler spirits who have enlivened us today with their presence & encouraged us with their sympathy. Permit me then before closing to ~~dedicate~~ <sup>dedicate</sup> a few words to the Ladies. The influence of woman we cannot estimate for it begins with the beginning of life and upon the dawn of the understanding it has pervaded the entire soul with a gentle atmosphere, which time cannot remove and which

the trials and temptations of life, though they may corrupt,  
cannot destroy. Her presence and assistance are  
so closely interwoven with all this life has worth living  
for - so essential to happiness, to hope, to truth, to love,  
nay more to every noble and patriotic feeling that we can  
only bow in silent gratitude before that great & beautiful  
Giver, who deemed it not good that man should be alone,  
while we acknowledge the province of woman. "Ehret die Frauen!  
Sie flechten und weben, <sup>Himmliche</sup> ~~Himmliche~~ Rosen ins irdische Leben."  
"Honor the Ladies! They weave & entwine Heavenly roses in this  
Earthly life."

Q. A. Howard  
Cadet U.S.M.A.  
West Point  
A. U.

Classmate.

They tell us, that college friendships are not permanent. Do you believe it? Will not the name of a classmate, repeated to you at some time in after life, call up a pleasing train of associations, when your hearts beat in unison, when hope was bright & the future looked unclouded? Will not <sup>the mention of</sup> a classmate in distress touch the chord of sympathy in your bosom? & cause the the past to pass in review before you? & will not the tear of regret spring to your eye, when you recall the the bright dreams of a happy future, which you & he were wont to recite to each other in all the ardor of youthful expectation? — Need not the ill-omened voice, that predicts such inconstancy. If it be true — let us shut our eyes against it; for it is a painful, unwelcome truth. Who know that it was so, would only make us distrust all mankind; For if the intimate, brotherly, feeling, which now binds us together, which makes the meeting joyful & the parting sorrowful, is all a delusive phanton, what is there on earth which is not a <sup>mere</sup> semblance, a dream. "We shall change — Manhood will take the place of youth — active reality, the place of those enchanting visions, which now fill our minds & hearts, and which <sup>often</sup> buoy us up & induce renewed exertion. "We shall be scattered north & south — Some will ~~have~~ penetrated distant countries & distant scenes — Some will live in the peaceful enjoyment of this world's prosperity, while others are draining the dregs of bitterness —

such is the variegated picture, which life presents -  
But through all these changes, think you the Friends of  
your youth will be forgotten? Oho <sup>you are</sup> in a distant land,  
among strangers, who neither know or care for you, <sup>will</sup> ~~would~~  
not your heart beat with joy to meet a classmate? Ah!  
there is a feeling - a bond of union - riveted & made strong  
by our connections here. Other times & other scenes may cast  
~~may cast~~ a shade around it; but the familiar face or the  
well-known voice of a classmate <sup>will</sup> ~~would~~ quickly dispell the shade  
of forgetfulness, & the mind <sup>will</sup> ~~would~~ with  $\neq$  delight recur  
to the past - to college life - . It is true that we are not equally  
intimate with all, yet around every classmate there ~~will~~ <sup>is</sup> an  
interest ~~will~~ hangs which others do not & cannot profess  
for us. Let his lot be what it may - whether prosperity -  
or adversity mark his fate, the recital of it will be deeply  
interesting to us at any time hereafter.

507  
559  
2

Scrap from a Journal

One bright morning in September, being about to depart on some expedition, my father had seated himself in his carriage, and could with difficulty ~~restrain~~ curb his prancing horse. He asked me if I would like a ride: and without stopping to ask whether he was bound, I signified my willingness by jumping aboard the vehicle. It was early in the day, when we started, and the journey was but twenty miles: but my father made it fifty, by doing as all zealous republicans are wont: talking politics with nearly every man he met. We traveled on until we reached a town called Canton. This town is situated on the Western shore of the far-famed Androsoggin, about forty miles from its mouth. My father had driven thither some cattle the previous spring, and now as I found was <sup>about</sup> to retrace their home. On, on, we went, the roads growing rougher & rougher, till we reached the end of every road. Here we were obliged to leave our horse, and clamber up a steep mountain on foot. We at last reached the place where the cattle had been

left. We wandered over every nook & corner of the pasture, and were obliged to say, with a bright-little wretch, who, after running round some time in search of his companions and not finding them said, "I been working for nothing".

Up above us on what seemed the ~~top~~ top of the mountain, we descried a hut. We made for it, nor certain whether it was inhabited or not, until a little snarling ~~burst~~ of a dog, and the imperious voice of his scolding mistress made us aware of the presence of something that bore a resemblance to the human species.

We entered the hut, and there, an apology for a woman, a tall, spare creature, as plain as plain could be. She told us our cattle were a mile further on: they were as fat as pigs; she had to drive 'em out o' the corn-field every day: she had most all the out-door work to do, <sup>she said</sup> her old man was so old, lame & stiff. She told us this, and many things else with such a clattering tongue that it rung in my ears for hours; How I rejoiced I must at the prospect of being free from the din, when father announced his intention of going to seek her husband, without awaiting the return of the little girl who had been sent for him: But we were not to get away till the enchanter had examined me



"cap-a-pie". Whilst I was wraying ~~on~~ <sup>neath</sup>  
under such close scrutiny and hatching & turning  
in my chair, like a guilty <sup>little</sup> wretch endeavouring  
to escape the searching eye of his cruel mistress,  
to my unexpected relief she turned to father  
and asked, "What that yer son-Jar"? After he  
had explained my pedigree to the inquisitive  
dame, we hastened on to the husband to  
learn from him the direction in which we  
should find our cattle. On our way to the  
<sup>wheat-</sup>  
Cornfield, where he was at work we met the  
little girl before mentioned, who said that her  
father couldn't - or wouldn't - come to give us the  
desired information. I noticed that the girl  
was about twelve years of age, and would have  
been pretty, had not the glaring, staring eyes  
of her loud-voiced mother, too evidently marked  
her origin. I gave her a small coin, for  
which she thanked me in so kind and honest  
a manner, that I ~~at~~ became quite strongly  
possessed in her favor. In the wheat-field we  
found the old husband, the direct reverse of his  
wife, stern, sullen, uncommunicative; just  
precisely such a man a being as I should think a  
man would become, under the tuition of such a  
beloved - "better half." In a short piquant manner  
he directed us or rather told us to go about a half

a mile, across a swamp and find out. Of these two  
opposite species of human beings, I know not which  
I should prefer. But methinks I would prefer  
to meet <sup>such</sup> times few & far between. We worked our  
way to the house specified. We knocked, the door  
opened and there met our astonished gaze a being  
another genus. Her dwelling was an old, small, filthy  
hut: but she was as filthy as her dwelling. Squinting  
eyes, a "turned up" nose and her a freckled face were  
her prominent and interesting characteristics. Her  
dress was no dress at all, but mere rags. She told  
us to go a little ways, till we found a pair of bars  
in ~~Mr~~ Miles' pasture, go across Mr Miles' pasture, turn  
to our right and proceed straight forward, and we  
should find the place desired. She, however, gave  
some light to this ambiguous direction, by raising  
her thin, bony to an angle of forty-five degrees. We  
proceeded, according to direction, as nearly as possible  
and soon found a man who showed the place  
sought before our eyes. We quickly found our cattle  
and started homeward, remarking but few  
things new or interesting, excepting a little boy of about  
three yrs, with a head as big as a water-pail.  
The child, they told us was exceedingly bright,  
which we could not doubt if brightness depends on  
big heads or if big heads always contain much brains.  
We came home the same night, riding, walking  
and driving cattle, and at twelve o'clock, the  
bed found ~~two~~ as many mortals, as ever were  
enveloped in its shrouds.

Ought Capital Punishment to be abolished?

The avowed object of all civil law is the security of life and the protection of individual and social rights.

In order to enforce obedience to the law some restraint was found to be necessary. Hence arose all civil punishment. Formerly, when societies & nations were ruled by force, all the lesser crimes theft, perjury, treachery, adultery & many others were punishable by death. This method of procuring obedience to the law was supported by the wisest men, and apparently upheld by the strongest reasons. That mode of punishment, which would strike the evil minded beholder with the greatest dread, and show him what would be his inevitable fate, were he to swerve from the path of duty, was deemed most effectual, in restraining him from any meditated crime, and thus forcing him by his own fears, into compliance with legal authority. But as civilization advanced, and experience matured the mind and gradually overthrew very much of the plausible reasoning of men, it was found that severity might be carried too far, and even hinder the very object, which, it was thought, the nature of it would promote. Every new execution lessened the terror of death, till the gallows & the block

were braved with a courage & fortitude worthy of a better cause. The frequency of capital punishments gave rise to a multiplicity of capital crimes.

But finally the law, which made every offence a capital crime fell to the ground, and milder punishments were found to be equally protective of ~~life~~ <sup>rights</sup> & property, equally effective in the hinderance of crime. But the idea that the murderer should be permitted to live, could not yet be endured. This doctrine was thought to be against reason, justice and humanity! But, if capital punishment, in case of other crimes, served to lessen the fear of death, and if crimes instead of decreasing multiplied, till this kind of punishment was abolished, what is the natural inference to be drawn respecting the <sup>highest</sup> of human offences, the crime of murder? It is plainly this, that other methods of restraint will prove sufficient for the protection of life, without necessitating men to take blood for blood, without compelling them to take the retribution, which belongs to God alone, into their own hands, and send a human soul black with crime & pollution into the measureless abyss of Eternity. This natural inference is supported & strengthened by facts. It is well known that, in those states, or portions of different countries, where capital punishment has been abolished, murders have not increased. In fact they have been comparatively less, less than in neighboring countries

where all the horrors of "public executions", were employed to strike terror into the hearts of the people. Life is not to be disposed of as property. No body of people ever gave life nor have they a right to take it except in self defence. If the strong man meets the weak assassin, and knows that he can easily bind him, <sup>were he to slay him,</sup> he could not be said to act purely & instinctively in self-defence. In a civilized community and, in fact in every other, murderers are comparatively few in number. There is power sufficient to bind them, & prisons strong enough to hold them. But the effect upon the minds of others? Experience, as has been said, ~~teaches the~~ shows, that the frequency of death <sup>teaches</sup> weakens the fear of it. Witness an execution. Crowds collect to see the notorious offender pay the penalty of his crime. Some shout & hoot at him - while others appear to take a horrid pleasure in his writhings & strugglings. All classes & kinds are mingled together - many to curse, and few to pity! Who goes away with a good impression? whose heart is swollen <sup>up</sup> with good feelings, & good resolutions? How much does such a spectacle tend to elevate moral man in the scale of being? Can any one say that it promotes virtue, humanity or morality? Terror may have been effectual in deterring the wicked from crime, but it is not the most effectual, nor <sup>even</sup> the most expedient. It may crush, but not reform, It may <sup>enlarge</sup> ~~enlarge~~

and enforce submission, but never turn man from  
the paths of wickedness & vice.

At last my boy - could nothing see  
And darkness ~~then~~ <sup>down</sup> did puzzle me  
So trusting to our pretty steed  
I made a move to start his speed  
When with the blow & gentle call  
"Chuck" went we up against the wall!  
I found the road on hands & knees  
While the poor girl would scold & tease!  
Another try! Oh! Common sense!  
Smash went we "agin" the fence!  
My cousin cried both sore & dull  
I laughed, got out & then got mad!  
When now the road some plainer grew  
Off broke the rein, though nice & new!  
In torrents down the rain it poured  
~~In concert~~ Wind & woods in concert roared  
We got home that very night -  
~~Poor cousin boy near was in sadder plight.~~  
Who ever was in sadder plight?  
Down from the wagon out we rolled  
No man can tell unless he's told  
The mad - ~~stupid~~ <sup>stupid</sup> ~~stupid~~ & "Jovie" too the  
~~Respect~~ told me too plainly & too true.  
Now in return for ~~our~~ many tears  
My boy & I will laugh for ~~many~~ years  
Our horse, <sup>said</sup> ~~saying~~ they, was good & kind  
But didn't tell us he was blind

Men Brandy drink But never think  
That girls can ever tell it -  
They dont suppose (a woman's nose  
was ever made to smell it.

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Why are the Boys of poor people  
like a vessel coming up a swift river?

Because they are always in tow.

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God is Love.

God is love because the Bible declares it - It declares it  
in its shortest, but sweetest verse. "God is love". How beau-  
tiful yet simple is the passage. Not only does the Bible  
declare it, but the whole Universe endorses the assertion.  
The Planets, with which our earth is but an embryo,  
as they wander around the Sun in all the majesty of  
pristine grandeur declare that God is love. Those far  
off suns glimmering through the blue ethereal, some  
burning with meteor flashes, others as still and quiet  
as terrestrial light declare that God is love. Our glorious  
Sun, as it sends forth its rays of light & heat to gladden  
us poor dwellers of a smaller Sphere says God is love.  
I spoke of the earth as smaller - It is smaller and inferior  
comparatively, but still it is beautiful, with its changing  
seasons and revolving skies. What power! What workmanship!



are even here displayed. In a word, how great must  
the love of God be for his creatures to bestow upon them  
~~such~~ such bounteous blessings. The merry songster,  
the bleating flock, the rippling stream, say, with their  
many & happy voices, as they raise them in glorious praise,  
God is love. While thus all nature, ~~affirms~~ <sup>testifies</sup> the  
supremacy of this principle in Deity, man, poor deluded  
man is ~~fairly~~ <sup>fairly</sup> asleep, is fairly dead to all this love.  
While rocks, hills, streams, and forests ~~proclaim~~ <sup>proclaim</sup> this  
everlasting truth, man, himself, the personification of  
all that is lovely in nature, made in the image of his  
God, forgets, even if he believes this glorious truth.

Borneo  
11

1 To compose a composition  
I make no great pretence  
Yet I will try a sample  
It will be at no expence

2 Kind sir I <sup>do</sup> respect you  
As one that's born to rule  
So thunder in the senate  
Or at the (congress hall) (country school)

3 If you should be our president  
And take the chair of state  
And rule our honored nation  
To all impending fate

4 Trust not the brazen trumpet  
Nor yet <sup>the</sup> glittering steel  
But confidence in God alone  
And we shall win the field

5 May slavery be abolished  
The captive souls go free.  
And peace <sup>and</sup> independence  
Throughout America

Adeline.

I wish you a merry Christmas.

## The True Ants.

In studying this subject it is proper first to examine ourselves. Our maker has placed us on the earth, and implanted in our bosoms other than mere animal desires. A soul and an intellect emanating from Him mark our superiority to other creatures of earth. This soul and intellect were bestowed for some purpose, and that purpose is unquestionably the 'glory' of the Author of their existence. A true & sincere worship can spring only from the grateful heart, & and as unhappiness begets only curses & insult, our natural conclusion is, that it was the design of Supreme intelligence, that man should be happy. To this end he has made such abundant provision for our spiritual and physical wants.

Our spiritual and physical natures are, however, not wholly distinct, at least not till the sure hand of death has severed the cords, which bind the spirit to earth. They have upon each other a mutual dependency and a mutual influence. But no one will question the superiority of the spiritual. The soul is eternal and its desires are correspondent to its nature. The body unconnected with the soul is limited in its existence. Its wants are those things only which minister to the appetites & passions.

"How pleasant is Saturday night"  
 Saith the farmer whose day is his home  
 But sweeter to me is the light -  
 That descends at Saturday's noon.  
 For, then, a week's labor is told,  
 And the mind delights in repose  
 When so memory doth the <sup>past</sup> ~~present~~ - unfold  
 And ~~And~~ Thought awakes, the heart - to relieve.  
 Such is the time, that lures our muse  
 From ~~within~~ silence deep, to forth to emerge  
 And through our spirit - to <sup>delve</sup> ~~inspire~~  
 The thought of life's past foaming surge.  
 Our ~~own~~ native ~~land~~, ~~the~~ ~~my~~ ~~name~~ calls first -  
 With ~~to~~ Recollections pleasing ~~and~~ true,  
 Friends & fellows with labor ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
 Fill up the outline of our theme.  
 "The Brother - hand to me so dear  
 Stamped with a "Literary" name  
 Enjoys a place in memory clear  
 Which brings to mind the Garland's name.  
 O Garland! he thy pages have  
 Untrammeled by the slavering tongue,  
 May truth & beauty be thy store  
 While joy & pleasures be thy song."

Mortals we are, on the earth to dwell  
With pleasure & pain must see escape.  
That the stoutest stout<sup>est</sup> in his cell  
Desires all his pleasure from hope.  
But ye, fairest ladies, of Leeds  
With glistening eyes of every hue,  
Rejoice in the present, which breeds  
Hopes that fly not, <sup>as</sup> ~~like~~ morning dew.  
Mouth & beauty ~~are~~ belong to you  
Which time, fell minister, will destroy,  
But mind & heart will never see  
That time their fall, may not enjoy.  
How glorious, how high the thought!  
That mind & soul immortal are!  
For time & tide affect them not.

Above them rise they, higher far!  
Young men, to you I am attached,  
Companions of my boyish joys;  
Although my life ye have not metched  
In struggling for ambition's toys;  
Yet is your portion none the less  
Of quiet Peace & happiness.  
How distinct to memory now  
My little's childhood's peaceful home!  
What deeper feeling, will allow  
Than thought of thee, Oh! cherished dome!  
But 'tis not now ~~as~~ it was then!  
Boys & Children now ye are no more

Nothing seems so new again  
Like days of childhood which are o'er!  
Pardon, fair page, this wandering strain  
Which has not genius to adorn,  
The motive sure is free from blame  
E'en should it make you look bold:  
Now to your president-farewell:  
To remember all the like adieu  
May richest blessings with you dwell  
And grant your pleasures not a few -

# Wisdom,-----

That gives <sup>aman the power</sup> to raise himself  
to a degree of eminence among his fellow men, & causes  
him to be loved & respected, is it mere talent to speak  
& persuade, or flattery, <sup>the</sup> low base of all practices, flattery, smooth  
friendly, kind, & our most obedient <sup>before your face</sup> ~~as you might~~, or an  
overbearing, passionate disposition, causing fear and  
terror in all its associations? I answer nay; but the  
man whose every action ~~is~~ <sup>arises</sup> from wisdom, the  
result of close consideration, possesses power to rise, & elevate  
himself in society & the world, it is he whose every thought  
is prompted with some wise motive, <sup>whose</sup> deeds are not  
performed, before his knowledge of what he is about  
to do has penetrated <sup>their</sup> its very depths & breadth, for considera-  
tion & discretion are wisdom & the result of wisdom,  
for what is wiser than to commit no action, until  
we can see the benefit & advantage to be gained; &  
what is more foolish than to rush heedless along, &  
run every risk, neither prompted by wisdom or motive?  
Wisdom is a glorious attainment! He who possesses her  
the more, is the more respected & regarded. But the foolish  
& careless hereon, is doomed to be perpetually vexed,  
tried & harassed. what is done without some wise motive  
generally comes to naught, affording neither pleasure,  
happiness, nor any advantage whatever, There are

means by which we may obtain wisdom, by cultivating  
the intellect, expanding our minds & extending our knowledge  
by the pursuit of literature, & by considering the many  
examples of others, that are proffered to us daily & reading  
the lives of others, both those who took the wrong & those  
the right course deciding for our selves which  
should be followed, another thing quite beneficial to  
notice public & state affairs, & reason, consider & decide  
for our selves, by these means we may acquire caution  
& judgement & neglect of these makes us undecided  
drawn, or as the saying is "moved round" by every person  
who chooses to draw into his meshes & feeling, if however  
he can persuade with a smooth tongue,  
Again what we most dislike is to be ~~talked~~<sup>argued</sup> at & made  
for a short to others, to avoid this it is necessary  
to aim at wisdom through the pursuit of knowledge,  
& drink deep at the fountain of learning & education  
For let people say what they may a good education  
elevates, & raises up the man, while the ignorant  
is, almost trodden under his feet, or at least  
subject to his opinions & laws.





Principle <sup>is</sup> contrast with impulse.  
The effect of a want of it - 2<sup>d</sup> - The advantages  
accruing to the possessor.

When we look around us, <sup>we find find</sup> numerous & various effects  
the causes of which may be traced to that one principle, mind.  
Actions spring from motives & motives from the heart. If the  
heart is right, the motive must be right, and nature  
affords us sufficient proof that the action consequent upon  
a good motive is seldom bad. Then, with propriety we may  
ask, when is the heart right? Is <sup>it when the</sup> its impulses are generous &  
~~noble~~ the sympathies deep & active? - Do these beautiful (yes! beautiful  
because they are natural) <sup>these beautiful</sup> exhibitions ~~traces~~ of the human character -  
these exhibitions of man's higher nature, always carry the conviction  
to our minds that the heart is right? On the contrary we see  
with regret every day's experience the <sup>least</sup> ~~most~~ casual observation  
will <sup>show</sup> teach us <sup>at times some of the</sup> the most noble exhibitions, of generosity and deep  
heart-felt sympathy, in men, who bear about them like the branded  
lame, the unmistakable marks of disoluteness & vice. How, then,  
can we judge that the heart is right, if not from noble actions,  
which emanate from generous impulses? How can we  
infer that a man is good, but from the good he does?  
Is not the tree known by its fruit? Yes, but sometimes the  
pear is grafted into the thorn - sometimes two kinds of fruit grow  
upon the same tree - you would not pluck one kind & say that  
was judging from <sup>that</sup> the ~~fruit~~ alone, say it is the natural  
fruit! Nor can you take one or even many actions, which  
appear to spring from noble motives & infer from them alone that

The heart is pure. How then can we judge that the heart <sup>of man</sup> is right? It is when we can trace in all he says & all he does an actuating principle. It is when his generous impulses are properly ~~guided~~ directed, but not weakened in their strength or <sup>in</sup> their nature... Principle is not impulse - Impulse <sup>alone</sup> will fly to the relief of apparent wretched - Impulse guided by principle will bestow its bounties on the deserving.

~~A man may have~~ <sup>A man may have</sup> principle without these generous impulses - But he is but half a man - He is devoid of that <sup>intensity</sup> ~~intensity~~ of feeling - that wholesomeness of soul, which makes the desolate heart grow warm at his approach - which makes him welcome at the house of suffering and beloved by those who rejoice! -

The two should be simultaneous - they should act <sup>in</sup> concert - or rather principle is the structure & the impulses of nature are the finish. They invest ~~with interest~~ <sup>with interest</sup> beauty & the faultless proportion with a new beauty & grandeur, & cast around it a halo of interest & loveliness which makes glad the hearts of the beholder.

But the man without principle is poor indeed: Ill-gotten gain may shower her abundance upon him - Fortune may smile upon his ambition & success crown all his exertions; but with all he cannot <sup>secure that</sup> ~~secure that~~ principle give self-respect. The wealth of a pure heart & true nobleness of soul will not be his. There will be no sure, constant spring of action, but chance & many circumstances will hurry on his destiny! - When suffering comes, without <sup>also</sup> ~~with~~ it is <sup>superadded</sup> ~~superadded~~ that torturing god-self reproach! - Misery is <sup>aggravated</sup> ~~aggravated~~ by self-demonstration, while prosperity itself <sup>would</sup> ~~would~~ afford but a poor solace to him who knows that he deserved it not.

For the Garland,  
Female Character

We were much amused, on hearing one of our ~~lady~~ <sup>lady</sup> correspondents <sup>advising</sup> dictate to young ladies, <sup>respecting</sup> the most expedient method of winning hearts. Modesty was highly recommended, while carrying hearts by a storm of affectation, or by charming forwardness was warmly censured. I really cannot tell what sort of character has the deepest & most abiding influence in captivating and securing young men, but surely the young lady, who is ready & willing to do her part of the courting, usually accomplishes the business with more expedition, and often enjoys conjugal bliss much sooner than the modest & retiring.

The modest, timid, little maid  
Ofttimes will please the young man's eye,  
But oftener far, the merry, the jade,  
Old Hygeia's knot will firmly tie. —

But to be sober. We agree with the lady  
that the retiring, unassuming young lady —  
possesses a superior charm. There is something  
in her unpretending, than but confiding  
appearance, which insensibly unconsciously awakes  
the love & interest of her companions, something  
which serves to <sup>allay</sup> the passions of the sterner  
sex, and ~~draws~~ <sup>throws</sup> around her an atmosphere of  
purity and affection. But we would not have  
all thus. The rarity of a gem enhances its  
value. ~~But~~ Put ~~on~~ all the polish you please  
on an impure metal, and it will be impure  
still. We must remember that there are different

pleasures of of female character, put up with such  
as we have, and be content. All are not Cleopatra's  
nor are all Cleopatra's. According to the nature  
of things I do not think it wise to wish  
or advise all young ladies to aim at the  
same course of conduct. Notwithstanding opinions  
to the contrary, there is something exhilarating  
in the society of the lively, buoyant spirit. No  
matter if ~~now & then~~, the staid rules of fashionable  
decorum, or the precise line of etiquette, are now  
& then infringed upon. "Make such <sup>private</sup> <sup>young ladies</sup> modest & retiring  
- and ridiculous affectation will peep forth  
in all the airs of display, and the weak-  
sweetness thus engendered will carry a sickening  
influence to all sensible minds. Then we  
would say to young ladies be natural. Strive  
neither to captivate young men by boldness, nor  
by assumed modesty. Act yourselves. Be led by the  
~~the~~ ~~best~~ feelings of your own hearts, or rather  
adopt ~~the~~ virtue as your guide, ~~then~~, a true  
modesty will, and a purity of manners  
will not fail to impress your character  
with their hallowing influences.

Unexpectedly.

M

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r

## The Scholar.

We frequently hear this inquiry, even among the intelligent class of our working people; what can induce a man to leave the activity & pleasures of life and confine himself to wearisome study? It is with a view to answer this inquiry, or rather to present a few <sup>of the</sup> leading motives of the apparently isolated being, to whom the name scholar is very properly given, that I have chosen this as <sup>the</sup> subject of a few broken remarks. It appears to the casual observer, to be a situation attended with very little pleasure - to shut ones self out from the many enjoyments of this beautiful world - to choose for a home the most secluded spot of earth and make a few, ~~dry~~ old books the extent of ones social intercourse. Must not life become a burden - must not the color flee the cheek & gloomy melancholy imprint its indelible mark on the brow of him, who ~~forgets~~ the love of friends - who neither <sup>gives nor exacts</sup> ~~gives nor exacts~~ the sympathy (of others), which is so evidently necessary to contentment & happiness - of him who makes his home a prison-house of little less monotony than the grave itself? It is thought by many that such seclusion is totally opposed to all the social feelings of man, entirely at variance with nature itself: and, when <sup>it is</sup> submitted to, some great & overwhelming misfortune, some heart-rending disappointment, making



The common walks of life an unfailling source  
of wretchedness, has driven their victim to seek  
retirement, where association will not constantly  
open the wounds & pierce the heart afresh.

Before attempting to answer these inquiries or meet  
these suggestions and objections let us, if it be proper,  
examine <sup>for a moment</sup> the nature of man. No one, I think, will  
doubt, but that there are motives to the pursuit of knowledge  
; and are our minds by nature not fitted to receive  
the seed and reproduce the fruit of knowledge? Are we  
created with powers barely sufficient to gratify appetite  
and passion? The beast, the bird and the instinct even,  
, if this were the case, would stand higher in the scale  
of being. But no! Man has mind, fitted by nature to  
receive knowledge; and it is the intention ~~of nature~~<sup>of the</sup>  
existence of the Author of his existence that it should  
be cultivated and expanded. To this end He has made  
his desires correspondent to his intellect: that is, as the  
mind becomes enriched by useful knowledge, as the  
ability to acquire and digest it becomes increased  
at each successive step, in that same proportion  
the desires are elevated. A new interest is awakened  
as each new principle presents itself; and what at  
first appeared dry and irksome becomes at last  
a delight, beckoning him onward, still onward,  
like a charming seraph, in the pursuit of wisdom.

buoyant spirit - to enjoy the pleasures of life, to give free vent to the feelings of the joyous heart, which the God of Nature has implanted there! No pleasure & recreation are as necessary to some minds as the food they eat or the air they breathe is necessary to life. All we would say is that such things are uncongenial, totally at variance with the studious mind. If you would rise above the common herd in strength and originality of intellect, you must leave the common track.

Oliver O. Howard  
11



Miss A. Howard

February 22<sup>nd</sup> 1850

D

July 5

The French revolution.

A brighter day is dawning on the human race. The sunshine of freedom begins to illumine the mind and awaken it from the deep sleep into which it has fallen. The thick mists of ignorance and superstition are gradually dispelled by the rising orb of truth, and the human heart leaps with joy when so beautiful a spectacle flashes on its vision. The enlightened mind cannot brook confinement. It constantly struggles to be free, and when once the shackles of ignorance are shaken off, then it bounds forward in the cause of truth and rises superior to opposition.

The sovereign mistakes his object, who thinks to enslave the body without enslaving the mind. As soon as he disseminates the seeds of knowledge, and opens the hearts of his people to the light of truth, so soon he weakens his power and prepares the way for the

for the abolishment of despotism  
and the establishment of freedom.

Thus has Louis Phillipe failed to secure  
the permanency of his reign. He has educated his  
people. He has caused the establishment of institutions  
of learning. Combining the works of other countries  
with those of his own, he has raised the standard  
of literature to an elevation it has not before  
obtained. By these means he has caused to spring  
up in the hearts of his subjects a desire for  
freedom of thought and action, which,  
being tolerated would prevent the existence  
of despotic power. The King would soon  
be subject to dictation from other  
minds; and if he remained on his  
throne he only a nominal sovereign.

~~In this manner~~ Louis Phillipe has done much  
good. ~~He~~ has aided the progress of civilization,  
and contributed, though unintentionally, much fuel to  
the flame of liberty now so brilliant in France.  
But he had undermined his own power  
and set in motion a current which he  
could not resist, when he perceived the  
error into which he had fallen, <sup>an error</sup> so fatal to himself.

The present revolution in France is a new and interesting event. To see a monarch thus dethroned and banished from his country without bloodshed, to see a republic spring up so suddenly, and with so little tumult affords a new and novel spectacle. Viewing this by the side of the former revolution in which there was no crime too horrible to be perpetrated, we admire the contrast, and if the end can be determined from the beginning, we have reason to anticipate a far better state of things. If we can judge by present appearances France will rival even America with all her boasted freedom. She will have no downtrodden African to reproach her for her hypoerisy and inconsistency, but will be free in the true spirit of freedom, free in body and mind.

Oliver O Howard

$$x = \frac{be}{p_b + e}$$

ATTENDING  
H 21 AH 11 HK 11 HI  
p l t e 1 1 1 1 e ' x

$$p_b + e x = be$$

$$x = \frac{be}{p_b + e}$$

$$Q = \frac{m \cdot x}{n}$$

$$(Q)n = m \cdot x$$

$$Q = \frac{m \cdot x}{n}$$

O C Howard

New year.

I wish you a happy new year, gentle reader, ~~and~~ but if my wish comes rather late it is no less heart-felt. The new year in our climate comes, when the very delicate cannot find that beauty, in nature, that richness of expression, on nature's face, which other seasons of the year present. But to me she is beautiful, when she has added another to her load of years, even when "No ice our streams doth fetter" and she, <sup>earth</sup> assumes "its fleecy covering": for there is a clearness and freshness in the cold air which I know is conducive to health and strength, and which gives more life & spirits, than can be felt at any other period of the year. So much for nature.

The hand of time marks this upon its dial-plate, as a half Century; and I think I am safe in saying that at no age of the world has there a half century elapsed whose events have been so important: for the last 50 years have been crowded to overflowing with events which have been called improvements. The future <sup>historian</sup> shall mark this as the most important era in the annals of history. It is called the "Steam age", but so swift has been its progress that it has got far ahead of that mighty power, which gave it name, and the philosopher must invent another, swifter name, to characterize the improvement of the present-age & coming age: for I prophecy that the next half century will exceed even this in its onward march. Will not men wonder when one



element shall conquer another, when ideas shall travel  
on lightning-wings, between London & New York as between  
sisters of the same family; when steam shall no more  
be needed as "grain for the fire horse", and when not  
<sup>only</sup> thought shall speed on the wings of lightning, but man  
himself shall be carried away by the irresistible power  
of attraction. This is no visionary scheme, unless <sup>indeed</sup> many  
of the creations of the present age may be deemed  
visionary, for it is the result of actual experiment  
that <sup>Cars</sup> can be drawn by Electro magnetism in a cheaper  
, easier, safer, swifter ~~rate~~ way than by steam.

As steam has superseded wind and water, as  
a motive power, so will electro magnetism usurp  
the place of steam. With this feeble effort at  
composition, gentle reader, I will finish as I began  
by wishing you a "happy new year".

Romeo

## Reflections.

The time must come when the fairest visions of earth must shall fade away - when the bright prospects which hover around us shall vanish - when all we hold most dear:

"Shall pass like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
And leave no wreck behind." —

The pathway of life is beset with briars & thorns: the most skillful cannot escape them - the most wary cannot avoid them - the wisest & best - are lacerated and torn ere they are aware. - Who has not felt a sting? Who has not had his breast pierced by an arrow, barbed & pointed? The child while he plucks the flower must be careful that he receives not a sting from the covert-bee. The brier & the rosemary grow side by side; and he, who plucks the one, will most likely feel the prangs of the other.

Although we cannot fathom the designs of providence in placing us as we are - surrounding us with temptations so strong - making the thread that binds us to Heaven so brittle, and the chain of passion so firm, though we cannot fathom it, yet such is our situation - such is our being, our nature. The mystery will not be made known, until that day shall come when the sea shall deliver up its dead, and all secret things <sup>shall be</sup> are made known. Then, & not till then, will the seal be broken and the books opened, which shall reveal the mysteries of fate - how these seemingly conflicting elements

unite to further the great ends of an Omniscient Being. Our very being is a mystery. Why were we made? For the attainment of what end were we given being? Philosophers tell us we are links of an endless chain of Intelligences; the highest & noblest of which is God: that our destination is eternal progression towards perfection. This we may admit, because we cannot deny it. Yet who can tell:—

"The bearings & the ties—

"The strong connections, nice dependences"

of our existence. Reason weaves subtle webs which only bewilder and perplex us and thus rendering us still more uncertain. Revelation is silent. It simply unfolds the stupendous truth that we shall live again, when the earth & the heavens shall have passed away, but goes no further. It does not attempt to trace out the various elementary principles of our being. It does not enter the obscure fields of metaphysical ~~reason~~ inquiry; but deems it sufficient for man to know the great truth which most concerns him: that death is not an eternal sleep; but the opening to another world—the gate of immortality. It is but reasonable to suppose that all man's faculties were given him for some purpose; but what that purpose <sup>is</sup> man can tell. Death alone will solve that enigma, which ~~has~~ so long perplexed the minds of philosophers, and baffled the genius of poets; "run-mad". Zestus has endeavored to harmonize the unharmonious, but loses himself in the cloud he has raised. Milton though he grasped the genius of angels could not enlighten us. Pope, after philosophizing, answers our

question as unaccountable; but being, as it were,  
says:

To ask of yonder orient fields above  
Why some <sup>low</sup> Satelites were less than Jove:

Ask of thy mother earth why oaks were made  
Taller & stronger than the weeds they shade?

But does this answer our question? Yes! as well as the  
wisdom of man can answer it. As we consider these things,  
in humility we may ~~excl~~ exclaim "Great & unfathom-  
-able are thy works O h! God of Hosts!"

C. T. Howard

Given D. McDonald

February 20<sup>th</sup>. 1850.

Vol 1<sup>st</sup>

" " " " " "  
The Garland

No. 4. —

Ad nima Cultura.

Without <sup>taking</sup> ~~wasting~~ your patience, by  
numerous excuses & apologies, I shall, my readers,  
at once present you the Garland, merely remem-  
bering you that the brilliant flowers with  
which have hitherto been so tastefully entwined,  
are fast-withering away beneath the chilling  
touch of your incompetent editor. Methinks  
that amidst our warm discussions,  
and high exertments, touching "Lady Suffrage"  
and 'politics', we have been cruelly  
unmindful of the loss of one of our  
principal and leading spirits. Having held  
so responsible and so prominent a position  
amongst us, we are almost surprized at  
our own forgetfulness. Let us then pause, and  
bestow at least one thought on our beloved  
Macomber, who was so by cruel circumstance,  
so uncerimoniously called from our midst.  
Have not ladies one silent-tear to shed  
over the unwelcome departure of one so gallant  
and accomplished? Cannot their gentle bosoms  
heave one regretful sigh at the sad remembrance  
that our brother has gone, who was so faithful

a copier & instructor of - Penmanship than  
mystic art; Nothing need be said in praise  
of our respected friend. His inestimable qualities have  
shone forth too clearly, his noble ~~good~~ principles  
and precepts have been too indelibly imprinted  
on your minds & hearts to require any puffing  
eulogiums. You need but be reminded of the  
man, and the soft, persuasive influence of  
his mild disposition will make itself felt  
even in the distance. Our minds will at once  
picture our grandam teacher & president, with  
his easy, unassuming, manners, as standing  
before us, illustrating with euphonious grace  
"the smooth round turns on the line". He, as  
"you know him all" is a poet, an artist, a  
scholar, and last though not least an accomplished  
gentleman. The memorials of his artistic excellence  
we may every where trace in the happy  
imitations of his well-directed pupils. The  
memorials of his <sup>moral</sup> mental, social & intellectual  
eminence are engraven in characters of  
living light on the ~~on the~~ unsullied  
tablets of the maiden's heart. Oh! that we had  
room & time to enlarge on the excellences of  
and beauties of a character so generous, so noble,  
and so free from the impress of that sordid  
principle, which casts a <sup>darkening</sup> shade on all the good qualities  
of the heart - so free from all selfishness. Now with one  
long, deep, heartfelt wish, that success & good

angels, we will <sup>will attend him,</sup> reluctantly close our public  
efforts to do justice to the memory of C. M. Macomber.  
Trusting that your susceptible, sympathetic hearts  
will supply every deficiency, and sing & swell  
the sad adieu. —



Vol 1<sup>st</sup>

The Garland.

No. 1<sup>st</sup>

"Upward Excelsior Onward"

Ladies & Gentlemen

I shall at once present you the Garland, destitute, as it may be, of that variegated beauty, which a milder winter or a warmer clime might have afforded: or rather be patient for a while, and more delicate hands will give those tasty additions, which will render it acceptable. The good people of Leeds are inclined to smile at the name by which we make ourselves known. Why are we not a literary ~~&~~ fraternity? Brothers we are that is certain. Brothers in <sup>the</sup> pursuit of knowledge, united in feeling & in in purpose. And why not literary? Literature or rather the study of literature is, <sup>first</sup> certainly a prerequisite to any degree of perfection in the exercises of our meeting.

There is one advantage which our associating ourselves together presents, which has not as yet been ~~forever~~ mentioned how much so ever it may have been thought of. Here the Bachelor <sup>& maid</sup> are brought into more immediate connection; Here the qualities of the "head as well as the heart will unconsciously betray themselves. Through this medium then, perhaps, some happy and lasting acquaintance may be formed. This perhaps is only a fancied good; but young ladies, the intelligent mind is a gem, if not of rare water, at least, it is precious. Byron has said, however, that "woman was made for her affection & not her intellect."

But we do not think intelligence or even intellectual culture in the least ~~detracting~~ ~~from~~ un congenial with affection. On the other hand we believe good, wholesome mental discipline, a much superior qualification for a pure & deeply rooted love, than grace in the ball-room or <sup>even</sup> perfection in fashionable etiquette. But ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> their credit few young ladies are willing to take up with a frivolous, giddy-headed young man, though perhaps, he has an elegant form, and a smooth, graceful exterior. Young ladies, then, should not think to please ~~not~~ by accomplishments, which they themselves despise: But we will not complain, but honor the ladies, who wear & entwine heavenly roses in this earthly life".

Be kind enough, gentle reader, to pardon the proscip of our paper, for very few correspondents have favored us with their contributions, and very little talent has nature vouchsafed to your humble editors. But take it as it is: and if you can make a virtue of necessity & call it good.

Seeds Sept 22<sup>d</sup> 1888

Mr. President,

You must not expect much from me being unaccustomed to speak or to write, for if you do you will be most certainly disappointed, but that my diffidence, & want of confidence might not be too manifest, I have scribbled <sup>down</sup> what few ideas I <sup>could</sup> collect, however, for broken, disconnected or foreign from the subject they may be, after begging the pardon of the society, for my negligence & want of thought on this very interesting subject, ~~may you~~ I will proceed to offer <sup>some</sup> remarks, whether <sup>it be</sup> arguments, assertion or nonsense (let the society judge) The affirmation of this question, That the ladies have the greatest influence on the world, & that through them (as the greatest cause) virtue morality & religion, is extended, & spread abroad through the whole universe <sup>is the side of</sup> shall I house & the minister <sup>expect</sup> this, yet by what influence did they become ministers & good men? who are filled in their <sup>breasts</sup> ~~minds~~ with the principles of virtue, & directed their tender minds yet unascend & unguided by the voices & evil inducements of the world, in a path that would lead to their own happiness, & to a desire for the welfare of those around them, I do not think it <sup>can</sup> be properly said that the mother of Washington was the savior of our country, for we <sup>can</sup> see by observation, that in what ever principles the youthful mind is instructed, the same are followed through life and that the ~~truth~~ <sup>truth</sup>

exclusively upon the influences & instruction then  
inculcated, Therefore if she had been a bad woman,  
avaricious, or ambitious, she might like Buonaparte  
for the sake of gain or power, conquered & subdued nations  
& still like France we should be under a monarch, But  
on the other hand she was a good woman, & so instrin-  
cted her son that nought but virtue & true nobility  
could be the incentive & motive to action, & instead of  
being avaricious or desirous of his own involvement,  
renown or power, he <sup>like a true patriot,</sup> strove for the best interests &  
eternal welfare of his country, They not only influence  
society by the influence & the world through their children,  
but they have the greatest influence over their chosen  
partners of life their husbands, will not & does not  
the strongest heart yield or give way to the <sup>soft & kind</sup> entreaties  
of woman, to prove this point was the example laid  
before us a previous night, when the lady told her  
husband that he must not stand for <sup>an</sup> office, & he readily  
like a wise man obeyed her, although he thought for  
his best interest to stand as a candidate, but knowing  
to oppose would be but heaping coals upon the fire,  
& again, what influence ever was greater, brought upon  
the world, than that of ari; & who but woman  
was of the fatal cable, & induced man to partake,  
& what man ever influenced the world more than  
Cleopatra & destroyed so many having the greatest  
personal charms, & yet invariably the basest of  
women, & what has perverted the temperance cause  
among the ladies of our country, how <sup>the</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~human~~  
speeches being for <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~

The evil, & folly of his course, & the degradation brought  
upon him self & family, could not be claim, when  
by the entreaties & affecting petitions, of his wife he has been  
brought to see his situation as it <sup>has changed</sup>, his course & instead  
of a miserable drunkard, become a good citizen honoring  
himself & family, <sup>that</sup> Nearly all the charitable institutions  
of our land, have been founded, supported & sustained  
by the ladies cannot be denied, With these  
remarks I will leave this subject to those, who will  
be more interesting, & be more capable of doing jus-  
tice to the ladies cause, do not view me with  
a critics eye, but gently puff my imperfections by

The Maker of the Universe has made man with a soul. It was His intention that that soul should render to Him its highest, its gratuitous homage. All the beauty & excellence of the material Universe would be evidently useless without the soul to delight in them & appreciate <sup>its</sup> their value. But the soul, without any special cultivation either moral or intellectual, the soul as it exists in savage tribes where the light of history <sup>dawns upon them</sup> only by vague tradition, cannot possibly render to God the source of its existence its highest homage: Hence another pure & noble motive to study. You say perchance study nature - Does the Savage, does the ignorant mind study nature? Does the indolent <sup>sluggish</sup> ~~inactive~~ intellect study nature? Who can better study & comprehend the study of nature than he who studies metaphysics - than he who studies the human mind & is able to trace these the workings of Supreme intelligence, the perfection of every art? The Bible, too, belongs to ages past: It was written in a language that the most do not understand? Care you not whether it be true or false? Is it of no importance, to throw all the light you can around it, so that it may be believed, studied, pondered & believed? It is true, that God has power to make conviction strike the heart at once? But this is not his will; Human agency <sup>begins</sup> & completes almost every design. Man translated the Bible & still translates it from language to language; Think you this could be done with limited study? Does not such a work require <sup>Education</sup> seclusion & labor? Then we may safely

conclude that the highest & purest motives, that  
ever actuate man, will lead him first to the pursuit  
of knowledge as the only medium through which he  
can render truly grateful praise to the Author of his  
existence. Let us, now, before leaving this part of our  
subject, <sup>briefly</sup> review the motives which <sup>may</sup> should induce a man  
to become a scholar. <sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup> Firstly & generally it is ambition -  
be it for fame, power, influence or wealth: Secondly,  
Study for the love of knowledge; which is often, although not  
essentially, consequent to ambition: Thirdly the expansion of  
intellect: especially necessary to the highest homage of the  
heart, which is due to a great & beneficent being. 4<sup>th</sup>ly -  
the a correct understanding of the scriptures, and the  
obligation we are under to Divine Providence to carry  
out His designs by the translation & transmiss of them.  
Are not the above sufficient motives to induce us  
to cultivate the intellect to the greatest extent in our  
power? If you are selfish you may, satisfy your  
desires through the medium of study! If you are ambitious  
of power mankind bow with ready submission to the  
Learned; or if it is your wish to be able fully to  
appreciate the beautiful workmanship of Creation, & make  
your soul truly grateful for the bountiful bestowment of  
such blessings: there is scarcely any limit - to the  
knowledge you must acquire: If you wish to become  
a benefactor of the human race and transmit to posterity  
something useful & interesting, become a scholar. In fine  
If you desire for yourself enjoyment of the highest, purest  
kind, that enjoyment which needs no excitement to keep

it alive, seek it in deep & continued study. It is not absolutely necessary, (Should my my introduction appear to suggest this opinion) I say, it is not absolutely necessary for the scholar to make books his only study. In fact the most skilful philosopher, as he pursues his studies & investigations, keeps the book of nature constantly open before him, to which he may refer for the most glowing illustrations and the strongest confirmations of truth. Nor is it essential or even expedient for the student to shun all intercourse with his fellow men. The study of human nature presents us open one of the most interesting & fruitful sources of thought & is surely a prerequisite to any good degree of mental cultivation. Yet the scholar must submit to a certain degree of seclusion. He is not at liberty to pursue this & that at pleasure. Would he originate anything, in any department of science. Would he confer a benefit on the world by the discovery of some new & great principle. he must make himself acquainted, thoroughly acquainted with all the existing knowledge on the subject he would upon which he purposes to throw new light. Notice for a moment the science of Mathematics. Can anyone suppose that he could add anything new & interesting to this department of knowledge, without deep & continued investigation? This science has not yet reached its limit. Thousands of new discoveries are yet to be made. Thousands of useful & essential improvements are consequent upon every new discovery. Think you the giddy, thoughtless mind, the superficial scholar competent to talk like these? Must not the common pleasures of life, the passing &



## The writings of Oliver Goldsmith.

As a writer, Goldsmith claims our warmest approbation, his natural and easy flowing style is scarce ever attained. His harmless wit and deep pathos give a zest to his writings and beget that love for his verse which has so effectually silenced the voice of the rival and softened the heart of the implacable critic. His productions are also free from those faults which are so unpardonable in many of our celebrated novelists and poets. The dark misanthropy of a Byron never sullies the purity of his sentiments, venting itself in bitter sarcasms. — The seductive influence of scepticism, which embitters the better feelings of the heart and gives doubt and uncertainty respecting things of futurity, pervades not his writings. — The profane sneer, which makes the pious man shudder, blights not his fair fame; and the baneful effect of licentious freedom is not felt by the peruser of his page.

He represents things as they are. — He confounds not the truly beautiful and lovely with the mere semblance. — He makes not the hypocrisy of one — a proof of want of truth and virtue in others; but with an artists skill he separates the gold from the dross, drawing a striking contrast between sincerity and deception, honesty and fraud.

We purpose to treat briefly of the Vicar of Wakefield —

This is a beautiful and touching tale. There is something in it which strikes a chord in every heart and calls forth the warmest sympathies - something which shows that true greatness sits not always on the throne of Kings, nor couches only in the halls of wealth and magnificence, but that it is often found in the humble cot, revealing itself in the noble fortitude and cheerful resignation of the unfortunate. The story is remarkable for its simplicity and truth to nature. No over drawn description makes earth a paradise - no unaccountable miracle destroys its probability. But the nice delineations of character - the sprightly conversations - the easy transitions from the lively to the pathetic, excite a deep interest - and make pass before our eyes a scene of real life. How different the object; how different the tendency of this tale from many of our writings of fiction! No all-conquering passion - no mad love rendering miserable its victim is here painted in glowing colors, giving food to the imagination conjuring up unreal images. No licentiousness - no refined lust - becomes agreeable through charming sentences and pleasing sophistry and deludes the eager reader. The profane, lawless robber is not made here the man of honor, the man of noble soul. - The base murderer is not here gifted with the finest feelings, the finest sensibilities which man can possess. -

We are first introduced to a beautiful family, not in affluence, but living happy and contented. The father, the hero of the tale, having the authority of a beloved parent,

governs his children with mildness and yet with decision. They revere that authority and delight to do his will. His daughters, though not of ~~fairy form~~ celestial beauty and fairy form, are pretty: and his sons are active and intellectual. Nor are his children perfect, but beings with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, like other beings, yet having hearts susceptible of the beautiful and a refinement of taste peculiar to lovers of nature. — But fickle fortune smiled on this lovely household, only that she might with more cruelty withdraw her favors. Happy in each others love, they had yet to feel the pang of separation & the sting of disappointment. — But these came — and the ties of affection strengthened by time, and happy intercourse, were severed. — The blessings of union, of united love were no longer to be enjoyed. ... We will not follow them through all their vicissitudes, but suffice it to say, that, — though they were troubled and persecuted, though they were reduced as low as poverty and affliction could reduce them — though they were subjected to abuse and insult — still the father preserved the same magnanimity of soul, the same true dignity, and the mother, though often restless and impatient in her despondency, loved the same deference to her husband the same respect for his wishes. No selfish interest — no desire of aggrandizement — marks his actions. — No poverty, no affliction could make him swerve from the path of honor. With unyielding integrity, with an uncomplaining though almost broken heart, he sees his son reduced to beggary — his daughter deceived, dishonored, the wretched victim of a detested villain — his dwelling, his

only home, burned to the ground. And when the ~~leath~~ some  
prison completes his degradation, his generous soul is still  
within him. Shocked at the vile profanity of its  
degraded inmates, he attempts and accomplishes  
a reformation. - He soon converts the habitation  
of vice and misery into a dwelling of peace..

What is the inference drawn from  
this simple story? What are our feelings when  
we read its closing scene? That all men are  
subject to misfortune - the high as well the low, the  
rich as well as the poor - the good as well as the bad;  
but that virtue is their kindest friend, their  
firmest guard. That she will finally prove  
triumphant. However much the base may  
abuse us and trample on our rights, though  
for a season the villain may have his sway, yet  
if we possess virtue, if she <sup>directs</sup> lights our way and  
lights our path, we need not fear but that  
we may with safety traverse the dark  
windings of lifes mazy labyrinth, and sooner  
or later reach the goal of happiness. -

Oliver Howard..

ILLUSTRISSIMO JOHANNI HUBBARD, ARMIG.,

GUBERNATORI;

CONSILIARIIS ET SENATORIBUS,

QUI LITERIS REIPUBLICÆ MAINENSIS

PROPRIE PRÆSUNT;

SOCIIS CURATORIBUSQUE

**ACADEMIÆ BOWDOINENSIS**

HONORANDIS ATQUE REVERENDIS;

REVERENDO LEONARDO WOODS, S. T. D.,

PRÆSIDI;

TOTI SENATUI ACADEMICO;

ECCLESIARUM PASTORIBUS VENERANDIS;

Universis denique, ubique terrarum,

HUMANITATIS CULTORIBUS,

EXERCITATIONES HASCE JUVENES, IN ARTIBUS INITIATI,

Johannes-Pickens Abbot  
Franciscus Adams  
Lemuel-Weeks Atherton  
Gulielmus-Nelson-Nailling Bell  
Samuel-Preble Buck  
Johannes-Johnson Bulfinch  
Samuel-Cushing Burr  
Carolus-Edvardus Butler  
Carolus-Carroll Everett  
Gulielmus-Pierce Frye

Gulielmus-Sewall Gardner  
Georgius-Peabody Goodwin  
Henricus-Fiske Harding  
Samuel-Little Hodgman  
Freeland-Salmon Holmes  
Oliver-Otis Howard  
Daniel-Cony Ingraham  
Georgius-Follansbee Jackson  
Johannes-Nelson Jewett  
Arthur McArthur, Jr.  
Abner Morrill

Peleg-Stone Perley  
Georgius-Gilmer Poindexter  
Johannes-Smith Sewall  
Thomas-Robinson Smith  
Georgius-Harvey Snell  
Samuel-Adams Stinson  
Eugenius Thompson  
Patrick-Henricus Townsend  
Georgius-Howe Vose

*humillimè dedicant.*

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Habita in Comitiiis COLLEGI BOWDOINENSIS, BRUNSVICI IN REPUBLICA MAINENSI, DIE QUARTO SEPTEMBRIS, ANNO SALUTIS  
MDCCCL, RERUMQUE PUBLICARUM FÆDERATARUM AMERICÆ POTESTATIS LXXV.

EXCUDEBAT JOSEPHUS GRIFFIN.

# ORDER OF EXERCISES

FOR

## COMMENCEMENT,

SEPT. 4, MDCCCL.

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Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

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### MUSIC.

1 . . . . SALUTATORY ORATION in Latin.

THOMAS ROBINSON SMITH, Bath.

2 . . . . DISSERTATION. Individual Liberty.

WILLIAM SEWALL GARDNER, Lowell, Mass.

3 . . . . PHILOSOPHICAL DISQUISITION. Science and Revelation.

FRANCIS ADAMS, Topsham.

4 . . . . ENGLISH ORATION. Influence of Cervantes upon Spain.

CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, Brunswick.

### MUSIC.

\* 5 . . . DISSERTATION. Aztec Civilization.

FREELAND SALMON HOLMES, Foxcroft.

6 . . . . DISQUISITION. The Destruction of Pompeii.

LEMUEL WEEKS ATHERTON, Castine.

7 . . . . DISQUISITION. The Hero of Classical Mythology.

JOHN JOHNSON BULFINCH, Waldoborough.

8 . . . . ENGLISH ORATION. Lord Strafford.

GEORGE PEABODY GOODWIN, Baldwin.

9 . . . . ENGLISH ORATION. Internal Evidences of Christianity.

HENRY FISKE HARDING, Union.

MUSIC.

10 . . . DISQUISITION. Cardinal Ximenes.

GEORGE FOLLANSBEE JACKSON, Pittston.

\* 11 . . LITERARY DISQUISITION.

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD, Leeds. ✓

12 . . . LITERARY DISQUISITION. Hannibal at the Gates of Rome.

SAMUEL LITTLE HODGMAN, Warren.

13 . . . ENGLISH POEM. Vision of the Saxon Seer.

GEORGE GILMER POINDEXTER, Dresden, Tenn.

14 . . . ENGLISH ORATION. Revolutionary Leaders.

JOHN NELSON JEWETT, Madison, Wisconsin.

MUSIC.

*Handwritten notes and signatures on the right side of the page, including a large checkmark and several illegible signatures.*

*Oliver O. Howard.*

15 . . . LITERARY DISQUISITION. Indebtedness of Shakspeare to his Times.

DANIEL CONY INGRAHAM, Augusta.

16 . . . LITERARY DISQUISITION. The good and evil Genius of Napoleon.

GEORGE HARVEY SNELL, Unity.

\* 17 . . ENGLISH ORATION.

EUGENE THOMPSON, Topsham.

18 . . . ENGLISH ORATION. The True Doctrine of Progress.

PELEG STONE PERLEY, Livermore.

MUSIC.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSS

Exercises for the Degree of Master of Arts. SSSSS, SSSSSS

19 . . . ENGLISH ORATION. The Divine Government in Human Society.

MR. JOHN COTTON SMITH, Bangor. ~~~

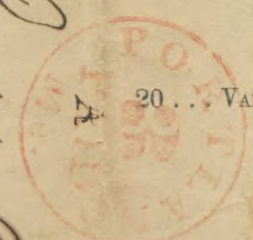
20 . . . VALEDICTORY ORATION in Latin.

MR. SAMUEL JOHN PIKE, Dover, N. H.

MUSIC.

\* Excused.

*Cadet O. O. Howard  
West Point  
N. Y.*





# HIGH SCHOOL.

---

**OLIVER O. HOWARD**, of the Senior class of Bowdoin College, proposes to open a High School at

**WAYNE VILLAGE,**

on **MONDAY, September 10, 1849,**

to continue twelve weeks.

Instruction will be given in all branches usually taught in High Schools and Academies, including the French and German languages.

No pains will be spared on the part of the Instructor to render the school pleasant and profitable to all, who may favor him with their attendance.

---

## TUITION.

Common English Branches, \$3,00—Higher English and Languages, \$3,50,—  
From 25 to 30 cents per week, according to the studies pursued.

---

Good **BOARD** can be obtained at reasonable prices, in or near the village.

For further information please refer to the gentlemen, whose names are affixed.

LUTHER SAMSON,  
CALEB FULLER, } Com.  
NAPOLEON B. HUNTON,

WAYNE VILLAGE, June 7, 1849.

An Old Man's Experience: —

I once right seriously thought,  
A poet, I might make:  
So taking courage, fearing naught,  
My pen in hand I take. —

I begg'd, And pray'd the Muses sweet,  
To come straight to my aid  
But no! Not e'en a thought would greet  
A poet, ne'er by nature made. —

But - seizing, now, her by the hair  
Poor Graney must vouchsafe,  
To free me from a preying care  
Or I'll her shrine forsake. —

Once on a blooming eve I stray'd  
To see a lady, kind: —  
With kisses sweet & love repaid,  
My heart o'er leaped my mind. —

I went again, again I found  
Her full of courtesy  
Her voice! Oh! 'twas a lovely sound  
Welling up so merrily

With tearful eye & blushing cheek  
She hearken'd to my voice:  
I, poor fool, in love did seek  
To live my fatal choice. —

But thanks to fortune's guardian care,  
— Or good maternal love;  
I'm rescued from that basting snare  
E'er a curse it provid'.

Mother, one day, led me aside  
With frowns on her brow,

"My son", said she, "do not confide  
In mere external show;"

She, that on you so sweetly smiles  
So of a faithless soul  
She'll, only, thro' a while beguile  
Till your heart — is stole

"Last night when darkness hid the deed,  
Although the moon shone clear  
Another heart, she claim'd to feed  
With smiles & love as dear."

Being ever an obedient son  
A hint, I took straight forth;  
And never, while my race I run,  
Shall woman point my course

Anonymous  
II

2

R R H Howard

L H Maim L H L H M  
L H Maim L L L H Maim  
L M Lamp in m  
Lead Maim Lead Maim

Men weary with every subject, so soon as it becomes trite & common; no matter how much it may conduce in its practical application to individuals and social well-being. It is a common saying, "familiarity breeds contempt". This has reference to the natural change that our feelings undergo towards our fellow men, whose characters once appeared to us in the distance perfect models for imitation, but whom we discover by a more intimate contact to be like ourselves weak & full of passion & pride. This saying can be applied with as much propriety to objects of an abstract nature as to men, - at least we may say, too great familiarity begets dislike & often disgust. Such is the case with the subject of Temperance. When new; when the teetotaler was almost a novelty, the Washingtonian cause sprang into existence: then could you see interest & enthusiasm. Men were enlisted pro & con, and entered into the excitement with a spirit & a will. Good men loved to talk of the subject of Temperance. It was a pleasant, a glowing, a popular theme. Now comes the reaction: the enthusiasm & evident interest in this, the cause of humanity, abates; soon if you speak of the State thing you are jeered at - the bare mention of the subject will gain you an enemy. - So, like many other matters of vital importance, has the cause of Temperance been subject to the caprice of the popular mind. Let me not then add to a weariness, which you may now feel on this subject which has been so long in

2. agitation among you; but pardon me a few words  
however true & common they may be, expressive of the  
sentiments & sympathies, which my peculiar situation &  
the stand which my native state is taking in the moral  
world have called into existence.

You have a law, which has turned all eyes upon you.  
The State of Maine is watched from one extremity of the  
Union to the other. The friends of the law; those who are  
deeply interested in human progress; those who would  
free our land from a curse worse than that of Slavery,  
watch with fear & anxiety. For, say they, if it fails in  
Maine, where can it stand! if it loses its root how can  
its branches live! Men of Maine, Young men of Maine, are  
you opposed to the Liquor law? Can you come forward &  
say frankly & honestly that you are opposed to it? Have  
you divested yourselves of local prejudices; have you  
purged selfishness from your hearts & regarded the subject  
fairly? Have you put yourselves on an eminence, and  
observed its immediate, its beneficial effects?

A young man of intelligence said to me, I came not for the  
good effect upon the lower class of society of this Liquor law;  
I came not for its regenerating its purifying influence;  
if it should be ten times greater than it is I would oppose it,  
for I want my liberty! Here it is - Such men will soon  
want the liberty to lie, to steal, to gamble. How many  
a young man I have heard say, if I had not been intoxicated  
I would not have gone there! You may imagin where  
you who have visited our large cities, know with what  
what dens of vice & degradation they are filled; You

Know where the young man who drinks brandy will  
 always go! Oh pious & noble father, Oh! affectionate  
 & virtuous mother, trust not too implicitly in the  
 integrity of your son, unless you are sure he will not taste  
 the dangerous cup; for he has no self-guard then.  
 Not that one might not be bad & never drink; for  
 many men, many mean & contemptible souls  
 do not add this to their other vices. But the young  
 heart full of life & hope, replenished with high sentiments  
 of honor & real generosity is the one that is the most  
 in danger;— Place him with money in his pocket in one  
 of our principal cities, surrounded by a few vicious compan-  
 ions called "gay fellows":— They press him to drink: he  
 is too much of a gentleman to refuse; neither can he  
 show himself green by drinking only a little: he must  
 take as much as others: his brain begins to feel the  
 excitement: these good friends then know his heart is open  
 and he is pliable: arm in arm they walk with <sup>him</sup>; they  
 lead him from one intoxicating pleasure to another from the  
 evening's twilight till the morning's dawn. Behold him  
 now: a few hours before a bright & virtuous youth! Now  
 degraded, now mean he feels; his throat is parched— he must  
 have more drink; he feels stricken with shame; he  
 cannot look you in the face; to give him manliness &  
 boldness he must drink!— This is no fancy picture: I am  
 personally acquainted with young men, young men that  
 you would call of the first stamp, talented, generous,

4  
High-born & noble in aspect, who never visit a city without  
thus draining the cup of animal enjoyment to its lowest  
dregs; and you need not think I exaggerate when I tell you  
that the majority of young men who are sent to our  
colleges & principal institutions of learning pride themselves  
in this contemptible dissoluteness. They use the expression - 'live  
while you live - life is short we cannot enjoy it but once -  
then let us have our fill'! - Do you say such young men  
have not had the proper training at home; their fathers  
& mothers have not done their duty - have not properly  
curbed their inclinations, & formed their characters, while  
they were yet susceptible of these effective influences? -  
Perhaps not; - But the parent cannot do everything. If  
the parents were upright & well-meaning, as all parents  
are not, their influence might be strong. But other & more  
immediate influences are often ten times stronger.

What then can we do? What will become of this our  
beloved land? Our young men are becoming dissolute:  
vice is popular; their moral perceptions grow less & less,  
and their love of pleasure more & more. -

Ours is called a Christian land; would you have it filled  
with infidels & practical atheists? Ours is a land of  
freedom, would you see Anarchy & misrule  
usurp the walls of State?

You do not see any danger? Ah! no! What does  
the strength of our nation consist in? What is the  
true basis of our National prosperity? Is it our  
Army - our Navy? Is it our commerce? Does it consist  
in our inventions & various improvements? True; all



these contribute to the prosperity of our country; But how long could these things exist; how long would you behold everywhere that energy & frugal industry, which has ever characterized the American people, if vice is suffered to take the place of virtue; if the disolute is suffered to walk abroad fondled & caressed by all?

Every thing that tends to this state of affairs shows a danger. Our young men are soon to take the places of their fathers; Our national interests are soon to be under their control; and our national prosperity will be at their disposal. How readily then you can see what the young man ought to be. You ask have we not institutions of the highest character? Are there not ample opportunities for both moral & intellectual development? Yes! But to be plain with you our country contains institutions of a totally opposite character - institutions of vice - institutions that are seductive: Pleasure stands smiling in the door & vice caresses you within. How much more attractive; nay, how much more fascinating are these institutions to the young than those of staid virtue?

Now what is the inexhaustible fund that sustains those institutions? Why, 'tis Alcohol. Without it how could they exist? What young man from the bosom of a virtuous family frequents them in his sober senses? Not one; You cannot show me one young man, such as I have described, who would leave the

6  
heart to go night after night as too many do to  
those dens of infamy, unless he propped up his waning  
courage day by day & ~~his~~ purchased hour by hour by  
deep & frequent draughts of the potent fluid. Here then  
without any question is a vice gaining ground constantly  
upon us; and where is the remedy? Begin at the root  
of the evil. - Keep young men from taking into the stomach  
that which fires the brain & deprives them of sense &  
reason; then & then only will moral culture take  
effect. How is this to be done? Moral suasion  
did much; it did its work - But there  
are <sup>many</sup> men, who have precious little humanity  
many whose hearts are steeled up by avarice  
against every good and enabling influence.  
They laugh at your persuasions: - They scorn your  
reproofs. They had as lief traffic in men's souls as in  
any thing. They never reproach themselves with any  
wretchedness of which they may have been the cause.  
They ask the little child to try the razor on its  
throat & tell him it will not hurt him if he draws it  
with proper care. They hesitate not to entice the  
man of diseased palate, even when they know that  
the result is likely to be tears of blood. What can  
be done? Your Legislators have shown you.

Every good man is willing to make some little  
sacrifice for the general good. Who then are those that  
resist the law? They are such as I have described: Those  
who were not accessible by any moral influences;  
those who are selfish & narrow-minded, and care

9  
for the good of their state or the glory & prosperity  
of their nation. They only wish to swell their own  
purses. They wish the widest liberty & care not for  
the attendant crime.

Ah! then young men, open your eyes - See clearly the  
evil & the good. Take the Liquor law; read it fairly -  
See what its provisions are; then seek to learn its  
effects; do not stand in one spot & fancy you see the  
whole world for your vision is limited.

Let us take a wider sweep, a broader view - see the  
purging that has been going on where this law has been  
carried out! Let us go to the poor houses & houses of  
Correction in our cities & examine <sup>the</sup> statistics that they  
furnish; let us look & think & not believe everything  
we hear until we have consulted our own good  
common sense.

As I have said men abroad watch with interest  
the issue of our efforts in Maine. The majority predict  
the down-fall of the law - Still if its legitimate effect here  
can be demonstrated, it will give it strength elsewhere  
but if it fails the good & temperate will fear & hesitate  
whilst the bad will triumph.

Let us then young men throw what little influence  
we may have into the balance; and have the  
consciousness of doing what we do do on the side  
of right & humanity. Much has already been  
done. The last time I was in Maine, the young

man could step up to the bar & call for his brandy  
& treat his friends with impunity & a detestable  
pride. Now, he is ashamed to ask, ashamed to drink,  
ashamed to be drunk. Is there not, then, some  
gain in the State of Maine? What has effected this  
change? Is it not the liquor law? Turn the tide of  
popularity against drunkenness, & keep it there  
and we need not fear the issue. This will certainly  
be the effect of these Temperance clubs which are  
gathering in the various parts of our State: Young  
men & middle aged men join them - They have  
something with which to occupy their time &  
attention, something worthy of intelligent &  
enterprising men. The separate & individual  
influence of each is extended to his friends, &  
his friends exert the same over others; and hence  
we may rejoice that Temperance & good, wholesome  
principles, will be pondered, discussed & propagated.

But after all that has been done by our  
Legislators & by individuals of our State - Suppose  
this law should be repealed; need we be discouraged?  
Should we become lax in our principles & careless  
in our behavior? Have you never reflected  
that the true spirit of a man is never desponding?

No reform, be the nature of it what it might,  
was ever begun & carried out without difficulties &  
drawbacks. In fact, the opposition is often a test  
of the importance of the principles you advocate.  
Every great man has his enemies & every great work

to critics, & every great principle its bitter opponents.  
Above all, then young men, let us invest ourselves  
in the bright armor of a courageous spirit; prepared  
alike for victory or defeat; then if victorious  
we can be calm & moderate - if we fail this time  
we must labor on without change of heart  
for the same end. Let us keep in mind this  
glorious maxim - Be sure you are right - & then  
persevere through every difficulty & every change.

Some of you who are listening to me  
will soon set forth from your father's roof & your  
mother's immediate and watchful care - about to  
mingle with other young men - about to think  
& act for yourselves. Do you ever think of the  
temptations to which you will be exposed? Do you  
fancy in your manliness that your heart will never  
ache - that your virtue will never be put to the  
test? If there are any here who are soon to  
leave friends & home - let me address myself  
to them particularly, let me conjure them by  
their bright & budding prospects, by their budding  
ambition, by the love they cherish for their home  
& their parents, by every thing they hope for that  
is good & great, never to drink one glass of  
intoxicating liquor. Of course certain men will  
laugh at you, will ridicule your simplicity.  
Some will treat you with contempt & perhaps  
scold you for your very uprightness, but never  
never mind them! Start with young men

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of this stamp at the Academy. They are perhaps  
of quicker perception than yourself. They are  
called more talented. Their prospects of making great  
men, are said to be superior. Never mind what  
is said - <sup>but</sup> persevere. = Go on with these railers  
accompany them to College - let them attract  
attention, let them garner to themselves popular  
favor & excite against you a pitying contempt.  
By degrees, your own character gains force, your  
mind unused to artificial excitement, strengthens  
and matures without it. Its energies are  
quicken'd, and you begin to feel conscious of  
an internal power that is your support.

Others begin to notice you. They whisper,  
"He is bound to make a man let us at least  
be his friends". Where now are your scorners -  
those who would drink a little, only a little for  
they were gentlemen, perfect gentlemen & would  
not be drunk for worlds! Where are your  
Enemies those who would gamble only a little,  
only stork a few dimes, and that just for a little  
excitement? I assure you, that before you  
graduate from College - they will be near the foot  
of your clap - they will have become confirmed  
drunkards & gamblers. The experiment - seldom  
fails. Is there not then a little encouragement to you  
to be steady & temperate? Is there not a frightful

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danger in not being so? I have addressed  
my remarks to young men particularly because  
I myself am a young man. I can enter into  
their feelings & understand their trials & dangers.  
Let it not be attributed to vanity or egotism  
when I say that I have the honor & welfare of my  
native State at heart. And I know that nothing  
can contribute to the prosperity <sup>of a country</sup> or ~~of a~~ <sup>of a</sup>  
country like a phalanx of youth who have spirit &  
enthusiastic energy well grounded upon the firm  
basis of integrity. To the vigour & strength of  
young men our country looks for protection &  
support: and let her not be disappointed!

Let us open our eyes to the privileges & beauties of  
our Government, instead of constantly studying  
its defects. Let us examine it side by side with other  
Governments - and while we note the contrast  
ask ourselves if no gratitude is due to our fathers -  
if no thanksgiving should arise from our hearts to  
the Being who supported sustained & strengthened them  
while they were exerting the utmost of human strength  
& agency to secure to us the blessings that we now  
enjoy.

Ah! Young men, our bosoms ought to swell with  
a grateful pride for the heritage, that has been  
bequeathed us - and a grateful & generous  
enthusiasm should give life & power to our efforts  
in developing & extending the glorious principles of  
our government. The German loves, praises & fights

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for his country. The poor Hungarian is imbued  
with a feeling, strong, enthusiastic unchangeable  
for his own father-land. Is our own native  
land less beautiful, less lovely? Have we  
not already secured the object which is so  
dear to the heart of the Hungarian? Have  
we not liberty? Have we not institutions  
free & democratic, open alike to the poor &  
the rich? All these things & yet more belong  
to our young men of America. In other lands  
the rich & the noble alone are free to investigate  
the mysteries of science. — They alone are permitted  
to cultivate at will the beauties of art. — And yet  
Nature has not gifted the Autocrat with finer  
sensibilities or a keener relish for natural  
beauty than our poorest cottager.

In view of these things & in consonance with  
these thoughts, let me again entreat you  
all to shake off that selfish spirit, which is  
so apt to seize upon the heart & hush its  
generous beatings! Let the soul of the American  
citizen have full play & development, true  
to the flag of our union, true to the principles of  
our Republic & true especially to the three  
cardinal virtues, which will ever add new glory  
& lustre to a prosperous & powerful nation, true to  
Temperance, humanity & progress.



33  
Open your hearts; extend your thoughts with me ~~from~~ over this vast - this growing Republic - think of the souls that compose it - Consider the various influences of this grand mass of human intelligence - and tell me; is there not a power here, a power which if turned aright, would raise our nation higher & higher in the rank of Nations - would give our country a moral power, which would extend as far as the East is from the West, and render our flag not only an emblem of liberty & equality, but of virtue & humanity.

Will we not then throw our hearts into the work that has been commenced here in Maine? Will we not support & substantiate the means, which are now effectually eradicating an evil, which experience has demonstrated, time & again, to be a bane to truth, virtue & honesty?

For one, to the Liquor law I will give my hearty support, not only for the good it has done & is still doing, but for the good it is bound to do, if carried out. - Those men who are actuated by a disinterested love for the good of the human race, heartily rejoice at the bold stand that our state has taken. Let us then be elated with such & earnestly support principles of temperance, humanity & progress the evident end & aim of the Maine Liquor law. -

The time ~~must~~ come, when the fairest  
visions of earth shall fade away - when  
the bright prospects which <sup>us</sup> have surrounded  
shall vanish - when all we love holdest  
dear:

Shall pass like the baseless fabric of a <sup>vision</sup>  
And leave us wrecks behind. -

The pathway of life is beset with briars  
and thorns. The most skillful cannot  
escape them - The most wary cannot avoid  
them - The wisest and the best are lacerated  
and torn ere they are aware - Who has  
not felt a sting? Who has not had his  
breast pierced by an arrow barbed and  
pointed? The child, while he plucks the flower,  
must be careful that he receives not a sting  
from the covert bee. The hiee and the rosemary  
grow side by side and he who plucks the one,  
will most likely feel the prangs of the other -  
Although we cannot fathom the designs of  
Providence in placing us as we are - Surrounding  
us with temptations so strong - and making the  
tenure of our virtues so weak - The thread that  
binds us to reason so brittle - and the chain of  
passion so firm, though we cannot fathom 't, yet  
such is our situation - such is our being, our nature  
The mystery will not be made known until  
that day shall come when the sea shall

Deliver up its secret and all secret things  
are made known. Then and not till then will  
the seal be broken and the books opened which  
shall explain the mysteries of fate - how these  
seemingly conflicting elements unite to ~~the~~ further  
the great ends of universal being.

Our very being is a mystery. Why were we made?  
For the attainment of what end were we given  
a being? True, philosophers tell us, we are links  
of an endless <sup>chain</sup> of intelligences the highest and  
noblest of which is God, and that our destination  
is eternal progression in knowledge and goodness.  
This we must admit, because we cannot deny.  
Yet who can tell: The heavens and the ties

The strong connections, nice dependencies  
of our existence. Reason wears subtle veils which  
only bewilder and perplex us, and renders  
uncertainty still more uncertain. Bereft  
is silent. It simply unfolds the stuporuous truth  
that we shall live again, when Earth and  
the heavens shall have passed away <sup>as a story</sup>, or unfolds  
up as a vestment, and goes no further. It does  
not attempt to trace out the various elementary  
principles, & to speak, which make up the sum  
total of our being. It does not enter the dark  
fields of metaphysical inquiry, leaving it enough  
for man to know the great truth which most  
concerns him; that death is not an eternal  
sleep, but the opening to a happier and better

world - the gate of immortality.

It is but reasonable to suppose that all man's faculties were given him for some end - that there is nothing in that bundle of contrivances which has not a purpose. but which that purpose is no man has told - no man can tell. Death alone can solve that enigma which has puzzled so long the brains of philosophers. and the genius of poets run mad. Festus has endeavored to harmonize the unharmonious, but loses himself in the cloud he has raised. Milton, though I possess the genius of angels could not enlighten us. Pope after philosophizing as well as he could on some question as unaccountable as when we would urge him further - he answers

Q. ask of yonder organ fields above  
Why Jove's satellites were less than Jove  
Ask of thy mother earth why oak <sup>trunks</sup> were  
Taller and stronger than the winds they <sup>shall</sup>

But does this answer our question, Yes I answer as well as the wisdom of man can answer is. As we consider these things in the depths of humility we will exclaim with the Platonist  
Great and unfathomable are thy works  
Lord God Almighty -

Of all the vices and follies that flesh  
is heir to I know of none, more uncoloured  
for - none so really malicious and heaving  
as slander. In most vices we can find  
generally speaking some palliating circumstance  
even the shadow of an apology at least. The murderer  
strikes not the fatal blow unless there is some  
hope of gain, or some shadow of an ambition to  
be realised. History and fiction always describe  
some motive in extenuation of those deeds of  
darkness. The noble Brutus plants not the  
dagger in Caesar's heart but for his love of Rome  
and her liberties which he was destroying - it  
was not because he loved Caesar less but  
Rome more - Othello, that impetuous  
of Chioulmy dipped not his sword in the  
innocent Desdemona's blood until the dark  
and designing Iago had most positively, but  
maliciously assured him of her want of  
fidelity. But in the foul mouth of slander  
there can be nothing but the blackness  
of darkness - an entire and complete  
vacuum of all that is noble, good and  
true. There can be a friend to no one, for  
a friend will bear a friend's infirmities  
there is the impersuasion of all that is base  
ignoble and mean, one that the very devil  
himself would look upon with contempt.

since a traitor to all would be a traitor  
to him; and however worthy of admiration  
his Satanic Majesty may be, he was never known  
to scatter the seeds of discord among his friends  
or those who had recourse upon his confidence.  
There is a young man coming upon the stage of  
action - his prospects are bright and flattering  
no cloud has yet obscured his sky. But alas!  
there is one that cannot see those <sup>perils</sup> ~~perils~~ getting  
for him low while his own is left desolate. The  
flatters him - he gains his confidence - he betrays  
him and lo! the pitcher is broken at the fount -  
his heart is crushed - his bright <sup>reflex</sup> ~~reflex~~ have fled.

Like the low cess fabric of a vision  
He left no wreck behind.

There is a young, interesting and accomplished  
girl, the center of a large circle of friends  
and the admiration of all who can love all  
that is lovely, but now the scorpion tongue  
of the slanderer has sought her out and  
she must fill an untimely grave. I see  
the rose fade from her cheeks, I see her smile  
grow as <sup>prey</sup> ~~prey~~ and her step languid, while the  
the knowing winks and the whisper lie on days  
their work upon her fragile form. There are no  
fanciful pictures - no ideal sketches. Slander  
has laid its many, many victims in the grave,  
though innocent as angels are. The murder is  
a Christian to such a universal wrong of his kind.

Scholars, let us early cultivate the feelings  
of kindness, forgiveness, and forbearance, and while  
we remember that we ourselves are mortal  
and may ourselves soon ask what we ourselves  
are now called upon to give. Let us say to ourselves  
in the beautiful language of another:

What are another's faults to me  
I'm not a vulture's bill  
To pick at every gap I see  
And make it wider still  
It is enough for me to know  
The feelings of my own  
And on myself the love bestow  
And let my pieces alone —

For the Garland

For the Journal

Hope never dies!

Its pure and holy teachings bid us look beyond the sorrows and disappointments of this inconstant world, and strive with ardor to reach the blissful shores of a brighter sphere. It points with its radiant finger upward, and never folds its golden pinions to rest, till above the fading fields of mortality, "Passing away" is written on all that is lovely of earth, and the cold grave ~~also~~ claims its victims from our fairest bands, and chooses the loveliest flowers to garland its dark depths, but Hope cheers us when laid on beds of sickness, and even, <sup>death</sup> has no terrors for the weary wanderer. When we mourn our friends who have gone before us, to the land where the bowers are ever green and fair, Hope smiles and strikes its glittering harp beckoning "onward and upward" pointing to the happy forms of glorified saints, who stand round the throne chanting songs of praise to the Most High "who was, and is, and is to come."

Innocentia



Which admit foreigners  
to become citizens of our Republic  
Are our present laws respecting Immigration

conducive to the best interest of our Country?

In considering a question of this nature it is especially necessary to study the past: to consult statistics upon our Country's growth, from the time in which the foreigners set foot on this Western Continent, till the present, when we his descendants are debating the question, whether or not such as he shall be excluded from the blessings he hath bequeathed us. This study would be useful. It would teach us, if we do not already know them, under what auspicious our Nation rose & sprung into being, under what influences it has acquired its present extent, prosperity & power. In the first place what is our Country - What end had such a Constitution & such laws as we possess in view? Altho' ours is a Republican Government, and its laws are adapted to all who will place themselves under their protection & yield them obedience. There is nothing narrow, mean, or selfish or exclusive in such a government? Its policy has always been humane. It has ever been an Asylum to the oppressed of other Nations. It has ever extended its protective arm over those who would flee to it for refuge. But now you ask does this touch upon our interest as a Nation. What is right - what is our duty in the sight of that God who has ever been on our side in every struggle, ever has been & ever will be for our interest. - Mr President. What particular emergency now calls for this sudden change of policy? Has Treason to our Government been recently discovered? Have the foreign-

ers who have come to us that they may live as men, the  
foreigners who are flocking to our new territories, and  
are developing resources till lately dormant, - have these men  
combined to overthrow the institutions that foster that  
liberty for which they were longing, for which they were  
willing to leave country, home & all that the natural heart  
holds dear? Is it they that have held meetings public & private  
for the promotion of discord? Is it they who have cried for  
disunion? - Take our Army as a sample, of what material  
is the greater portion of it made up! Why six of foreigners those  
who were born in a foreign land. Pray tell me what class  
of men can you find more subordinate, more disposed to  
acknowledge authority ~~than they~~ without question - without  
opposition? - Where then is the great objection to Immigration? Are  
our rights impeded or our privileges restricted, if so, in  
what way. Mr President, there is not a single state in this  
Union whose products may not be doubled by developing  
her internal resources to a degree, that they may be developed  
by additional labor. The population of any one state can be  
doubled with no detriment to the people or the soil. Again  
consider our vast tracts of country yet uninhabited. These  
yield as they are no manner of income to our Government.  
Is there not, then, ample room for the oppressed stranger?  
Will not the encouragement of Immigration promote the  
wealth of our Country to an incalculable amount?

The ignorance of foreigners. Mr P. - This is a country  
where ignorance is dissipated. Knowledge is not only  
free to the poorest & lowest, but it is adapted to his necessities  
and made of a simplicity equal to his comprehension.

The great cry against our citizens of foreign extraction arises from the power they exercise at the ballot box. They are seen to be at the disposal of demagogues seeking office. Admitting this for the sake of argument; Let us look for an instant at our native born citizens - should you go visit any town, any city or state & had you the power to ascertain, how many independent voters do you suppose you would find, how many who go to the polls with an intelligent apprehension of the principles they are supporting? Not many, Sir. It is an established fact that the great mass of the people, either directly or indirectly are under the influence of leading men. What matters it how a man is bribed whether it be by the offer of a Post Office, or a pair of shoes? It is the same thing Sir, the same in principle. Unregenerate human nature is remarkably subservient to self-interest - And on this ground I think any one will admit that the foreigner who has become a citizen is on as fair a footing as the native-born.

Let us now take the question and look at it fairly & candidly - In a Country like this, where the facilities for the distribution of knowledge are so great, a man who is disposed to become a citizen of this Republic will learn all that is essential in five years. This five years he must spend here. He must declare under oath his intention of becoming a citizen ~~two~~ years before these five have expired, that his character as a well-disposed man may be established by at least two witnesses, who are already good citizens. He must take his solemn oath of Allegiance. While he at the same time as solemnly abjures his native allegiance. All this seems to me amply sufficient. But the cry is that foreigners should not become citizens at all! Again we ask Why not? What harm have they done? Have

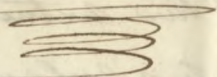
they marred our prosperity? Show me a more prosperous nation! Show me a nation where there is less poverty & misery among all classes & conditions of men.

Have they shaken our Union or put our institutions in jeopardy? Look, search, & trace if you can to any foreigner or band of foreigners who have become citizens a single national disturbance.

Have they hindered our improvements or impeded our discoveries? You would not have to go far to find these sort of citizens, steadily & busily at work from morning till evening, with just pay enough for a subsistence, to render our improvements, which <sup>first</sup> exist in theory,

practicable & useful. They work on our roads, they build our canals. Go to the new countries & you will find communities of them, from Ireland, from Germany - & in fact from almost every part of the known world.

You will <sup>see</sup> find them industrious & peaceable, they find themselves, after being driven from a land of oppression or want in a land of liberty & abundance. And is it wonderful that they should enjoy it? Is it wonderful that they do not attempt to undermine & overthrow the government that helps them with all they can ask for?



Wynne October

Words of Faith.

Three meaning words there are  
Which go from man to man,  
Which from without cannot secure  
The love, their worth demands:—  
The heart alone to them gives birth;  
The heart can cherish, feel their worth.—  
To man his value sure deny;  
When he on them will not rely.

Man is Free, yes! free-born  
Whatever the crowd may cry,  
Or raving fools, — who goodness scorn  
And to slaves all worth deny  
Freedom, then the heart should prize  
On Freedom each true heart relies.  
Beware the Slave when he breaks his chain!  
Before the Free, in peace, remain! —

Virtue next suggests itself,  
And is no empty sound,  
Whose use will cost no trashy self  
To heal the Miser's wound.

Though erring ever while alive,  
After the Godlike Man may after the Godlike strive,  
What finds no wisdom of Man-kind,  
That uses oft - the Childlike mind.

A God, A Holy Will,  
Permeate time & space; -  
Which narrow-minded human skill,  
In each every thing may trace.  
'Tis God himself, the Highest Thought:  
'Tis God that rules & changeth not:  
Though every thing in change goes round  
A quiet Will in Him is found.

Of these three words remember  
Freedom, Virtue & God! -  
Hold and cherish them forever  
For long and present good.  
Though from without they never spring  
Knowledge of them, the Heart doth bring,  
Good fortune him will not deny  
Who on the three words will rely. —

Charles - I.

There is <sup>such</sup> nothing, perhaps, calls up so ready sympathy - nothing, which so deeply moves the feeling of the heart, and excites such universal interest, as Majesty in distress. Men forget the faults & pardon the errors of a King in prison, or a King disguised in a peasants garb to screen himself from death's pursuit. His good deeds and noble qualities are then, remembered and cherished, while misfortune quickly effaces every stain from his character. So it is with the unfortunate Scottish Queen. Her vices and follies are all forgotten, or if named, as readily excused, when we see her driven from her Kingdom by an ungrateful people. When we behold her seized, imprisoned and beheaded by a foreign, jealous princeps. Indeed, this feeling, this warm sympathy of mankind in behalf of the unfortunate is praiseworthy, and whoever would check its flow is an enemy to <sup>all</sup> the kindest sentiments of man, that render him happy as a social being. Yet some will tell us of the weakness of Charles the first, and sneer at the interest which his misfortunes excite. - The life of no man, however, presents a more painful picture of misfortune: and scarce any King had fewer faults, or a better heart. He was mild

, we grant, but this is not a fault. He was weak, per-  
-chance, if a king is weak, because he cannot keep  
his throne. But are weakness and mildness sufficient  
crimes, if crimes they are, to justify his cruel treatment,  
and ignominious execution?

Behold him first in prosperity - a king of a  
mighty people - flattered, courted and enjoying  
all the blessings attending wealth & power; - view  
him, again, - a fallen monarch - a wretched and  
dispised victim of vindictive rage & cruelty; - then,  
mark the contrast! What fall could be more  
precipitate & more humiliating? He, who, in  
the full enjoyment of wealth and influence, have been  
hurled by a sudden and unexpected blow into  
the lowest degradation of poverty, often feel as if the  
bitterest cup of misery had been drained to the dregs.  
He, who are sipping the sweets of domestic enjoyment  
and cherishing with parents' fondness the liveliest  
hopes of your children's budding minds, can  
picture to yourselves the wretchedness that would  
follow the sudden bereavement of these present &  
expected blessings: - Combine these sufferings, and  
heap misery upon misery, and what human breast  
can bear the load? - What heart so stout, that it ~~would~~  
not be crushed? But all this, the weak monarch  
experienced! - Ingratitude could invent no  
cruelty, which he did not suffer at the hands of  
those bigoted zealots! Fanaticism could find no  
goad so sharp that it must not pierce his bleeding



heart. But, under all this, when insult was added to insult, he remained calm & mild. His noble soul showed generosity and tender feeling, to the last. He forgave the insults of the unthinking, and rewarded with thanks the least favor shown him.

What is nobleness? What is greatness?

Bonaparte - a man who waded to power through rivers of blood - is called great! Cromwell is called great, who, a fanatic, headed a fanatic multitude and held his power by cruelty & oppression, which men are pleased to call severity! - Be not deceived. True greatness consists in greatness of soul. He, who can bear up under misfortune in every form & shape, - he, who can sustain a weight of suffering, which would crush the common man, and still display generosity & kindness is far greater than Bonaparte or Cromwell - approaches far nearer the <sup>embodiment</sup> emblem of all true greatness, the Savior of mankind.

Thus, certainly, Charles' misfortune, to be born at a time so ill-suited to his nature - to be placed over a people, then furious & bigoted in the extreme.

His principles, <sup>both</sup> political & religious were the result of his education, and served to check the spirit of reform. Hence it may have been necessary to curb his power or even remove him from his throne. Yet who can justify the treatment, that he received? Who cannot see that it was devised in cruelty, and inflicted, under pretence of necessity, for the sole purpose of glutting the vengeance of men, who were thirsting for his blood?



## Criticism

Gentlemen & members of the debating society! The duty of being your first critic devolves upon me, you must pardon me if I succeed poorly in my task; if I am devoid of that criticism expected of a critic, of which I do not boast, if I am not able to paint in glowing colors my few ideas of the merit due to some, & the errors of others. Yet should I fail to excite your approbation or admiration, or to gain your attention, I will promise not to weary your patience by any thing extensive or lengthy; (which I can easily promise from want of material, or rather of ability to use the material which I have.)

Firstly, after the meeting was called to order & the doings of the <sup>proceeding</sup> last read, we listened to the reading of the papers — the pieces were very good. (I am sorry to say) with the exception of one which was written on the character of a certain member of the <sup>Debate</sup> (Clubs) we may have wit & fun in our papers, but let us avoid all that is scandalous. & not use any person for sport, for as is he, we are <sup>also</sup> all liable to wrong. One may have his weaknesses in one thing, another in another, One may blame another for something mean or vicious, when at the same time the other can blame someone for some fault which he perceives in him. Therefore let us take care of our selves. see that we do right and are not guilty of

of mean ness, & let others do the same, It is a fact, that he who  
reviles & speaks scandalous of others the most, is by far the most  
worthy of reprobate & hatred; & sooner or later will receive his just  
reward, disgrace, The editors read their pieces quite well,  
yet it appears to me if the first editor would overcome so  
much hesitation & unnecessary emphasis on so many words,  
with a corresponding mariticulation on many others,  
the pieces would afford much more life & animation, and  
their worth be better appreciated, Also if the second editor  
would avoid ringing (which I believe is not customary in  
Literary societies) or rather some ness of tone the audience  
would be <sup>induced</sup> rather to give attention, than go to sleep, as I hear  
they would thro' other evening, had he read much longer,  
Next in order came the discussion which was carried on  
admirably, until the interuption, caused by a volley of  
brick bats & snow balls, the throwers of which I shall  
most essentially criticize, or rather (with the approbation  
of the Socy) <sup>should they be caught</sup> condemn to the penalty of a kick inflicted upon  
the rear of each by the president — Last of all who spoke  
on the question was Howard, who not only said  
nothing to the point, but made no sense of what he  
did say, whom I should advise, if he cannot speak better  
& on the question, to keep his seat & learn from listening to  
others (if such as he are susceptible of improvement)  
To wind up our interesting meeting Mr Wilson, after

much urging. stood <sup>out</sup> forth, pouring forth the eloquence  
only appreciated by the noble soul, & only deemed by the lofty  
& elevated ~~intellect~~ mind, giving spirit to his piece, and wonder-  
fully receiving the attention of his hearers, Still I think  
we shall be obliged to refer him to "Gator Booby" to be  
taught ~~the~~ correct emphasis, inflection, & pronunciation,  
of which we perceive he stands in need, but are not competent  
to instruct ——— If we wish this our society to be  
good & beneficial, better order must be preserved than  
there has been hitherto, and each one must be more  
ready & willing to perform the part allotted him, ~~without~~  
without causing so much confusion & disturbance  
by making excuses, and those, which every member with  
as good reason could adopt.

" "  
Oliver D. Howard. "  
" "

## Columbus.

It is impossible to trace the history of Columbus without a feeling of deep interest, mingled with admiration. The untiring energy & perseverance with which he pursued an object, regarded at that time by the wisest, as nothing but an idle fancy or a mere creation of the heated imagination, impresses us strongly with the belief of his superiority to common men. The conception itself, the realization of which has rendered his name immortal, is of a sublime character. It only needed a few isolated facts to set in motion his powerful mind, & this grand conception sprung into existence, and quickly assumed, in his view at least, the form of a reality. Had he stopped here, Columbus would have been regarded as nothing more than a superstitious sailor, who fancied that the unknown & boundless ocean was filled with golden isles. But the man that planned was the man to act. Once convinced, in his own mind, of the truth of his design, no opposition, hazard, or danger could deter him from the zealous pursuit of his cherished enterprise.

It is not, however, my purpose to follow him through all the eventful & interesting periods of his history, but to bestow a cursory glance upon the later portions of his life - and behold for a few moments the rewards of genius, seemingly so unpromising.

Columbus had devoted his whole life to the realization of that grand conception, which had, at an early age, taken possession of his heart & ever after imbued his character & conduct

with a loftiness of purpose & a bold enthusiasm. His youthful energy & matured strength had been exerted ~~un~~ sparingly towards the one object, ever (~~so near to his heart~~) uppermost in his thoughts & affections. Driven from one Court, he <sup>had</sup> applied to another, in quest of assistance to his enterprise. Meeting with bitter <sup>disappointment</sup> in one place, he had turned to another to meet a like repulse. Yet continually buoyed up by the firm belief of finally succeeding, & ever inspired with a new vigor & courage by the slightest favorable demonstration, he had cheerfully submitted to toil privation & suffering:— he had disregarded the sneers & scoffs of his countrymen & had risen superior to the malicious, designing enemy. He had succeeded! He had discovered a new world! Through him the Sovereigns who had, so reluctantly, aided his enterprise had been richly rewarded; and the Spanish Crown had assumed a new luster & importance among the Nations of the earth. Now he has grown old in well-doing. The deeply furrowed brow and the silvered locks bespeak both age & life-long care. Yet his step is firm & his form robust. That natural majesty & conscious strength, which are the emblems of real superiority discover themselves in every movement. Look upon him & say; is he not happy in the consciousness of the good he has done? Is he not beloved by his Sovereigns & his countrymen? How can they do less than recompense the hardships of his youth & manhood by kindness & respect to him in age! But, alas! Some natures are but seldom visited by kindness & gratitude! Some hearts have never felt the glowing warmth of their presence! In fact,

almost every great benefactor of the human race has been doomed to some temporary disgrace. Envy, malice & blind incredulity are sure to make him their victim: and the Spirit of ingratitude, - sometimes in the shape of slander, sometimes in the garb of bitter unparing criticism, but often far in the unmistakable form of open abuse, - has chilled the too sensitive, too-much-expecting heart. A few, perchance, have been fully compensated for toil & study & have basked in the sunshine of contemporary favor. But the ruling passion of mankind seems to be, at the moment when a man would expect a shower of honor, to reward him by a most ungenerous persecution. Perhaps this is well in the end. It may teach men to look for something above mere contemporary praise - to seek something more noble & more lasting than present, transient, favor. But hard, hard it must be for the man of proud spirit to be degraded & trampled upon by the very recipients of his favor - by those who are bound by all the ties of honor & gratitude to defend & support him! Even Columbus could not escape this common fate.



Is it right to punish an action done conscientiously? Before entering upon the discussion of this question let us, if possible, define what is meant by a conscientious act. Conscience has been represented by writers on the human mind "as a sort of arbitrator, holding the scales of justice." It is her province to scrutinize & decide upon our actions or rather our motives to action. If she tells us that what we are about to do is right, we shall go about it without fear; and whatever we do thus under her approval is considered a conscientious act. Now upon the supposition that a man under the full light of conscience does what he believes to be right, every one would be willing to admit, that in the act he would be free from guilt. Then the question immediately arises, by what principles in reason or in nature are we authorized <sup>to punish</sup> a man morally innocent? It may be answered, the safety & preservation of society require it. Let us candidly examine this view & see if it is true. A body of men unite themselves together in order the better to secure mutual protection & safety. Now if I as an individual member of that society do not receive that protection, but am driven through necessity to wretched poverty or to the point of starvation, wherein lies my obligation to that society? If I grasp the only means within my reach & under my control to secure those immutable rights, which belong to every reasoning being, I am not blame-

worthy in the sight of God, nor should I be blameable  
in any other points of view, and least fall accountable  
to that society, which had first failed in the fulfilment  
of its obligations to me. Then I would argue that a man  
could not conscientiously violate the laws & restrictions, which  
he himself had been an instrument in forming, unless  
the society to which he belonged had refused or neglected  
to extend that protection & support, which drew from  
him his assent to those laws & restrictions. If the laws of  
a society drive a man to the commission of an act, regarded  
as criminal in the light of the law; where is the justice of  
the punishment? Perhaps it will be contended that society,  
imperfect as it must be, cannot enter into his heart to  
examine his motives, & consequently can have no other  
grounds of decision than a man's actions. In answering  
this objection we will lay down this principle, <sup>already suggested</sup> as something  
too evident & natural to meet with opposition, that a  
man cannot conscientiously break laws imposed upon  
him by his own express or tacit consent, so long as the  
execution of them serves to supply all his necessities & provide  
for his safety & welfare. If the regulations of society do  
not accomplish this essential end (the very thing which  
should have been aimed at in their formation), the  
fault is evidently in the regulations themselves & not in  
the individual, who is obliged from necessity to break those  
regulations. If the above principle be true & society be  
worse such laws & regulations as it may & ought to propose,

then there will be comparatively few conscientious violations. Particular cases may be cited which could not have been foreseen or obviated by the lawgiver, wherein violations do not occur from bad laws & still these offences seem to be conscientious. If we carefully examine these cases, we shall find very many of them committed under the influence of malice or passion: And the remainder, if any, are attended by numerous circumstances, which are almost certain of procuring an acquittal under an enlightened jury & among a Christian people. <sup>And</sup> Those who persecuted the Ancient heretics & cruelly murdered them on account of the difference of their belief from their own, have been called men who acted conscientiously. <sup>But</sup> This is far from being true, or I have an entirely wrong apprehension of the meaning of the word conscience. Admit that they were governed by a perverted conscience; does this prove that theirs were conscientious acts? <sup>Would</sup> they not even then be under the necessity of continually smothering ~~con~~ what little conscience they might have? The truth is that the constant habit of disregarding the dictates of conscience, makes its silent pleadings grow weaker & weaker, until almost any crime can be done without remorse. But because a villain did not feel remorse or the slightest weight of guilt in the commission of a heinous crime: would it prove that the crime was a conscientious act? If it would, then we will admit with all readiness that the conscientious act should be punis-<sup>hed</sup>

But this cannot be true. The real meaning of the question must be whether an act morally right, should be regarded by society as wrong & punished accordingly. We have intimated & we think truly, that there are very few actions that are morally right, which can be regarded by society as injurious, or as deserving of punishment, if that society is based upon right principles. And what few there may be cannot well be mistaken for willful, premeditated crimes. —

Then we may answer the question under consideration: that a society of men cannot with any degree of justice inflict punishment upon a man for a conscientious action, or in other words for doing what is right.

Oliver A. Howard

Howard

It may not be inappropriate or without profit for us on this occasion to carry our thoughts still farther back to a remoter period than that of our revolution, before the time in which our fathers laid down their lives that we might inherit a country like this, before the time of him whose memory every true American cherishes with pride & affection, and glance at the life of another great and good man, whose name is as familiar and almost as dear as that of George Washington. I speak of Columbus.

It is a matter to be regretted & yet it is true that almost every great benefactor of the human race has been doomed to some temporary disgrace. The envy, malice and blind incredulity of less fortunate aspirants to immortality are sure to vent their spleen upon him and subject him to all manner of abuse. You can scarcely point to a great invention that has received the honor it merited while the inventor was living; and fewer still are the great discoveries, that have conferred either wealth or happiness upon the discoverer. Though we are glad to admit that the ~~present~~<sup>present</sup> age seems endowed with a more liberal spirit, yet few, very few have been fully compensated for toil & study and basked in the sunshine of contemporary favor. The ruling passion of mankind seems to be, at the moment when a man would expect a shower of honor, to reward him by a most ungenerous persecution. Perhaps this is well in the end. It may teach men to look for something above mere contemporary praise, to seek something more noble & more lasting than present favor.

But hard, hard it must be for the man of proud spirit to be degraded & trampled upon by the very recipients of his bounty - by those who are bound by all the ties of honor & gratitude to defend & support him. Columbus is a remarkable example of a man who was made a partaker of this sort of favor. He had devoted his whole life to a noble purpose, to the realization of a grand concep-

tion. His youthful energy & his matured strength had been exerted unsparingly towards that one object ever so near to his heart. He had cheerfully submitted to toil & privation & suffering in the hope of its attainment. He had staked his reputation & property upon it, the sneers & scoffs of his countrymen, the inconstancy & mutiny of those who set forth with him on his voyage of discovery failed alike to turn him from it. He had succeeded! He had discovered a new world. He had conferred wealth & power upon the Sovereigns, who had aided his enterprize, and imparted a new lustre & importance to the Spanish crown. Now, he has grown old in well-doing. The deeply furrowed brow & silvered locks bespeak both age & life-long care. Yet his step is firm & his form unbent. That natural majesty & conscious strength, which are the emblems of real superiority discover themselves in every movement. Look upon him & say, is he not happy in the consciousness of the good he has done? Is he not beloved by his Sovereigns & his countrymen? How can they do less than recompence the hardships of his youth & manhood by kindness & respect to him in age? But, alas! some natures are seldom visited by kindness & gratitude, some hearts have never even felt the glowing warmth of their presence. And even Columbus was not spared the misery of finding this too true.

While in the new world he is nobly conducting the affairs of his rightful government quelling discord & insurrection, and striving by every possible means to promote the interests of his Spanish rulers, envy & malice were busily at work with his character. All at once, without warning, without trial and even without the slightest knowledge of the nature of his offence, he is thrown into irons & exposed to the most humiliating insults. When he learns that this is done by his Sovereigns' command, he makes no resistance, he suffers no follower brother or follower to strike a blow for his deliverance. Crushed in spirit he bows his head & whiteness by age & anxious thought in humble submission.

and receives the heavy iron upon his weary limbs without a murmur. The execrations of the fickle crowd, the lying false accusing tongue of the ambitious villain "pass unheeded by". He feels not these insults, only as they are indications of something else - something worse. It is ingratitude, the ingratitude of friends, of Sovereigns that he feels; this stings his very soul. From them in whose service he had exhausted the vigor of his youth & the strength of his manhood - from them came this insult, this degradation! He shows no resentment, no anger, no sudden outburst of passion, but the natural bitterness of a heart deeply moved by the sense of wrong.

Let your imagination picture an old man, whose character is sullied by a single crime, whose soul has stamped its greatness in every feature - an old man, whose whole life has been crowded by deeds grand & sublime, by actions untaunted by selfishness or covice, and tell me to whom could you point more deserving of reverence & love - less open to insult, less liable to abuse. Now follow this noble spirit; behold him under the galling chain, his soul stung with ingratitude and his body aching with pain - the Song of Hope, that sweet comforter, rushes within him - the past floating before him, as something unreal, a dream, and the future dark & fearfully uncertain! Can you restrain a feeling of indignation? Can the heart or the head find the slightest excuse for such treatment?

Nothing seems to us more unnatural than the conduct of those who subject the old age of Columbus to such unwarranted abuse. None are more deserving of the execrations of posterity or more likely to receive them than such vile persecutors who scrupled not to violate the most sacred shrine of virtue, who showed no remorse through trampling & trampling upon one of Earth's choicest spirits.

Columbus was a Christian. Revenge never mingled itself in his thoughts or his actions. When he appeared at the Court

of Ferdinand & Isabella, the tor of Sympathy which his appearance & the recollection of his recent suffering elicited quickly touched his heart & dissipated the bitterness of his soul. He asked not revenge; - he demanded no punishment for his enemies, but to his rightful honor & his own good name, he still clung with eagerness. - These he wished to bequeath to his children & his family as the wealth due his services. And these belong to him & are his. Though his lot was hard, and his last moments were soothed by none of that favor from his countrymen or his sovereign, which gratitude & even decency demanded: Yet he has reaped an ample reward in the regard of posterity: Since the name of Columbus familiar to every child of every nation will ever be held in grateful remembrance; and his fame untarnished by time will descend to the latest generations of men. The parent will point to him as a noble example for emulation. - The hero will find in him the model of success. - The Child of Fortune will imitate his stability and decision of Character - and the Christian will discover in Columbus a spirit of self-denial, generosity and forgiveness, worthy the source, whence flow all noble qualities in their purity - the Savior of Mankind.

C. Q. Howard

Feb 24<sup>th</sup> 1858