

# American Revolution

4-Week Morning Time Session | [AwakenToDelight.com](http://AwakenToDelight.com)



Charlotte Mason  
MORNING TIME



## ***American Revolution***

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

Cover image: *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, Emanuel Leutze, 1851, Public Domain

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# What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

## About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

*Aligha*

# How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

# Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
  - Poetry
  - Short stories or
  - Fairy tales or tall tales
  - Mythological tales
  - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

**Please Note:** The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

# Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Washington's Prayer for America.				
<i>Bible</i>	Romans 1	Romans 2	Romans 3	Romans 4	Romans 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: I Sing the Mighty Power of God	Art Selection 1: Portrait of George Washington and William 'Billy' Lee, Read: John Trumbull bio	Folk Song: Yankee Doodle	Listen to: Solfeggietto in C minor, Aileen Aroon, Read: C.P.E. Bach bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: The Boston Tea Party		Read: The Thirteen Colonies		Enter notes into Geography Notebook
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Psalm 31:23-24 Copywork, Read: Phillis Wheatley bio	Declaration of Independence Copywork	Poetry: Liberty and Peace	Declaration of Independence Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Older students: George Washington's Secret Six Ch 1-2	*Johnny Tremain Ch 1, *Secret Six Ch 3	*Secret Six Ch 4	*Johnny Tremain Ch 2, *Secret Six Ch 5-6	*Secret Six Ch 7
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Apple Tansey, Read: Longfellow's Paul Revere's Ride			Art Lesson: Betsy Ross Flag	*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Washington's Prayer for America.				
<i>Bible</i>	Romans 6	Romans 7	Romans 8	Romans 9	Romans 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: I Sing the Mighty Power of God	Art Selection 2: Declaration of Independence, Review: John Trumbull bio	Folk Song: Yankee Doodle	Listen to: Corn Riggs are Bonny, Concerto for Harpsichord, Review: C.P.E. Bach bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: Paul Revere's Ride		TCOO: The First Thrust		TCOO: The War in Canada
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Phillis Wheatley bio	Declaration of Independence Copywork	Poetry: Liberty and Peace	Declaration of Independence Copywork	Shakespeare: Measure for Measure
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Secret Six Ch 8-9	*Johnny Tremain Ch 3, *Secret Six Ch 10	*Secret Six Ch 11	*Johnny Tremain Ch 4, *Secret Six Ch 12	*Secret Six Ch 13-14
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Queen Cakes, Read: "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death"				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Washington's Prayer for America.				
<i>Bible</i>	Romans 11	Romans 12	Romans 13	Romans 14	Romans 15
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: I Sing the Mighty Power of God	Art Selection 3: Portrait of Alexander Hamilton, Narrate: John Trumbull bio	Folk Song: Yankee Doodle	Listen to: Menuet, String Quartet No.14 D minor, Narrate: C.P.E. Bach bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Review: The Thirteen Colonies		*Movie Study: Beyond the Mask		TCOO: The Birth of a Great Nation
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Phillis Wheatley bio	Washington's Prayer Copywork	Poetry: An Hymn to the Morning	Washington's Prayer Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Secret Six Ch 15	*Johnny Tremain Chapter 5, *Secret Six Ch 16	*Secret Six Ch 17	*Johnny Tremain Ch 6, *Secret Six Ch 18	*Secret Six Ch 19-20
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Molasses Cookies, Read: The Wolf & the House Dog				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Washington's Prayer for America.				
<i>Bible</i>	Romans 16	1 Cor. 7:22, 9:19; 2 Cor. 3:17	Galatians 5:1,13	1 Peter 2:16-17	Hebrews 2:14-15
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: I Sing the Mighty Power of God	Art Selection 4: The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, Discuss: John Trumbull	Folk Song: Yankee Doodle	Listen to: Ogni Dolce Aura, Cello Concerto in A minor, Discuss: C.P.E. Bach	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: The Darkest Hour		Narrate/Discuss: The Thirteen Colonies		TCOO: Burgoyne's Campaign (Bennington)
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Phillis Wheatley	Flawless His Heart Copywork	Poetry: An Hymn to the Evening	Flawless His Heart Copywork	Shakespeare: Measure for Measure
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Secret Six Ch 21	*Johnny Tremain Ch 7, *Secret Six Ch 22	*Secret Six Ch 23	*Johnny Tremain Ch 8, *Secret Six Ch 24	*Secret Six Ch 25-26
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Johnny Cakes, Read: Molly Pitcher				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 5 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Washington's Prayer for America.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 John 1	1 John 2	1 John 3	1 John 4	1 John 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: I Sing the Mighty Power of God	Art Selection 5: <i>General George Washington Resigning his Commission</i>	Folk Song: Yankee Doodle	Listen to: Quartet in G Major, Wq 95, H539 Discuss: C.P.E. Bach	Nature Study 5
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: Burgoyne's Campaign (Bemis Heights)		TCOO: Brandywine - Germantown - Valley Forge		TCOO: War on the Sea
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		On Virtue Copywork	Poetry: On Virtue	On Virtue Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Secret Six Ch 27	*Johnny Tremain Ch 9, *Secret Six Ch 28	*Secret Six Ch 29-30	*Johnny Tremain Ch 10, *Secret Six Ch 31	*Secret Six Ch 32-33
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Spoon Bread, Read: America: A Prophecy				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 6 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Washington's Prayer for America.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 John	3 John	Jude	Psalms 119:45, John 8:32, 36	Isaiah 61:1, Acts 13:39
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: I Sing the Mighty Power of God	Art Selection 6: <i>The Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill</i>	Folk Song: Yankee Doodle	Listen to: Quartet in A Minor, Wq 93: II. Largo e sostenuto, Discuss: C.P.E. Bach	Nature Study 6
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO: The Battle of Monmouth		TCOO: The Story of a Great Crime		TCOO: A Turning Point in the World's History
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		On Imagination Copywork	Poetry: On Imagination	On Imagination Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Secret Six Ch 34	*Johnny Tremain Ch 11, *Secret Six Ch 35-36	*Secret Six Ch 37	*Johnny Tremain Ch 12, *Secret Six Ch 38	*Secret Six Ch 39-40, Afterward
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Blackberry Fool, Read Aloud: A Fine Dessert			Handicraft: 9 Men's Morris Game	*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Recommended Reading List

## Elementary & Middle Grades

*John, Paul, George & Ben*, by Lane Smith

*George vs. George: The American Revolution As Seen from Both Sides*, by Rosalyn Schanzer

*George Washington's World*, by Genevieve Foster

*Ben and Me: An Astonishing Life of Benjamin Franklin by His Good Mouse Amos*, by Robert Lawson

*Answering the Cry for Freedom: Stories of African Americans and the American Revolution*, by Gretchen Woelfle

*Revolutionary War on Wednesday*, by Mary Pope Osborne

*American Revolution: A Nonfiction Companion to Revolutionary War on Wednesday*, by Mary Pope Osborne

*Valley Forge: 24 December 1777 A Christmas Story*, by F. Van Wyck Mason

*The American Revolution, 1760-1783*, by Bruce Bliven Jr.

*One Dead Spy: A Revolutionary War Tale*, by Nathan Hale

*The Crossing: How George Washington Saved the American Revolution*, by Jim Murphy

*If You Lived In Williamsburg in Colonial Days*, by Barbara Brenner

*Revolutionary Rogues: John André and Benedict Arnold*, by Selene Castrovilla

*Rush Revere and the American Revolution*, by Rush Limbaugh

*Rush Revere and the Star-Spangled Banner*, by Rush Limbaugh

*Rush Revere and the First Patriots*, by Rush Limbaugh

*George Washington*, by Ingri d'Aulaire

*Benjamin Franklin*, by Ingri d'Aulaire

*Heart and Soul: The Story of America and African Americans*, by Kadir Nelson

*Lafayette!* by Nathan Hale

Liberty's Kids Series

*The Light and the Glory for Children: Discovering God's Plan for America from Christopher Columbus to George Washington*, by Peter Marshall

*Where Was Patrick Henry on the 29th of May?* by Jean Fritz

# Recommended Reading List

## Upper Grades

*The Jefferson-Hemings Controversy: Report of the Scholars Commission*, by Robert Turner  
*Johnny Tremain*, by Esther Forbes  
*The Swamp Fox for the Revolution*, by Stewart Holbrook  
*Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys*, by Slater Brown  
*Let It Begin Here!: Lexington & Concord: First Battles of the American Revolution*, by Dennis Brindell Fradin  
*George Washington, Spymaster: How the Americans Outspied the British and Won the Revolutionary War*, by Thomas Allen  
*Women Heroes of the American Revolution*, by Susan Casey  
*A Voice of Her Own: Candlewick Biographies: The Story of Phillis Wheatley, Slave Poet*, by Kathryn Lasky  
*A Spy Called James: The True Story of James Lafayette, Revolutionary War Double Agent*, by Anne Rockwell  
*Alexander Hamilton*, by Johan J. Smertenko  
*Benedict Arnold: Traitor to His Country*, by Jeannette Covert Nolan  
*Champion of Liberty, Henry Knox*, by Justin F Denzel  
*Fighting for Justice: John Marshall*, by Fred J. Marshall  
*Founding Brothers: The Revolutionary Generation*, by Joseph J. Ellis  
*Great Men Bow Down*, by Lawrence Gordo  
*Francis Marion: Swamp Fox of the Revolution*, by Beryl Williams Epstein  
*Poor Richard*, by James Daugherty  
*Thomas Jefferson*, by Manuel Komroff  
*April Morning: A Novel*, by Howard Fast  
*Drive Thru History - "America: Columbus to the Constitution,"* by David Stotts  
*Discovering America's Founders*, by David Stotts  
*Beyond The Mask*, by Andrew Cheney

# Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: <https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.html>

For the **American Revolution** session you will read through the book of **Romans**, and highlight other scriptures that speak of **freedom/liberty**.

Your students will memorize **Psalm 31:23-24**, **Washington's Prayer for the United States of America** (alternatively, you can have your family memorize and pray **1 Timothy 2:1-3** over your government leaders). And finally, the poem, "**Flawless His Heart**," by James Russell Lowell.

## Psalm 31:23-24

"Oh, love the Lord, all you His saints! For the Lord preserves the faithful, And fully repays the proud person. Be of good courage, And He shall strengthen your heart, All you who hope in the Lord."

## 1 Timothy 2:1-3

"I urge, then, first of all, that petitions, prayers, intercession and thanksgiving be made for all people — for kings and all those in authority, that we may live peaceful and quiet lives in all godliness and holiness. This is good, and pleases God our Savior."

*Father God, I am grateful for the United States of America (or insert your country). Thank You for all the blessings You have given us as a nation. According to Your Word, I pray for every political leader and representative to come to the full knowledge of the the truth and to receive godly wisdom so that we will be able to live quiet and peaceful lives. In Jesus' name, Amen.*

### **Washington's Prayer for the United States of America:**

*Almighty God, We make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy Holy protection; and Thou wilt incline the hearts of the Citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to Government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow Citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the Field.*

*And finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that Charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the Characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed Religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.*

### **Flawless His Heart**

by James Russell Lowell

Flawless his heart and tempered to the core  
Who, beckoned by the forward-leaning wave,  
First left behind him the firm-footed shore,  
And, urged by every nerve of sail and oar,  
Steered for the Unknown which gods to mortals gave,  
Of thought and action the mysterious door,  
Bugbear of fools, a summons to the brave:  
Strength found he in the unsympathizing sun,  
And strange stars from beneath the horizon won,  
And the dumb ocean pitilessly grave:  
High-hearted surely he;  
But bolder they who first off-cast  
Their moorings from the habitable Past  
And ventured chartless on the sea  
Of storm-engendering Liberty:  
For all earth's width of waters is a span,  
And their convulsed existence mere repose,  
Matched with the unstable heart of man,  
Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in all it knows,  
Open to every wind of sect or clan,  
And sudden-passionate in ebbs and flows.

23 Oh, love the Lord, all

you His saints!

For the Lord preserves the

faithful,

And fully repays the

proud person.

24 Be of good courage,

And He shall strengthen

your heart,

All you who hope in the

Lord.

23 Oh, love the Lord, all you His saints!

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For the Lord preserves the faithful,

---

And fully repays the proud person.

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And He shall strengthen your heart,

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All you who hope in the Lord.

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For the Lord preserves the faithful,

And fully repays the proud

person.

24 Be of good courage,

And He shall strengthen your

heart,

All you who hope in the Lord.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.



Almighty God, We make

our earnest prayer that

Thou wilt keep the United

States in Thy Holy

protection; and Thou wilt

incline the hearts of the

Citizens to cultivate a

spirit of subordination and

obedience to Government;

and entertain a brotherly

affection and love for one

another and for their

fellow Citizens of the

United States at large, and

particularly for their

brethren who have served

in the Field.

And finally that Thou wilt

most graciously be pleased

to dispose us all to do

justice, to love mercy, and

to demean ourselves with

that Charity, humility, and

pacific temper of mind

which were the

Characteristics of the

Divine Author of our

blessed Religion, and

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our supplication, we beseech

Thee, through Jesus Christ

our Lord. Amen.

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---

Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee,

through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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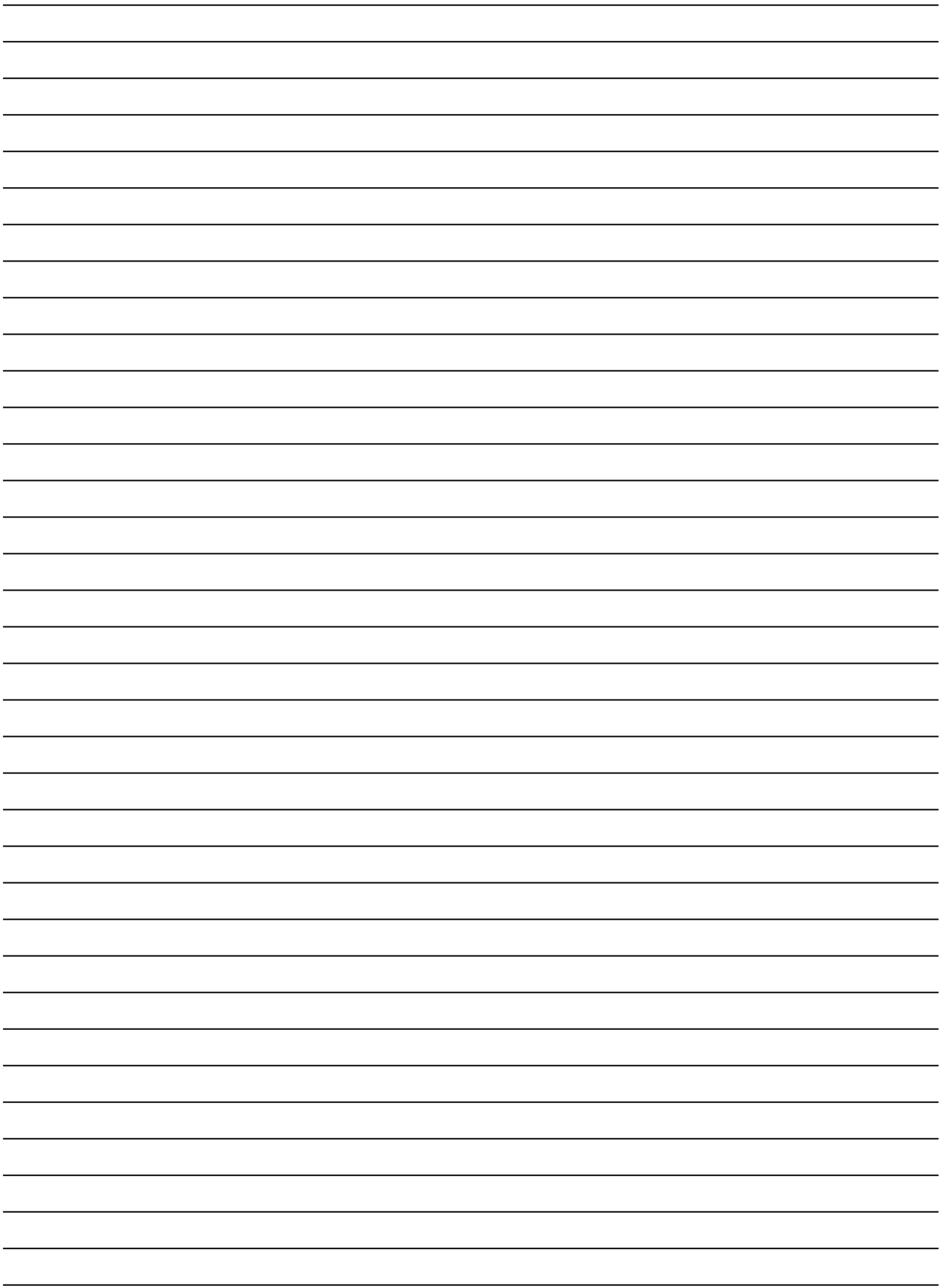
be a happy nation. Grant our

supplication, we beseech Thee,

through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.





Flawless his heart and

tempered to the core

Who, beckoned by the

forward-leaning wave,

First left behind him the

firm-footed shore,

And, urged by every nerve

of sail and oar,

Steered for the Unknown

which gods to mortals gave,

Of thought and action the

mysterious door,

Bugbear of fools, a

summons to the brave:

Strength found he in the

unsympathizing sun,

And strange stars from

beneath the horizon won,

And the dumb ocean

pitilessly grave:

High-hearted surely he;

But bolder they who first

off-cast

Their moorings from the

habitable Past

And ventured chartless on

the sea

Of storm-engendering

Liberty:

For all earth's width of

waters is a span,

And their convulsed

existence mere repose,

Matched with the unstable

heart of man,

Shoreless in wants,

mist-girt in all it knows,

Open to every wind of

sect or clan,

And sudden-passionate in

ebbs and flows.

Flawless his heart and tempered to the core

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Who, beckoned by the forward-leaning wave,

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Steered for the Unknown which gods to

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Of storm-engendering Liberty:

For all earth's width of waters is

a span,

And their convulsed existence mere

repose,

Matched with the unstable heart

of man,

Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in

all it knows,

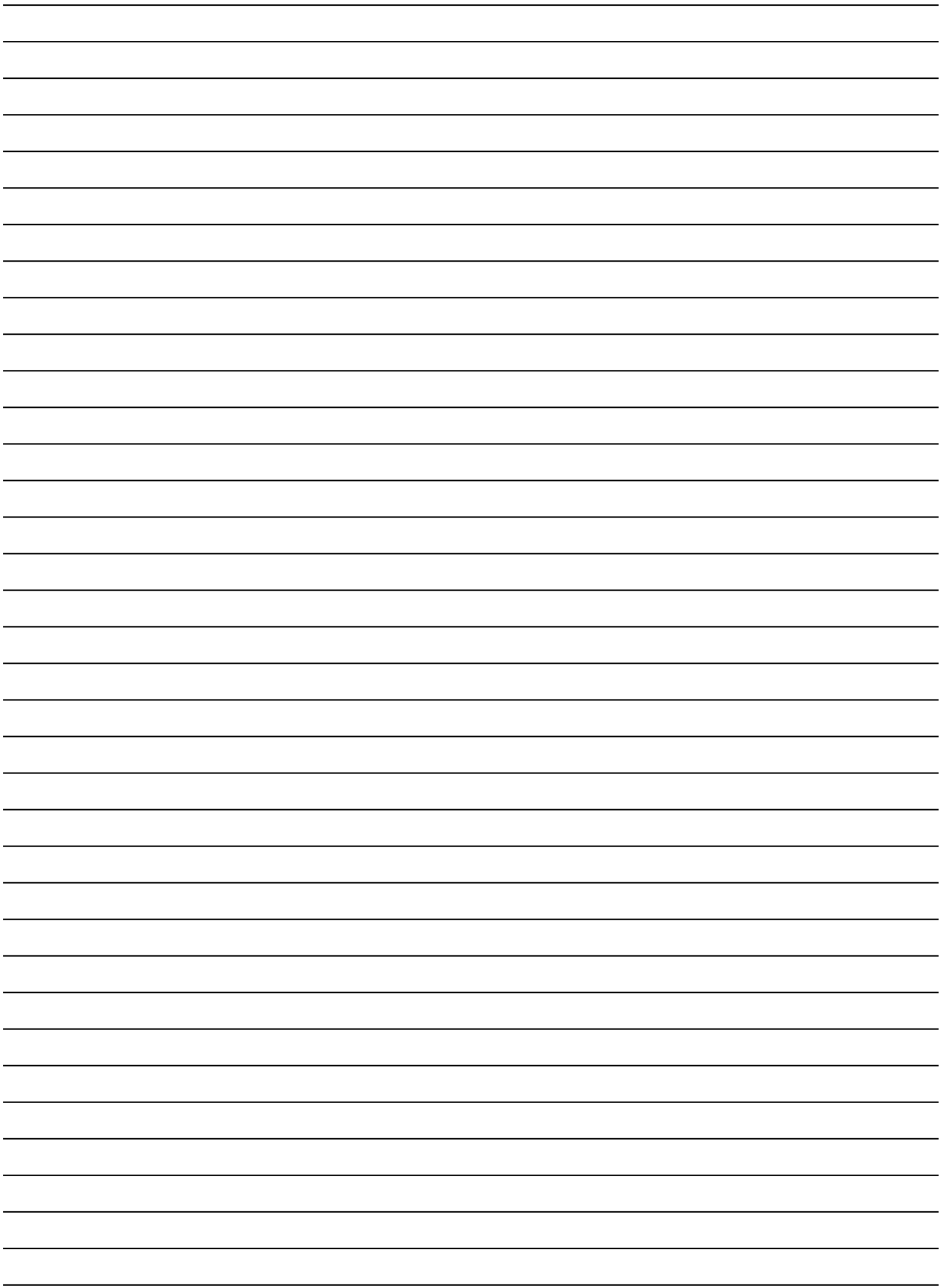
Open to every wind of sect or

clan,

And sudden-passionate in ebbs

and flows.







## Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is John Trumbull. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

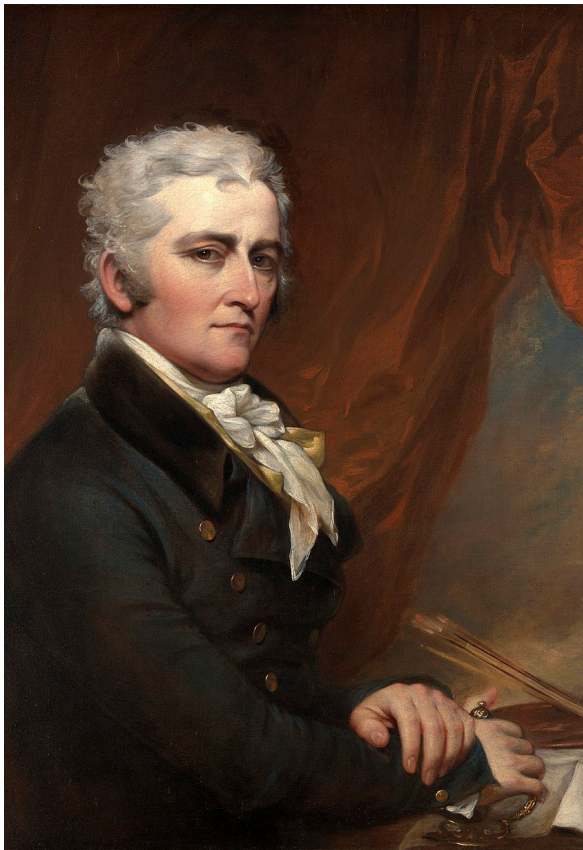
- *Portrait of George Washington and William 'Billy' Lee*
- *Declaration of Independence*
- *Portrait of Alexander Hamilton*
- *The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis*
- *General George Washington Resigning his Commission*
- *The Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17, 1775*

Our featured composer is C.P.E. Bach. We've included six of his pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- Solfeggietto in C minor (H220, Wq. 117:2)
- Concerto for Harpsichord or Fortepiano and Strings in E Minor Wq. 15
- String Quartet No.14 D minor
- Cello Concerto in A minor, Wq. 170
- Quartet in G Major, Wq 95, H539
- Quartet in A Minor, Wq 93: II. Largo e sostenuto

We have also added a selection of Colonial music for you to listen to.

Artist & Composer Study



# John Trumbull

June 6, 1756 - November 10, 1843

John Trumbull was born in Lebanon, Connecticut. His parents, Jonathan and Faith, were members of the elite in Colonial America. Despite his obvious aptitude and desire to develop his talent as an artist, his father wanted his son to continue the family legacy of greatness, rather than "degrade" himself by becoming one.

To encourage Trumbull to go in another direction, his parents sent him off to Harvard in the hopes that law or ministry would strike his fancy and help him forget any foolish ideas about pursuing art.

One evening, John Trumbull visited a man named John Singleton Copley. Copley showed Trumbull his paintings. Trumbull was transfixed. He realized then he could not justify doing anything else with his life but pursue his one true desire—painting.

The very next morning, Trumbull studied art with renewed vigor. Harvard's lack of an art major didn't deter him. Trumbull made use of the many pieces of artwork around campus, copying and sketching them into a notebook. He scoured through art books found in the library of his campus. In 1773, Trumbull graduated from Harvard with quite an art education, despite not obtaining his degree in this pursuit.

Trumbull's brother Joseph helped him secure a place as an officer in the Continental Army. He used his talent for drawing to make a map of the British army's location, and presented it to George Washington. Washington later appointed Trumbull to a position as assistant to a senior officer. He held this position for a year, becoming Colonel John Trumbull. At the end of that year, a disagreement caused him to resign from the army.

Despite this, his experience in the military gave him cause to bring scenes from the war and army camps to life through his paintings. Trumbull sailed for London to study under famed artist Benjamin West, an American painter who resided there.

While in London, Trumbull began to decide the path his paintings would take. Some of his colleagues planned to return to America to paint portraits of important people, while Trumbull desired to paint historical scenes. After two years in Connecticut, Trumbull went back to London to pursue painting again.

His goal was to develop his talent enough to become worthy of painting the important scenes of the Continental army's recent victory over British forces. He created several notable works, including *Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill* and *The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis* at

Yorktown. He later went to visit Paris, where Thomas Jefferson was serving as ambassador.

Jefferson told Trumbull that he should move away from battle scenes and paint something with the Declaration of Independence.

With Jefferson's memory helping him to place the participants in the scene, John Trumbull painted *The Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776*, one of his most famous works. In the painting, five men hold out a draft of the declaration to John Hancock, the president of the Continental Congress.

Trumbull spent 27 years of his life traveling north and south through the colonies, attempting to paint all 47 people in the painting from life.

In later years, Trumbull used his influence to help guide American art in a certain direction. He became President of the conservative American Academy of Fine Arts, and wrote an autobiography just two years before his death, which highlighted his contributions to painting and artistry in the early years of the new country of America.

# Artist Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

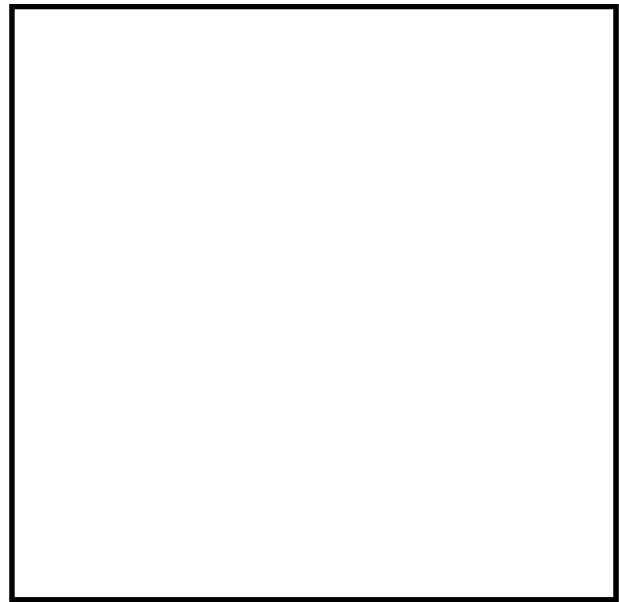
**Artist Fun Facts:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Art Mediums Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Artworks:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

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Portrait of George Washington and William 'Billy' Lee, John Trumbull, 1780



Declaration of Independence, John Trumbull, 1817 - 1819



Alexander Hamilton, John Trumbull, 1792



The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, John Trumbull, 1819 - 1820



General George Washington Resigning his Commission, 1817 - 1824



The Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17, 1775,  
1786

# Picture Study

Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Date Created: \_\_\_\_\_

Art Mediums Used: \_\_\_\_\_

Further Study: \_\_\_\_\_

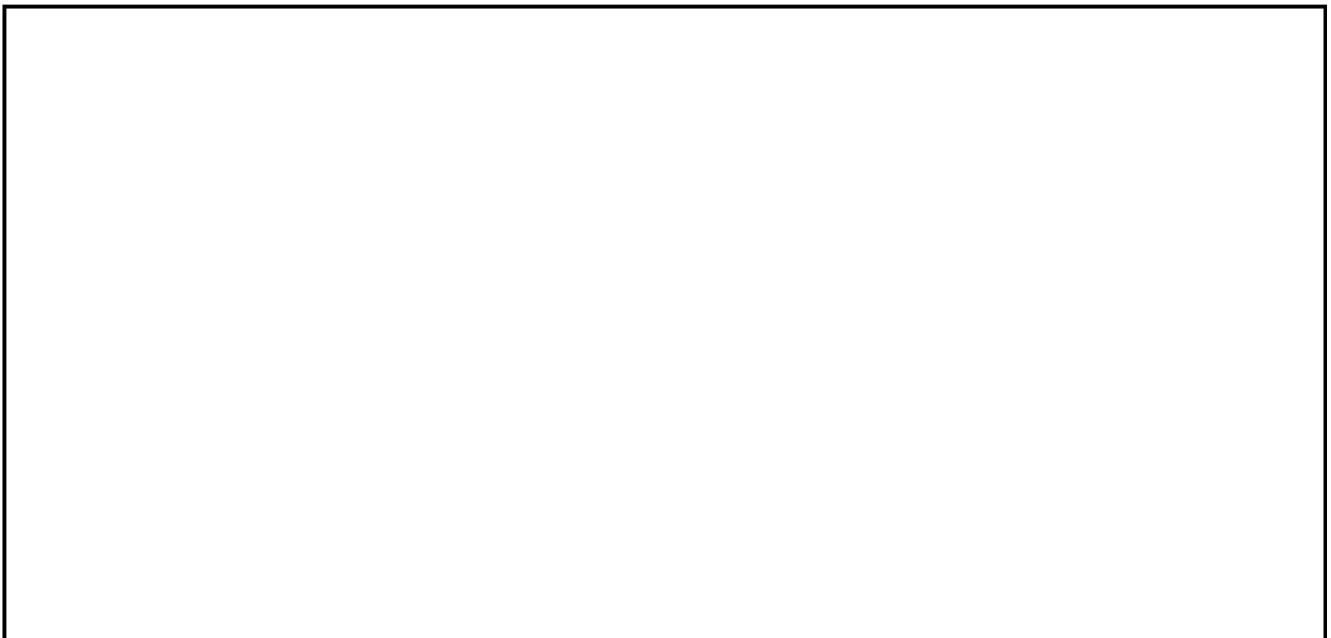
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**Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.**





## Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach

March 8, 1714 – December 14, 1788

Carl Philipp Emanuel (C.P.E.) Bach was a German composer and keyboardist of the late Baroque period. He was the fifth child and second (surviving) son of Johann Sebastian Bach and Maria Barbara Bach.

When he was a child, his father taught him to play violin and harpsichord; his brother, Johann Christoph Friedrich Bach, taught him the clavichord. He often went on tour with his father's band, making him one of the most musically educated children of his time.

Emanuel studied at the St. Thomas School, Leipzig from 1723–1731. In 1733, he became Court Organist in Berlin under Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia.

In 1738, he took on additional duties as Director Musices (music director) for Frederick II of Prussia (Frederick the Great). In this capacity he oversaw court opera and concerts, as well as the music in the Royal Chapel.

In 1741, he married Johanna Maria Dannemann, by whom he had six children. Of these children, three became significant musicians in their own right: Carl Friedrich Abel, a notable keyboardist and composer; Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, an organist and composer; and Johann Gottfried Bernhard Bach, a noted organist.

Emanuel Bach continued his musical education after his father's death in 1750, studying under Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel in Dresden and Johann Samuel Petri in Berlin.

Bach's music was highly influential during the Classical period, particularly influencing Mozart and Beethoven. His work includes around fifty symphonies, three hundred concerti, forty-eight sonatas, thirty-six keyboard concerti (including several for multiple keyboards), numerous cantatas and oratorios, motets and passions, over two hundred solo keyboard works (including the important Württemberg Sonatas), a dozen string trios, nearly fifty overtures representing all major genres except opera (the closest Bach ever came to writing an opera was his "coffee cantata" *Schweigt Stille, Plaudert Nicht*, BWV 211), and a similar number of miscellaneous instrumental works.

He also wrote hundreds of four-part chorales, more than any other composer. Emanuel's ability to combine voices in harmony was extraordinary; he wove independent melodic lines into complex contrapuntal masterpieces that remain some of the most revered works in Western music.

Bach died on December 14, 1788 at the age of 74. His cause of death is unknown, but it is believed that he had been suffering from ill health for some time. His music continued to be popular after his death and has been re-discovered by each generation of musicians since.

# Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Solfeggietto in C minor (H220, Wq. 117:2)

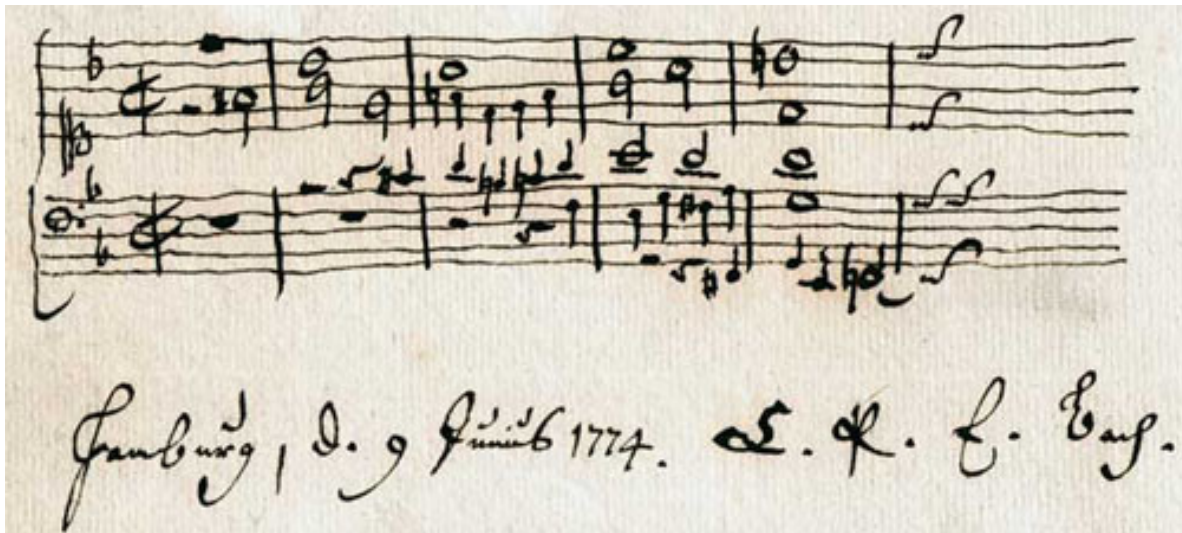
Week 2 - Concerto for Harpsichord or  
Fortepiano and Strings in E Minor Wq. 15

Week 3 - String Quartet No.14 D minor

Week 4 - Cello Concerto in A minor, Wq. 170

Week 5 - Quartet in G Major, Wq 95, H539

Week 6 - Quartet in A Minor, Wq 93: II. Largo e sostenuto



Imitative harmonization of the family name, B-A-C-H, autograph entry by  
C.P.E. Bach in an album of Carl Friedrich Cramer (June 9, 1774).

Courtesy of the Universitätsbibliothek Kiel

# Composer Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

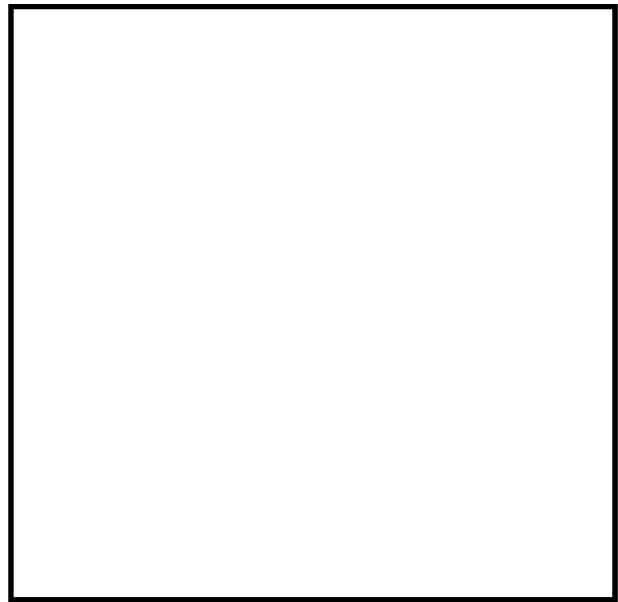
**Composer Fun Facts:**

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**Instruments Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Compositions:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

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# Colonial Music

Colonial music refers to the pieces that were created on what is now American soil in the time before the Revolution, when the people who had immigrated to the new land from Great Britain were referred to as 'colonists.' This genre of music has its roots in Europe, as it was brought over from that continent before being further stylized by a people in search of hope, success, and new beginnings.

Colonial music included dances for parties, psalms of praise, folk songs, ballads, and more. While learning about the music of the colonists, we learn more about their values, hopes and dreams, and their sense of humor.

One thing that characterized colonial music was the reuse of popular melodies. People often took familiar chord sets and tunes they knew well but changed the words to create a new song. Violins were the most popular instrument, with flutes and harpsichords following closely behind. It was considered more socially acceptable for men to play violins and flutes, while mostly women indulged in the keys of the harpsichord.

Music was composed for a variety of reasons in the colonies. In the theater, one would find ballads that accompanied an operatic show on the stage. Wealthy colonists who attended the theater would take the pages of sheet music home to practice and sing along to. Dancing was an enormously important pastime and part of colonial music: foot-tapping compositions were made to be performed and danced to at most get-togethers. Usually, these jigs and reels, and minuets were given life with anywhere between one and five violins.

Church music varied greatly across ethnicities and denominations. Baptists, Methodists, and Lutherans composed many unique works for their congregations. Instrument-wise, the most variety came from military music, which was composed for French horns, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons.

Class, gender, and race often determined the type of music that people listened to, played, and composed in the colonies. Together, America's melting pot of people contributed to the genre of music we know today as "Colonial Music."



# Hymn: I Sing the Mighty Power of God

During the latter part of the 18th century, there was a controversy taking place throughout the Church in England and America. Many Christians believed that singing hymns instead of the "psalms of David" was erroneous.

In fact, one American preacher rode on horseback from Kentucky all the way to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania to protest "the great and pernicious error of adopting the use of Isaac Watts' hymns in public worship..."

Watts, known as the "Father of English Hymnody," wrote over 750 hymns during his lifetime. He advocated for using more poetic language in worship songs, drawing inspiration from Scripture rather than just directly quoting it. This idea revolutionized church music and paved the way for future hymn writers like Charles Wesley and Fanny Crosby.

In addition to writing hymns, Watts also penned works on theology and philosophy, even earning the praise of famed theologian John Wesley.

The hymn "I Sing the Mighty Power of God" was written in 1715 as part of a collection of songs for children, and was originally entitled, "Praise for Creation and Providence." It is based on Psalm 150, which praises God for His power and might. It has been a staple in many denominations for centuries and continues to be sung today.

# I Sing the Mighty Power of God

PRAISE

Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.

Music: 'Ellacombe' from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, Württemberg, 1784*. Setting: "Amore Dei", 1897.  
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

♩ = 130

1. I sing the migh - ty pow'r of God, That made the moun - tains rise;  
2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food:  
3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes Thy glo - ries known;

That spread the flow - ing seas a - - broad, And built the lof - - ty skies.  
He formed the crea - tures with His word, And then pro - nounced them good.  
And clouds a - - rise and tem - pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.

I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day:  
Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis - played, Wher - - e'er I turn my eye;  
Crea - - tures that bor - row life from Thee Are sub - ject to Thy care:

The moon shines full at His com - mand, And all the stars o - - bey.  
If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - - on the sky.  
There's not a place where we can flee, But God is pre - sent there.

# Folk Song: Yankee Doodle

The song "Yankee Doodle" is a traditional American song that dates back to the 18th century. Its tune is thought to be derived from a much older English folk song/nursery rhyme, "Lucy Locket."

The lyrics are:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,  
Kitty Fisher found it;  
Not a penny was there in it,  
Only ribbon round it.

The lyrics we know as "Yankee Doodle" were believed to have been written by British composer George Mudge in 1775, and were originally sung by British troops during the Revolutionary War to mock the Americans because of their ragtag appearance.

After the War of 1812, "Yankee Doodle" grew in popularity and eventually became a patriotic song. The words have often been changed or added to depending on the situation. For example, during the Civil War, both Union and Confederate soldiers would sing different versions with various lyrics that mocked their opponents.

It has since been used in many different contexts, including political campaigns, military marches, and children's songs.

# 36. Yankee Doodle

The oldest of our National songs, whose origin has never been traced. Many sets of words have been associated with it, because during the Revolutionary War, it was used by both the British and Americans as a means of ridiculing the other. The text printed here is suggestive of a boy's point of view regarding the continental army.

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in, And  
 2. And there we saw a thou - san men, As rich as Squire— Da - vid; And  
 3. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion, A -  
 4. And there I saw a swamp - ing gun, Big as a log of ma - ple, Up -

5

CHORUS

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.  
 what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.  
 giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion. Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up,  
 on a might - y lit - tle cart; A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.

11

Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

5. And every time they fired it off,  
 It took a horn of powder;  
 it made a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

6. And there I saw a little keg,  
 Its head all made of leather,  
 they knocked upon't with little sticks,  
 To call the folks together.

7. The troopers, too, would gallop up  
 And fire right in our faces;  
 It scared me almost half to death  
 To see them run such races.

8. It scared me so I hooked it off,  
 Nor stopped, as I remember,  
 Nor turned about till I got home,  
 Locked up in mother's chamber.



Copyright, 1917, by  
 C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY

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**Reminder:** users are encouraged to remix, record, print, share, etc. with no restrictions.  
**Source:** Dykema, Peter, Will Earhart, Osbourne McConathy, and Hollis Dann. *I Hear America Singing: 55*  
*Songs and Choruses for Community Singing*. Boston,: C. C. Birchard & Company, 1917.



## Poetry & Copywork Selections

This session's featured poet is Phillis Wheatley. We've included five poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- Liberty and Peace
- An Hymn to the Morning
- An Hymn to the Evening
- On Virtue
- On Imagination

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students.

We have chosen *The Declaration of Independence* to copy as well as "On Virtue" and "On Imagination."

Poetry Recitation & Copywork



## Phillis Wheatley

May 8, 1753 – December 5, 1784

Phillis Wheatley was born in West Africa around 1753 and sold into slavery at the age of seven. Brought to Boston on a slave ship in 1761, she was purchased by wealthy merchant, John Wheatley as a slave for his wife Susanna.

Phillis was taught to read and write by the Wheatleys, particularly their 18-year old daughter, Mary. By the age of 12, she was reading the Bible, astronomy, geography, history, British literature, and the Greek and Latin classics in their original languages. At the age of 14, she wrote her first poem.

She was the first African-American woman to have her poetry published, with her book "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral" in 1773. Her poetry often dealt with themes of Christianity and morality, though she also spoke about the inhumanity of slavery and the injustices of colonial society.

Wheatley's works were highly praised by many, including prominent figures in literature such as Voltaire and Benjamin Franklin. Her work even garnered the attention of George Washington, who invited her to visit him at his home in Mount Vernon. She also had the chance to travel to England and perform readings of her work for British audiences.

Despite her success, Phillis faced criticism from those who believed that a black woman could not have written such sophisticated poetry. However, she was able to defend herself through her intelligence and verbal skills, as well as support from prominent figures who vouched for her work.

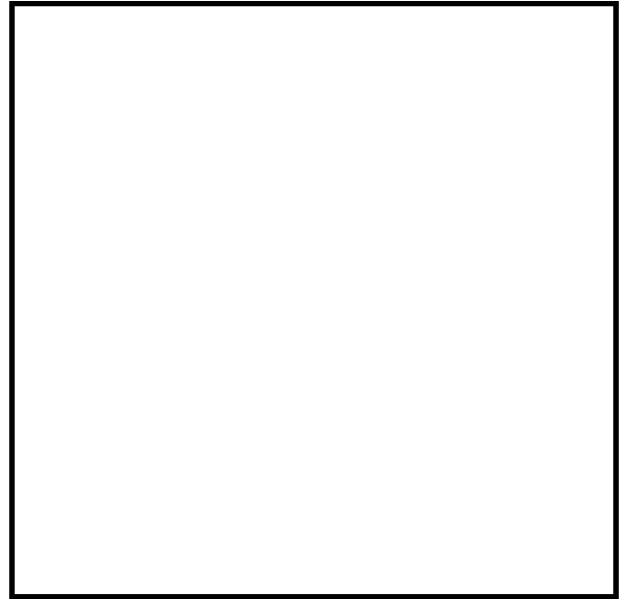
Phillis was eventually freed in 1778 and married a free black man named John Peters. She continued to write poetry until her death in 1784, leaving behind a legacy as a pioneering figure in African American literature. Her work helped to change public perceptions of enslaved people and to challenge the institution of slavery itself.

# Poet Study

Poet: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Place of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_



**3 Facts About the Poet:**

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**Best Known Poems by the Poet:**

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# Phillis Wheatley Selections

## Liberty and Peace

By Phillis Peters.

Boston: Printed by WARDEN and RUSSELL,  
At Their Office in Marlborough-Street, M,DCC,LXXXIV.

LO! Freedom comes. Th' prescient Muse foretold,  
All Eyes th' accomplish'd Prophecy behold:  
Her Port describ'd, "She moves divinely fair,  
"Olive and Laurel bind her golden Hair."  
She, the bright Progeny of Heaven, descends,  
And every Grace her sovereign Step attends;  
For now kind Heaven, indulgent to our Prayer,  
In smiling Peace resolves the Din of War.  
Fix'd in Columbia her illustrious Line,  
And bids in thee her future Councils shine.  
To every Realm her Portals open'd wide,  
Receives from each the full commercial Tide.  
Each Art and Science now with rising Charms  
Th' expanding Heart with Emulation warms.  
E'en great Britannia sees with dread Surprise,  
And from the dazzling Splendor turns her Eyes!  
Britain, whose Navies swept th' Atlantic o'er,  
And Thunder sent to every distant Shore;  
E'en thou, in Manners cruel as thou art,  
The Sword resign'd, resume the friendly Part!  
For Galia's Power espous'd Columbia's Cause,  
And new-born Rome shall give Britannia Law,  
Nor unremember'd in the grateful Strain,  
Shall princely Louis' friendly Deeds remain;  
The generous Prince th' impending Vengeance eye's,  
Sees the fierce Wrong, and to the rescue flies.  
Perish that Thirst of boundless Power, that drew  
On Albion's Head the Curse to Tyrants due.  
But thou appeas'd submit to Heaven's decree,  
That bids this Realm of Freedom rival thee!  
Now sheathe the Sword that bade the Brave attone  
With guiltless Blood for Madness not their own.

Sent from th' Enjoyment of their native Shore  
Ill-fated - never to behold her more!  
From every Kingdom on Europa's Coast  
Throng'd various Troops, their Glory, Strength and Boast.  
With heart-felt pity fair Hibernia saw  
Columbia menac'd by the Tyrant's Law:  
On hostile Fields fraternal Arms engage,  
And mutual Deaths, all dealt with mutual Rage:  
The Muse's Ear hears mother Earth deplore  
Her ample Surface smok with kindred Gore:  
The hostile Field destroys the social Ties,  
And every-lasting Slumber seals their Eyes.  
Columbia mourns, the haughty Foes deride,  
Her Treasures plunder'd, and her Towns destroy'd:  
Witness how Charlestown's curling Smoaks arise,  
In sable Columns to the clouded Skies!  
The ample Dome, high-wrought with curious Toil,  
In one sad Hour the savage Troops despoil.  
Descending Peace and Power of War confounds;  
From every Tongue celestial Peace resounds:  
As for the East th' illustrious King of Day,  
With rising Radiance drives the Shades away,  
So Freedom comes array'd with Charms divine,  
And in her Train Commerce and Plenty shine.  
Britannia owns her Independent Reign,  
Hibernia, Scotia, and the Realms of Spain;  
And great Germania's ample Coast admires  
The generous Spirit that Columbia fires.  
Auspicious Heaven shall fill with fav'ring Gales,  
Where e'er Columbia spreads her swelling Sails:  
To every Realm shall Peace her Charms display,  
And Heavenly Freedom spread her golden Ray.

THE END

# Phillis Wheatley Selections

## An Hymn to the Morning

ATTEND my lays, ye ever honour'd nine,  
Assist my labours, and my strains refine;  
In smoothest numbers pour the notes along,  
For bright Aurora now demands my song.  
Aurora hail, and all the thousand dies,  
Which deck thy progress through the vaulted skies:  
The morn awakes, and wide extends her rays,  
On ev'ry leaf the gentle zephyr plays;  
Harmonious lays the feather'd race resume,  
Dart the bright eye, and shake the painted plume.  
Ye shady groves, your verdant gloom display  
To shield your poet from the burning day:  
Calliope awake the sacred lyre,  
While thy fair sisters fan the pleasing fire:  
The bow'rs, the gales, the variegated skies  
In all their pleasures in my bosom rise.  
See in the east th' illustrious king of day!  
His rising radiance drives the shades away--  
But Oh! I feel his fervid beams too strong,  
And scarce begun, concludes th' abortive song.

## An Hymn to the Evening

Soon as the sun forsook the eastern main  
The pealing thunder shook the heav'nly plain;  
Majestic grandeur! From the zephyr's wing,  
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.  
Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,  
And through the air their mingled music floats.  
Through all the heav'ns what beauteous dies are  
spread! But the west glories in the deepest red:  
So may our breasts with ev'ry virtue glow,  
The living temples of our God below!  
Fill'd with the praise of him who gives the light,  
And draws the sable curtains of the night,  
Let placid slumbers sooth each weary mind,  
At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd;  
So shall the labours of the day begin  
More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.  
Night's leaden sceptre seals my drowsy eyes,  
Then cease, my song, till fair Aurora rise.

## On Virtue

O thou bright jewel in my aim I strive  
To comprehend thee. Thine own words declare  
Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach.  
I cease to wonder, and no more attempt  
Thine height t' explore, or fathom thy profound.  
But, O my soul, sink not into despair,  
Virtue is near thee, and with gentle hand  
Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thine head.  
Fain would the heaven-born soul with her converse,  
Then seek, then court her for her promised bliss.

Auspicious queen, thine heavenly pinions spread,  
And lead celestial Chastity along;  
Lo! now her sacred retinue descends,  
Arrayed in glory from the orbs above.  
Attend me, Virtue, thro' my youthful years!  
O leave me not to the false joys of time!  
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss.  
Greatness, or Goodness, say what I shall call thee,  
To give an higher appellation still,  
Teach me a better strain, a nobler lay,  
O Thou, enthroned with Cherubs in the realms of day!

# Phillis Wheatley Selections

## On Imagination

Thy various works, imperial queen, we see,  
How bright their forms! how deck'd with pomp by thee!  
Thy wond'rous acts in beauteous order stand,  
And all attest how potent is thine hand.

From Helicon's refulgent heights attend,  
Ye sacred choir, and my attempts befriend:  
To tell her glories with a faithful tongue,  
Ye blooming graces, triumph in my song.

Now here, now there, the roving Fancy flies,  
Till some lov'd object strikes her wand'ring eyes,  
Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,  
And soft captivity involves the mind.

Imagination! who can sing thy force?  
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?  
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,  
Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God,  
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,  
And leave the rolling universe behind:  
From star to star the mental optics rove,  
Measure the skies, and range the realms above.  
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,  
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

Though Winter frowns to Fancy's raptur'd eyes  
The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise;  
The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,  
And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands.  
Fair Flora may resume her fragrant reign,  
And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain;  
Sylvanus may diffuse his honours round,  
And all the forest may with leaves be crown'd:  
Show'rs may descend, and dews their gems disclose,  
And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose.

Such is thy pow'r, nor are thine orders vain,  
O thou the leader of the mental train:  
In full perfection all thy works are wrought,  
And thine the sceptre o'er the realms of thought.  
Before thy throne the subject-passions bow,  
Of subject-passions sov'reign ruler thou;  
At thy command joy rushes on the heart,  
And through the glowing veins the spirits dart.

Fancy might now her silken pinions try  
To rise from earth, and sweep th' expanse on high:  
From Tithon's bed now might Aurora rise,  
Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dies,  
While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies.  
The monarch of the day I might behold,  
And all the mountains tipt with radiant gold,  
But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,  
Which Fancy dresses to delight the Muse;  
Winter austere forbids me to aspire,  
And northern tempests damp the rising fire;  
They chill the tides of Fancy's flowing sea,  
Cease then, my song, cease the unequal lay.

# Poetry Study

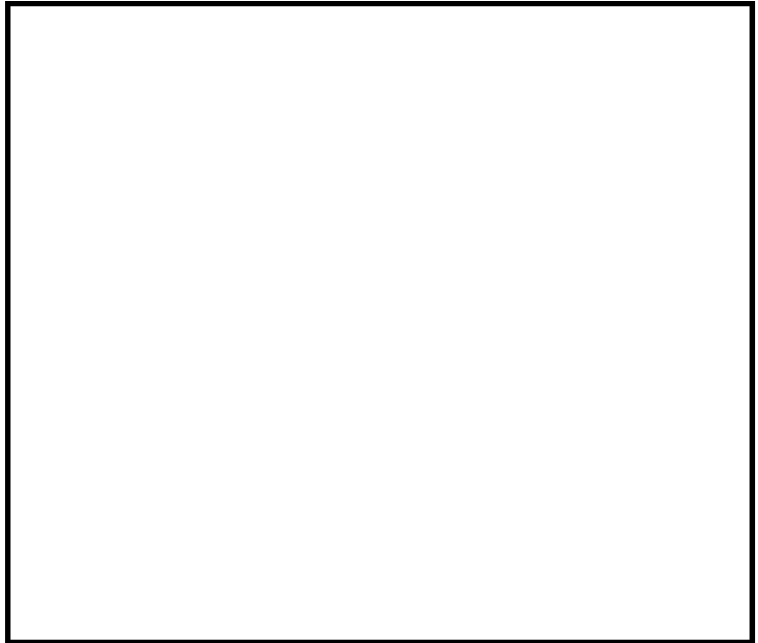
**Title:**

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**Type of Poem:**

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**Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.**



**Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:**

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**Write three adjectives about the poem.**

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**Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work**

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# The Declaration of Independence

In Congress, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America, When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.--Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise;

the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harrass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures. He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For Quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our Brittish brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

The unanimous Declaration

of the thirteen united

States of America, When

in the Course of human

events, it becomes

necessary for one people

to dissolve the political

bands which have connected

them with another, and to

assume among the powers of

the earth, the separate and

equal station to which the

Laws of Nature and of

Nature's God entitle them,

a decent respect to the

opinions of mankind requires

that they should declare

the causes which impel them

to the separation.

We hold these truths to

be self-evident, that all

men are created equal, that

they are endowed by their

Creator with certain

unalienable Rights, that

among these are Life,

Liberty and the pursuit of

Happiness.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen  
united States of America, When in the  
Course of human events, it becomes  
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Happiness.--That to secure these rights,

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of the governed, --That whenever any

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Form of Government becomes destructive

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People to alter or to abolish it, and  
to institute new Government,  
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new Guards for their future  
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sufferance of these Colonies; and  
such is now the necessity which  
constrains them to alter their  
former Systems of Government.







O thou bright jewel in my

aim I strive

To comprehend thee.

Thine own words declare

Wisdom is higher than a

fool can reach.

I cease to wonder,

and no more attempt

Thine height to explore,

or fathom thy profound.

But, O my soul,

sink not into despair,

Virtue is near thee,

and with gentle hand

Would now embrace thee,

hovers o'er thine head.

Fain would the heaven-born

soul with her converse,

Then seek, then court her

for her promised bliss.

Auspicious queen, thine

heavenly pinions spread,

And lead celestial

Chastity along;

Lo! now her sacred

retinue descends,

Arrayed in glory

from the orbs above.

Attend me, Virtue,

thro' my youthful years!

O leave me not to the

false joys of time!

But guide my steps to

endless life and bliss.

Greatness, or Goodness,

say what I shall call thee,

To give an higher

appellation still,

Teach me a better strain,

a nobler lay,

O Thou, enthroned with

Cherubs in the realms of day!

○ thou bright jewel in my aim I strive

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To comprehend thee. Thine own words declare

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Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach.

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But, ○ my soul, sink not into despair,

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Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thine head.

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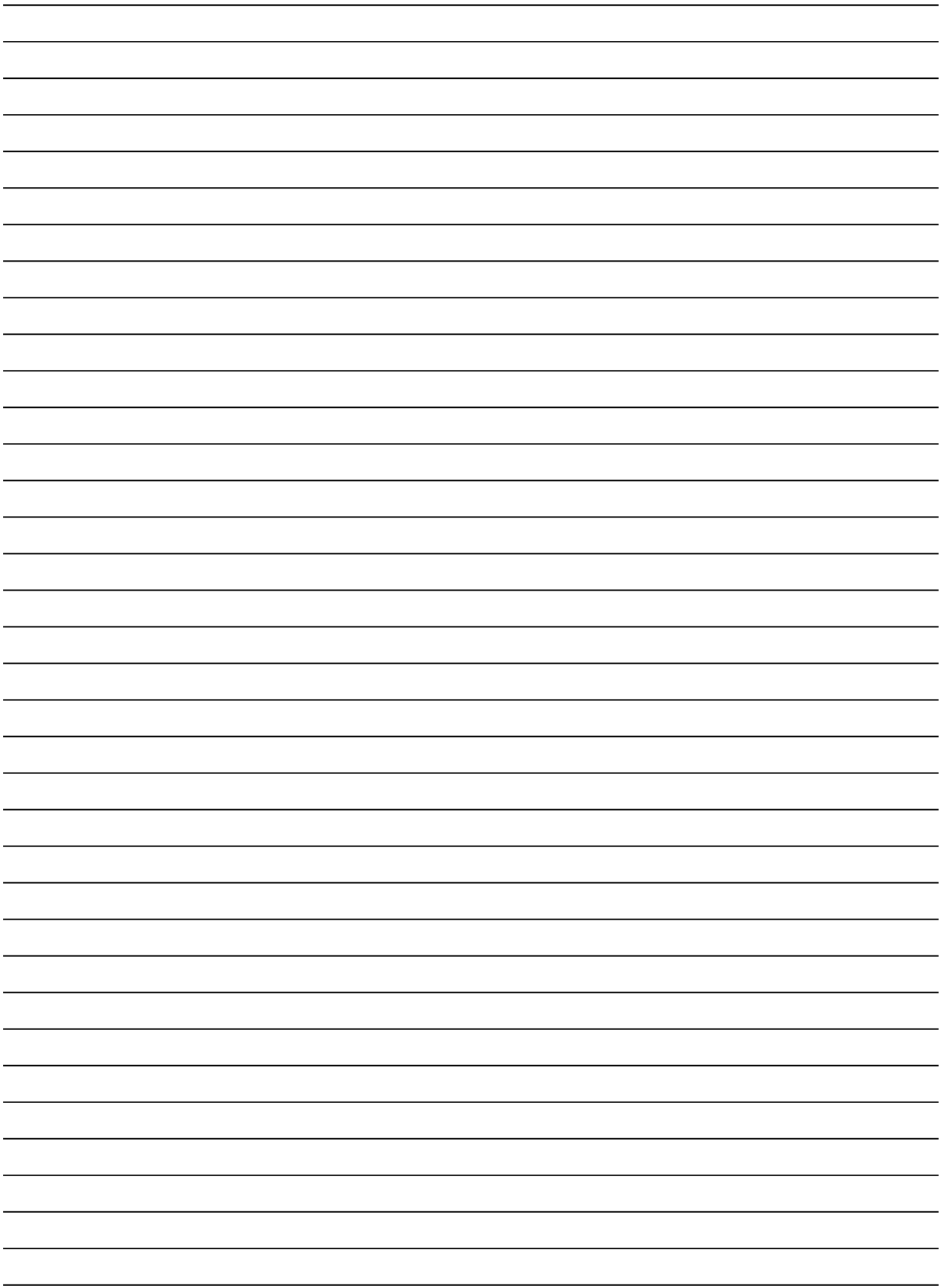
Teach me a better strain,

a nobler lay,

O Thou, enthroned with Cherubs

*in the realms of day!*





Thy various works,

imperial queen, we see,

How bright their forms!

how deck'd with pomp

by thee!

Thy wond'rous acts in

beauteous order stand,

And all attest how potent

is thine hand.

From Helicon's refulgent

heights attend,

Ye sacred choir, and my

attempts befriend:

To tell her glories with a

faithful tongue,

Ye blooming graces,

triumph in my song.

Now here, now there,

the roving Fancy flies,

Till some lov'd object strikes

her wand'ring eyes,

Whose silken fetters all

the senses bind,

And soft captivity

involves the mind.

Thy various works, imperial queen, we see,

---

How bright their forms! how deck'd

---

with pomp by thee!

---

Thy wond'rous acts in beauteous order stand,

---

And all attest how potent is thine hand.

---

From Helicon's refulgent heights attend,

---

Ye sacred choir, and my attempts befriend:

---

To tell her glories with a faithful tongue,

---

Ye blooming graces, triumph in my song.

---

Now here, now there, the roving Fancy flies,

---

Till some lov'd object strikes her wand'ring eyes,

---

Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,

---

And soft captivity involves the mind.

---

Imagination! who can sing thy force?

---

Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?

---

Soaring through air to find the bright abode,

---

Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God,

---

We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,

---

And leave the rolling universe behind:

---

From star to star the mental optics rove,

---

Measure the skies, and range the realms above.

---

There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,

---

Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

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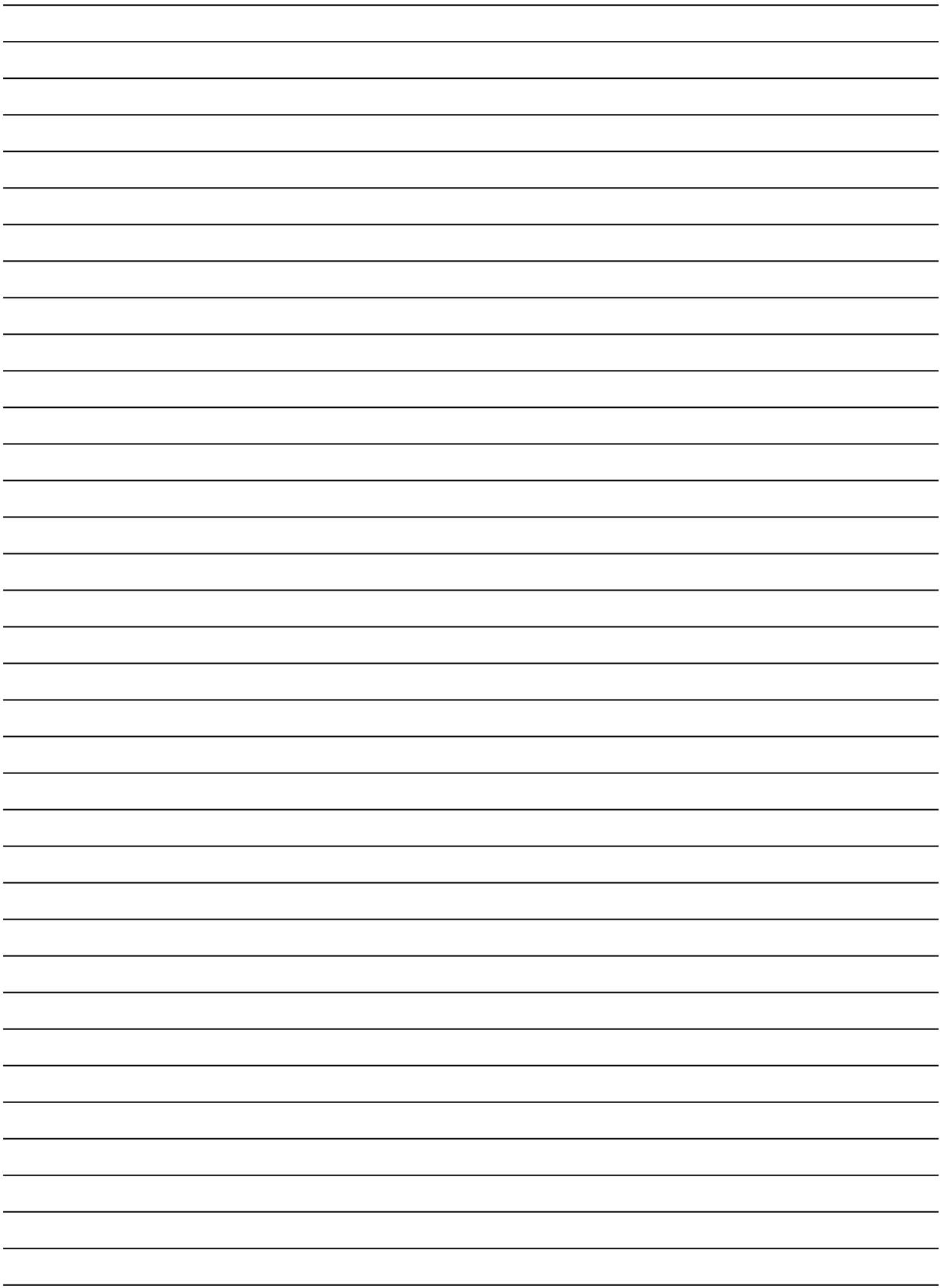
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# Tea Times

## Tea Times

In this session, we have some fun Early American recipes to try for teatimes: Apple Tansey, Queen Cakes, Molasses Cookies, Johnny Cakes, Blackberry Fool, and Spoon Cakes.

In the Spirit of '76, our teatimes will be called "Liber-Teas." We will have two Poetry teatimes, a Speech teatime, a Fable teatime, a Story teatime, and a read-aloud teatime!

Liber-Tea #1: "Paul Revere's Ride," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Liber-Tea #2: Patrick Henry's famous "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" speech to the Virginia Convention.

Liber-Tea #3: "The Wolf and the House Dog," by Aesop

Liber-Tea #4: "Molly Pitcher: The Brave Gunner of the Battle of Monmouth," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser

Liber-Tea #5: "America: A Prophecy, Preludium" by William Blake

Liber-Tea #6: *A Fine Dessert* by Emily Jenkins & Sophie Blackall  
(Note- this is a link to a read-aloud of this book, though you can choose to get your own copy to read at home [here](#) if you prefer!)

*"I know not what course others may take; but as for me,  
give me liberty or give me death!"*

~ Patrick Henry

# Apple Tansey

"Apple Tansey" is a colonial recipe brought to the Virginia colony from England in the early 18th century. The first known recipe was found in *The Compleat Housewife: or, Accomplish'd Gentlewoman's Companion* by E. Smith, and published in London in 1754.

The recipe is as follows:

*"To make an Apple Tansey, take three pippins, slice them round in thin slices, and fry them with butter; then beat four eggs, with six spoonfuls of cream, a little rosewater, nutmeg, and sugar; stir them together, and pour it over the apples; let it fry a little, and turn it with a pye-plate. Garnish with lemon and sugar strew'd over it."*

It's a very "interesting" recipe, kind of like a thick omelette with apple in it.



## Ingredients

- 2-3 apples
- 3 T butter
- 4 large eggs
- 2 T heavy whipping cream
- 2 tsp. rose water
- 1/4 tsp nutmeg
- 2 T sugar
- Powdered sugar
- Lemons

## Directions

Preheat oven broiler. Core the apples then slice them into thin rounds.

Melt the butter over medium heat in a cast iron skillet. Add the apple slices to the butter and fry them for 5 minutes, turning once, until they soften and are brown around the edges.

While the apples are frying, beat the eggs together with the cream, rose water, nutmeg, and sugar. As soon as the apples are brown, pour the egg mixture evenly over them and cook for about 3 more minutes until the bottom solidifies. Then place the skillet in the oven under the broiler for 2-3 minutes until egg mixture is fully cooked.

Turn the apple tansey out onto a large plate. Sprinkle it with sugar and lemon juice if desired, and garnish with lemon slices. Cut into pie wedges to serve.

# Queen Cakes

Queen Cakes (or Little Cakes) were a staple in American homes during Colonial times. Although dating back further, the first recorded recipe was in 1747, appearing in the *Art of Cookery*, by Hannah Glasse.

Since baking soda and baking powder weren't around in those days, this recipe depends upon well-beaten eggs to make them rise. And even though we bake them in a muffin pan, they won't rise like muffins, nor will they have their consistency. Rather, their texture is more like a delicate cornbread. This is a lovely tea time treat and simple to make.

## Ingredients

1 c. all-purpose flour  
1/4 tsp salt  
1/4 tsp nutmeg  
1/4 c. currants (or raisins)  
1 stick of butter, softened  
1/2 c. sugar  
2 eggs  
2 T rose water

## Directions

Heat oven to 325 degrees. Grease and lightly flour a 12-cup muffin pan.

Mix flour, salt and nutmeg in a medium bowl. Stir in currants, making sure each one is coated with flour.

In a large bowl, stir the butter until it is smooth. Add sugar, mixing well. Add each egg, one at a time, until batter is smooth. Stir in rose water, then add flour mixture, stirring just enough to blend the flour.

Add only a tablespoon of batter into each muffin cup at first, then divide the the remaining batter among the cups. Bake for 15-20 minutes until cakes are golden around the edges.

Carefully loosen with butter knife to remove from pan. Eat warm or let them cool first on a wire rack.



# Molasses Cookies

Molasses was first brought to the American colonies by European settlers in the 17th century. It quickly became a staple in colonial cuisine, used in sweetening baked goods and drinks.

The Molasses Act of 1733 was a tax placed on imports of molasses from non-British colonies, primarily targeted at the French West Indies. The law was heavily protested by colonists and merchants, and served as one of the early contributing factors to colonial resentment towards British rule and ultimately contributed to the American Revolution.

In 1764, Parliament repealed the act in an attempt to ease tensions with the colonies. However, by this point in history, it was too late to reverse growing revolutionary sentiments.

This recipe is perfect for fall and Christmas baking (or any time of the year)!



## Ingredients

2 cups flour  
1 cup sugar  
3/4 cup butter, softened  
1 egg  
1/4 cup molasses  
1 tsp. baking soda  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. ground ginger  
1 tsp. ground cinnamon  
1 tsp. ground nutmeg  
1/4 tsp. ground cloves  
1/2 tsp. allspice  
1/2 cup sugar for rolling

## Directions

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. In large bowl, beat butter, egg and molasses together.

In separate bowl, combine flour, sugar, baking soda, baking powder, and spices.

Add dry ingredients to butter mixture and

beat till smooth. Form dough into 1-inch balls and roll in sugar. Place 2 inches apart on ungreased baking sheets.

Bake until the edges are firm and the surface cracks, 9-11 minutes. Cool on wire racks.

# Johnny Cakes

Johnny cakes, also known as journey cakes or johnny bread, have been a staple in New England cuisine since the colonial era. The simple mixture of cornmeal, water, and salt could easily be made over an open fire and was a common option for travelers or soldiers on their journeys.

The origin of the name "johnny cake" is unclear, with some speculating that it derives from the word "joniken," meaning little or small in Narragansett. Other theories suggest it comes from "journey cake," as previously mentioned, or "shawnee cake," named after the Shawnee Native American tribe who were known for making similar cornbread dishes.

Today, johnny cakes can vary in texture and ingredients, with some recipes calling for flour, sugar, baking powder, or eggs. However, the traditional version remains a beloved breakfast option in New England, often served with butter and molasses or maple syrup.

## Ingredients

1 c. stoneground cornmeal  
1 T granulated sugar  
1/2 tsp salt  
2 1/2 c. water  
2 T butter  
Butter or cooking spray (for frying)  
Maple syrup (optional)

## Directions

Combine cornmeal, salt, and sugar in a mixing bowl.

Bring water to a boil in a large saucepan. Gradually pour cornmeal mixture into the boiling water, whisking constantly. Turn off heat and continue whisking until the mixture is smooth. Add the butter and whisk until melted into mixture. Let the batter rest for up to 15 minutes to thicken. (The consistency should be thick like mashed potatoes and not runny.)

Heat a cast iron skillet (or griddle) over medium-high heat. Add butter (or cooking spray). Drop the batter in 1/4 c. scoops onto the pan about 3 inches apart. Let them fry undisturbed until edges are brown (6-12 minutes each side). Don't flip too soon or they will fall apart. After flipping, use a spatula to press them down to a thickness of no more than 1/4 inch so they will be thoroughly cooked and crispy. Serve hot with butter and maple syrup.



# Spoon Bread

## Ingredients

1 ½ cups water  
2 cups whole milk  
1 ½ cups cornmeal  
1 ¼ tsp salt  
1 ½ tsp sugar  
2 tbsp salted butter  
3 eggs  
1 tbsp baking powder

## Directions

Preheat the oven to 350°F. Bring water and milk to simmer in a saucepan on medium-high heat. Whisk in cornmeal, salt, sugar, and butter. Cook about 3 minutes until thickened.

Allow to cool for 5 minutes. While the milk mixture cools, whip eggs together with baking powder until light and fluffy. Fold into milk-corn mixture until uniform in color.

Pour into a generously-greased 9"x9" baking dish or 9" round cast iron pan. Bake for 45 minutes or until mostly set. Cover with foil if the top browns too quickly. Remove from the oven and top with butter before spooning out individual servings. Serve warm with some cinnamon sugar, maple syrup, or fruit.



# Blackberry Fool

## Ingredients

1 pint (12 oz) fresh blackberries  
2 tbsp granulated sugar  
2 tsp vanilla extract  
1 cup heavy whipping cream  
2 tbsp confectioners' sugar

## Directions

In a medium bowl, sprinkle the blackberries with granulated sugar and vanilla. Toss lightly to evenly coat and allow to steep for 10 minutes. Then mash the blackberries until they release their juices and form a thick pulp.

Use an electric stand or hand mixer to combine the heavy cream and confectioners' sugar in another bowl until stiff peaks form. Pour the berry mixture over the cream and gently fold until combined. Serve immediately or cover and refrigerate for up to 1 day. Serve with cookies if desired.



# Paul Revere's Ride

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm  
For the country folk to be up and to arm,"

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.  
He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

# Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death

Patrick Henry, March 23, 1775

No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but

it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free-- if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending--if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained--we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. The millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable--and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace-- but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

# The Wolf & the House Dog

Aesop for Children, page 83



There was once a Wolf who got very little to eat because the Dogs of the village were so wide awake and watchful. He was really nothing but skin and bones, and it made him very downhearted to think of it.

One night this Wolf happened to fall in with a fine fat House Dog who had wandered a little too far from home. The Wolf would gladly have eaten him then and there, but the House Dog looked strong enough to leave his marks should he try it. So the Wolf spoke very humbly to the Dog, complimenting him on his fine appearance.

"You can be as well-fed as I am if you want to," replied the Dog. "Leave the woods; there you live miserably. Why, you have to fight hard for every bite you get. Follow my example and you will get along beautifully."

"What must I do?" asked the Wolf.

"Hardly anything," answered the House Dog. "Chase people who carry canes, bark at beggars, and fawn on the people of the house. In return you will get tidbits of

every kind, chicken bones, choice bits of meat, sugar, cake, and much more beside, not to speak of kind words and caresses."

The Wolf had such a beautiful vision of his coming happiness that he almost wept. But just then he noticed that the hair on the Dog's neck was worn and the skin was chafed.

"What is that on your neck?"

"Nothing at all," replied the Dog.

"What! Nothing!"

"Oh, just a trifle!"

"But please tell me."

"Perhaps you see the mark of the collar to which my chain is fastened."

"What! A chain!" cried the Wolf. "Don't you go wherever you please?"

"Not always! But what's the difference?" replied the Dog.

"All the difference in the world! I don't care a rap for your feasts and I wouldn't take all the tender young lambs in the world at that price." And away ran the Wolf to the woods.

***There is nothing worth so much as liberty.***

# Molly Pitcher: The Brave Gunner of the Battle of Monmouth

by Kate Dickinson Sweetser

"Oh, but I would like to be a soldier!"

The exclamation did not come from a man or boy as might have been expected, but from Mary Ludwig, a young, blue-eyed, freckled, red-haired serving-maid in the employ of General Irving's family, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Molly, as they called her, had a decided ability to do well and quickly whatever she attempted, and her eyes of Irish blue and her sense of humor must have been handed down to her somewhere along the line of descent, although her father, John George Ludwig, was a German who had come to America with the Palatines.

Having been born in 1754 on a small dairy farm lying between Princeton and Trenton, New Jersey, Molly's early life was the usual happy one of a child who lived in the fields and made comrades of all the animals, especially of the cows which quite often she milked and drove to pasture. Like other children of her parentage she was early taught to work hard, to obey without question, and never to waste a moment of valuable time. In rain or shine she was to be found on the farm, digging, or among the live stock, in her blue-and-white cotton skirt and plain-blue upper garment, and she was so strong, it was said, that she could carry a three-bushel bag of wheat on her shoulder to the upper room of the granary. This strength made her very helpful in more than one way on the farm, and her parents objected strongly when she announced her determination to leave home and earn her living in a broader sphere of usefulness, but their objections were without avail.

The wife of General Irving, of French and Indian war fame, came to Trenton to make a visit. She wished to take a young girl back to Carlisle with her to assist in the work of her household, and a friend told her of Molly Ludwig. At once Mrs. Irving saw and liked the buxom, honest-faced country girl, and Molly being willing, she was taken back to the Irvings' home. There she became a much respected member of the family, as well as a valuable assistant, for Molly liked to work hard. She could turn her hand to anything, from fine sewing, which she detested, to scrubbing floors and scouring pots and pans, which she greatly enjoyed, being most at home when doing something which gave her violent exercise. Meals could have been served off a floor which she had scrubbed, and her knocker and door-knobs were always in a high state of polish.

But though she liked the housework which fell to her lot, it was forgotten if by any chance the General began to talk of his experiences on the battlefield. One day, when passing a dish of potatoes at the noon meal, the thrilling account of a young artilleryman's brave deed so stirred Molly's patriotic spirit that she stood at breathless attention, the dish of potatoes poised on her hand in mid-air until the last detail of the story had been told, then with a prodigious sigh she proclaimed her fervent desire to be a soldier.

The General's family were not conventional and there was a hearty laugh at the expense of the serving-maid's ambition, in which Molly good-naturedly joined. Little did she dream that in coming days her wish was to be fulfilled, and her name to be as widely known for deeds of valor as that of the artilleryman who had so roused her enthusiasm. So wholesome and energetic in appearance was Molly that she had many admirers, some of them fired with a degree of practical purpose, beyond their sentimental avowals. Molly treated them one and all with indifference except as comrades until John Hays, the handsome young barber of the town, much sought after by the girls of Carlisle, began to pay her attention, which was an entirely different matter. Molly grew serious-minded, moped as long as it was possible for one of her rollicking nature to mope—even lost her appetite temporarily—then she married the adoring and ecstatic Hays, and gave her husband a heart's loyal devotion.

Of a sudden the peaceful Pennsylvania village was stirred to its quiet center by echoes of the battle of Lexington, and no other subject was thought of or talked about. All men with a drop of red blood in their veins were roused to action, and Hays was no slacker. One morning he spoke gently to his wife, with intent to hurt her as little as possible.

"I am going, Molly," he said; "I've joined the Continental army."

Then he waited to see the effect of his words. Although he knew that his wife was patriotic, he was utterly unprepared for the response that flamed in her eager eyes as she spoke.

"God bless you!" she exclaimed; "I am proud to be a soldier's wife. Count on me to stand by you."

And stand by she did, letting no tears mar the last hours with him, and waving as cheerful a farewell when he left her as though he were merely going for a day's pleasuring. From the firing of the first gun in the cause of freedom her soul had been filled with patriotic zeal, and now she rejoiced in honoring her country by cheerfully giving the man she loved to its service, although she privately echoed her wish of long ago when she had exclaimed, "Oh, how I wish I could be a soldier!"

Like a brave and sensible young woman, Molly stayed on with the Irvings, where she scrubbed and scoured and baked and brewed and spun and washed as vigorously as before, smiling proudly with no sharp retort when her friends laughingly predicted that she "had lost her pretty barber, and would never set eyes on him again." She was too glad to have him serving his country, and too sure of his devotion, to be annoyed by any such remarks, and kept quietly on with her work as though it were her sole interest in life.

Months went by, and hot July blazed its trail of parched ground and wilted humanity. One morning, as usual, Molly hung her wash on the lines, then she took a pail and went to gather blackberries on a near-by hillside. As she came back later with a full pail, she saw a horseman, as she afterward said, "riding like lightning up to General Irving's house." Perhaps he had brought news from her husband, was her instant thought, and she broke into a run, for she had received no tidings from him for a long time, and was eager to know where he was and how he fared. She had been right in her instinct, the messenger had brought a letter from John Hays, and it contained great news indeed, for he wrote:

"When this reaches you, take horse with bearer, who will go with you to your father's home. I have been to the farm and seen your parents, who wish you to be with them now. And if you are there, I shall be able to see you sometimes, as we are encamped in the vicinity."

Molly might have objected to such a peremptory command, but the last sentence broke down any resistance she might have shown. Hastily she told Mrs. Irving of the letter and its tidings, and although that lady was more than sorry to lose Molly at such short notice, she not only made no objections to her departure, but helped her with her hurried preparations and wished her all possible good fortune.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Molly had "unpegged her own clothing from the lines," then seeing they were still wet, she made the articles into a tight bundle which she tied to the pommel, the messenger sprang into the saddle, with Molly behind him, and off they started from the house which had been Molly's home for so long, journeying to the farm of her childhood's memories.

Although she missed the kind-hearted Irving family who had been so good to her, it was a pleasure to be with her parents again, and Molly put on her rough farm garments once more, and early and late was out among the cattle, or working in the fields. And she had a joyful surprise when her husband paid her a flying visit a few days later. After that, he came quite frequently, though always unexpectedly, and if proof was wanting that she was the kind of a wife that John Hays was proud to have his fellow-soldiers see, it lies in the fact that he allowed Molly to visit him in camp more than once. She saw him at Trenton, and at Princeton, before the Continental army routed the British there, on January 3, 1777.

In order to surprise the three British regiments which were at Princeton at that time, General Washington, Commander-in-chief of the Continental force, quietly left Trenton with his troops, and crept up behind the unsuspecting British at Princeton, killing about one hundred men and taking three hundred prisoners, while his own losses were only thirty men. Then, anxious to get away before Lord Cornwallis could arrive with reinforcements for the British, he slipped away with his men to Morristown, New Jersey, while the cannon were still booming on the battle-field, their noise being mistaken in Trenton for thunder. With the Continental troops went John Hays, gunner, and as soon as Molly heard of the engagement, and the retirement of General Washington's troops, she hastened to the field of action to seek out any wounded men whom she could care for or comfort in their last hours. Picking her way across the littered field, she brought a drink of water here, lifted an aching head there, and covered the faces of those who had seen their last battle. As she passed slowly on, she saw a friend of her husband's, Dilwyn by name, lying half buried under a pile of debris. She would have passed him by but for a feeble movement of his hand under the rubbish, seeing which, she stooped down, pushed aside his covering, and felt for his pulse to see whether he were still alive. As she bent down her quick eye saw a cannon near where the wounded man lay, a heavy, cumbersome gun which the Continentals had evidently left behind as being of a type too heavy to drag with them on their hasty march to Morristown. Beside the cannon Molly also saw a lighted fuse slowly burning down at one end. She had a temptation as she looked at the piece of rope soaked in some combustible, lying there ready to achieve its purpose. She stooped over Dilwyn again, then she rose and went to the cannon, fuse in hand. In a half-second the booming of the great gun shook the battle-field—Molly had touched it off, and at exactly the right moment, for even then the advance guard of Lord Cornwallis and his men was within range!

At the sound of the cannon they halted abruptly, in alarm. The foe must be lurking in ambush dangerously near them, for who else would have set off the gun? They spent an hour hunting for the concealed Continentals, while Molly picked Dilwyn up and laid him across her shoulder as she had carried the wheat-bags in childhood, and coolly walked past the British, who by that time were swarming across the battle-field, paying no attention to the red-headed young woman carrying a wounded soldier off the field, for what could she have to do with discharging a gun!

Molly meanwhile bore her heavy burden across the fields for two miles until she reached the farm, where she laid the wounded man gently down on a bed which was blissfully soft to his aching bones, and where he was cared for and nursed as if he had been Molly's own kin. When at last he was well again and able to ride away from the farm, he expressed his admiration for his nurse in no measured terms, and there came to her a few days later a box of fine dress goods with the warmest regards of "one whose life you saved." As she looked at the rich material, Molly smoothed it appreciatively with roughened hand, then she laid the bundle away among her most cherished possessions, but making use of it never entered her mind—it was much too handsome for that!

Every hour the British troops were delayed at Princeton was of great advantage to the Continental forces, and by midnight they had come to the end of their eighteen-mile march, to their great rejoicing, as it had been a terrible walk over snow and ice and in such bitter cold that many a finger and ear were frozen, and all had suffered severely. The men had not had a meal for twenty-four hours, had made the long march on top of heavy fighting, and when they reached their destination they were so exhausted that the moment they halted they dropped and fell into a heavy sleep.

While they were marching toward Morristown, Lord Cornwallis was rushing his troops on to New Brunswick to save the supplies which the British had stored there. To his great relief he found them untouched, so he gave up the pursuit of Washington's fleeing forces, and the Continental army, without resistance, went into winter quarters at Morristown, as their Commander had planned to do. While John Hays, with the American army, was following his Commander, Molly, at the farm, had become the proud mother of a son, who was named John Hays, Jr., and who became Molly's greatest comfort in the long months when she had no glimpse or tidings of her husband. Then came news—General Washington's troops were again on the march, passing through New Jersey toward New York. There would be a chance to see her husband, and Molly determined to take it, whatever risk or hardship it might entail, for not only did she long to see Hays, but she could not wait longer to tell him of the perfections of their son. And so Molly went to the scene of the battle of Monmouth.

It was Sunday, the 28th of June, 1778, a day which has come down in history, not only because of the battle which marks its date, but because of its scorching heat. The mercury stood near the 100 mark, and man and beast were well-nigh overcome.

History tells us that the British had remained at Philadelphia until early in June, when they had evacuated that city and crossed the Delaware River on June the eighteenth, with an intention to march across New Jersey to New York. Having heard of this movement of the British, General Washington, with a force nearly equal to that of the enemy, also crossed into New Jersey, with the purpose of retarding the British march and, if opportunity offered, bring on a general engagement. By the 22d of June the whole of the American force was massed on the east bank of the Delaware in a condition and position to give the enemy battle. Despite some opposition on the part of General Lee and other officers, Lafayette and Greene agreed with General Washington in his opinion that the time to strike had come, and soon orders were given which led to the battle of Monmouth.

Lafayette was detached with a strong body of troops to follow up the British rear and act, if occasion presented. Other riflemen and militia were in advance of him and on his flanks, making a strong body of picked troops. To protect his twelve-mile baggage-train from these troops, Sir Henry Clinton placed them with a large escort under Knyphausen, while he united the rest of his force in the rear to check the enemy, if they came too close. The distance between Knyphausen's force and that which brought up the rear suggested the idea to Washington to concentrate his assault on the rear force, and to hasten the attack before the British should reach the high ground of Middletown, about twelve miles away, where they would be comparatively safe.

At once General Lee was sent forward to join Lafayette, with instructions to engage the enemy in such action as was possible until the remainder of the troops should arrive. Lee carried out his part of the command in such a half-hearted way as to bring severe censure on him later, and when General Greene arrived on the scene of action, Lee and his men were in retreat.

A sharp reproof from General Washington brought Lee partially to his senses; he turned about and engaged in a short, sharp conflict with the enemy, and retired from the field in good order. At that time Greene's column arrived, and as a movement of the British threatened Washington's right wing, he ordered Greene to file off from the road to Monmouth and, while the rest of the army pushed forward, to fight his way into the wood at the rear of Monmouth Court-House. Greene was obeying orders when, foreseeing that by the flight of Lee Washington would be exposed to the whole weight of the enemy's attack, he suddenly wheeled about and took an advantageous position near the British left wing.

As he hoped, this diverted the enemy's attention from the fire of the American army. A furious attack followed, but was met by a cool resistance which was the result of the army's discipline at Valley Forge.

The artillery of Greene's division, well posted on a commanding position, was in charge of General Knox, and poured a most destructive fire on the enemy, seconded by the infantry, who steadily held their ground. Repeated efforts of the British only increased their losses.

Colonel Monckton's grenadiers, attempting to drive back the American forces, were repulsed by General Knox's artillery with great slaughter. A second attempt was made, and a third, when Colonel Monckton received his death-blow and fell from his horse. General Wayne then came up with a force of farmers, their sleeves rolled up as if harvesting, and they forced the British back still farther, leaving the bodies of their wounded and dead comrades on the field.

Through the long hours of the desperate fighting on that June day, the mercury rose higher and higher, and many of the men's tongues were so swollen with the heat that they could not speak, and they fell exhausted at their posts. Seeing this, Molly, who was with her husband on the field of battle, discovered a bubbling spring of water in the west ravine, and spent her time through the long hours of blistering heat tramping back and forth carrying water for the thirsty men, and also for her husband's cannon. She used for her purpose "the cannon's bucket," which was a fixture of the gun of that time, and she told afterward how every time she came back with a brimming bucket of the sparkling water, the men would call out:

"Here comes Molly with her pitcher!"

As the battle grew fiercer and her trips to the spring became more frequent, the call was abbreviated into, "Molly Pitcher!" by which name she was so generally known from that day that her own name has been almost forgotten.

Higher and higher rose the sun in a cloudless sky, and up mounted the mercury until the suffering of the soldiers in both armies was unspeakable, although the British were in a worse state than the Americans, because of their woolen uniforms, knapsacks, and accoutrements, while the Continental army had no packs and had laid off all unnecessary clothing. Even so, many of both forces died of prostration, despite Molly's cooling drinks which she brought to as many men as possible. John Hays worked his cannon bravely, while perspiration streamed down his face and heat blurred his vision. Suddenly all went black before him—the rammer dropped from his nerveless hand, and he fell beside his gun. Quickly to his side Molly darted, put a handkerchief wet with spring water on his hot brow, laid her head on his heart to see whether it was still beating. He was alive! Beckoning to two of his comrades, Molly commanded them to carry him to the shade of a nearby tree. And soon she had the satisfaction of seeing a faint smile flicker over his face as she bent above him. At that moment her keen ears heard General Knox give a command.

"Remove the cannon!" he said. "We have no gunner brave enough to fill Hays's place!"

"No!" said Molly, hastening to the General's side and facing him with a glint of triumph in her blue eyes. "The cannon shall not be taken away! Since my brave husband is not able to work it, I will do my best to serve in his place!"

Picking up the rammer, she began to load and fire with the courage and decision of a seasoned gunner, standing at her post through long hours of heat and exhaustion. When at a late hour the enemy had finally been driven back with great loss, and Washington saw the uselessness of any renewal of the assault, General Greene strode over to the place where Molly Pitcher was still manfully loading the cannon, and gripped her hand with a hearty:

"I thank you in the name of the American army!"

One can fancy how Molly's heart throbbed with pride at such commendation, as she picked her way over the bodies of the dead and wounded to the spot where her husband was propped up against a tree, slowly recovering from his prostration, but able to express his admiration for a wife who had been able to take a gunner's place at a moment's notice and help to rout the British.

"That night the American army slept upon their arms; Greene, like his Commander, taking his repose without couch or pillow, on the naked ground, and with no other shelter than a tree beneath the broad canopy of heaven. But this shelter was not sought, nor sleep desired, until every wounded and hungry soldier had been cared for and fed with the best food the camp could supply. Rising at dawn, Washington found the enemy gone! They had stolen silently away with such rapidity as would, when their flight became known, put them beyond the chance of pursuit—and so the American army had been victorious at Monmouth, and Molly Pitcher had played an important part in that victory."

She, too, had slept that night under the stars, and when morning came she was still in the dusty, torn, powder-stained clothing she had worn as cannonier, and afterward while working over the wounded. Her predicament was a bad one when a messenger arrived from General Washington requesting an interview with her. She, Molly Pitcher, to be received by the Commander-in-chief of the American forces in such a garb as that! How could she make herself presentable for the interview? With her usual quick wit, Molly borrowed an artilleryman's coat, which in some measure hid her grimy and torn garments. In this coat over her own petticoats, and a cocked hat with a feather, doubtless plucked from a straying hen, she made no further ado, but presented herself to Washington as requested, and from the fact that she wore such a costume on that June day has come the oft-repeated and untrue story that she wore a man's clothing on the battlefield.

General Washington's eyes lighted with pleasure at the sight of such a brave woman, and he received her with such honor as he would have awarded one of his gallant men. Molly was almost overcome with his words of praise, and still more so when he conferred on her the brevet of Captain, from which came the title, "Captain Molly," which she was called by the soldiers from that day. General Washington also recommended that she be given a soldier's half-pay for life, as a reward for her faithful performance of a man's duty at the battle of Monmouth.

That was enough to make John Hays, now completely recovered from his prostration, the proudest man in the army; but added to that he had the satisfaction of seeing Molly given a tremendous ovation by the soldiers, who cheered her to the echo when they first saw her after that fateful night. To cap the climax, the great French General Lafayette showed his appreciation of her courage by asking Washington if his men "might have the pleasure of giving Madame a trifle."

Then those French officers who were among the American regiments formed in two long lines, between which Captain Molly passed in her artilleryman's coat, cocked hat in hand, and while lusty cheers rang out, the hat was filled to overflowing with gold crowns.

And so it was that Molly Pitcher, a country girl of New Jersey, played a prominent part in the battle of Monmouth and won for herself an enviable place in American history.

It is of little importance to us that when the war was over, Molly with her husband and child lived quietly in Carlisle, John Hays going back to his trade, Molly doing washing and enjoying her annuity of forty dollars a year from the government...

Ours it is to admire the heroic deeds of Molly Pitcher on the battle-field, to thrill that there was one woman of our country whose achievements have inspired poets and sculptors in the long years since she was seen

*loading, firing that six-pounder,—*

when, as a poet has said,

*Tho' like tigers fierce they fought us, to such zeal had Molly brought us  
That tho' struck with heat and thirsting, yet of drink we felt no lack;  
There she stood amid the clamor, swiftly handling sponge and rammer  
While we swept with wrath condign, on their line.*

At Freehold, New Jersey, at the base of the great Monmouth battle monument are five bronze tablets, each five feet high by six in width, commemorating scenes of that memorable battle. One of these shafts is called the "Molly Pitcher," and shows Mary Hays using that six-pounder; her husband lies exhausted at her feet, and General Knox is seen directing the artillery. Also forty-three years after her death, on July 4, 1876, the citizens of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, placed a handsome slab of Italian marble over her grave, inscribed with the date of her death and stating that she was the heroine of Monmouth.

In this, our day, we stand at the place where the old and the new in civilization and in humanity stand face to face. Shall the young woman of to-day, with new inspiration, fresh courage, and desire to better the world by her existence, face backward or forward in the spirit of patriotism which animated Molly Pitcher on the battlefield of Monmouth? Ours "not to reason why," ours "but to do and die," not as women, simply, but as citizen-soldiers on a battlefield where democracy is the golden reward, where in standing by our guns we stand shoulder to shoulder with the inspired spirits of the world.

Molly Pitcher stood by her gun in 1778—our chance has come... Let us not falter or fail in expressing the best in achievement and in womanhood.

# America: A Prophecy – Preludium

## by William Blake

The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc.  
When fourteen suns had faintly journey'd o'er his dark abode;  
His food she brought in iron baskets, his drink in cups of iron;  
Crown'd with a helmet & dark hair the nameless female stood;  
A quiver with its burning stores, a bow like that of night,  
When pestilence is shot from heaven; no other arms she need:  
Invulnerable tho' naked, save where clouds roll round her loins,  
Their awful folds in the dark air; silent she stood as night;  
For never from her iron tongue could voice or sound arise;  
But dumb till that dread day when Orc assay'd his fierce embrace.

“Dark virgin,” said the hairy youth, “thy father stern abhorr'd;  
Rivets my tenfold chains while still on high my spirit soars;  
Sometimes an eagle screaming in the sky, sometimes a lion,  
Stalking upon the mountains, & sometimes a whale I lash  
The raging fathomless abyss, anon a serpent folding  
Around the pillars of Urthona, and round thy dark limbs,  
On the Canadian wilds I fold, feeble my spirit folds.  
For chain'd beneath I rend these caverns; when thou bringest food  
I howl my joy! and my red eyes seek to behold thy face  
In vain! these clouds roll to & fro, & hide thee from my sight.”

Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy,  
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire;  
Round the terrific loins he siez'd the panting struggling womb;  
It joy'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile;  
As when a black cloud shews its light'nings to the silent deep.

Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.

"I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go;  
Thou art the image of God who dwells in darkness of Africa;  
And thou art fall'n to give me life in regions of dark death.  
On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions  
Endur'd by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep:  
I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love;  
In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru;  
I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away.  
O what limb rending pains I feel. thy fire & my frost  
Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;  
This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold."

The stern Bard ceas'd, asham'd of his own song; enrag'd he swung  
His harp aloft sounding, then dash'd its shining frame against  
A ruin'd pillar in glittering fragments; silent he turn'd away,  
And wander'd down the vales of Kent in sick & drear lamentings.



## Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen "Measure for Measure."

Read it from Charles & Mary Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare* in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can. (We will link to the Folger Library for this.)

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance of "Measure for Measure" by the Texas Shakespeare Festival.

Shakespeare



## Measure for Measure

by Charles & Mary Lamb

In the city of Vienna there once reigned a duke of such a mild and gentle temper, that he suffered his subjects to neglect the laws with impunity; and there was in particular one law, the existence of which was almost forgotten, the duke never having put it in force during his whole reign. This was a law dooming any man to the punishment of death, who should live with a woman that was not his wife; and this law, through the lenity of the duke, being utterly disregarded, the holy institution of marriage became neglected, and complaints were every day made to the duke by the parents of the young ladies in Vienna, that their daughters had been seduced from their protection, and were living as the companions of single men.

The good duke perceived with sorrow this growing evil among his subjects; but he thought that a sudden change in himself from the indulgence he had hitherto shown, to the strict severity requisite to check this abuse, would make his people (who had hitherto loved him) consider him as a tyrant; therefore he determined to absent himself a while from his dukedom, and depute another to the full exercise of his power, that the law against these dishonourable lovers might be put in effect, without giving offence by an unusual severity in his own person.

Angelo, a man who bore the reputation of a saint in Vienna for his strict and rigid life, was chosen by the duke as a fit person to undertake this important charge; and when the duke imparted his design to Lord Escalus, his chief counsellor, Escalus said, "If any man in Vienna be of worth to undergo such ample grace and honour, it is Lord Angelo." And now the duke departed from Vienna under pretence of making a journey into Poland, leaving Angelo to act as the lord deputy in his absence; but the duke's absence was only a feigned one, for he privately returned to Vienna, habited like a friar, with the intent to watch unseen the conduct of the saintly-seeming Angelo.

It happened just about the time that Angelo was invested with his new dignity, that a gentleman, whose name was Claudio, had seduced a young lady from her parents; and for this offence, by command of the new lord deputy, Claudio was taken up and committed to prison, and by virtue of the old law which had been so long neglected, Angelo sentenced Claudio to be beheaded. Great interest was made for the pardon of young Claudio, and the good old Lord Escalus himself interceded for him. "Alas," said he, "this gentleman whom I would save had an honourable father, for whose sake I pray you pardon the young man's transgression." But Angelo replied, "We must not make a scare-crow of the law, setting it up to frighten birds of prey, till custom, finding it harmless, makes it their perch, and not their terror. Sir, he must die."

Lucio, the friend of Claudio, visited him in the prison, and Claudio said to him, "I pray you, Lucio, do me this kind service. Go to my sister Isabel, who this day proposes to enter the convent of Saint Clare; acquaint her with the danger of my state; implore her that she make friends with the strict deputy; bid her go herself to Angelo.

I have great hopes in that; for she can discourse with prosperous art, and well she can persuade; besides, there is a speechless dialect in youthful sorrow, such as moves men."

Isabel, the sister of Claudio, had, as he said, that day entered upon her noviciate in the convent, and it was her intent, after passing through her probation as a novice, to take the veil, and she was inquiring of a nun concerning the rules of the convent, when they heard the voice of Lucio, who, as he entered that religious house, said, "Peace be in this place!"—"Who is it that speaks?" said Isabel. "It is a man's voice," replied the nun: "Gentle Isabel, go to him, and learn his business; you may, I may not. When you have taken the veil, you must not speak with men but in the presence of the prioress; then if you speak you must not show your face, or if you show your face, you must not speak."—"And have you nuns no further privileges?" said Isabel. "Are not these large enough?" replied the nun. "Yes, truly," said Isabel: "I speak not as desiring more, but rather wishing a more strict restraint upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare." Again they heard the voice of Lucio, and the nun said, "He calls again. I pray you answer him." Isabel then went out to Lucio, and in answer to his salutation, said, "Peace and Prosperity! Who is it that calls?" Then Lucio, approaching her with reverence, said, "Hail, virgin, if such you be, as the roses on your cheeks proclaim you are no less! can you bring me to the sight of Isabel, a novice of this place, and the fair sister to her unhappy brother Claudio?"—"Why her unhappy brother?" said Isabel, "let me ask! for I am that Isabel, and his sister."—"Fair and gentle lady," he replied, "your brother kindly greets you by me; he is in prison."—"Woe is me! for what?" said Isabel. Lucio then told her, Claudio was imprisoned for seducing a young maiden. "Ah," said she, "I fear it is my cousin Juliet." Juliet and Isabel were not related, but they called each other cousin in remembrance of their school days' friendship; and as Isabel knew that Juliet loved Claudio, she feared she had been led by her affection for him into this transgression. "She it is," replied Lucio. "Why then, let my brother marry Juliet," said Isabel. Lucio replied that Claudio would gladly marry Juliet, but that the lord deputy had sentenced him to die for his offence; "Unless," said he, "you have the grace by your fair prayer to soften Angelo, and that is my business between you and your poor brother."—"Alas!" said Isabel, "what poor ability is there in me to do him good? I doubt I have no power to move Angelo."—"Our doubts are traitors," said Lucio, "and make us lose the good we might often win, by fearing to attempt it. Go to Lord Angelo! When maidens sue, and kneel, and weep, men give like gods."—"I will see what I can do," said Isabel: "I will but stay to give the prioress notice of the affair, and then I will go to Angelo. Commend me to my brother: soon at night I will send him word of my success."

Isabel hastened to the palace, and threw herself on her knees before Angelo, saying, "I am a woful suitor to your honour, if it will please your honour to hear me."—"Well, what is your suit?" said Angelo. She then made her petition in the most moving terms for her brother's life. But Angelo said, "Maiden, there is no remedy; your brother is sentenced, and he must die."—"O just, but severe law," said Isabel: "I had a brother then—Heaven keep your honour!" and she was about to depart. But Lucio, who had accompanied her, said, "Give it not over so; return to him again, entreat him, kneel down before him, hang upon his gown. You are too cold; if you should need a pin, you could not with a more tame tongue desire it." Then again Isabel on her knees implored for mercy. "He is sentenced," said Angelo: "it is too late."—"Too late!" said Isabel: "Why, no: I that do speak a word may call it back again. Believe this, my lord, no ceremony that to great ones belongs, not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, becomes them with one half so good a grace as mercy does."—"Pray you begone," said Angelo. But still Isabel entreated; and she said, "If my brother had been as you, and you as he, you might have slipped like him, but he, like you, would not have been so stern. I would to heaven I had your power, and you were Isabel. Should it then be thus? No, I would tell you what it were to be a judge, and what a prisoner."—"Be content, fair maid!" said Angelo: "it is the law, not I, condemns your brother. Were he my kinsman, my brother, or my son, it should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow."—"To-morrow?" said Isabel; "Oh, that is sudden: spare him, spare him; he is not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens we kill the fowl in season; shall we serve Heaven with less respect than we minister to our gross selves? Good, good, my lord, bethink you, none have died for my brother's offence, though many have committed it. So you would be the first that gives this sentence, and he the first that suffers it. Go to your own bosom, my lord; knock there, and ask your heart what it does know that is like my brother's fault; if it confess a natural guiltiness such as his is, let it not sound a thought against my brother's life!" Her last words more moved Angelo than all she had before said, for the beauty of Isabel had raised a guilty passion in his heart, and he began to form thoughts of dishonourable love, such as Claudio's crime had been; and the conflict in his mind made him to turn away from Isabel; but she called him back, saying, "Gentle my lord, turn back; hark, how I will bribe you. Good my lord, turn back!"—"How, bribe me!" said Angelo, astonished that she should think of offering him a bribe. "Ay," said Isabel, "with such gifts that Heaven itself shall share with you; not with golden treasures, or those glittering stones, whose price is either rich or poor as fancy values them, but with true prayers that shall be up to Heaven before sunrise,—prayers from preserved souls, from fasting maids whose minds are dedicated to nothing temporal."—"Well, come to me to-morrow," said Angelo. And for this short respite of her brother's life, and for this permission that she might be heard again, she left him with the joyful hope that she should at last prevail over his stern nature: and as she went away she said, "Heaven keep your honour safe! Heaven save your honour!" Which when Angelo heard, he said within his heart, "Amen, I would be saved from thee and from thy virtues:" and then, affrighted at his own evil thoughts, he said, "What is this? What is this? Do I love her, that I desire to hear her speak again, and feast upon her eyes? What is it I dream on? The cunning enemy of mankind, to catch a saint, with saints does bait the hook. Never could an immodest woman once stir my temper, but this virtuous woman subdues me quite. Even till now, when men were fond, I smiled and wondered at them."

In the guilty conflict in his mind Angelo suffered more that night than the prisoner he had so severely sentenced; for in the prison Claudio was visited by the good duke, who, in his friar's habit, taught the young man the way to heaven, preaching to him the words of penitence and peace. But Angelo felt all the pangs of irresolute guilt: now wishing to seduce Isabel from the paths of innocence and honour, and now suffering remorse and horror for a crime as yet but intentional. But in the end his evil thoughts prevailed; and he who had so lately started at the offer of a bribe, resolved to tempt this maiden with so high a bribe, as she might not be able to resist, even with the precious gift of her dear brother's life.

When Isabel came in the morning, Angelo desired she might be admitted alone to his presence: and being there, he said to her, if she would yield to him her virgin honour and transgress even as Juliet had done with Claudio, he would give her her brother's life; "For," said he, "I love you, Isabel."—"My brother," said Isabel, "did so love Juliet, and yet you tell me he shall die for it."—"But," said Angelo, "Claudio shall not die, if you will consent to visit me by stealth at night, even as Juliet left her father's house at night to come to Claudio." Isabel, in amazement at his words, that he should tempt her to the same fault for which he passed sentence upon her brother, said, "I would do as much for my poor brother as for myself; that is, were I under sentence of death, the impression of keen whips I would wear as rubies, and go to my death as to a bed that longing I had been sick for, ere I would yield myself up to this shame." And then she told him, she hoped he only spoke these words to try her virtue. But he said, "Believe me, on my honour, my words express my purpose." Isabel, angered to the heart to hear him use the word Honour to express such dishonourable purposes, said, "Ha! little honour to be much believed; and most pernicious purpose. I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for it! Sign me a present pardon for my brother, or I will tell the world aloud what man thou art!"—"Who will believe you, Isabel?" said Angelo; "my unsoiled name, the austereness of my life, my word vouched against yours, will outweigh your accusation. Redeem your brother by yielding to my will, or he shall die to-morrow. As for you, say what you can, my false will overweigh your true story. Answer me to-morrow."

"To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, who would believe me?" said Isabel, as she went towards the dreary prison where her brother was confined. When she arrived there, her brother was in pious conversation with the duke, who in his friar's habit had also visited Juliet, and brought both these guilty lovers to a proper sense of their fault; and unhappy Juliet with tears and a true remorse confessed that she was more to blame than Claudio, in that she willingly consented to his dishonourable solicitations.

As Isabel entered the room where Claudio was confined, she said, "Peace be here, grace, and good company!"—"Who is there?" said the disguised duke; "come in; the wish deserves a welcome."—"My business is a word or two with Claudio," said Isabel. Then the duke left them together, and desired the provost, who had the charge of the prisoners, to place him where he might overhear their conversation.

"Now, sister, what is the comfort?" said Claudio. Isabel told him he must prepare for death on the morrow. "Is there no remedy?" said Claudio.—"Yes, brother," replied Isabel, "there is; but such a one, as if you consented to it would strip your honour from you, and leave you naked."—"Let me know the point," said Claudio. "O, I do fear you, Claudio!" replied his sister; "and I quake, lest you should wish to live, and more respect the trifling term of six or seven winters added to your life, than your perpetual honour! Do you dare to die? The sense of death is most in apprehension, and the poor beetle that we tread upon, feels a pang as great as when a giant dies." "Why do you give me this shame?" said Claudio. "Think you I can fetch a resolution from flowery tenderness? If I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride, and hug it in my arms."—"There spoke my brother," said Isabel; "there my father's grave did utter forth a voice. Yes, you must die; yet would you think it, Claudio! this outward sainted deputy, if I would yield to him my virgin honour, would grant your life. O, were it but my life, I would lay it down for your deliverance as frankly as a pin!"—"Thanks, dear Isabel," said Claudio. "Be ready to die to-morrow," said Isabel. "Death is a fearful thing," said Claudio. "And shamed life a hateful," replied his sister. But the thoughts of death now overcame the constancy of Claudio's temper, and terrors, such as the guilty only at their deaths do know, assailing him, he cried out, "Sweet sister, let me live! The sin you do to save a brother's life, nature dispenses with the deed

so far, that it becomes a virtue."—"O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!" said Isabel; "would you preserve your life by your sister's shame? O fie, fie, fie! I thought, my brother, you had in you such a mind of honour, that had you twenty heads to render up on twenty blocks, you would have yielded them up all, before your sister should stoop to such dishonour." "Nay, hear me, Isabel!" said Claudio. But what he would have said in defence of his weakness, in desiring to live by the dishonour of his virtuous sister, was interrupted by the entrance of the duke; who said, "Claudio, I have overheard what has passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; what he said, has only been to make trial of her virtue. She having the truth of honour in her, has given him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. There is no hope that he will pardon you; therefore pass your hours in prayer, and make ready for death." Then Claudio repented of his weakness, and said, "Let me ask my sister's pardon! I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it." And Claudio retired, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow for his fault.

The duke being now alone with Isabel, commended her virtuous resolution, saying, "The hand that made you fair, has made you good."—"O," said Isabel, "how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will discover his government." Isabel knew not that she was even now making the discovery she threatened. The duke replied, "That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, Angelo will repel your accusation; therefore lend an attentive ear to my advisings. I believe that you may most righteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own most gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have notice of this business." Isabel said, she had a spirit to do anything he desired, provided it was nothing wrong. "Virtue is bold, and never fearful," said the duke: and then he asked her, if she had ever heard of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who was drowned at sea. "I have heard of the lady," said Isabel, "and good words went with her name."—"This lady," said the duke, "is the wife of Angelo; but her marriage dowry was on board the vessel in which her brother perished, and mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman! for, beside the loss of a most noble and renowned brother, who in his love towards her was ever most kind and natural, in the wreck of her fortune she lost the affections of her husband, the well-seeming Angelo; who pretending to discover some dishonour in this honourable lady (though the true cause was the loss of her dowry) left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort. His unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, has, like an impediment in the current, made it more unruly, and Mariana loves her cruel husband with the full continuance of her first affection." The duke then more plainly unfolded his plan. It was, that Isabel should go to Lord Angelo, and seemingly consent to come to him as he desired at midnight; that by this means she would obtain the promised pardon; and that Mariana should go in her stead to the appointment, and pass herself upon Angelo in the dark for Isabel. "Nor, gentle daughter," said the feigned friar, "fear you to do this thing; Angelo is her husband, and to bring them thus together is no sin." Isabel being pleased with this project, departed to do as he directed her; and he went to apprise Mariana of their intention. He had before this time visited this unhappy lady in his assumed character, giving her religious instruction and friendly consolation, at which times he had learned her sad story from her own lips; and now she, looking upon him as a holy man, readily consented to be directed by him in this undertaking.

When Isabel returned from her interview with Angelo, to the house of Mariana, where the duke had appointed her to meet him, he said, "Well met, and in good time; what is the news from this good deputy?" Isabel related the manner in which she had settled the affair. "Angelo," said she, "has a garden surrounded with a brick wall, on the western side of which is a vineyard, and to that vineyard is a gate." And then she showed to the duke and Mariana two keys that Angelo had given her; and

she said, "This bigger key opens the vineyard gate; this other a little door which leads from the vineyard to the garden. There I have made my promise at the dead of the night to call upon him, and have got from him his word of assurance for my brother's life. I have taken a due and wary note of the place; and with whispering and most guilty diligence he showed me the way twice over."—"Are there no other tokens agreed upon between you, that Mariana must observe?" said the duke. "No, none," said Isabel, "only to go when it is dark. I have told him my time can be but short; for I have made him think a servant comes along with me, and that this servant is persuaded I come about my brother." The duke commended her discreet management, and she, turning to Mariana, said, "Little have you to say to Angelo, when you depart from him, but soft and low, Remember now my brother!"

Mariana was that night conducted to the appointed place by Isabel, who rejoiced that she had, as she supposed, by this device preserved both her brother's life and her own honour. But that her brother's life was safe the duke was not well satisfied, and therefore at midnight he again repaired to the prison, and it was well for Claudio that he did so, else would Claudio have that night been beheaded; for soon after the duke entered the prison, an order came from the cruel deputy, commanding that Claudio should be beheaded, and his head sent to him by five o'clock in the morning. But the duke persuaded the provost to put off the execution of Claudio, and to deceive Angelo, by sending him the head of a man who died that morning in the prison. And to prevail upon the provost to agree to this, the duke, whom still the provost suspected not to be anything more or greater than he seemed, showed the provost a letter written with the duke's hand, and sealed with his seal, which when the provost saw, he concluded this friar must have some secret order from the absent duke, and therefore he consented to spare Claudio; and he cut off the dead man's head, and carried it to Angelo.

Then the duke in his own name, wrote to Angelo a letter, saying, that certain accidents had put a stop to his journey, and that he should be in Vienna by the following morning, requiring Angelo to meet him at the entrance of the city, there to deliver up his authority; and the duke also commanded it to be proclaimed, that if any of his subjects craved redress for injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street on his first entrance into the city.

Early in the morning Isabel came to the prison, and the duke, who there awaited her coming, for secret reasons thought it good to tell her that Claudio was beheaded; therefore when Isabel inquired if Angelo had sent the pardon for her brother, he said, "Angelo has released Claudio from this world. His head is off, and sent to the deputy." The much-grieved sister cried out, "O unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel, injurious world, most wicked Angelo!" The seeming friar bid her take comfort, and when she was become a little calm, he acquainted her with the near prospect of the duke's return, and told her in what manner she should proceed in preferring her complaint against Angelo; and he bade her not fear if the cause should seem to go against her for a while. Leaving Isabel sufficiently instructed, he next went to Mariana, and gave her counsel in what manner she also should act.

Then the duke laid aside his friar's habit, and in his own royal robes, amidst a joyful crowd of his faithful subjects, assembled to greet his arrival, entered the city of Vienna, where he was met by Angelo, who delivered up his authority in the proper form. And there came Isabel, in the manner of a petitioner for redress, and said, "Justice, most royal duke! I am the sister of one Claudio, who, for the seducing a young maid, was condemned to lose his head. I made my suit to Lord Angelo for my brother's pardon. It were needless to tell your grace how I prayed and kneeled, how he repelled me,

and how I replied; for this was of much length. The vile conclusion I now begin with grief and shame to utter. Angelo would not but by my yielding to his dishonourable love release my brother; and after much debate within myself, my sisterly remorse overcame my virtue, and I did yield to him. But the next morning betimes, Angelo, forfeiting his promise, sent a warrant for my poor brother's head!" The duke affected to disbelieve her story; and Angelo said that grief for her brother's death, who had suffered by the due course of the law, had disordered her senses. And now another suitor approached, which was Mariana; and Mariana said, "Noble prince, as there comes light from heaven, and truth from breath, as there is sense in truth and truth in virtue, I am this man's wife, and, my good lord, the words of Isabel are false; for the night she says she was with Angelo, I passed that night with him in the garden-house. As this is true, let me in safety rise, or else for ever be fixed here a marble monument." Then did Isabel appeal for the truth of what she had said to Friar Lodowick, that being the name the duke had assumed in his disguise. Isabel and Mariana had both obeyed his instructions in what they said, the duke intending that the innocence of Isabel should be plainly proved in that public manner before the whole city of Vienna; but Angelo little thought that it was from such a cause that they thus differed in their story, and he hoped from their contradictory evidence to be able to clear himself from the accusation of Isabel; and he said, assuming the look of offended innocence, "I did but smile till now; but, good my lord, my patience here is touched, and I perceive these poor distracted women are but the instruments of some greater one, who sets them on. Let me have way, my lord, to find this practice out."—"Ay, with all my heart," said the duke, "and punish them to the height of your pleasure. You, Lord Escalus, sit with Lord Angelo, lend him your pains to discover this abuse; the friar is sent for that set them on, and when he comes, do with your injuries as may seem best in any chastisement. I for a while will leave you, but stir not you, Lord Angelo, till you have well determined upon this slander." The duke then went away, leaving Angelo well pleased to be deputed judge and umpire in his own cause. But the duke was absent only while he threw off his royal robes and put on his friar's habit; and in that disguise again he presented himself before Angelo and Escalus: and the good old Escalus, who thought Angelo had been falsely accused, said to the supposed friar, "Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo?" He replied, "Where is the duke? It is he who should hear me speak." Escalus said, "The duke is in us, and we will hear you. Speak justly."—"Boldly at least," retorted the friar; and then he blamed the duke for leaving the cause of Isabel in the hands of him she had accused, and spoke so freely of many corrupt practices he had observed, while, as he said, he had been a looker-on in Vienna, that Escalus threatened him with the torture for speaking words against the state, and for censuring the conduct of the duke, and ordered him to be taken away to prison. Then, to the amazement of all present, and to the utter confusion of Angelo, the supposed friar threw off his disguise, and they saw it was the duke himself.

The duke first addressed Isabel. He said to her, "Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince, but with my habit I have not changed my heart. I am still devoted to your service." "O give me pardon," said Isabel, "that I, your vassal, have employed and troubled your unknown sovereignty." He answered that he had most need of forgiveness from her, for not having prevented the death of her brother—for not yet would he tell her that Claudio was living; meaning first to make a further trial of her goodness. Angelo now knew the duke had been a secret witness of his bad deeds, and he said, "O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, to think I can be undiscernible, when I perceive your grace, like power divine, has looked upon my actions. Then, good prince, no longer prolong my shame, but let my trial be my own confession. Immediate sentence and death is all the grace I beg." The duke replied, "Angelo, thy faults are manifest. We do condemn thee to the very block where Claudio stooped to death; and with like haste away with him; and for his possessions, Mariana, we do instate and widow you withal, to buy you a better husband."—"O my dear lord," said

Mariana, "I crave no other, nor no better man:" and then on her knees, even as Isabel had begged the life of Claudio, did this kind wife of an ungrateful husband beg the life of Angelo; and she said, "Gentle my liege, O good my lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part! Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I will lend you all my life, to do you service!" The duke said, "Against all sense you importune her. Should Isabel kneel down to beg for mercy, her brother's ghost would break his paved bed, and take her hence in horror." Still Mariana said, "Isabel, sweet Isabel, do but kneel by me, hold up your hand, say nothing! I will speak all. They say, best men are moulded out of faults, and for the most part become much the better for being a little bad. So may my husband. Oh, Isabel, will you not lend a knee?" The duke then said, "He dies for Claudio." But much pleased was the good duke, when his own Isabel, from whom he expected all gracious and honourable acts, kneeled down before him, and said, "Most bounteous sir, look, if it please you, on this man condemned, as if my brother lived. I partly think a due sincerity governed his deeds, till he did look on me. Since it is so, let him not die! My brother had but justice, in that he did the thing for which he died."

The duke, as the best reply he could make to this noble petitioner for her enemy's life, sending for Claudio from his prison-house, where he lay doubtful of his destiny, presented to her this lamented brother living; and he said to Isabel, "Give me your hand, Isabel; for your lovely sake I pardon Claudio. Say you will be mine, and he shall be my brother too." By this time Lord Angelo perceived he was safe; and the duke, observing his eye to brighten up a little, said, "Well, Angelo, look that you love your wife; her worth has obtained your pardon: joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo! I have confessed her, and know her virtue." Angelo remembered, when dressed in a little brief authority, how hard his heart had been, and felt how sweet is mercy.

The duke commanded Claudio to marry Juliet, and offered himself again to the acceptance of Isabel, whose virtuous and noble conduct had won her prince's heart. Isabel, not having taken the veil, was free to marry; and the friendly offices, while hid under the disguise of a humble friar, which the noble duke had done for her, made her with grateful joy accept the honour he offered her; and when she became Duchess of Vienna, the excellent example of the virtuous Isabel worked such a complete reformation among the young ladies of that city, that from that time none ever fell into the transgression of Juliet, the repentant wife of the reformed Claudio. And the mercy-loving duke long reigned with his beloved Isabel, the happiest of husbands and of princes.



## History & Geography

For history, you will read through *This Country of Ours* (TCOO), by H.E. Marshall. Because the book is so large, we will not include the chapters inside this PDF. However, you can download the necessary chapters under the History & Geography section.

For this session, you will cover **Part IV: Stories of the Struggle for Liberty** (chapters 51 through 63).

For geography, you will learn or review the Thirteen Colonies.

*I prefer peace. But if trouble must come, let it come in my time, so that my children can live in peace.*

~ Thomas Paine

History & Geography

# The Thirteen Colonies



## 1. Virginia - 1606 | Founded by the London Company

Three ships sent by the London Company equipped with 144 men set out for Virginia in 1606. There, they established the first settlement, Jamestown. Sir Walter Raleigh had been attempting to establish the land since 1586, calling it Virginia after Queen Elizabeth I.

## 2. New York - 1626 | Founded by the Duke of York

Peter Minuit purchased Manhattan Island from the Native Americans for jewelry in 1626. This is where the city of New York was founded. The colony had been known as New Amsterdam until 1664, when the land was threatened by the arrival of English warships. The town surrendered without a fight after the English made a deal with them. The English came in and renamed the town after James, Duke of York, who was given control of the colony.

### **3. Massachusetts - 1630 | Founded by the Puritans**

In 1630, Massachusetts was settled as "Massachusetts Bay Colony" by a group of Puritans under the leadership of Governor John Winthrop. King Charles I had given the group a grant to create the colony. Although, rather than obtaining the wealth and sending it back to England, the Puritans transferred the charter to the new colony.

### **4. New Hampshire - 1623 | Founded by John Mason**

This land was granted to Captain John Mason. He named the settlement after his hometown in Hampshire County, England. He began to send settlers to the land to create a fishing colony, but died before he ever saw the result of his money and efforts.

### **5. Maryland - 1633 | Founded by Lord Baltimore**

This colony was originally founded to be a safe haven for English Catholics fleeing persecution in Europe. Cecil Calvert, 2nd Baron Baltimore (Lord Baltimore) established it in 1633. It was the first settlement of the New World to grant religious freedom to all Trinitarian Christians.

### **6. Rhode Island - 1636 | Founded by Roger Williams**

Rhode Island was founded by five separate groups, many of these groups had been dismissed from or had left the Massachusetts Bay Colony for quarrelsome reasons. The colony was known as "Roodt Eylandt" by Adriaen Block, a Dutch trader exploring the area for the Netherlands before Roger Williams officially established the land in 1636.

### **7. Connecticut - 1637 | Founded by Thomas Hooker**

When the Dutch established the first trading post in the Connecticut River Valley in 1636, the official founding of this colony had begun. From 1636-1637, the Pequot War occurred between the settlers of the new colony and the Pequot Indians. It ended with the defeat of the Indians. Thomas Hooker, an English yeoman and clergyman established the settlement in 1637.

### **8. Delaware - 1638 | Founded by Peter Minuit and New Sweden Company**

European colonists from the Netherlands and Sweden came together to found this colony in 1638 under a charter from the Swedish King, Gustavus Adolphus. Peter Minuit, who had governed New Netherland and purchased Manhattan Island, helped lead the group. Delaware was the first permanent colony to be founded.

### **9. North Carolina - 1653 | Founded by the Virginians**

Virginian colonists established the colony of North Carolina in 1653, naming it after Charles IX of France and King Charles I of England. This is also the territory that the first English settlement was built and mysteriously disappeared in. In 1587, Roanoke was established by Sir Walter Raleigh and occupied by John White and some 121 settlers. In 1590, when John returned, all of the colonists had disappeared.

### **10. South Carolina - 1663 | Founded by eight nobles with a royal charter for Charles II**

Eight nobles were sent to Carolina on a royal charter from King Charles II and ended up founding what is now South Carolina. South Carolina became one of the wealthiest colonies shortly after its establishment due to its large exports of cotton and tobacco.

**11. New Jersey - 1664 | Founded by Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret**

The Duke of York was granted the lands between the Connecticut and Delaware Rivers by King Charles II. He then granted some of this land to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret. This territory would become New Jersey, named after the Isle of Jersey, Carteret's birthplace.

**12. Pennsylvania - 1682 | Founded by William Penn**

English Quaker William Penn established this colony in 1682 after being given a grant from King Charles II in 1681. Part of the original colony territory had been called New Sweden, but after Penn's arrival and establishment of counties and government, the Swedish settlers were no longer the majority.

**13. Georgia - 1732 | Founded by James Edward Oglethorpe**

The last of the original thirteen colonies, Georgia was established much later, in 1732. Englishman, James Oglethorpe took control of this region that had been a territory many had fought over in the past years. He named it after King George II of Britain.



## Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

*"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."*

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study

# 1

## Persimmons *Diospyros virginiana*

- Persimmons are native to China.
- There are over 2,000 varieties, but only two are grown commercially.
- Persimmons are known to be a good source of vitamin C.
- They are in season during the fall to early winter.
- Astringent Hachiya persimmons are used often for baking.



# 1

## English Mastiff *Canis lupus familiaris*

- English mastiffs are calm, gentle dogs despite their intimidating size and look.
- They give birth to 10 to 12 puppies at a time.
- English mastiffs live from 6 to 10 years.
- These pets can weigh up to 220 pounds. An English mastiff is actually the heaviest ever recorded dog in the Guinness Book of World Records.
- English mastiffs are not easily trained due to their stubborn and sensitive nature.



# 2

## Pumpkins *Cucurbita*

- The name pumpkin comes from the Greek word "pepon" which means large melon.
- Pumpkins are actually classified as a fruit because they contain seeds.
- Antarctica is the only continent in the world that has no pumpkins.
- Honeybees are one of the most important parts of the pumpkin fertilization process as pollinators of the plants.
- Over one billion pounds of pumpkins are produced in the U.S. every year.



# 2

## Horses *Equus caballus*

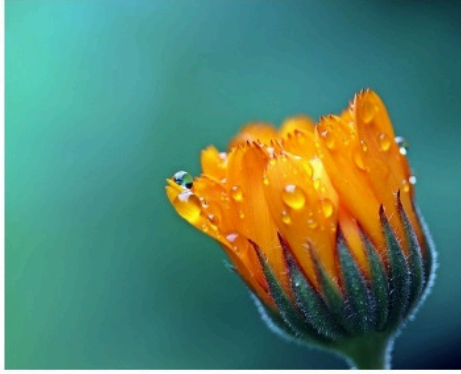
- There are more than 300 breeds of horses in the world today.
- Horses are herbivores, meaning they only eat plants.
- Horses can gallop at around 27 miles per hour.
- A male horse is known as a stallion. A female horse is a mare.
- Horses can sleep lying down or standing up.



# 3

## Marigolds *Tagetes*

- The leaves of these plants are known to have a strong scent that keeps insect pests away.
- Marigolds are annual plants, meaning they only live for one year.
- There are 30 different types of marigolds.
- Marigolds are native to southwestern North America, South America, and Mexico.
- These plants are sensitive to the cold weather and cannot survive the frost.



# 3

## Raccoons *Procyon lotor*

- Raccoons don't hibernate, but they do sleep for extended periods of time throughout the winter season.
- Raccoons are omnivores. They eat fruit, seeds, nuts, bird eggs, and plants. They are also known for scavenging through trash for scraps.
- Raccoons are excellent swimmers. Sometimes they swim to hunt for fish and frogs.
- Raccoons live up to three years in the wild. In captivity they can live up to twenty years.
- Raccoons are very fast. They use their speed to climb up trees when they sense danger.



# 4

## Corn *Zea mays*

- Corn is a cereal crop and part of the grass family.
- An average ear of corn has 800 kernels in 16 rows.
- Corn is not only used in a wide variety of food items, but also in many non-food items such as, glue, fireworks, paint, etc.
- Corn is a completely domesticated plant, meaning it will not be found growing in the wild.
- Some consider corn to be a vegetable, but much of the world classifies it as a grain.

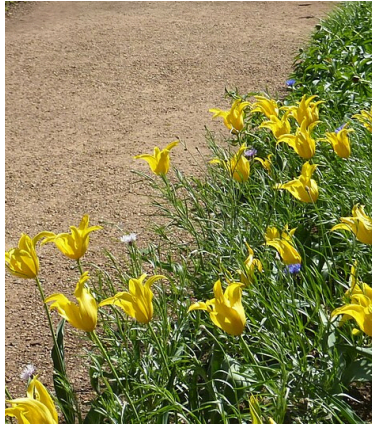


# 4

## Mice *Mus musculus*

- Mice only live for about six months due to the large amount of predators that they have.
- A mouse eats 15-20 times a day.
- A mouse's tail can grow as long as their bodies.
- Mice are nocturnal animals.
- These creatures have poor eyesight, but a great sense of smell and good hearing to make up for it.





## Tulips at Monticello 5

- Thomas Jefferson's estate, Monticello, had an extensive garden that is still cultivated to this day
- Tulips were brought over quickly to America and were grown by Dutch settlers as early as 1642.
- Tulips were some of the most prominent flowers grown in Jefferson's garden and were mentioned more frequently than other plants in Thomas Jefferson's Garden Book, which is a record of his horticultural diary (similar to a nature journal).
- The tulips grown in Monticello were of the striped variety, which was popular at the time, rather than solid colors.

\*Image Source: MPSharwood, [WikiMedia Commons](#), cropped



## Jefferson's Astronomical Case Clock 5

- Thomas Jefferson witnessed a lunar eclipse in 1778 that intrigued him so much, he planned to buy an astronomical clock, a device that was so precise it could help him make astronomical observations.

This purchase had to be put on hold due to the Revolutionary War, which lasted until 1783.

- 30+ years later, Jefferson commissioned the clock from clockmaker Thomas Voight, instructing that it be made without ornamentation.
- The clock was completed in 1812 and shipped to Jefferson in 1815. He kept the astronomical clock in his private study and frequently used it.
- An astronomical clock was such a special, high-tech piece for the time, so it was typically only found in observatories and scientific institutions, not in homes, making Jefferson's clock a rare luxury.

\*Image Source: JBandJohnK, [WikiMedia Commons](#), unchanged



## Jefferson's Great Claw 6

*Megalonyx jeffersonii*

- Thomas Jefferson had an immense interest in fossils and collected specimens throughout his life. One such example was a fossil that he deemed "the great claw" or "Megalonyx," pictured on the left.
- This fossil came from the United States and was of an unknown species. At first, Jefferson believed it was the claw of a particularly massive lion. As time went on, he realized it was closer to a sloth and reclassified it accordingly.
- He was right! In 1804, Jefferson was given credit for discovering a previously unknown species- Jefferson's ground sloth, also known as the *Megalonyx jeffersonii*, named in honor of Jefferson himself.
- *Megalonyx jeffersonii* was about the size of a cow, and fed primarily on plants, standing on its hind limbs to grasp at tall vegetation with its claws.



## Lewis and Clark Expedition 6

- When Thomas Jefferson became president of the United States in 1801, he took a vested interest in the exploration of American territories, including the addition of new land he had acquired in the Louisiana Purchase.
- Thus, Jefferson commissioned and funded the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, which began in 1804 and lasted until 1806, taking about two and a half years. The aim of the expedition was to explore these new territories and chart them, collecting samples of previously undiscovered herbs, fossils, and plants along the way.
- The expedition was a major breakthrough in American natural science, and Lewis and Clark were able to bring back many samples ranging from various soils, plants, herbs, fossils, and furs, as well as some live animals such as a prairie dog! These scientific discoveries were carefully recorded and helped inform the American public of the unique animals and plants native to the United States.



# Handicraft Lesson

## Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will recreate a game played in Colonial times (but dating as far back as the Roman Empire) known as **Nine Men's Morris**.

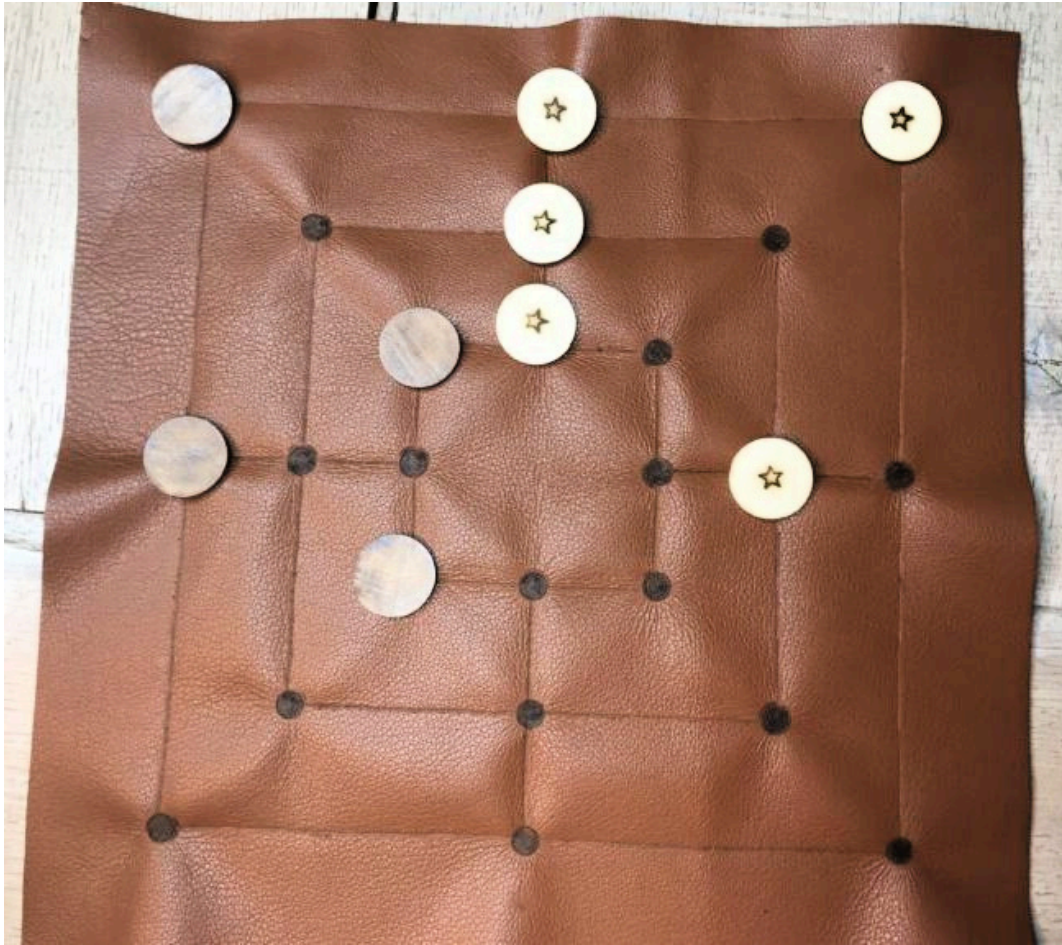
This is a two-person strategy game played on a board.

We have included instructions to create a leather "travel" game board, but the game can also be created on wood, cardboard, a stone paver, or even in the dirt using rocks for "men."

*"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."*

~ Exodus 31:3-5

# Nine Men's Morris Colonial Board Game



**Morris** is also known as "Mills and Merrills," and there are a variety of similar games that share the name. All of them have a few things in common:

They are played with pips, marbles, or checkers on a board. That board is comprised of crossing lines, with the markers moving from one intersection to the next.

When a player aligns three of his pieces in a row, he may remove another player's piece. The goal is to reduce the opponent to two pieces. The most common Morris boards feature nested squares, with their corners and centers joined by lines.

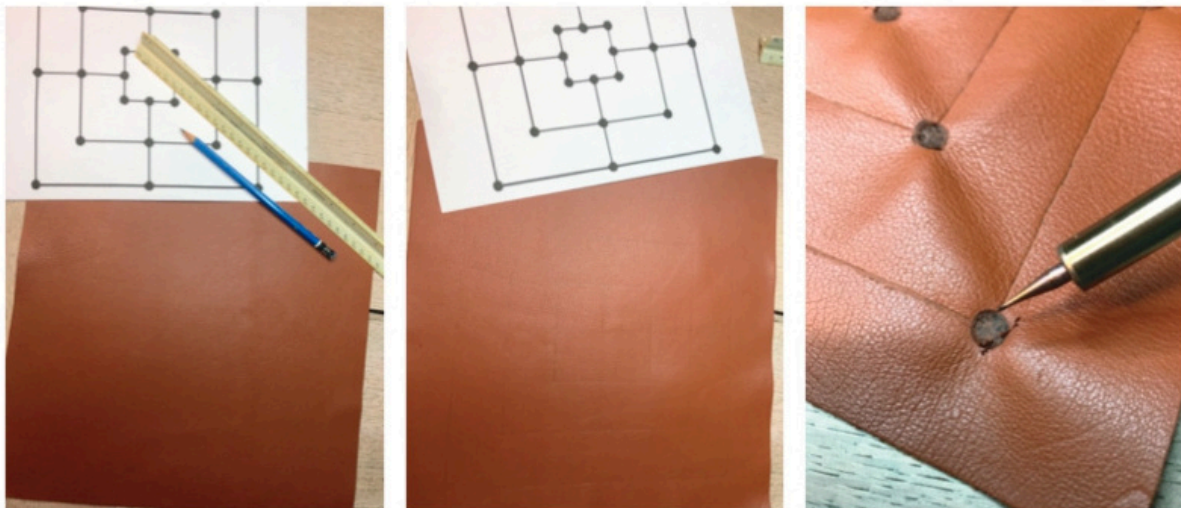
**Nine Men's Morris** is considered the standard version the game, and would have been the one played by Colonial Americans. Children may have drawn rough makeshift board on the ground and played with rocks, or draw them in chalk on a board, but dedicated wooden Morris boards with checkers or marbles for pieces were common.

## Supplies

- 12x12 inch leather square
- Pyrography burning pen
- 18 wood discs
- Pencil for marking
- Ruler
- Bag for game pieces
- Printed set of rules



To create the 9 black game pieces, use the shading tip of the pyrography pen to color in the discs. You can leave the white discs plain or add a decorative stamp with your pyrography pen. We added a star to ours.

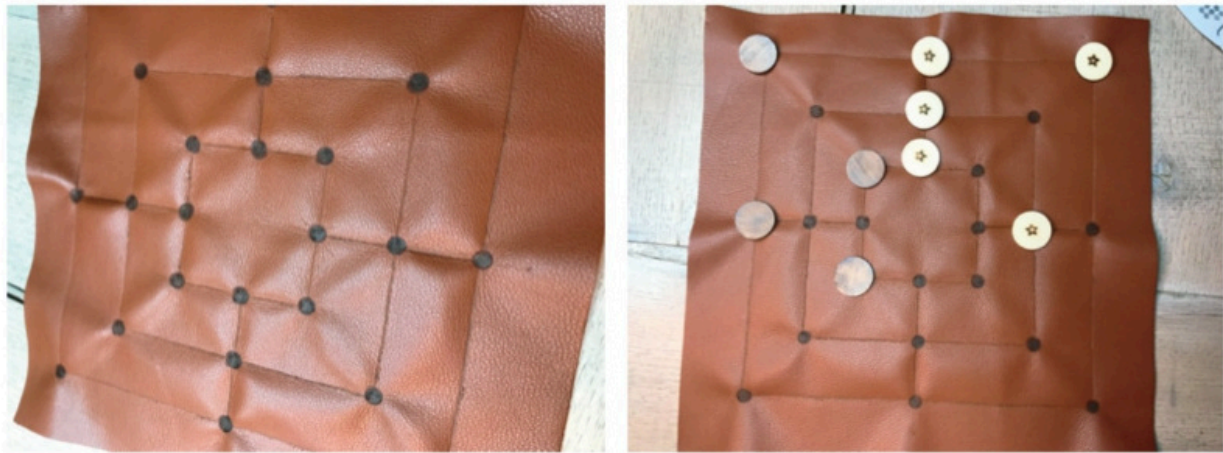


To create your game board, you will need to trace the three concentric squares and the dots onto your surface. We used leather (please make sure you get real leather — vinyl will not work).

Trace the first square in the center of your surface 3 inches across. The next square will be 6 inches. The last square will be 9 inches. The board template shows you where all the circles will go.

Use your pyrography pen to burn in the thin straight lines. We used the circle stamp to make the dot outlines and then burned out the middle with the pyrography pen.

The heat will curl the leather a bit, but it stretches back out.



Your completed board will look like the one above. It rolls up with the directions inside and ties off nicely with a ribbon if you choose to carry it that way.

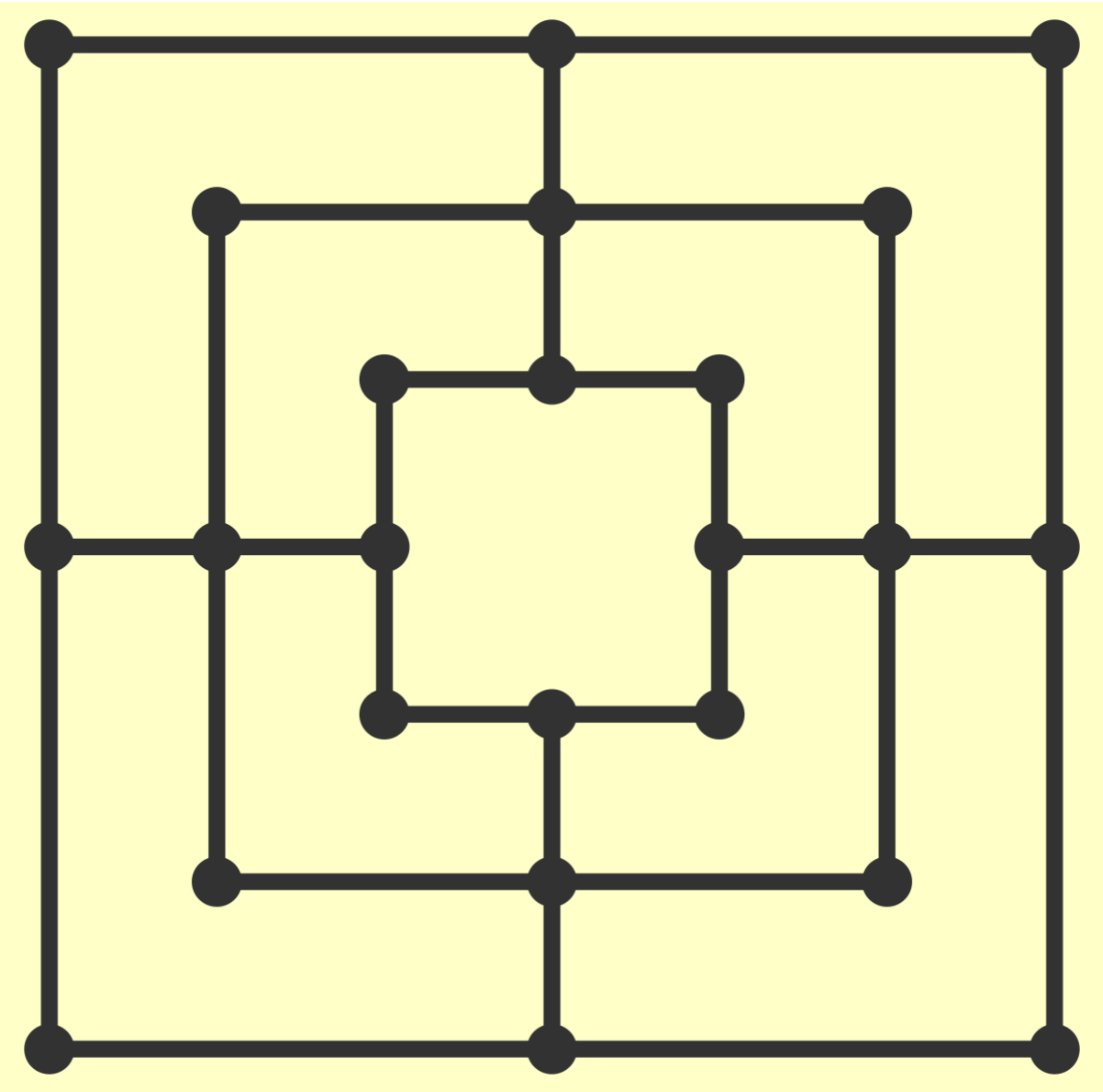
**Note:** You can also choose to make a paper board, a wooden board, or be creative and come up with your own idea! A 12x12 paver stone with paint and clear coat would make a fun outdoor game board.

### **Game Board Set Up**

For our leather game board, we used a 12x12 inch leather square. The center square is 3", the middle is 6" and the outer is 8" across.

You can use the same dimensions for a wooden or paper board.

Use the template below to create your board. You can resize it to the dimensions you need.



# 9 Men's Morris Game Rules

The board consists of a grid with twenty-four intersections or points.

Each player has nine pieces, or "men", usually coloured black and white. Players try to form 'mills'—three of their own men lined horizontally or vertically—allowing a player to remove an opponent's man from the game.

A player wins by reducing the opponent to two pieces (where they could no longer form mills and thus be unable to win), or by leaving them without a legal move.

The game proceeds in three phases:

1. Placing men on vacant points
2. Moving men to adjacent points (optional phase)
3. Moving men to any vacant point when the player has been reduced to three men

Nine Men's Morris starts on an empty board. The game begins with an empty board. The players determine who plays first, then take turns placing their men one per play on empty points.

If a player is able to place three of their pieces on contiguous points in a straight line, vertically or horizontally, they have formed a mill and may remove one of their opponent's pieces from the board and the game, with the caveat that a piece in an opponent's mill can only be removed if no other pieces are available.

After all men have been placed, phase two begins. Players continue to alternate moves, this time moving a man to an adjacent point. A piece may not "jump" another piece. Players continue to try to form mills and remove their opponent's pieces as in phase one.

A player can "break" a mill by moving one of his pieces out of an existing mill, then moving it back to form the same mill a second time (or any number of times), each time removing one of his opponent's men. The act of removing an opponent's man is sometimes called "pounding" the opponent. When one player has been reduced to three men, phase three begins.

When a player is reduced to three pieces, there is no longer a limitation on that player of moving to only adjacent points: The player's men may "fly" (or "hop", or "jump") from any point to any vacant point.

A 19th-century games manual calls this the "truly rustic mode of playing the game". Flying was introduced to compensate when the weaker side is one man away from losing the game. At the beginning of the game, it is more important to place pieces in versatile locations rather than to try to form mills immediately and make the mistake of concentrating one's pieces in one area of the board.

An ideal position, which typically results in a win, allows a player to shuttle one piece back and forth between two mills, removing a piece every turn.

# Join our *Awaken to Delight* Community!



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