

# The Civil War

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



*Civil War*

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: *Prisoners from the Front*, Winslow Homer, 1866, 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 page.

**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 Prayer for Peace.				
<i>Bible</i>	Philemon 1	Hebrews 1	Hebrews 2	Hebrews 3	Hebrews 4
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Battle Hymn of the Republic	Art Selection 1: Home, Sweet Home, Read: Winslow Homer bio	Folk Song: Aura Lee	Listen to: Famous 22 Regiment March, Read: Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO, Ch. 78		TCOO, Ch. 79		TCOO, Ch. 80
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Walt Whitman bio	Prayer for Peace Copywork, Read Gettysburg Address	Poetry: I Hear America Singing	Prayer for Peace Copywork, Read Gettysburg Address	
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 1		*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 2	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Mary Todd Lincoln's White Cake, Read: Little Women				*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 Prayer for Peace.				
<i>Bible</i>	Hebrews 5	Hebrews 6	Hebrews 7	Hebrews 8	Hebrews 9
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Battle Hymn of the Republic	Art Selection 2: Shark Fishing, Review: Winslow Homer bio	Folk Song: Aura Lee	Listen to: When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Review: Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>		TCOO, Ch. 81		TCOO, Ch. 82	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Henry Timrod bio	Matthew 12:25 Copywork, Read Charleston	Poetry: When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd	Matthew 12:25 Copywork, Read Charleston	Shakespeare: Pericles
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 3		*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 4		
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Hardtack, Read: The Four Oxen and the Lion			Art Lesson: "Our Banner in the Sky"	*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 Prayer for Peace.				
<i>Bible</i>	Hebrews 10	Hebrews 11	Hebrews 12	Hebrews 13	
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Battle Hymn of the Republic	Art Selection 3: The Country School, Narrate: Winslow Homer bio	Folk Song: Aura Lee	Listen to: Norwich Cadets, Narrate: Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>	TCOO, Ch. 83		TCOO, Ch. 84		TCOO, Ch. 85
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Walt Whitman bio, Henry Timrod bio	Psalm 133:1 Copywork	Poetry: O Captain! My Captain!	Psalm 133:1 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 5		*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 6	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Buttermilk Cornbread, Read: A Nameless Grave				*Nature walk *Record a favorite subject of nature in nature journal

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Prayer for Peace.				
<i>Bible</i>	James 1	James 2	James 3	James 4	James 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Battle Hymn of the Republic	Art Selection 4: A Calvary Charge, Review/Narrate: Winslow Homer bio	Folk Song: Aura Lee	Listen to: Voice of a Departed Soul, Review/Narrate: Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore bio	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>		TCOO, Ch. 86		TCOO, Ch. 87	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Walt Whitman bio	Gettysburg Address Copywork	Poetry: Charleston	Gettysburg Address Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 7		*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 8		
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Blancmange, Read: The Emancipation Proclamation			Penny Rug Handicraft	*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 Prayer for Peace.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Peter 1	1 Peter 2	1 Peter 3	1 Peter 4	1 Peter 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Battle Hymn of the Republic	Art Selection 5: The Adirondack Guide, Review/Narrate Winslow Homer bio	Folk Song: Aura Lee	Listen to: Classical Selections 1&2, Review/Narrate: Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore bio	Nature Study 5
<i>History/ Geography</i>		TCOO, Ch. 88		TCOO, Ch. 89	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Henry Timrod bio	I Hear America Singing Copywork	Poetry: Ode	I Hear America Singing Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 9		*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 10		
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Jo's Gingerbread Nuts, Read: The Paradise of Children				*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 Prayer for Peace.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Peter 1	2 Peter 2	2 Peter 3		
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Battle Hymn of the Republic	Art Selection 6: The Gulf Stream, Discuss: Winslow Homer	Folk Song: Aura Lee	Listen to: Classical Selections 5&6, Discuss: Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore	Nature Study 6
<i>History/ Geography</i>		TCOO, Ch. 90		TCOO, Ch. 91	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Walt Whitman, Henry Timrod	Charleston Copywork	Poetry: Sonnet: I Scarcely Grieve	Charleston Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 11		*Across Five Aprils, Ch. 12		
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Pickled Limes, Read: Rumpelstilzkin				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Recommended Reading List

## Elementary & Middle Grades

*Pink and Say*, by Patricia Polacco  
*Henry's Freedom Box: A True Story from the Underground Railroad*, by Ellen Levine  
*Sweet Clara and the Freedom Quilt*, by Deborah Hopkinson  
*Minty: A Story of Young Harriet Tubman*, by Alan Schroeder  
*A Picture Book of Sojourner Truth*, by David Adler  
*A Picture Book of Frederick Douglass*, by David Adler  
*A Picture Book of Abraham Lincoln*, by David Adler  
*A Picture Book of Robert E. Lee*, by David Adler  
*The Last Brother*, by Trinka Hakes Noble  
*The Drinking Gourd*, by F.N. Monjo  
*Winslow Homer (Getting to Know the World's Greatest Artists)*, by Mike Venezia  
*The Civil War*, by Peter Benoit  
*Iron Thunder (I Witness)*, by Avi  
*Poetry for Young People: Walt Whitman*, by Jonathan Levin  
*The Golden Book of the Civil War*, by Charles Flato  
*The Magic Tree House: Civil War on Sunday*, by Mary Pope Osborne  
*The Magic Tree House: Abe Lincoln At Last!*, by Mary Pope Osborne  
*Magic Tree House Fact Tracker: Abraham Lincoln: A Nonfiction*, by Mary Pope Osborne  
*If You Grew up with Abraham Lincoln*, by Ann McGovern  
*Meet Addy: An American Girl*, by Connie Porter  
*Across Five Aprils*, by Irene Hunt  
*Courageous Women of the Civil War: Soldiers, Spies, Medics, and More*, by M.R. Cordell  
*The Civil War: The Story of the War with Maps*, by David M. Detweiler  
*Abraham Lincoln*, by Ingri & Edgar Parin d'Aulaire

## Upper Grades

*Abraham Lincoln's World, Expanded Edition*, by Genevieve Foster  
*The Civil War: A Visual History*, by DK Books  
*The Civil War: Exploring History One Week at a Time*, by Dennis Gaffney  
*Rifles for Watie*, by Harold Keith  
*The Boys' War*, by Jim Murphy  
*The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane  
*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe  
*Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad*, by David Adler  
*With Lee in Virginia*, by G.A. Henty  
*Little Women*, by Louisa May Alcott  
*Hospital Sketches*, by Louisa May Alcott

# 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.htm>

In this session, we will learn the **Prayer for Peace** and focus on writing and memorizing both **Matthew 12:25** and **Psalms 133:1**.

## Prayer for Peace

*"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."*

*~President Abraham Lincoln, Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865*

## Matthew 12:25

*"And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand."*

## Psalms 133:1

*"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"*

"With malice toward none,

with charity for all,

with firmness in the right

as God gives us to see

the right,

let us strive to finish the

work we are in,

to bind up the nation's

wounds,

to care for him who shall

have borne the battle and

for his widow and his

orphan,

to do all which may achieve

and cherish a just and

lasting peace among

ourselves and with all

nations."

"With malice toward none,

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with charity for all,

---

with firmness in the right as God gives us

---

to see the right,

---

let us strive to finish the work we are in,

---

to bind up the nation's wounds,

---

to care for him who shall have borne the

---

battle and for his widow and his orphan,

---

to do all which may achieve and cherish a just

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"With malice toward none,

with charity for all,

with firmness in the right as God

gives us to see the right,

let us strive to finish the work

we are in,

to bind up the nation's wounds,

to care for him who shall have

borne the battle and for his

widow and his orphan,

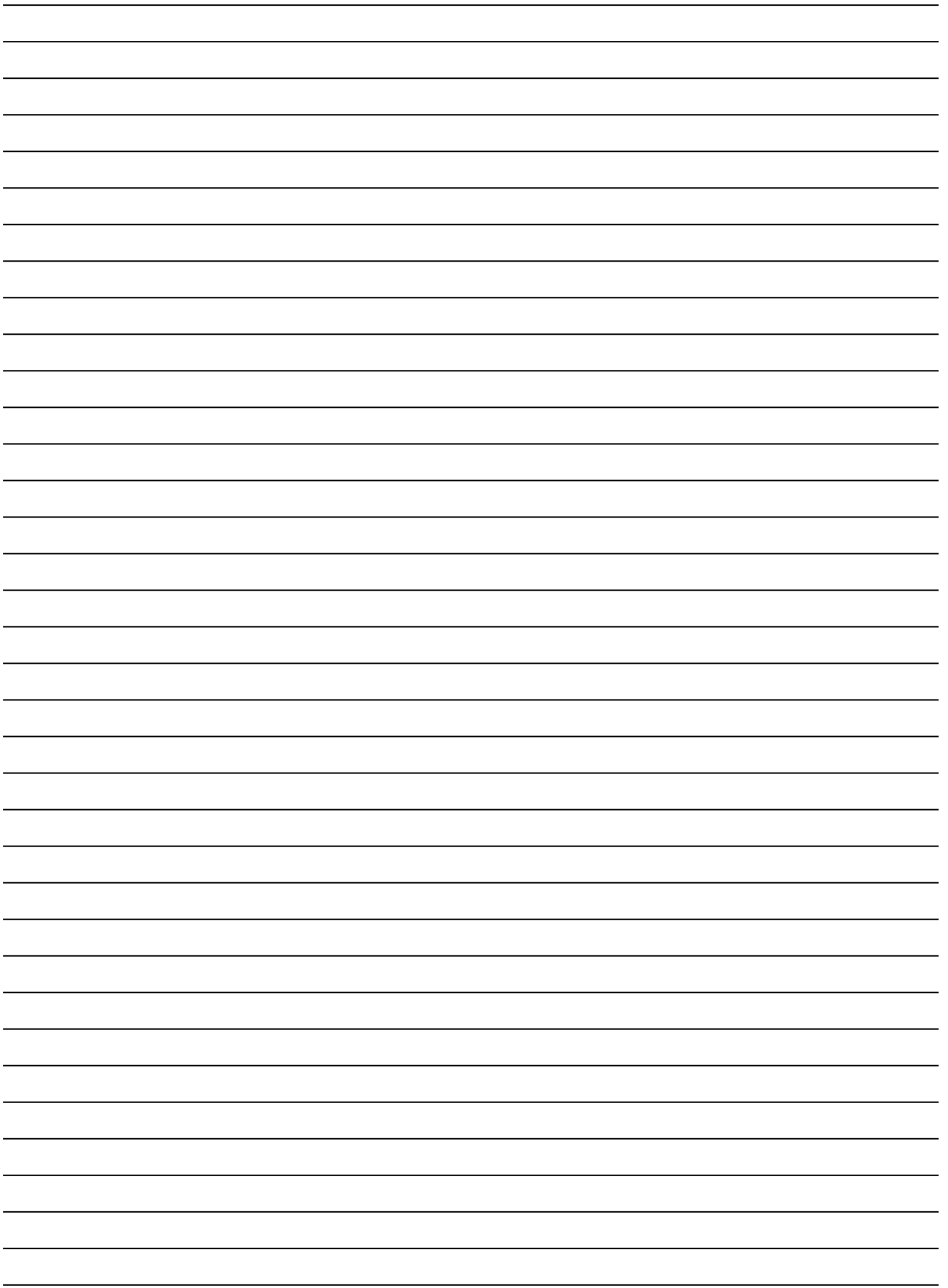
to do all which may achieve

and cherish a just and lasting

peace among ourselves

and with all nations."





Matthew 12:25

And Jesus knew their

thoughts,

and said unto them,

Every kingdom divided

against itself is brought

to desolation;

and every city or house

divided against itself shall

not stand.

Matthew 12:25

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And Jesus knew their thoughts,

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and said unto them,

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Every kingdom divided against itself is brought

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to desolation;

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and every city or house divided against itself

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shall not stand.

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Matthew 12:25

And Jesus knew their thoughts,

and said unto them,

Every kingdom divided against

itself is brought to desolation;

and every city or house divided

against itself shall not stand.



Psalm | 33: |

Behold, how good and how

pleasant it is for brethren

to dwell together in unity!

Psalm 133:1

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Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for

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brethren to dwell together in unity!

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Psalm 133:1

Behold, how good and how

pleasant it is for brethren to dwell

together in unity!





## Artist & Composer Study

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

- *Home, Sweet Home*
- *Shark Fishing*
- *The Country School*
- *A Calvary Charge*
- *The Adirondack Guide*
- *The Gulf Stream*

Our featured composer is Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. We've included four music pieces of his (with links for each) to listen to. They are:

- Famous 22nd Regiment March
- When Johnny Comes Marching Home
- Norwich Cadets
- Voice of a Departed Soul

Artist & Composer Study



## Winslow Homer

February 24, 1836 – September 29, 1910

Winslow Homer was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1836, to Charles and Henrietta Homer. Henrietta was a stay-at-home mother who cared for Winslow and his three brothers, while Charles was a businessman. However, Charles eventually left the business in search of wealth during the California gold rush, and when that failed, he left his wife and sons to seek profit in Europe.

With his father absent much of the time, Winslow grew close to his mother, learning to paint with watercolor during his childhood. His artistic talent became evident in his early years of school, and after graduating, Homer's father secured him an apprenticeship with J. H. Bufford, a commercial lithographer.

Winslow spent the next twenty years working as an illustrator and contributed to magazines such as *Ballou's Pictorial* and *Harper's Weekly*. His engravings of urban and country social scenes won him much attention, and crowds were impressed by his simple and clean work.

In 1859, Homer moved to New York City, opening a studio of his own in the publishing capital of America. In 1863, he started attending classes at the National Academy of Design, where he began oil painting.

When the Civil War broke out, Winslow was sent by *Harper's Weekly* to the front lines to sketch battle scenes and daily life in the army. After the war, Winslow focused his work on scenes of childhood, wanting to remember simpler times in his own life and country.

In 1867, Homer traveled to Paris, where he worked for a year. Here, he began to practice landscape painting while also working for *Harper's*. He focused on subjects such as peasant life, rural scenes of farm life, and children, straying away from the mainstream focus on new fashion at the time.

Winslow eventually quit his work as an illustrator in 1875, using his newfound love for oil painting and watercolor as his main line of work. After that, he began exhibiting many of his pieces, eventually becoming a part of "The Tile Club," a group of artists and writers who gathered to foster a creative community. His success throughout this period is often attributed to his reclusive behavior.

Throughout the 1880s, Homer focused on sea scenes and returned to the East Coast of the United States. He moved to his family's estate in Maine, which was right next to the ocean. He frequently took trips to other parts of the country in search of inspiration. Many of these trips were to Key West, Florida. His largest painting, *The Fox Hunt*, became one of his most famous works in 1893. It was purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and became his first painting in a major American collection.

By the early 1900s, Homer had achieved financial stability due to his success in the painting world. He continued to take trips to Florida and Canada, depicting the many different landscapes. In 1910, he passed away at the age of 74 with his painting *Shooting the Rapids* still incomplete. Today, he is remembered fondly as one of the most influential and successful American landscape painters.

# Artist Study

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

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

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

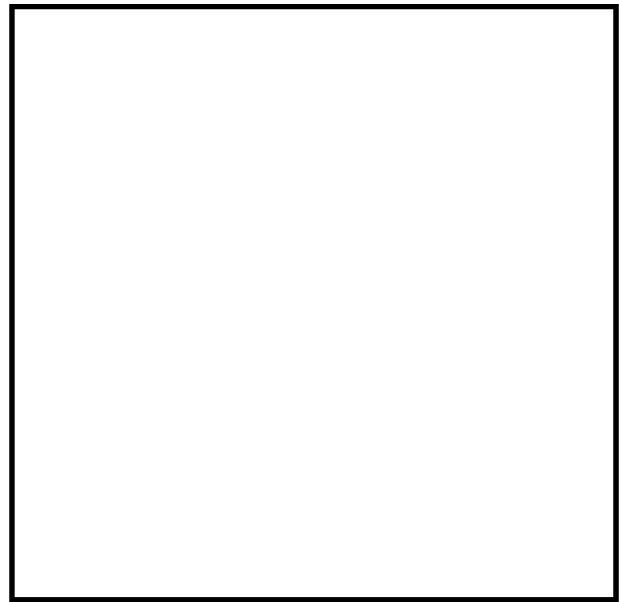
**Artist Fun Facts:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_



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

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

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Further Study:**

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



*Home, Sweet Home, 1863*



*Shark Fishing, 1885*



The Country School, 1871



THE WAR FOR THE UNION, 1862—A CAVALRY CHARGE.

A Cavalry Charge, 1862



*The Adirondack Guide, 1894*



*The Gulf Stream, 1906*

# Picture Study

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

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

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

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

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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





## Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore

December 25, 1829 – September 24, 1892

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore was a 19th-century Irish-American composer, band leader, and music director who revolutionized the way we experience live musical performances today.

Born in Ballygar, Ireland in 1829, Gilmore learned to play instruments such as the fiddle and flute from an early age. He emigrated to Boston in 1848 and quickly made a name for himself in the music scene, even performing at the inauguration of President James Buchanan in 1857.

During the Civil War, Gilmore was hired as a brigadier general by President Abraham Lincoln and was responsible for organizing musical entertainment for Union troops.

In 1862, he was assigned to organize and lead the 24th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Band, which became well-known throughout the country for its concerts. He composed some of America's most beloved patriotic tunes such as "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" and "Famous 22nd Regiment March."

As his popularity grew, Gilmore was asked to organize various music festivals, including the National Peace Jubilee in 1869 and the World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival in 1872, as well as being the musical director during the dedication of the Statue of Liberty in 1886.

Throughout his career, Gilmore continuously pushed the boundaries of what was possible in live performance and pioneered new techniques in sound engineering. He also worked tirelessly to make large-scale musical events more accessible to a broader audience. By the end of his career, Gilmore was celebrated as one of America's greatest musical legends.

# Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Famous 22nd Regiment March

Week 2 - When Johnny Comes  
Marching Home

Week 3 - Norwich Cadets

Week 4 - Voice of a Departed Soul

# Composer Study

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

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

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

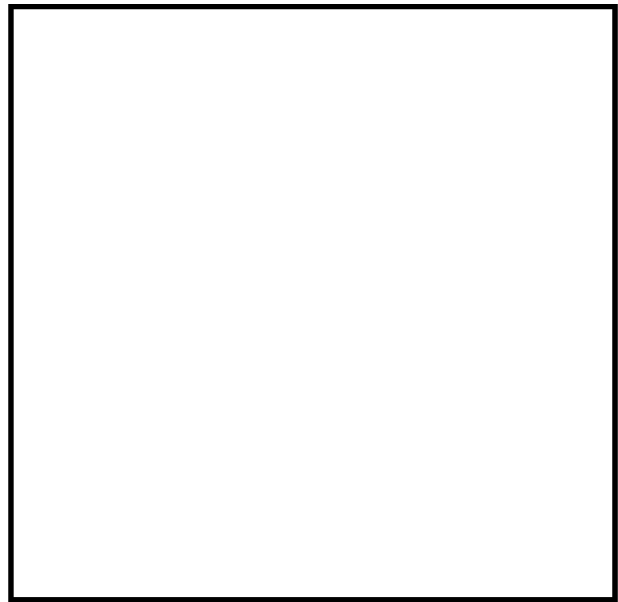
**Composer Fun Facts:**

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

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

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Further Study:**

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

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# Battle Hymn of the Republic

## *Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory*

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic," also known as "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory," is an iconic American patriotic song that was written by abolitionist Julia Ward Howe in 1861. The lyrics were first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in February 1862. They were inspired by a traditional religious hymn but with new words specifically referencing the Civil War and Union military victories.

It quickly became popular among soldiers in the Union Army and was later adopted as an anthem for the Union cause. It eventually became a classic American patriotic song due to its stirring lyrics and musical accompaniment (set to the tune of "John Brown's Body").

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has had a lasting legacy on both popular culture and history. Its lyrics have been quoted often by political figures, including Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King Jr.

The song was one of Winston Churchill's favorite hymns, and because of this was played at his state funeral in St Paul's Cathedral in 1965. It was also one of Walt Disney's favorite songs and was played at the conclusion of his private funeral on December 16, 1966. Additionally, it was performed in St. Paul's Cathedral on September 14, 2001, as part of a memorial service for those lost in the September 11, 2001 attacks.

In addition to its iconic status in popular culture, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" remains an important symbol in American history. It is seen as a powerful reminder of the spirit and resilience of those who fought during the Civil War, and it has come to represent the country's commitment to freedom and justice for all people.

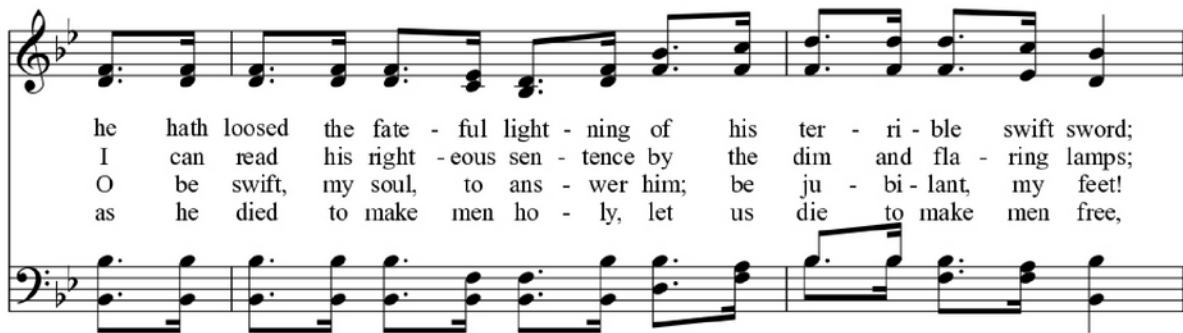
# Battle Hymn of the Republic



1 Mine\_ eyes have seen the glo - ry of the co - ming of the Lord;  
2 I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;  
3 He has soun - ded forth the trum - pet that shall ne - ver call re - treat;  
4 In the beau - ty of the li - lies Christ was born a - cross the sea,

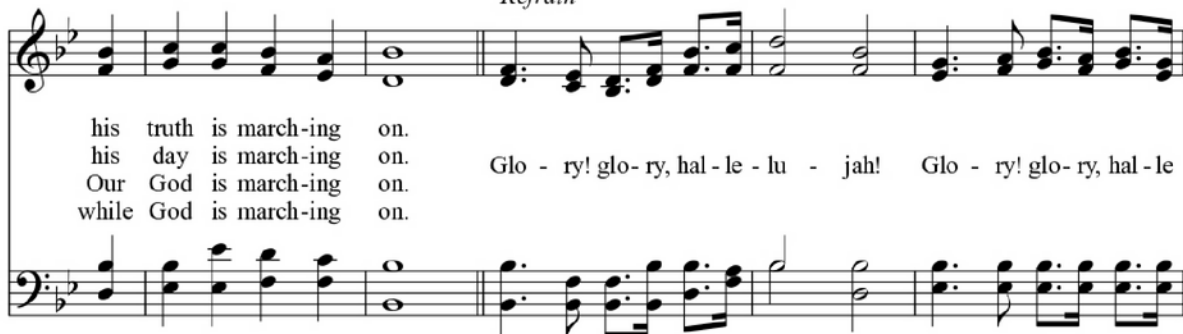


he is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
they have buil - ded him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps;  
he is sif - ting out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat.  
with a glo - ry in his bo - som that trans - fi - gures you and me;



he hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword;  
I can read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and fla - ring lamps;  
O be swift, my soul, to ans - wer him; be ju - bi - lant, my feet!  
as he died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

## Refrain



his truth is march - ing on.  
his day is march - ing on.      Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!      Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le  
Our God is march - ing on.  
while God is march - ing on.



lu - jah!      Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

# Battle Hymn of the Republic Lyrics

Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the co-ming of the Lord;  
he is tram-pling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
he hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of his ter-ri-ble swift sword;  
his truth is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
His truth is march-ing on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps;  
they have buil-ded him an al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps;  
I can read his right-eous sen-tence by the dim and fla-ring lamps;  
his day is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
His truth is march-ing on.

He has soun-ded forth the trum-pet that shall ne-ver call re-treat;  
he is sif-ting out the hearts of men before his judg-ment seat.  
O be swift, my soul, to ans-wer him; be ju-bi-lant, my feet!  
Our God is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
His truth is march-ing on.

In the beau-ty of the li-lies Christ was born a-cross the sea,  
with a glo-ry in his bo-som that trans-fi-gures you and me;  
as he died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free,  
while God is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!  
His truth is march-ing on.

# Folk Song: Aura Lee

"Aura Lee" (sometimes spelled Aura Lea) is a minstrel song that was published in 1861 in Cincinnati, Ohio. It was written by an Englishman, George R. Poulton, who had come to America with his family as a boy in 1838, and W.W. Fosdick. It was a sentimental ballad telling the story of a young man who was in love with a beautiful, golden-haired maiden named Aura Lee.

Soon after "Aura Lee" was released, the American Civil War began, and it gained unexpected popularity with the trainee soldiers at West Point. It was adopted by the Confederate Army as a marching song and even made its way into some hymnals during that time. It has also been suggested that President Lincoln may have heard "Aura Lee" while visiting the troops during his Gettysburg Address.

Music and songs are important during periods of conflict to keep morale high and to give soldiers hope. Fiddles, banjos, fifes, and brass were played by campfires and even during the battles themselves. "Aura Lee" became a favorite for troops on both sides of the war. Soon, it grew in popularity across the Atlantic in England as well.

The folk song gained more popularity after it was featured in the 1941 movie, "The Blue Bird." In more recent times, the tune was used for the song "Love Me Tender," recorded by Elvis Presley, and Liberace released an instrumental version called "Maid with the Flaxen Hair."

# Aura Lee

W. W. Fosdick  
George R. Poulton  
arr. Dennis Frayne

As the black-bird in the Spring, 'neath the wil-low tree,  
So do ti do in re la re do ti la ti do, so

5 sat and piped, I heard him sing, in praise of Au-ra Lee.  
so do ti do re la re re do ti la ti do

9 *rit.* Au-ra Lee, Au-ra Lee, maid with gold-en hair,  
Mi mi mi Mi mi mi mi re do re mi

13 *a tempo* sun-shine came a-long with thee, and swal-lows in the air.  
mi mi fa mi re la re do do ti mi re do

# Aura Lee Lyrics

As the black-bird in the spring  
'neath the willow tree,  
Sat and piped I heard him sing  
prais-ing Au-ra Lee.

Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee!  
Maid of gold-en hair.  
Sunshine came a-long with thee  
and swal-lows in the air.

Take my heart and take my ring  
I give my all to thee.  
Take me for e-ter-ni-ty  
dear-est Au-ra Lee.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee!  
Maid of gold-en hair.  
Sun-shine came a-long with thee  
and swal-lows in the air.

In her blush the rose was born  
'twas music when she spoke.  
In her eyes the light of morn  
spark-ling seemed to break.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee!  
Maid of gold-en hair.  
Sun-shine came a-long with thee  
and swal-lows in the air.

Au-ra Lee the bird may flee  
the wil-low's gold-en hair.  
Then the win-try winds may be  
blow-ing ev-'ry-where.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee!  
Maid of gold-en hair.  
Sun-shine came a-long with thee  
and swal-lows in the air.

Yet if thy blue eyes I see  
gloom will soon de-part.  
For to me sweet Au-ra Lee  
is sunshine to my heart.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee!  
Maid of gold-en hair.  
Sun-shine came a-long with thee  
and swal-lows in the air.

# Gettysburg Address

Abraham Lincoln

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives, that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Four score and seven years

ago our fathers brought

forth on this continent, a

new nation, conceived in

Liberty, and dedicated to

the proposition that all men

are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a

great civil war, testing

whether that nation, or

any nation so conceived

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field, as a final resting

place for those who here

gave their lives that that

nation might live. It is

altogether fitting and

proper that we should do

this.

But, in a larger sense, we

can not dedicate—we can

not consecrate—we can not

hallow—this ground. The

brave men, living the dead,

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consecrated it, far above

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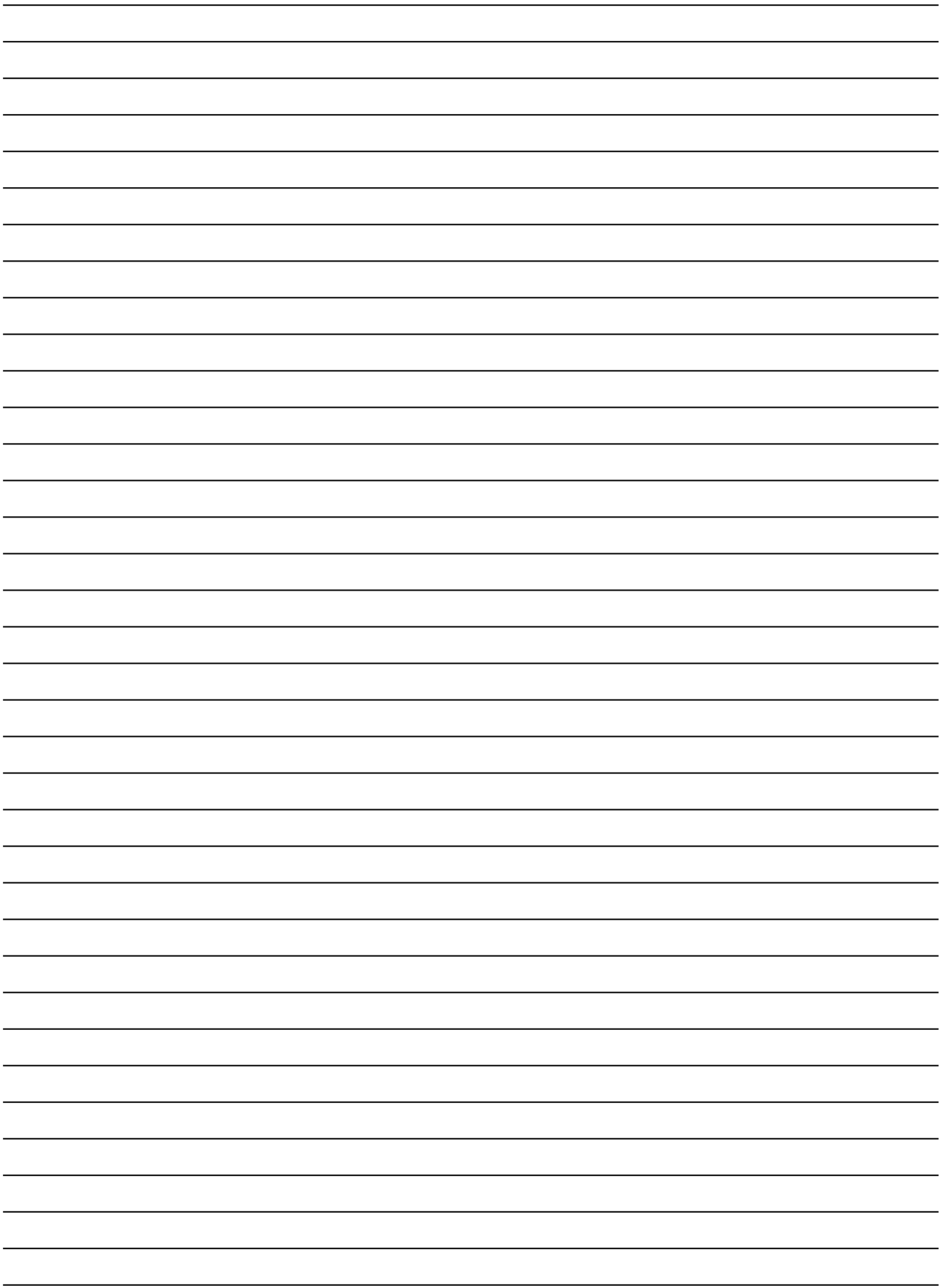
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# Poetry Recitation & Copywork

## Poetry Selections

This session's featured poets are Walt Whitman and Henry Timrod. We've included six poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

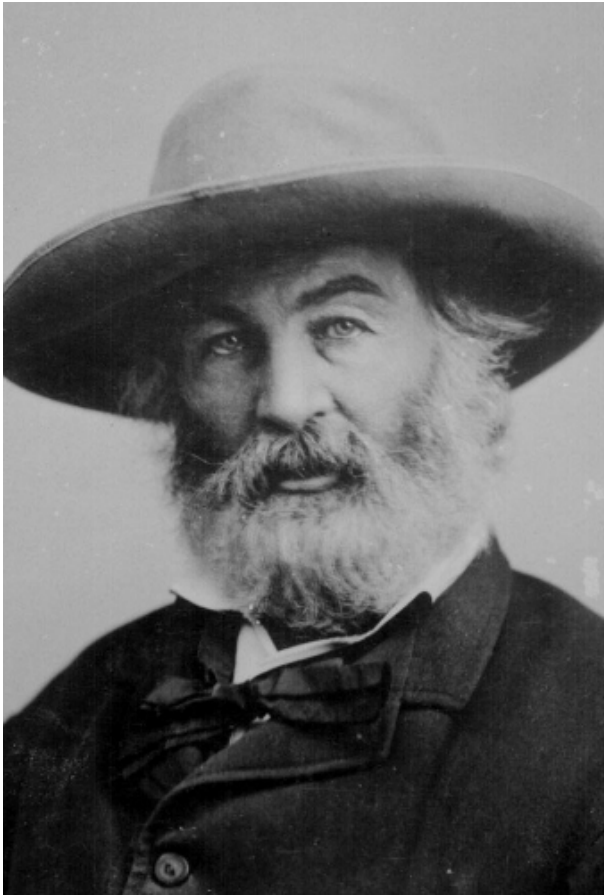
- I Hear America Singing
- When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd
- O Captain! My Captain!
- Charleston
- Ode
- Sonnet: I Scarcely Grieve

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

- I Hear America Singing
- Charleston

*"The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem."*

~ Walt Whitman



## Walt Whitman

May 31, 1819 – March 26, 1892

Walter "Walt" Whitman, Jr. was born on May 31, 1819, in West Hills, New York. He was the second of nine children born into a Quaker family.

At only 11 years old, Walt had to leave school to help earn money and assist his parents, who were struggling financially.

As a young adult, he worked as an apprentice at a printing press before becoming a teacher, and he later worked as a journalist for numerous newspapers.

In 1855, Walt published a collection of twelve poems entitled *Leaves of Grass*, which received both praise and criticism from the public.

Walt spent much of his life revising and creating new editions of *Leaves of Grass*, even up to his death. He wrote additional poetry throughout the years and was an influential figure in the Transcendentalist movement. He also wrote essays, novels, and short stories.

When the Civil War broke out in the 1860s, Walt volunteered in army hospitals. The horrors of the war inspired many of his later writings, and throughout the Civil War, his poetry focused on patriotism and his wartime experiences, opposing the extension of slavery. His works were known as the first "poetry of democracy," and his poetry remains a shining example of 19th Century literature.

In 1873, Walt suffered a stroke which left him partially paralyzed and unable to speak. He spent most of the rest of his life in seclusion, though he continued writing poetry and revising *Leaves of Grass*. He passed away in 1892 at the age of 72, following a long battle with poor health.



## Henry Timrod

December 8, 1828 – October 7, 1867

Henry Timrod was born in Charleston, South Carolina on December 8, 1828. His family descended from a long line of German immigrants who had settled in the region prior to the American Revolution.

He attended private academies as a child and showed an early aptitude for writing poetry. In his teenage years, he wrote poems about nature and local customs that were published in various newspapers and magazines.

Henry began working as a lawyer, during which he wrote poems using "Aglaus" as a pen name. However, he didn't like the occupation and traded it for work as a teacher at a plantation.

His continued writings over the next several years depicted the rapidly changing landscape of the South during the Civil War.

When the Civil War broke out, Henry served as a soldier in the Confederate army, during which he wrote poetry about his experiences. His writings offer insights into the struggles of life during war, as well as the effects of war and its impact on society.

Timrod's most famous poem, "Ode Sung on The Occasion Of Decorating The Graves Of The Confederate Dead" was written in 1866 and published shortly afterward. This poem is often considered to be his masterpiece and a defining piece of literature from the post-Civil War era.

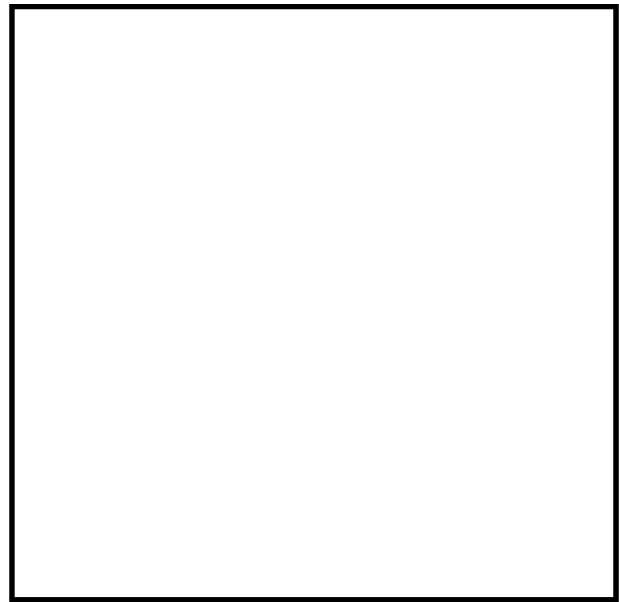
After the war, Timrod continued to write poetry and essays about the South and its people. He published several books of his works during this period before passing away in 1867 at the age of 38. To this day he is remembered as one of the most important literary figures of the South.

# 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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# Walt Whitman Selections

## **I Hear America Singing**

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the  
steamboat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,  
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission  
or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or  
washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,  
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

# Walt Whitman Selections

## When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd

1

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,  
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,  
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,  
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,  
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!  
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!  
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!  
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!  
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,  
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,  
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,  
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,  
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,  
A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,  
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,  
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,  
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,  
Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I know,  
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,  
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd from the ground,  
spotting the gray debris,  
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,  
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields  
uprisen,  
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,  
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,  
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,  
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,  
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black,  
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women standing,  
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,  
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,  
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,  
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,  
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,  
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid these you journey,  
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,  
Here, coffin that slowly passes,  
I give you my sprig of lilac.

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,  
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,  
For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,  
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,  
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,  
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,  
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,  
For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

8

O western orb sailing the heaven,  
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd,  
As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,  
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,  
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side, (while the other stars all look'd on,)  
As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something I know not what kept me from sleep,)  
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full you were of woe,  
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool transparent night,  
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black of the night,  
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you sad orb,  
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9

Sing on there in the swamp,  
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your call,  
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,  
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,  
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?  
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?  
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,  
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea, till there on the prairies  
meeting,  
These and with these and the breath of my chant,  
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?  
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,  
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,  
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,  
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding  
the air,  
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,  
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there,  
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows,  
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,  
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

12

Lo, body and soul—this land,  
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships,  
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing  
Missouri,  
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,  
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,  
The gentle soft-born measureless light,  
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,  
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,  
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,  
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes,  
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,  
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!  
O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!  
You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart,)  
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,  
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers preparing their  
crops,  
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,  
In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds and the storms,)  
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and  
women,  
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd,  
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,  
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of  
daily usages,  
And the streets how their throbbings throb'd, and the cities pent—lo, then and there,  
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,  
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,  
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,  
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,  
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,  
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,  
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,  
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,  
The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,  
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,  
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,  
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,  
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,  
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

*Come lovely and soothing death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.*

*Approach strong deliveress,  
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,  
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,  
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star,  
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,  
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,  
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.*

## **15**

To the tally of my soul,  
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,  
With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,  
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,  
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,  
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,  
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,  
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with missiles I saw them,  
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,  
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in silence,)  
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,  
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,  
I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers of the war,  
But I saw they were not as was thought,  
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,  
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,  
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,  
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

Passing the visions, passing the night,  
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,  
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,  
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,  
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,  
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,  
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,  
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,  
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,  
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,  
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,  
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,  
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,  
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,  
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe,  
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,  
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so  
well,  
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and this for his dear sake,  
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,  
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

# Walt Whitman Selections

## **O Captain! My Captain!**

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
    But O heart! heart! heart!  
    O the bleeding drops of red,  
    Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
    Here Captain! dear father!  
    This arm beneath your head!  
    It is some dream that on the deck,  
    You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
    Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
    But I with mournful tread,  
    Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.

# Henry Timrod Selections

## Charleston

Calm as that second summer which precedes  
The first fall of the snow,  
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,  
The City bides the foe.  
As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,  
Her bolted thunders sleep—  
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,  
Looms o'er the solemn deep.  
No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar  
To guard the holy strand;  
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war  
Above the level sand.  
And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,  
Unseen, beside the flood—  
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched  
That wait and watch for blood.  
Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,  
Walk grave and thoughtful men,  
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade  
As lightly as the pen.  
And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim  
Over a bleeding hound,  
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him  
Whose sword she sadly bound.  
Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,  
Day patient following day,  
Old Charleston looks from roof, and spire, and dome,

Across her tranquil bay.  
Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands  
And spicy Indian ports,  
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,  
And summer to her courts.  
But still, along you dim Atlantic line,  
The only hostile smoke  
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,  
From some frail, floating oak.  
Shall the spring dawn, and she still clad in smiles,  
And with an unscathed brow,  
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,  
As fair and free as now?  
We know not; in the temple of the Fates  
God has inscribed her doom;  
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits  
The triumph or the tomb.

# Henry Timrod Selections

## Ode

*Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1866*

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,  
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!—  
Though yet no marble column craves  
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurels in the earth,  
The garlands of your fame are sown;  
And, somewhere, waiting for its birth,  
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, your sisters for the years  
Which hold in trust your storied tombs,  
Bring all they now can give you—tears,  
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes, but your shades will smile  
As proudly on these wreaths to-day,  
As when some cannon-moulded pile  
Shall overlook this Bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
There is no holier spot of ground,  
Than where defeated valor lies  
By mourning beauty crowned.

# Henry Timrod Selections

## **Sonnet: I Scarcely Grieve**

I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot  
That pent my life within a city's bounds,  
And shut me from thy sweetest sights and sounds.  
Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone cot  
Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what the mart  
Taught me amid its turmoil; so my youth  
Had missed full many a stern but wholesome truth.  
Here, too, O Nature! in this haunt of Art,  
Thy power is on me, and I own thy thrall.  
There is no unimpressive spot on earth!  
The beauty of the stars is over all,  
And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.  
Clouds do not scorn us: yonder factory's smoke  
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke.

# Poetry Study

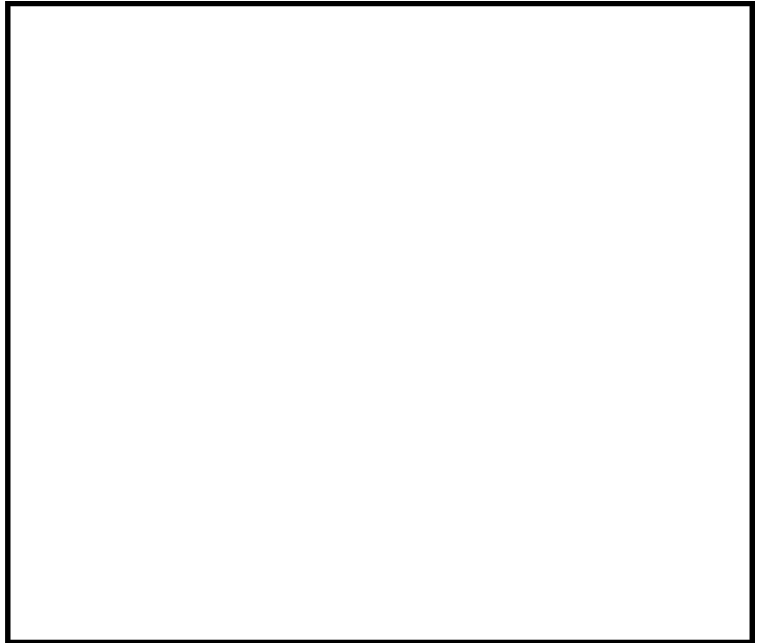
**Title:**

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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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I hear America singing,

the varied carols I hear,

Those of mechanics, each

one singing his as it should

be blithe and strong,

The carpenter singing his

as he measures his plank or

beam,

The boatman singing what

belongs to him in his boat,

the deckhand singing on the

steamboat deck,

The shoemaker singing as he

sits on his bench,

the hatter singing as he

stands,

The wood-cutter's song,

the ploughboy's on his way

in the morning, or at noon

intermission or at sundown,

The delicious singing of the

mother, or of the young

wife at work, or of the

girl sewing or washing,

Each singing what belongs

to him or her and to none

else,

The day what belongs to

the day-at night the party

of young fellows, robust,

friendly,

Singing with open mouths

their strong melodious songs.

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,

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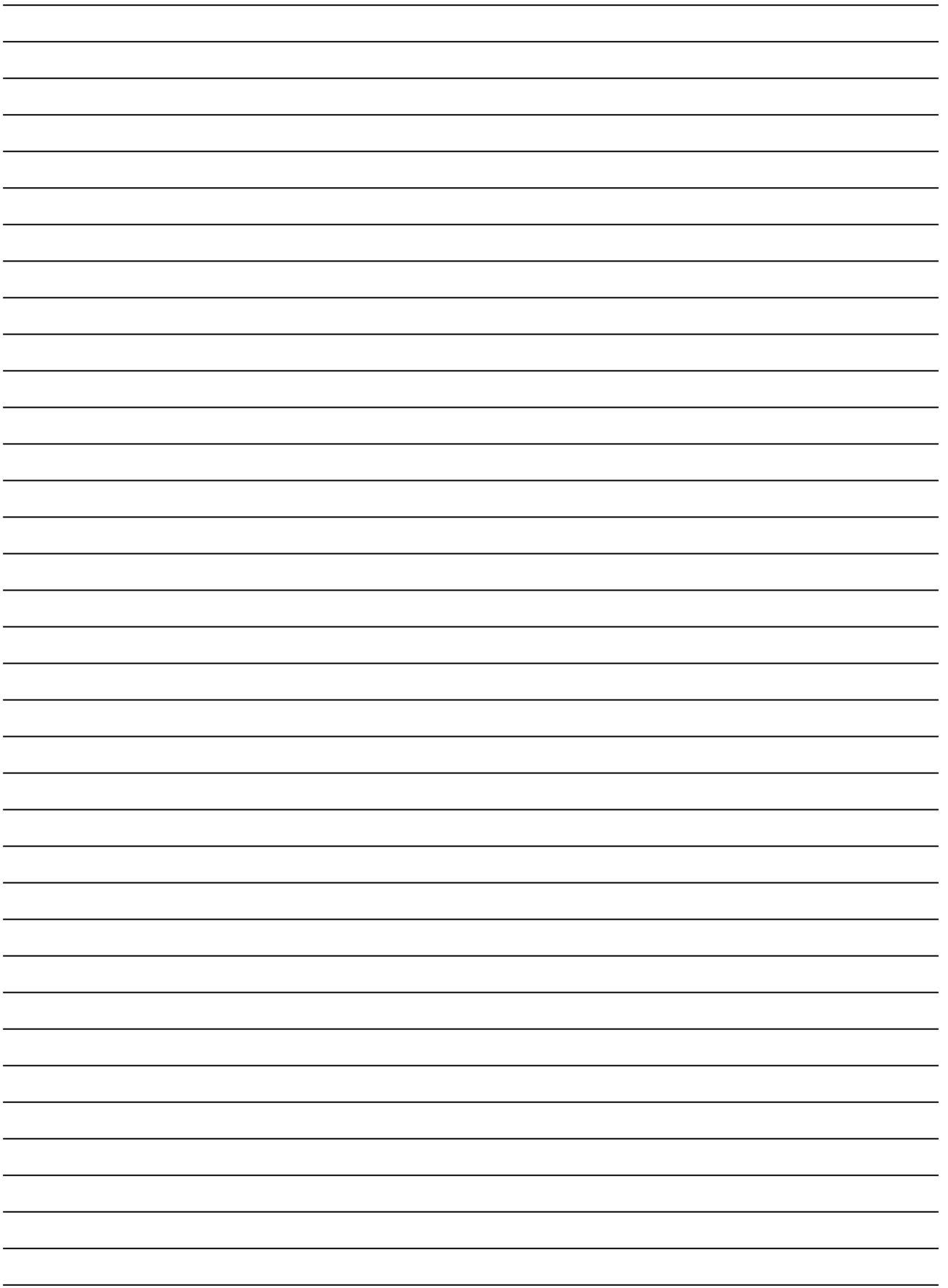
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Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a

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Unseen, beside the flood-

Like tigers in some Orient

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That wait and watch for

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Meanwhile, through streets

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As lightly as the pen.

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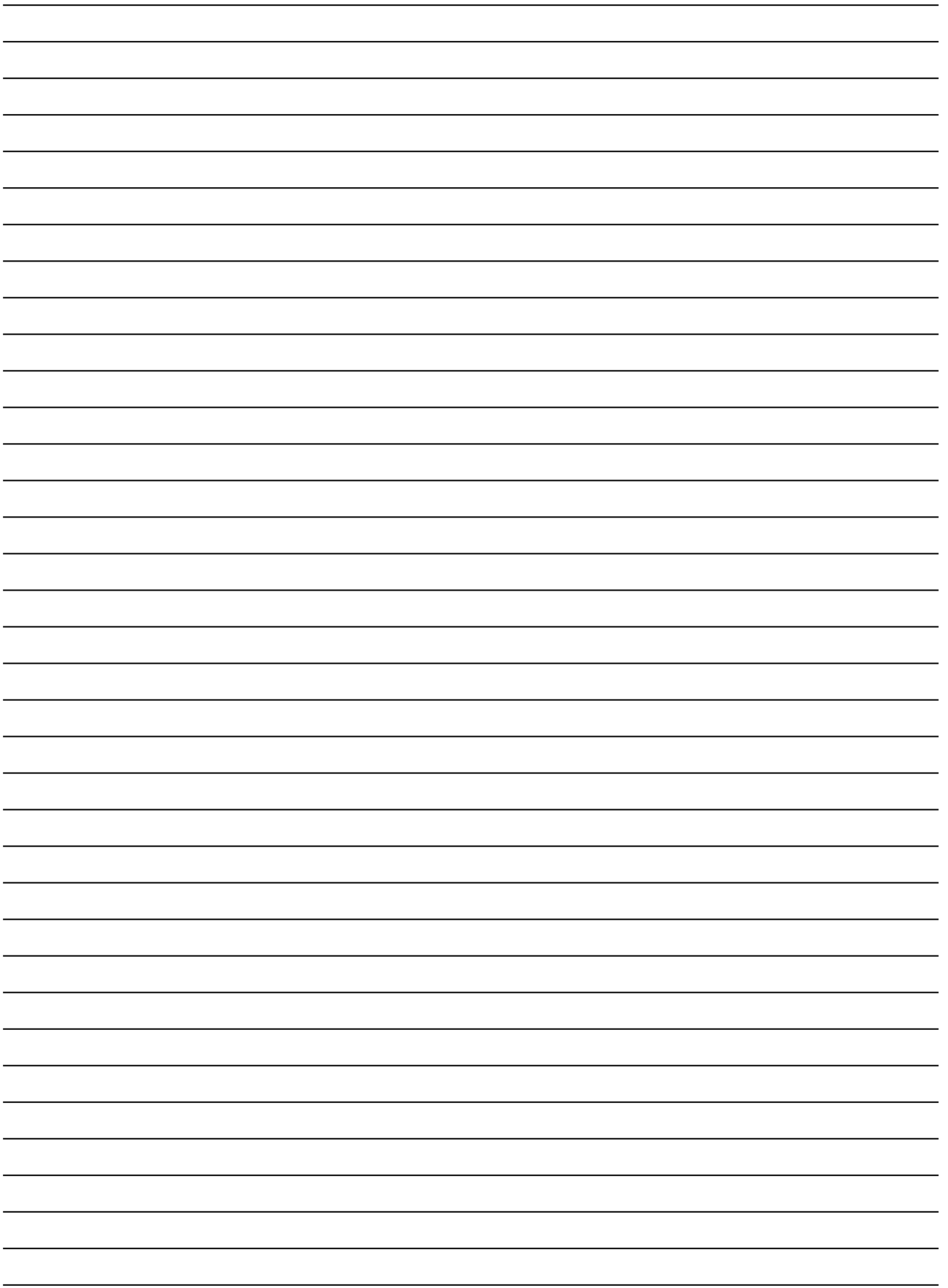
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## Tea Times

In this session we are giving you six Civil War era recipes for our hospitality teas: Mary Todd Lincoln's White Cake, Hardtack (eaten by Civil War soldiers), Buttermilk Cornbread, Blancmange, Jo March's Gingerbread Nuts, and Pickled Limes.

We will also have one storytime tea, a poetry teatime, a fable teatime, a liber-tea, a mythology tea, and a fairy tale tea:

Storytime Tea: *Little Women*, Chapter Five: "Being Neighborly," by Louisa May Alcott

Poetry Teatime: *A Nameless Grave*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Fable Teatime: *Aesop's Fables*, "The Four Oxen and the Lion," by Aesop

Liber-Tea: "The Emancipation Proclamation," by Abraham Lincoln

Mythology Tea: *A Wonder Book*, "The Paradise of Children," by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Fairy Tale Tea: *The Blue Fairy Book*, "Rumpelstilzkin," by Andrew Lang

*"The nearer the dawn the darker the night."*

~ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Tea Times



# Mary Todd Lincoln's White Cake

## Ingredients

1 c butter, softened  
2 c granulated sugar  
3 c all-purpose flour  
1 T baking powder  
½ tsp salt  
1 c milk  
1 c blanched almonds, pulsed into coarse flour in food processor  
1 tsp vanilla extract  
6 egg whites, room temperature  
Powdered sugar (for dusting)

**Note:** *This cake recipe is a bit more "involved" than others, but well worth the effort! It is said to be one of Abraham Lincoln's favorite desserts. We have taken this recipe directly from the [Lincoln Home Museum Website](#). We encourage you to click over there and learn more about the Lincolns.*

## Directions

Preheat oven to 350°F and lightly grease and flour a 10-in. bundt pan.

In a large bowl, beat sugar and butter with an electric mixer until light and fluffy, about 3 minutes. Set bowl aside.

In a large bowl, sift together the flour and baking powder. Sift two more times. Add dry mixture to butter mixture in 3 additions, alternating with milk. Beat until just blended. Fold in almonds and vanilla. Set aside.

In a separate large bowl, beat the egg whites and salt on high speed until stiff peaks form. Fold one-quarter of the egg whites into the batter until just combined. Fold the remaining whites in, again until just combined. Pour batter into prepared pan.

Bake until cake is golden brown and a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean, about 60 minutes.

Remove to a wire rack to cool for 15 minutes before running a knife around the edges and inverting onto the wire rack.

Let cool for 1 hour. Sift a fine layer of powdered sugar over the top before slicing and serving.



# Hardtack

## Ingredients

2 ½ c flour  
½ c water  
1 tsp salt

## Directions

Mix flour and salt, and start adding water a little bit at a time, kneading as you go.

Continue adding water until the dough holds together. If it gets sticky add more flour, one tablespoon at a time.

Roll out dough on a floured surface to about ½ an inch thick or less, then cut into squares, roughly 3x3 inches. Poke holes into the squares with a skewer, kabob stick, fork, etc.

Bake at 375° for 25-30 minutes, or until the surface is just starting to brown. Allow to cool completely. Store in an air-tight container.

# Buttermilk Cornbread

## Ingredients

1¼ c cornmeal  
1 c all-purpose flour  
⅔ c packed brown sugar  
⅓ c sugar  
1 tsp baking soda  
½ tsp salt  
1 large egg, room temperature  
1 c buttermilk  
¾ c canola oil

## Directions

1. In a large bowl, combine the cornmeal, flour, sugars, baking soda, and salt. In another bowl, whisk the egg, buttermilk, and oil; stir into dry ingredients just until moistened. Pour into a greased 9-in. round or square baking pan (pan will be full).

2. Bake at 425° until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean, 20-25 minutes. Cool on a wire rack for 5 minutes. Serve warm.





# Blancmange

## Ingredients

2 c milk  
1 c sugar  
2 tsp vanilla extract  
2 envelopes + 1 tsp Knox gelatin  
½ c water  
½ tsp almond extract  
3 c whipping cream  
Berries of choice for decoration

You will also need a mold (metal, plastic, or silicone). If using a metal mold, brush it lightly and evenly with vegetable oil and set aside. This isn't necessary with plastic or silicone.

**Note:** *In Little Women, Meg March makes this tasty Blancmange to give to Laurie as a get-well present! The chilled pudding would have likely soothed his sore throat; however, this dessert is just as delicious eaten as an everyday treat!*

## Directions

Heat milk and sugar to a boil. Cover and let steep for 10 minutes. Add vanilla extract.

In a bowl combine gelatin with water and allow to hydrate for a few minutes. Add and whisk into warm milk mixture.

Add almond extract, then add whipping cream and stir until combined.

Pour into mold. If using a metal mold, place it in refrigerator for at least 5 hours or overnight. It can be placed for a few hours in a freezer to speed up gelling. If using a plastic or silicone mold, for easy removal, it is best to freeze until solid (at least 6 hours).

To unmold, place metal mold briefly in hot water and turn upside down on a serving plate. If using plastic or silicone, pull mold away from frozen Blancmange, place on a serving platter, and place in fridge to defrost.

Decorate with berries of your choice. You may also choose to make a berry sauce by placing the berries in a blender, pressing through a sieve, and adding a touch of sugar to taste.

# Gingerbread Nuts

## Ingredients

½ pound butter  
½ c sugar  
3 ¾ c flour  
1 c molasses  
½ tsp baking soda  
½ tsp ginger  
½ tsp cinnamon  
¼ tsp ground cloves



## Directions

Mix all ingredients together and refrigerate 1-2 hours.  
Preheat oven to 350° F.  
Roll out on floured board to ⅛-¼ in. thickness and cut with round cookie cutter.  
Sprinkle with sugar.  
Bake for 8-10 minutes on a cookie sheet covered with parchment paper.



# Pickled Limes

## Ingredients

Limes  
Enough salt to coat  
Mixture of ½ vinegar and ½ water,  
enough to cover limes  
Garlic, chopped  
Mustard Seed  
Cayenne Pepper  
Horseradish (optional)

**Directions** *Note: this recipe is taken from an old recipe book and thus didn't have exact measurements. However, the seasonings should be roughly 1/16 of entire mixture.*

Quarter limes, leaving a bit so the 4 pieces stay connected. Place in a sanitized jar. Sprinkle the limes with the salt, cover, and sit in a sunny spot until the rinds change colors (can be as little as 3 hours or take up to a week depending on sunlight.) Shake every day to coat the limes in juice.

Boil enough vinegar and water mixture to cover the limes. Mix the garlic, mustard seed, cayenne pepper, and horseradish together.

In a sanitized jar, add the limes and seasonings in alternating layers. Carefully pour the vinegar over the limes. Let cool then cover and store in the fridge until the juice thickens.

# Little Women

by Louisa May Alcott

## CHAPTER FIVE BEING NEIGHBORLY

"What in the world are you going to do now, Jo?" asked Meg one snowy afternoon, as her sister came tramping through the hall, in rubber boots, old sack, and hood, with a broom in one hand and a shovel in the other.

"Going out for exercise," answered Jo with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"I should think two long walks this morning would have been enough! It's cold and dull out, and I advise you to stay warm and dry by the fire, as I do," said Meg with a shiver.

"Never take advice! Can't keep still all day, and not being a pussycat, I don't like to doze by the fire. I like adventures, and I'm going to find some."

Meg went back to toast her feet and read *Ivanhoe*, and Jo began to dig paths with great energy. The snow was light, and with her broom she soon swept a path all round the garden, for Beth to walk in when the sun came out and the invalid dolls needed air. Now, the garden separated the Marches' house from that of Mr. Laurence. Both stood in a suburb of the city, which was still country-like, with groves and lawns, large gardens, and quiet streets. A low hedge parted the two estates. On one side was an old, brown house, looking rather bare and shabby, robbed of the vines that in summer covered its walls and the flowers, which then surrounded it. On the other side was a stately stone mansion, plainly betokening every sort of comfort and luxury, from the big coach house and well-kept grounds to the conservatory and the glimpses of lovely things one caught between the rich curtains.

Yet it seemed a lonely, lifeless sort of house, for no children frolicked on the lawn, no motherly face ever smiled at the windows, and few people went in and out, except the old gentleman and his grandson.

To Jo's lively fancy, this fine house seemed a kind of enchanted palace, full of splendors and delights which no one enjoyed. She had long wanted to behold these hidden glories, and to know the Laurence boy, who looked as if he would like to be known, if he only knew how to begin. Since the party, she had been more eager than ever, and had planned many ways of making friends with him, but he had not been seen lately, and Jo began to think he had gone away, when she one day spied a brown face at an upper window, looking wistfully down into their garden, where Beth and Amy were snow-balling one another.

"That boy is suffering for society and fun," she said to herself. "His grandpa does not know what's good for him, and keeps him shut up all alone. He needs a party of jolly boys to play with, or somebody young and lively. I've a great mind to go over and tell the old gentleman so!"

The idea amused Jo, who liked to do daring things and was always scandalizing Meg by her queer performances. The plan of 'going over' was not forgotten. And when the snowy afternoon came, Jo resolved to try what could be done. She saw Mr. Lawrence drive off, and then sallied out to dig her way down to the hedge, where she paused and took a survey. All quiet, curtains down at the lower windows, servants out of sight, and nothing human visible but a curly black head leaning on a thin hand at the upper window.

"There he is," thought Jo, "Poor boy! All alone and sick this dismal day. It's a shame! I'll toss up a snowball and make him look out, and then say a kind word to him."

Up went a handful of soft snow, and the head turned at once, showing a face which lost its listless look in a minute, as the big eyes brightened and the mouth began to smile. Jo nodded and laughed, and flourished her broom as she called out...

"How do you do? Are you sick?"

Laurie opened the window, and croaked out as hoarsely as a raven...

"Better, thank you. I've had a bad cold, and been shut up a week."

"I'm sorry. What do you amuse yourself with?"

"Nothing. It's dull as tombs up here."

"Don't you read?"

"Not much. They won't let me."

"Can't somebody read to you?"

"Grandpa does sometimes, but my books don't interest him, and I hate to ask Brooke all the time."

"Have someone come and see you then."

"There isn't anyone I'd like to see. Boys make such a row, and my head is weak."

"Isn't there some nice girl who'd read and amuse you? Girls are quiet and like to play nurse."

"Don't know any."

"You know us," began Jo, then laughed and stopped.

"So I do! Will you come, please?" cried Laurie.

"I'm not quiet and nice, but I'll come, if Mother will let me. I'll go ask her. Shut the window, like a good boy, and wait till I come."

With that, Jo shouldered her broom and marched into the house, wondering what they would all say to her. Laurie was in a flutter of excitement at the idea of having company, and flew about to get ready, for as Mrs. March said, he was 'a little gentleman', and did honor to the coming guest by brushing his curly pate, putting on a fresh color, and trying to tidy up the room, which in spite of half a dozen servants, was anything but neat. Presently there came a loud ring, then a decided voice, asking for 'Mr. Laurie', and a surprised-looking servant came running up to announce a young lady.

"All right, show her up, it's Miss Jo," said Laurie, going to the door of his little parlor to meet Jo, who appeared, looking rosy and quite at her ease, with a covered dish in one hand and Beth's three kittens in the other.

"Here I am, bag and baggage," she said briskly. "Mother sent her love, and was glad if I could do anything for you. Meg wanted me to bring some of her blanc mange, she makes it very nicely, and Beth thought her cats would be comforting. I knew you'd laugh at them, but I couldn't refuse, she was so anxious to do something."

It so happened that Beth's funny loan was just the thing, for in laughing over the kits, Laurie forgot his bashfulness, and grew sociable at once.

"That looks too pretty to eat," he said, smiling with pleasure, as Jo uncovered the dish, and showed the blanc mange, surrounded by a garland of green leaves, and the scarlet flowers of Amy's pet geranium.

"It isn't anything, only they all felt kindly and wanted to show it. Tell the girl to put it away for your tea. It's so simple you can eat it, and being soft, it will slip down without hurting your sore throat. What a cozy room this is!"

"It might be if it was kept nice, but the maids are lazy, and I don't know how to make them mind. It worries me though."

"I'll right it up in two minutes, for it only needs to have the hearth brushed, so—and the things made straight on the mantelpiece, so—and the books put here, and the bottles there, and your sofa turned from the light, and the pillows plumped up a bit. Now then, you're fixed."

And so he was, for, as she laughed and talked, Jo had whisked things into place and given quite a different air to the room. Laurie watched her in respectful silence, and when she beckoned him to his sofa, he sat down with a sigh of satisfaction, saying gratefully...

"How kind you are! Yes, that's what it wanted. Now please take the big chair and let me do something to amuse my company."

"No, I came to amuse you. Shall I read aloud?" and Jo looked affectionately toward some inviting books near by.

"Thank you! I've read all those, and if you don't mind, I'd rather talk," answered Laurie.

"Not a bit. I'll talk all day if you'll only set me going. Beth says I never know when to stop."

"Is Beth the rosy one, who stays at home good deal and sometimes goes out with a little basket?" asked Laurie with interest.

"Yes, that's Beth. She's my girl, and a regular good one she is, too."

"The pretty one is Meg, and the curly-haired one is Amy, I believe?"

"How did you find that out?"

Laurie colored up, but answered frankly, "Why, you see I often hear you calling to one another, and when I'm alone up here, I can't help looking over at your house, you always seem to be having such good times. I beg your pardon for being so rude, but sometimes you forget to put down the curtain at the window where the flowers are. And when the lamps are lighted, it's like looking at a picture to see the fire, and you all around the table with your mother. Her face is right opposite, and it looks so sweet behind the flowers, I can't help watching it. I haven't got any mother, you know." And Laurie poked the fire to hide a little twitching of the lips that he could not control.

The solitary, hungry look in his eyes went straight to Jo's warm heart. She had been so simply taught that there was no nonsense in her head, and at fifteen she was as innocent and frank as any child. Laurie was sick and lonely, and feeling how rich she was in home and happiness, she gladly tried to share it with him. Her face was very friendly and her sharp voice unusually gentle as she said...

"We'll never draw that curtain any more, and I give you leave to look as much as you like. I just wish, though, instead of peeping, you'd come over and see us. Mother is so splendid, she'd do you heaps of good, and Beth would sing to you if I begged her to, and Amy would dance. Meg and I would make you laugh over our funny stage properties, and we'd have jolly times. Wouldn't your grandpa let you?"

"I think he would, if your mother asked him. He's very kind, though he does not look so, and he lets me do what I like, pretty much, only he's afraid I might be a bother to strangers," began Laurie, brightening more and more.

"We are not strangers, we are neighbors, and you needn't think you'd be a bother. We want to know you, and I've been trying to do it this ever so long. We haven't been here a great while, you know, but we have got acquainted with all our neighbors but you."

"You see, Grandpa lives among his books, and doesn't mind much what happens outside. Mr. Brooke, my tutor, doesn't stay here, you know, and I have no one to go about with me, so I just stop at home and get on as I can."

"That's bad. You ought to make an effort and go visiting everywhere you are asked, then you'll have plenty of friends, and pleasant places to go to. Never mind being bashful. It won't last long if you keep going."

Laurie turned red again, but wasn't offended at being accused of bashfulness, for there was so much good will in Jo it was impossible not to take her blunt speeches as kindly as they were meant.

"Do you like your school?" asked the boy, changing the subject, after a little pause, during which he stared at the fire and Jo looked about her, well pleased.

"Don't go to school, I'm a businessman—girl, I mean. I go to wait on my great-aunt, and a dear, cross old soul she is, too," answered Jo.

Laurie opened his mouth to ask another question, but remembering just in time that it wasn't manners to make too many inquiries into people's affairs, he shut it again, and looked uncomfortable.

Jo liked his good breeding, and didn't mind having a laugh at Aunt March, so she gave him a lively description of the fidgety old lady, her fat poodle, the parrot that talked Spanish, and the library where she reveled.

Laurie enjoyed that immensely, and when she told about the prim old gentleman who came once to woo Aunt March, and in the middle of a fine speech, how Poll had tweaked his wig off to his great dismay, the boy lay back and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and a maid popped her head in to see what was the matter.

"Oh! That does me no end of good. Tell on, please," he said, taking his face out of the sofa cushion, red and shining with merriment.

Much elated with her success, Jo did 'tell on', all about their plays and plans, their hopes and fears for Father, and the most interesting events of the little world in which the sisters lived. Then they got to talking about books, and to Jo's delight, she found that Laurie loved them as well as she did, and had read even more than herself.

"If you like them so much, come down and see ours. Grandfather is out, so you needn't be afraid," said Laurie, getting up.

"I'm not afraid of anything," returned Jo, with a toss of the head.

"I don't believe you are!" exclaimed the boy, looking at her with much admiration, though he privately thought she would have good reason to be a trifle afraid of the old gentleman, if she met him in some of his moods.

The atmosphere of the whole house being summerlike, Laurie led the way from room to room, letting Jo stop to examine whatever struck her fancy. And so, at last they came to the library, where she clapped her hands and pranced, as she always did when especially delighted. It was lined with books, and there were pictures and statues, and distracting little cabinets full of coins and curiosities, and Sleepy Hollow chairs, and queer tables, and bronzes, and best of all, a great open fireplace with quaint tiles all round it.

"What richness!" sighed Jo, sinking into the depth of a velvet chair and gazing about her with an air of intense satisfaction. "Theodore Laurence, you ought to be the happiest boy in the world," she added impressively.

"A fellow can't live on books," said Laurie, shaking his head as he perched on a table opposite.

Before he could say more, a bell rang, and Jo flew up, exclaiming with alarm, "Mercy me! It's your grandpa!"

"Well, what if it is? You are not afraid of anything, you know," returned the boy, looking wicked.

"I think I am a little bit afraid of him, but I don't know why I should be. Marmee said I might come, and I don't think you're any the worse for it," said Jo, composing herself, though she kept her eyes on the door.

"I'm a great deal better for it, and ever so much obliged. I'm only afraid you are very tired of talking to me. It was so pleasant, I couldn't bear to stop," said Laurie gratefully.

"The doctor to see you, sir," and the maid beckoned as she spoke.

"Would you mind if I left you for a minute? I suppose I must see him," said Laurie.

"Don't mind me. I'm happy as a cricket here," answered Jo.

Laurie went away, and his guest amused herself in her own way. She was standing before a fine portrait of the old gentleman when the door opened again, and without turning, she said decidedly, "I'm sure now that I shouldn't be afraid of him, for he's got kind eyes, though his mouth is grim, and he looks as if he had a tremendous will of his own. He isn't as handsome as my grandfather, but I like him."

"Thank you, ma'am," said a gruff voice behind her, and there, to her great dismay, stood old Mr. Laurence.

Poor Jo blushed till she couldn't blush any redder, and her heart began to beat uncomfortably fast as she thought what she had said. For a minute a wild desire to run away possessed her, but that was cowardly, and the girls would laugh at her, so she resolved to stay and get out of the scrape as she could. A second look showed her that the living eyes, under the bushy eyebrows, were kinder even than the painted ones, and there was a sly twinkle in them, which lessened her fear a good deal. The gruff voice was gruffer than ever, as the old gentleman said abruptly, after the dreadful pause, "So you're not afraid of me, hey?"

"Not much, sir."

"And you don't think me as handsome as your grandfather?"

"Not quite, sir."

"And I've got a tremendous will, have I?"

"I only said I thought so."

"But you like me in spite of it?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

That answer pleased the old gentleman. He gave a short laugh, shook hands with her, and, putting his finger under her chin, turned up her face, examined it gravely, and let it go, saying with a nod, "You've got your grandfather's spirit, if you haven't his face. He was a fine man, my dear, but what is better, he was a brave and an honest one, and I was proud to be his friend."

"Thank you, sir," And Jo was quite comfortable after that, for it suited her exactly.

"What have you been doing to this boy of mine, hey?" was the next question, sharply put.

"Only trying to be neighborly, sir." And Jo told how her visit came about.

"You think he needs cheering up a bit, do you?"

"Yes, sir, he seems a little lonely, and young folks would do him good perhaps. We are only girls, but we should be glad to help if we could, for we don't forget the splendid Christmas present you sent us," said Jo eagerly.

"Tut, tut, tut! That was the boy's affair. How is the poor woman?"

"Doing nicely, sir." And off went Jo, talking very fast, as she told all about the Hummels, in whom her mother had interested richer friends than they were.

"Just her father's way of doing good. I shall come and see your mother some fine day. Tell her so. There's the tea bell, we have it early on the boy's account. Come down and go on being neighborly."

"If you'd like to have me, sir."

"Shouldn't ask you, if I didn't." And Mr. Laurence offered her his arm with old-fashioned courtesy.

"What would Meg say to this?" thought Jo, as she was marched away, while her eyes danced with fun as she imagined herself telling the story at home.

"Hey! Why, what the dickens has come to the fellow?" said the old gentleman, as Laurie came running downstairs and brought up with a start of surprise at the astounding sight of Jo arm in arm with his redoubtable grandfather.

"I didn't know you'd come, sir," he began, as Jo gave him a triumphant little glance.

"That's evident, by the way you racket downstairs. Come to your tea, sir, and behave like a gentleman." And having pulled the boy's hair by way of a caress, Mr. Laurence walked on, while Laurie went through a series of comic evolutions behind their backs, which nearly produced an explosion of laughter from Jo.

The old gentleman did not say much as he drank his four cups of tea, but he watched the young people, who soon chatted away like old friends, and the change in his grandson did not escape him. There was color, light, and life in the boy's face now, vivacity in his manner, and genuine merriment in his laugh.

"She's right, the lad is lonely. I'll see what these little girls can do for him," thought Mr. Laurence, as he looked and listened. He liked Jo, for her odd, blunt ways suited him, and she seemed to understand the boy almost as well as if she had been one herself.

If the Laurences had been what Jo called 'prim and poky', she would not have got on at all, for such people always made her shy and awkward. But finding them free and easy, she was so herself, and made a good impression. When they rose she proposed to go, but Laurie said he had something more to show her, and took her away to the conservatory, which had been lighted for her benefit. It seemed quite fairylike to Jo, as she went up and down the walks, enjoying the blooming walls on either side, the soft light, the damp sweet air, and the wonderful vines and trees that hung about her, while her new friend cut the finest flowers till his hands were full. Then he tied them up, saying, with the happy look Jo liked to see, "Please give these to your mother, and tell her I like the medicine she sent me very much."

They found Mr. Laurence standing before the fire in the great drawing room, but Jo's attention was entirely absorbed by a grand piano, which stood open.

"Do you play?" she asked, turning to Laurie with a respectful expression.

"Sometimes," he answered modestly.

"Please do now. I want to hear it, so I can tell Beth."

"Won't you first?"

"Don't know how. Too stupid to learn, but I love music dearly."

So Laurie played and Jo listened, with her nose luxuriously buried in heliotrope and tea roses. Her respect and regard for the 'Laurence' boy increased very much, for he played remarkably well and didn't put on any airs. She wished Beth could hear him, but she did not say so, only praised him till he was quite abashed, and his grandfather came to his rescue.

"That will do, that will do, young lady. Too many sugarplums are not good for him. His music isn't bad, but I hope he will do as well in more important things. Going? well, I'm much obliged to you, and I hope you'll come again. My respects to your mother. Good night, Doctor Jo."

He shook hands kindly, but looked as if something did not please him. When they got into the hall, Jo asked Laurie if she had said something amiss. He shook his head.

"No, it was me. He doesn't like to hear me play."

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you some day. John is going home with you, as I can't."

"No need of that. I am not a young lady, and it's only a step. Take care of yourself, won't you?"

"Yes, but you will come again, I hope?"

"If you promise to come and see us after you are well."

"I will."

"Good night, Laurie!"

"Good night, Jo, good night!"

When all the afternoon's adventures had been told, the family felt inclined to go visiting in a body, for each found something very attractive in the big house on the other side of the hedge. Mrs. March wanted to talk of her father with the old man who had not forgotten him, Meg longed to walk in the conservatory, Beth sighed for the grand piano, and Amy was eager to see the fine pictures and statues.

"Mother, why didn't Mr. Laurence like to have Laurie play?" asked Jo, who was of an inquiring disposition.

"I am not sure, but I think it was because his son, Laurie's father, married an Italian lady, a musician, which displeased the old man, who is very proud. The lady was good and lovely and accomplished, but he did not like her, and never saw his son after he married. They both died when Laurie was a little child, and then his grandfather took him home. I fancy the boy, who was born in Italy, is not very strong, and the old man is afraid of losing him, which makes him so careful. Laurie comes naturally by his love of music, for he is like his mother, and I dare say his grandfather fears that he may want to be a musician. At any rate, his skill reminds him of the woman he did not like, and so he 'glowered' as Jo said."

"Dear me, how romantic!" exclaimed Meg.

"How silly!" said Jo. "Let him be a musician if he wants to, and not plague his life out sending him to college, when he hates to go."

"That's why he has such handsome black eyes and pretty manners, I suppose. Italians are always nice," said Meg, who was a little sentimental.

"What do you know about his eyes and his manners? You never spoke to him, hardly," cried Jo, who was not sentimental.

"I saw him at the party, and what you tell shows that he knows how to behave. That was a nice little speech about the medicine Mother sent him."

"He meant the blanc mange, I suppose."

"How stupid you are, child! He meant you, of course."

"Did he?" And Jo opened her eyes as if it had never occurred to her before.

"I never saw such a girl! You don't know a compliment when you get it," said Meg, with the air of a young lady who knew all about the matter.

"I think they are great nonsense, and I'll thank you not to be silly and spoil my fun. Laurie's a nice boy and I like him, and I won't have any sentimental stuff about compliments and such rubbish. We'll all be good to him because he hasn't got any mother, and he may come over and see us, mayn't he, Marmee?"

"Yes, Jo, your little friend is very welcome, and I hope Meg will remember that children should be children as long as they can."

"I don't call myself a child, and I'm not in my teens yet," observed Amy. "What do you say, Beth?"

"I was thinking about our 'Pilgrim's Progress'," answered Beth, who had not heard a word. "How we got out of the Slough and through the Wicket Gate by resolving to be good, and up the steep hill by trying, and that maybe the house over there, full of splendid things, is going to be our Palace Beautiful."

"We have got to get by the lions first," said Jo, as if she rather liked the prospect.

# The Four Oxen and the Lion

by Aesop

A Lion used to prowl about a field in which Four Oxen used to dwell.

Many a time he tried to attack them; but whenever he came near they turned their tails to one another, so that whichever way he approached them he was met by the horns of one of them.

At last, however, they fell a-quarrelling among themselves, and each went off to pasture alone in a separate corner of the field.

Then the Lion attacked them one by one and soon made an end of all four.

**United we stand, divided we fall.**

## A Nameless Grave

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

### **A Nameless Grave**

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"  
Is the inscription on an unknown grave  
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,  
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout  
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout  
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave  
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave  
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.  
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea  
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame  
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,  
When I remember thou hast given for me  
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,  
And I can give thee nothing in return.

# The Emancipation Proclamation

January 1, 1863

By the President of the United States of America:

A Proclamation.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief, of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth[]), and which excepted parts, are for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

By the President: ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

# The Paradise of Children

## Tanglewood Playroom by Nathaniel Hawthorn

### *Introductory to "The Paradise of Children"*

The golden days of October passed away, as so many other Octobers have, and brown November likewise, and the greater part of chill December, too. At last came merry Christmas, and Eustace Bright along with it, making it all the merrier by his presence. And, the day after his arrival from college, there came a mighty snow-storm. Up to this time, the winter had held back, and had given us a good many mild days, which were like smiles upon its wrinkled visage. The grass had kept itself green, in sheltered places, such as the nooks of southern hill-slopes, and along the lee of the stone fences. It was but a week or two ago, and since the beginning of the month, that the children had found a dandelion in bloom, on the margin of Shadow Brook, where it glides out of the dell.

But no more green grass and dandelions now. This was such a snow-storm! Twenty miles of it might have been visible at once, between the windows of Tanglewood and the dome of Taconic, had it been possible to see so far among the eddying drifts that whitened all the atmosphere. It seemed as if the hills were giants, and were flinging monstrous handfuls of snow at one another, in their enormous sport. So thick were the fluttering snow-flakes, that even the trees, midway down the valley, were hidden by them the greater part of the time. Sometimes, it is true, the little prisoners of Tanglewood could discern a dim outline of Monument Mountain, and the smooth whiteness of the frozen lake at its base, and the black or gray tracts of woodland in the nearer landscape. But these were merely peeps through the tempest.

Nevertheless, the children rejoiced greatly in the snow-storm. They had already made acquaintance with it, by tumbling heels over head into its highest drifts, and flinging snow at one another, as we have just fancied the Berkshire mountains to be doing. And now they had come back to their spacious play-room, which was as big as the great drawing-room, and was lumbered with all sorts of playthings, large and small. The biggest was a rocking-horse, that looked like a real pony; and there was a whole family of wooden, waxen, plaster, and china dolls, besides rag-babies; and blocks enough to build Bunker Hill Monument, and nine-pins, and balls, and humming tops, and battledores, and grace-sticks, and skipping-ropes, and more of such valuable property than I could tell of in a printed page. But the children liked the snow-storm better than them all. It suggested so many brisk enjoyments for to-morrow, and all the remainder of the winter. The sleigh-ride; the slides down hill into the valley; the snow-images that were to be shaped out; the snow-fortresses that were to be built; and the snowballing to be carried on!

So the little folks blessed the snow-storm, and were glad to see it come thicker and thicker, and watched hopefully the long drift that was piling itself up in the avenue, and was already higher than any of their heads.

"Why, we shall be blocked up till spring!" cried they, with the hugest delight. "What a pity that the house is too high to be quite covered up! The little red house, down yonder, will be buried up to its eaves."

"You silly children, what do you want of more snow?" asked Eustace, who, tired of some novel that he was skimming through, had strolled into the play-room. "It has done mischief enough already, by spoiling the only skating that I could hope for through the winter. We shall see nothing more of the lake till April; and this was to have been my first day upon it! Don't you pity me, Primrose?"

"Oh, to be sure!" answered Primrose, laughing. "But, for your comfort, we will listen to another of your old stories, such as you told us under the porch, and down in the hollow, by Shadow Brook. Perhaps I shall like them better now, when there is nothing to do, than while there were nuts to be gathered, and beautiful weather to enjoy."

Hereupon, Periwinkle, Clover, Sweet Fern, and as many others of the little fraternity and cousinhood as were still at Tanglewood, gathered about Eustace, and earnestly besought him for a story. The student yawned, stretched himself, and then, to the vast admiration of the small people, skipped three times back and forth over the top of a chair, in order, as he explained to them, to set his wits in motion.

"Well, well, children," said he, after these preliminaries, "since you insist, and Primrose has set her heart upon it, I will see what can be done for you. And, that you may know what happy days there were before snow-storms came into fashion, I will tell you a story of the oldest of all old times, when the world was as new as Sweet Fern's bran-new humming-top. There was then but one season in the year, and that was the delightful summer; and but one age for mortals, and that was childhood."

"I never heard of that before," said Primrose.

"Of course, you never did," answered Eustace. "It shall be a story of what nobody but myself ever dreamed of,—a Paradise of children,—and how, by the naughtiness of just such a little imp as Primrose here, it all came to nothing."

So Eustace Bright sat down in the chair which he had just been skipping over, took Cowslip upon his knee, ordered silence throughout the auditory, and began a story about a sad naughty child, whose name was Pandora, and about her playfellow Epimetheus. You may read it, word for word, in the pages that come next.

## The Paradise of Children

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child, named Epimetheus, who never had either father or mother; and, that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country, to live with him, and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question which she put to him, after crossing the threshold, was this,—

"Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lip. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!"

"Oh come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors, and have some nice play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world, nowadays, is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then, everybody was a child. There needed no fathers and mothers to take care of the children; because there was no danger, nor trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree; and, if he looked at the tree in the morning, he could see the expanding blossom of that night's supper; or, at eventide, he saw the tender bud of to-morrow's breakfast. It was a very pleasant life indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied; nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or carolling like birds, or gushing out in merry laughter, throughout the livelong day.

What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarrelled among themselves; neither had they any crying fits; nor, since time first began, had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner, and sulked. Oh, what a good time was that to be alive in? The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters, called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on the earth. It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box. This was at first only the faint shadow of a Trouble; but, every day, it grew more and more substantial, until, before a great while, the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of the other children.

"Whence can the box have come?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what in the world can be inside of it?"

"Always talking about this box!" said Epimetheus, at last; for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees, for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, pettishly.

"Well, then," said Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, like a multitude of children in those days, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and don't care if I never have any more!" answered our pettish little Pandora. "And, besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, getting a little vexed.

"How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, looking sideways at Epimetheus, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box, which had been confided to him on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more. Still, however, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

"At least," said she, "you can tell me how it came here."

"It was left at the door," replied Epimetheus, "just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and intelligent, and who could hardly forbear laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of a cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made partly of feathers, so that it looked almost as if it had wings."

"What sort of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I, at first, thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver; and he brought me hither, as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me; and, most probably, it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for us both to eat!"

"Perhaps so," answered Epimetheus, turning away. "But until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box."

"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandora, as Epimetheus left the cottage. "I do wish he had a little more enterprise!"

For the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus had gone out without asking Pandora to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find, in other society than his little playfellow's. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that Quicksilver, or whatever was the messenger's name, had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would never have set eyes on it. So perseveringly as she did babble about this one thing! The box, the box, and nothing but the box! It seemed as if the box were bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it, without Pandora's continually stumbling over it, and making Epimetheus stumble over it likewise, and bruising all four of their shins.

Well, it was really hard that poor Epimetheus should have a box in his ears from morning till night; especially as the little people of the earth were so unaccustomed to vexations, in those happy days, that they knew not how to deal with them. Thus, a small vexation made as much disturbance then, as a far bigger one would in our own times.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly, above a hundred times; but, in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd that she did not value the box, merely on this account.

The edges and corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there were figures of graceful men and women, and the prettiest children ever seen, reclining or sporting amid a profusion of flowers and foliage; and these various objects were so exquisitely represented, and were wrought together in such harmony, that flowers, foliage, and human beings seemed to combine into a wreath of mingled beauty. But here and there, peeping forth from behind the carved foliage, Pandora once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, or something or other that was disagreeable, and which stole the beauty out of all the rest. Nevertheless, on looking more closely, and touching the spot with her finger, she could discover nothing of the kind. Some face, that was really beautiful, had been made to look ugly by her catching a sideways glimpse at it.

The most beautiful face of all was done in what is called high relief, in the centre of the lid. There was nothing else, save the dark, smooth richness of the polished wood, and this one face in the centre, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at this face a great many times, and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be grave when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The features, indeed, all wore a very lively and rather mischievous expression, which looked almost as if it needs must burst out of the carved lips, and utter itself in words.

Had the mouth spoken, it would probably have been something like this:

"Do not be afraid, Pandora! What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty!"

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened; not by a lock, nor by any other such contrivance, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, nor with so many ins and outs, which roguishly defied the skilfullest fingers to disentangle them. And yet, by the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot, and just see how it was made. Two or three times, already, she had stooped over the box, and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without positively trying to undo it.

"I really believe," said she to herself, "that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again, after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind upon, so as not to be so constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life, before any Troubles came into the world, that they had really a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide-and-seek among the flower-shrubs, or at blind-man's-buff with garlands over their eyes, or at whatever other games had been found out, while Mother Earth was in her babyhood. When life is all sport, toil is the real play. There was absolutely nothing to do. A little sweeping and dusting about the cottage, I suppose, and the gathering of fresh flowers (which were only too abundant everywhere), and arranging them in vases,—and poor little Pandora's day's work was over. And then, for the rest of the day, there was the box!

After all, I am not quite sure that the box was not a blessing to her in its way. It supplied her with such a variety of ideas to think of, and to talk about, whenever she had anybody to listen! When she was in good-humor, she could admire the bright polish of its sides, and the rich border of beautiful faces and foliage that ran all around it. Or, if she chanced to be ill-tempered, she could give it a push, or kick it with her naughty little foot. And many a kick did the box—(but it was a mischievous box, as we shall see, and deserved all it got)—many a kick did it receive. But, certain it is, if it had not been for the box, our active-minded little Pandora would not have known half so well how to spend her time as she now did.

For it was really an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be, if there were a great box in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas or New-Year's gifts. Do you think that you should be less curious than Pandora? If you were left alone with the box, might you not feel a little tempted to lift the lid? But you would not do it. Oh, fie! No, no! Only, if you thought there were toys in it, it would be so very hard to let slip an opportunity of taking just one peep! I know not whether Pandora expected any toys; for none had yet begun to be made, probably, in those days, when the world itself was one great plaything for the children that dwelt upon it. But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box; and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these little girls, here around me, would have felt. And, possibly, a little more so; but of that I am not quite so certain.

On this particular day, however, which we have so long been talking about, her curiosity grew so much greater than it usually was, that, at last, she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy; quite too heavy for the slender strength of a child, like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again, with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterwards, she almost fancied that she heard something stir inside of the box. She applied her ear as closely as possible, and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled murmur, within! Or was it merely the singing in Pandora's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or no. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

"It must have been a very ingenious person who tied this knot," said Pandora to herself. "But I think I could untie it nevertheless. I am resolved, at least, to find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers, and pried into its intricacies as sharply as she could. Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Meanwhile, the bright sunshine came through the open window; as did likewise the merry voices of the children, playing at a distance, and perhaps the voice of Epimetheus among them. Pandora stopped to listen. What a beautiful day it was! Would it not be wiser, if she were to let the troublesome knot alone, and think no more about the box, but run and join her little playfellows, and be happy?

All this time, however, her fingers were half unconsciously busy with the knot; and happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to perceive it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong! I have the greatest mind in the world to run away!"

But just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of a twist, which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. It had disentangled itself so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been doubled into one another; and when she tried to recollect the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. Oh, very naughty and very foolish Pandora! You should have thought only of doing what was right, and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow Epimetheus would have said or believed. And so perhaps she might, if the enchanted face on the lid of the box had not looked so bewitchingly persuasive at her, and if she had not seemed to hear, more distinctly than before, the murmur of small voices within. She could not tell whether it was fancy or no; but there was quite a little tumult of whispers in her ear,—or else it was her curiosity that whispered,—

"Let us out, dear Pandora,—pray let us out! We will be such nice pretty playfellows for you! Only let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Well!—yes!—I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever! There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

This was the first time, since his little playmate had come to dwell with him, that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right; nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a ripe fig (if Epimetheus had a fault, it was a little too much fondness for figs); or, if ripe at all, they were over-ripe, and so sweet as to be cloying. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice gush out, of its own accord, and swell the merriment of his companions. In short, he grew so uneasy and discontented, that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him, any better than they did. For you must recollect that, at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature, and constant habit, to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single soul or body, since these children were first sent to enjoy themselves on the beautiful earth, had ever been sick or out of sorts.

At length, discovering that, somehow or other, he put a stop to all the play, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora, who was in a humor better suited to his own. But, with a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers, and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely,—roses, and lilies, and orange-blossoms, and a great many more, which left a trail of fragrance behind, as Epimetheus carried them along; and the wreath was put together with as much skill as could reasonably be expected of a boy. The fingers of little girls, it has always appeared to me, are the fittest to twine flower-wreaths; but boys could do it, in those days, rather better than they can now.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky, for some time past, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But, just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door, this cloud began to intercept the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden and sad obscurity. He entered softly; for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora, and fling the wreath of flowers over her head, before she should be aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased,—as

heavily as a grown man,—as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant,—without much probability of Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid, and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus beheld her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Perceiving that Pandora was resolved to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage. And if there were anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it to himself. Thus, after all his sage speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much in fault, as she. So, whenever we blame Pandora for what happened, we must not forget to shake our heads at Epimetheus likewise.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive. There had, for a little while past, been a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let fall the lid, and, starting up, looked about her, to see what had befallen Epimetheus. The thunder-cloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly discern what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, or those insects which we call dor-bugs, and pinching-dogs, were darting about. And, as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking abominably spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and affright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more hubbub about it. An odious little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her I know not how deeply, if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be, which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many species of Cares; there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were Diseases, in a vast number of miserable and painful shapes; there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box, and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to be kept safely, in order that the happy children of the world might never be molested by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well.

No grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have had cause to shed a single tear, from that hour until this moment.

But—and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one mortal is a calamity to the whole world—by Pandora's lifting the lid of that miserable box, and by the fault of Epimetheus, too, in not preventing her, these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us, and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry. For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage. On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows, in hopes of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so pestered and tormented the small people, everywhere about, that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterwards. And, what was very singular, all the flowers and dewy blossoms on earth, not one of which had hitherto faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves, after a day or two. The children, moreover, who before seemed immortal in their childhood, now grew older, day by day, and came soon to be youths and maidens, and men and women by and by, and aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing.

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously stung, and were in a good deal of pain, which seemed the more intolerable to them, because it was the very first pain that had ever been felt since the world began. Of course, they were entirely unaccustomed to it, and could have no idea what it meant. Besides all this, they were in exceedingly bad humor, both with themselves and with one another. In order to indulge it to the utmost, Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with his back towards Pandora; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head on the fatal and abominable box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus had not heard the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing anew, "not to speak to me!"

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. "Who are you, inside of this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within,—

"Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob, "I have had enough of lifting the lid! You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think that I shall be so foolish as to let you out!"

She looked towards Epimetheus, as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would commend her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"Ah," said the sweet little voice again, "you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone, that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked. Pandora's heart had insensibly grown lighter, at every word that came from within the box. Epimetheus, too, though still in the corner, had turned half round, and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he, but in no very good-humor as yet. "And what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already, that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Ah, naughty boy!" cried the little voice within the box, in an arch and laughing tone. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them!"

"Epimetheus," exclaimed Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box!"

"And, as the lid seems very heavy," cried Epimetheus, running across the room, "I will help you!" So, with one consent, the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance into dark corners, by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of this fairy-like stranger, amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered sportively over the children's heads, and looked so sweetly at them, that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box, to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles, which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well in spite of them all."

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "forever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile,— "and that will be as long as you live in the world,—I promise never to desert you. There may come times and seasons, now and then, when you will think that I have utterly vanished. But again, and again, and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage. Yes, my dear children, and I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given you hereafter!"

"Oh tell us," they exclaimed,— "tell us what it is!"

"Do not ask me," replied Hope, putting her finger on her rosy mouth. "But do not despair, even if it should never happen while you live on this earth. Trust in my promise, for it is true."

"We do trust you!" cried Epimetheus and Pandora, both in one breath.

And so they did; and not only they, but so has everybody trusted Hope, that has since been alive. And to tell you the truth, I cannot help being glad—(though, to be sure, it was an uncommonly naughty thing for her to do)—but I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box. No doubt—no doubt—the Troubles are still flying about the world, and have increased in multitude, rather than lessened, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most venomous stings in their tails. I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more, as I grow older. But then that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope! What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always new; and, even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter!

## Tanglewood Play-Room

### *After the Story*

"Primrose," asked Eustace, pinching her ear, "how do you like my little Pandora? Don't you think her the exact picture of yourself? But you would not have hesitated half so long about opening the box." "Then I should have been well punished for my naughtiness," retorted Primrose, smartly; "for the first thing to pop out, after the lid was lifted, would have been Mr. Eustace Bright, in the shape of a Trouble."

"Cousin Eustace," said Sweet Fern, "did the box hold all the trouble that has ever come into the world?"

"Every mite of it!" answered Eustace. "This very snow-storm, which has spoiled my skating, was packed up there."

"And how big was the box?" asked Sweet Fern.

"Why, perhaps three feet long," said Eustace, "two feet wide, and two feet and a half high."

"Ah," said the child, "you are making fun of me, Cousin Eustace! I know there is not trouble enough in the world to fill such a great box as that. As for the snow-storm, it is no trouble at all, but a pleasure; so it could not have been in the box."

"Hear the child!" cried Primrose, with an air of superiority. "How little he knows about the troubles of this world! Poor fellow! He will be wiser when he has seen as much of life as I have."

So saying, she began to skip the rope.

Meantime, the day was drawing towards its close. Out of doors the scene certainly looked dreary. There was a gray drift, far and wide, through the gathering twilight; the earth was as pathless as the air; and the bank of snow over the steps of the porch proved that nobody had entered or gone out for a good many hours past. Had there been only one child at the window of Tanglewood, gazing at this wintry prospect, it would perhaps have made him sad. But half a dozen children together, though they cannot quite turn the world into a paradise, may defy old Winter and all his storms to put them out of spirits. Eustace Bright, moreover, on the spur of the moment, invented several new kinds of play, which kept them all in a roar of merriment till bedtime, and served for the next stormy day besides.

# Rumpelstiltzkin

## The Blue Fairy Book by Andrew Lang

There was once upon a time a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. Now it happened one day that he had an audience with the King, and in order to appear a person of some importance he told him that he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold.

“Now that’s a talent worth having,” said the King to the miller; “if your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her to my palace to-morrow, and I’ll put her to the test.”

When the girl was brought to him he led her into a room full of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel and spindle, and said: “Now set to work and spin all night till early dawn, and if by that time you haven’t spun the straw into gold you shall die.” Then he closed the door behind him and left her alone inside.

So the poor miller’s daughter sat down, and didn’t know what in the world she was to do. She hadn’t the least idea of how to spin straw into gold, and became at last so miserable that she began to cry.

Suddenly the door opened, and in stepped a tiny little man and said: “Good-evening, Miss Miller-maid; why are you crying so bitterly?”

“Oh!” answered the girl, “I have to spin straw into gold, and haven’t a notion how it’s done.”

“What will you give me if I spin it for you?” asked the manikin.

“My necklace,” replied the girl.

The little man took the necklace, sat himself down at the wheel, and whir, whir, whir, the wheel went round three times, and the bobbin was full. Then he put on another, and whir, whir, whir, the wheel went round three times, and the second too was full; and so it went on till the morning, when all the straw was spun away, and all the bobbins were full of gold.

As soon as the sun rose the King came, and when he perceived the gold he was astonished and delighted, but his heart only lusted more than ever after the precious metal. He had the miller’s daughter put into another room full of straw, much bigger than the first, and bade her, if she valued her life, spin it all into gold before the following morning.

The girl didn’t know what to do, and began to cry; then the door opened as before, and the tiny little man appeared and said: “What’ll you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?”

“The ring from my finger,” answered the girl.

The manikin took the ring, and whir! round went the spinning-wheel again, and when morning broke he had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

The King was pleased beyond measure at the sights but his greed for gold was still not satisfied, and he had the miller's daughter brought into a yet bigger room full of straw, and said: "You must spin all this away in the night; but if you succeed this time you shall become my wife." "She's only a miller's daughter, it's true," he thought; "but I couldn't find a richer wife if I were to search the whole world over."

When the girl was alone the little man appeared for the third time, and said: "What'll you give me if I spin the straw for you once again?"

"I've nothing more to give," answered the girl.

"Then promise me when you are Queen to give me your first child."

"Who knows what may not happen before that?" thought the miller's daughter; and besides, she saw no other way out of it, so she promised the manikin what he demanded, and he set to work once more and spun the straw into gold. When the King came in the morning, and found everything as he had desired, he straightway made her his wife, and the miller's daughter became a queen.

When a year had passed a beautiful son was born to her, and she thought no more of the little man, till all of a sudden one day he stepped into her room and said: "Now give me what you promised."

The Queen was in a great state, and offered the little man all the riches in her kingdom if he would only leave her the child. But the manikin said: "No, a living creature is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world." Then the Queen began to cry and sob so bitterly that the little man was sorry for her, and said: "I'll give you three days to guess my name, and if you find it out in that time you may keep your child."

Then the Queen pondered the whole night over all the names she had ever heard, and sent a messenger to scour the land, and to pick up far and near any names he could come across. When the little man arrived on the following day she began with Kasper, Melchior, Belshazzar, and all the other names she knew, in a string, but at each one the manikin called out: "That's not my name."

The next day she sent to inquire the names of all the people in the neighborhood, and had a long list of the most uncommon and extraordinary for the little man when he made his appearance. "Is your name, perhaps, Sheepshanks Cruickshanks, Spindleshanks?" but he always replied: "That's not my name."

On the third day the messenger returned and announced: "I have not been able to find any new names, but as I came upon a high hill round the corner of the wood, where the foxes and hares bid each other good-night, I saw a little house, and in front of the house burned a fire, and round the fire sprang the most grotesque little man, hopping on one leg and crying:

"To-morrow I brew, to-day I bake,  
And then the child away I'll take;  
For little deems my royal dame  
That Rumpelstiltzkin is my name!"

You can imagine the Queen's delight at hearing the name, and when the little man stepped in shortly afterward and asked: "Now, my lady Queen, what's my name?" she asked first: "Is your name Conrad?"

"No."

"Is your name Harry?"

"No."

"Is your name perhaps, Rumpelstiltzkin?"

"Some demon has told you that! some demon has told you that!" screamed the little man, and in his rage drove his right foot so far into the ground that it sank in up to his waist; then in a passion he seized the left foot with both hands and tore himself in two.



## Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen *Pericles*.

Read it from Charles & Mary Lamb's *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare* in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can.

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!

Shakespeare

# Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare

by Edith Nesbit

## Pericles

Pericles, the Prince of Tyre, was unfortunate enough to make an enemy of Antiochus, the powerful and wicked King of Antioch; and so great was the danger in which he stood that, on the advice of his trusty counselor, Lord Helicanus, he determined to travel about the world for a time. He came to this decision despite the fact that, by the death of his father, he was now King of Tyre. So he set sail for Tarsus, appointing Helicanus Regent during his absence. That he did wisely in thus leaving his kingdom was soon made clear.

Hardly had he sailed on his voyage, when Lord Thaliard arrived from Antioch with instructions from his royal master to kill Pericles. The faithful Helicanus soon discovered the deadly purpose of this wicked lord, and at once sent messengers to Tarsus to warn the King of the danger which threatened him.

The people of Tarsus were in such poverty and distress that Pericles, feeling that he could find no safe refuge there, put to sea again. But a dreadful storm overtook the ship in which he was, and the good vessel was wrecked, while of all on board only Pericles was saved. Bruised and wet and faint, he was flung upon the cruel rocks on the coast of Pentapolis, the country of the good King Simonides. Worn out as he was, he looked for nothing but death, and that speedily. But some fishermen, coming down to the beach, found him there, and gave him clothes and bade him be of good cheer.

"Thou shalt come home with me," said one of them, "and we will have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and moreo'er, puddings and flapjacks, and thou shalt be welcome."

They told him that on the morrow many princes and knights were going to the King's Court, there to joust and tourney for the love of his daughter, the beautiful Princess Thaisa.

"Did but my fortunes equal my desires," said Pericles, "I'd wish to make one there."

As he spoke, some of the fishermen came by, drawing their net, and it dragged heavily, resisting all their efforts, but at last they hauled it in, to find that it contained a suit of rusty armor; and looking at it, he blessed Fortune for her kindness, for he saw that it was his own, which had been given to him by his dead father. He begged the fishermen to let him have it that he might go to Court and take part in the tournament, promising that if ever his ill fortunes bettered, he would reward them well. The fishermen readily consented, and being thus fully equipped, Pericles set off in his rusty armor to the King's Court.

In the tournament none bore himself so well as Pericles, and he won the wreath of victory, which the fair Princess herself placed on his brows. Then at her father's command she asked him who he was, and whence he came; and he answered that he was a knight of Tyre, by name Pericles, but he did not tell her that he was the King of that country, for he knew that if once his whereabouts became known to Antiochus, his life would not be worth a pin's purchase.

Nevertheless Thaisa loved him dearly, and the King was so pleased with his courage and graceful bearing that he gladly permitted his daughter to have her own way, when she told him she would marry the stranger knight or die.

Thus Pericles became the husband of the fair lady for whose sake he had striven with the knights who came in all their bravery to joust and tourney for her love.

Meanwhile the wicked King Antiochus had died, and the people in Tyre, hearing no news of their King, urged Lord Helicanus to ascend the vacant throne. But they could only get him to promise that he would become their King, if at the end of a year Pericles did not come back. Moreover, he sent forth messengers far and wide in search of the missing Pericles.

Some of these made their way to Pentapolis, and finding their King there, told him how discontented his people were at his long absence, and that, Antiochus being dead, there was nothing now to hinder him from returning to his kingdom. Then Pericles told his wife and father-in-law who he really was, and they and all the subjects of Simonides greatly rejoiced to know that the gallant husband of Thaisa was a King in his own right. So Pericles set sail with his dear wife for his native land. But once more the sea was cruel to him, for again a dreadful storm broke out, and while it was at its height, a servant came to tell him that a little daughter was born to him. This news would have made his heart glad indeed, but that the servant went on to add that his wife--his dear, dear Thaisa--was dead.

While he was praying the gods to be good to his little baby girl, the sailors came to him, declaring that the dead Queen must be thrown overboard, for they believed that the storm would never cease so long as a dead body remained in the vessel. So Thaisa was laid in a big chest with spices and jewels, and a scroll on which the sorrowful King wrote these lines:

"Here I give to understand  
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),  
I, King Pericles, have lost  
This Queen worth all our mundane cost.  
Who finds her, give her burying;  
She was the daughter of a King;  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requite his charity!"

Then the chest was cast into the sea, and the waves taking it, by and by washed it ashore at Ephesus, where it was found by the servants of a lord named Cerimon. He at once ordered it to be opened, and when he saw how lovely Thaisa looked, he doubted if she were dead, and took immediate steps to restore her. Then a great wonder happened, for she, who had been thrown into the sea as dead, came back to life. But feeling sure that she would never see her husband again, Thaisa retired from the world, and became a priestess of the Goddess Diana.

While these things were happening, Pericles went on to Tarsus with his little daughter, whom he called Marina, because she had been born at sea. Leaving her in the hands of his old friend the Governor of Tarsus, the King sailed for his own dominions.

Now Dionyza, the wife of the Governor of Tarsus, was a jealous and wicked woman, and finding that the young Princess grew up a more accomplished and charming girl than her own daughter, she determined to take Marina's life. So when Marina was fourteen, Dionyza ordered one of her servants to take her away and kill her. This villain would have done so, but that he was interrupted by some pirates who came in and carried Marina off to sea with them, and took her to Mitylene, where they sold her as a slave. Yet such was her goodness, her grace, and her beauty, that she soon became honored there, and Lysimachus, the young Governor, fell deep in love with her, and would have married her, but that he thought she must be of too humble parentage to become the wife of one in his high position.

The wicked Dionyza believed, from her servant's report, that Marina was really dead, and so she put up a monument to her memory, and showed it to King Pericles, when after long years of absence he came to see his much-loved child. When he heard that she was dead, his grief was terrible to see. He set sail once more, and putting on sackcloth, vowed never to wash his face or cut his hair again. There was a pavilion erected on deck, and there he lay alone, and for three months he spoke word to none.

At last it chanced that his ship came into the port of Mitylene, and Lysimachus, the Governor, went on board to enquire whence the vessel came. When he heard the story of Pericles' sorrow and silence, he bethought him of Marina, and believing that she could rouse the King from his stupor, sent for her and bade her try her utmost to persuade the King to speak, promising whatever reward she would, if she succeeded. Marina gladly obeyed, and sending the rest away, she sat and sang to her poor grief-laden father, yet, sweet as was her voice, he made no sign. So presently she spoke to him, saying that her grief might equal his, for, though she was a slave, she came from ancestors that stood equal to mighty kings.

Something in her voice and story touched the King's heart, and he looked up at her, and as he looked, he saw with wonder how like she was to his lost wife, so with a great hope springing up in his heart, he bade her tell her story.

Then, with many interruptions from the King, she told him who she was and how she had escaped from the cruel Dionyza. So Pericles knew that this was indeed his daughter, and he kissed her again and again, crying that his great seas of joy drowned him with their sweetness. "Give me my robes," he said: "O Heaven, bless my girl!"

Then there came to him, though none else could hear it, the sound of heavenly music, and falling asleep, he beheld the goddess Diana, in a vision.

"Go," she said to him, "to my temple at Ephesus, and when my maiden priests are met together, reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife."

Pericles obeyed the goddess and told his tale before her altar. Hardly had he made an end, when the chief priestess, crying out, "You are--you are--O royal Pericles!" fell fainting to the ground, and presently recovering, she spoke again to him, "O my lord, are you not Pericles?" "The voice of dead Thaisa!" exclaimed the King in wonder. "That Thaisa am I," she said, and looking at her he saw that she spoke the very truth.

Thus Pericles and Thaisa, after long and bitter suffering, found happiness once more, and in the joy of their meeting they forgot the pain of the past. To Marina great happiness was given, and not only in being restored to her dear parents; for she married Lysimachus, and became a princess in the land where she had been sold as a slave.



## History & Geography

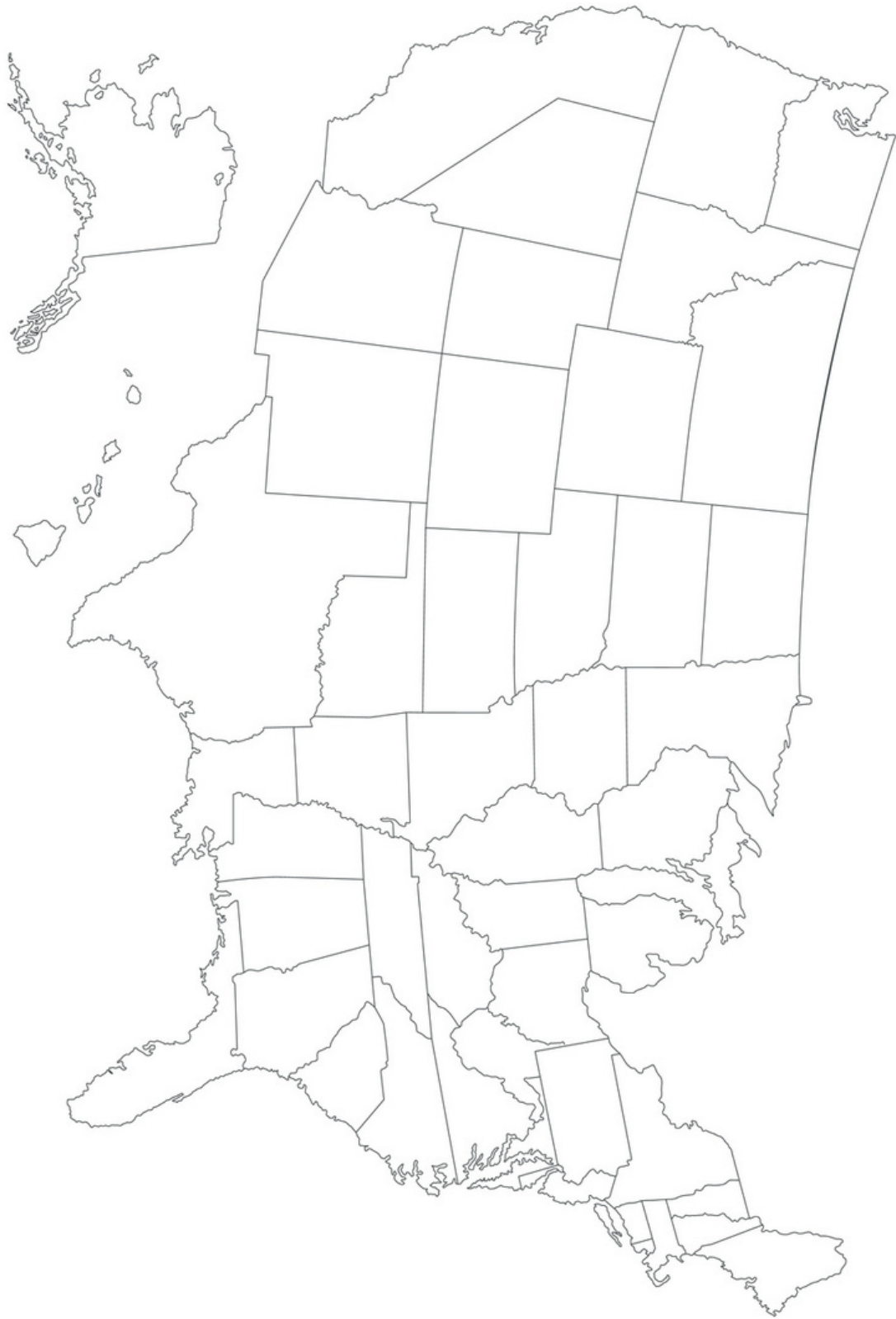
For history, you will read through chapters 78-91 of *This Country of Ours* by H.E. Marshall. Because the book is so large, we will not include the chapters inside this PDF. However, you can download the necessary chapters under the History & Geography section.

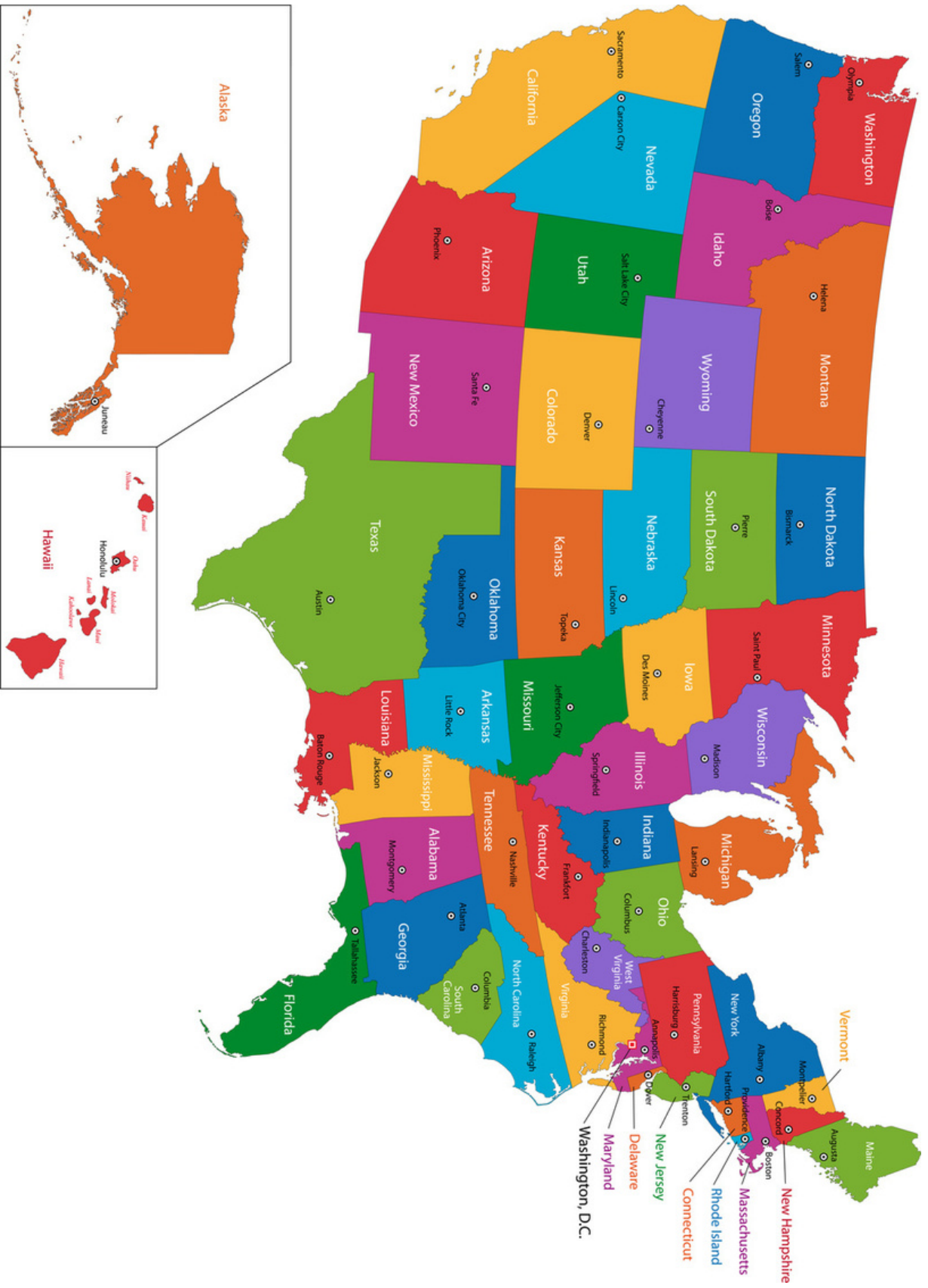
For geography, you will learn or review the 50 states with map drills.

*"Be sure you put your feet in the right place, then stand firm."*

~ Abraham Lincoln

History & Geography







## 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

## Bat *Chiroptera*

- There are over one thousand different bat species
- Bats are able to see in the dark due to echolocation.
- They make noises and fly based on the sound waves that bounce back off of objects.
- Bats' diets consist mainly of insects. They also indulge in fruit, fish, or even blood sometimes.
- Bats can live for over 20 years.
- Bats are the only mammals capable of continuous flight.



# 1

## Raccoon *Procyon lotor*

- Raccoons are omnivores. They eat fruit, seeds, nuts, birds' eggs, and plants. They are also known for scavenging through trash for scraps.
- Raccoons don't hibernate, but they do sleep for extended periods of time throughout the winter season.
- 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, using their speed to climb up trees when they sense danger.



# 2

## Badger *Meles meles*

- There are eleven species of badgers throughout the world.
- A male badger is called a boar, a female is known as a sow.
- A group of badgers is called a cete or clan. These groups consist of up to 15 badgers.
- Badgers spend much of their lives underground.
- They dig burrows as their homes.
- Badgers don't hibernate in the winter, but they go into a deep sleep called torpor where their body temperature and heart beat decline.



## Armadillo

### *Dasyus novemcinctus*

- There are twenty varieties of armadillos. All but one of these varieties live in Latin America.
- Armadillos dig burrows and spend almost sixteen hours per day sleeping.
- Armadillos rely on their sense of smell to hunt due to their poor eyesight.
- Armadillos have long sticky tongues that they use to reach ants and termites in their tunnels.
- Only the three-banded armadillos can retract themselves completely into their shells.



# 3

## Owl

*Tyto javanica stertens*



- Owls cannot move their eyes. They turn their heads in different directions in order to see.
- There are over two hundred different types of owls.
- A group of owls is referred to as a parliament.
- Owls' powerful, sharp talons are what allow them to whisk up their prey from the ground mid-flight.
- Owls are farsighted. They are unable to see things close to their eyes clearly.

# 3

## Kangaroo

*Macropus rufus*



- Kangaroos can jump up to three times their own height.
- Kangaroos are able to swim.
- A group of kangaroos is known as a mob, troop, or court.
- Kangaroos live up to six years in the wild.
- There are four different kangaroo species: the Red, Antilopine, Eastern Grey, and Western Grey Kangaroo.

# 4

## Skunk

*Mephitis mephitis*



- Skunks do not want to spray their musk. They have a limited amount and once it disappears, it takes quite some time to replenish.
- Skunks do not want to blend in with their environment. Their black and white markings make this easy to accomplish.
- Skunks can spray in two ways: they either send a stream of spray or a more covering mist.
- Skunks are omnivores. They eat both plants and animals.
- Skunks have poor eyesight but excellent hearing and smell.

# 4

## Porcupine

*Erethizon dorsatum*



- Porcupines belong to the rodent family.
- Porcupines can be covered in up to 30,000 quills.
- Porcupines are unable to shoot their quills. When a predator gets close, the quills will fall out and usually end up in the predator.
- Porcupines are vocal creatures, using grunts or screeches to communicate.
- Porcupines live between five and seven years in the wild.

# 5

## Beaver *Castor*



- Beavers create dams made out of wood and mud to create a home of deep, still water that they use to protect against predators.
- Beavers are the second largest rodent in the world.
- Beavers have a set of transparent eyelids that allow them to see underwater.
- Beavers are slow on land but are fast swimmers. They can stay underwater for up to 15 minutes.
- Beavers are herbivores, meaning they feast on plants.

# 5

## Hamster *Cricetinae*



- There are many different species of hamsters, but only five species are commonly kept as pets.
- Hamsters live in burrows underground. They remain there throughout the day and roam outside at night.
- Hamsters are color-blind and nearsighted.
- Hamsters rely on scent, rubbing their glands on objects as they wander around to find their way.
- Hamsters eat seeds, fruits, vegetables, and small insects.

# 6

## Leopard *Panthera pardus*



- Leopards hunt their prey at night. When they capture their prey, they drag it up into a tree.
- Leopards are excellent swimmers and climbers.
- A leopard's tail is as long as its entire body. This allows them to make turns quickly and helps with their overall balance.
- Adult leopards have their own territories and prefer to live in solitude.
- Leopard spots are named "rosettes" because they are thought to resemble the shape of roses.
- Leopards can make a variety of sounds, and can even purr when they are happy and content.

# 6

## Tasmanian devil *Sarcophilus harrisii*



- Tasmanian devils are the largest carnivorous marsupials in the world.
- Tasmanian devils can only be found on Tasmania, a large island found near Australia.
- Tasmanian devils are known for being feisty. When threatened, they lunge at their predators, howling and baring their teeth. They often spin in circles to intimidate.
- Tasmanian devils spend their days alone in their caves or burrows, feeding throughout the night.
- Tasmanian devils are voracious eaters. They will consume everything from their prey (hair, organs, bones).



## Handicraft

Penny rugs have their roots in the Civil War era. Because resources were scarce, homemakers had to find innovative ways to use what they had. This led to the creation of penny rugs using scraps of wool or felt from old clothing. The process involved cutting these scraps into different-sized circles and stacking them from largest to smallest.

Women would use actual pennies (which were larger in those days) as templates to cut out circles. And sometimes, they would sew actual pennies into the bottom layer to weigh them down and keep them flat. If you ever come across a vintage penny rug at an antique store or estate sale, be sure to check for hidden coins!

For our handicraft, we will create a penny rug coaster.

*"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

Handicraft Lesson

# Penny Rug Coaster



These coasters were designed and created by Jane Currie-Wile of All About Ewe Wool Shop. We have been graciously allowed to use her pattern in this curriculum volume. I highly recommend their shop: [www.allaboutewewoolshop.com](http://www.allaboutewewoolshop.com) to purchase supplies, kits, and patterns. You will love her designs!



## Supplies

- Felted wool (or craft felt) in your choice of colors
- Embroidery thread
- Embroidery needle
- Circle template (included) or use silver dollars, half dollars, quarters, etc.
- Scissors



## Directions

1. For each coaster you want to create, cut out 7 - 1 ½" circles for backs and 7 of the same size for the tops. (These are both black in photo, but you could do different colors.)

2. Cut out 7 - 1" circles in various colors for the penny tops.



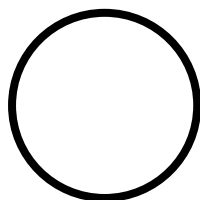
3. Appliqué stitch a 1" circle to the top center of a 1 ½" circle - then blanket stitch a 1 ½" circle to the back - these finished pieces will now be referred to as pennies.

4. Stitch all pennies in this manner.

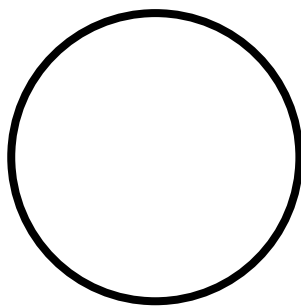


5. Arrange the stitched pennies as shown (bottom left) to your liking. Turn them over and stitch them together on the back side where they touch each other with small stitches to join them together.

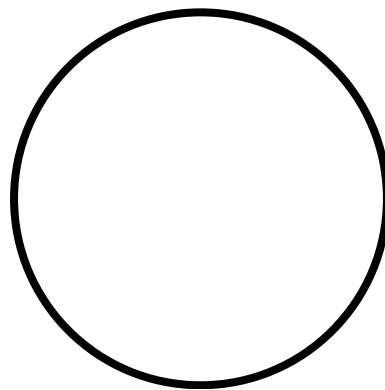
**Please Note:** For instructions on the appliqué and blanket stitches, we are including a download of *Handbook of Embroidery* on our website.



1-inch



1½-inch



2-inch

# Join our *Awaken to Delight* Community!



## Art Lessons

Brand new and exclusive art lessons from the Masterpiece Society. The high quality you've come to expect from us there will be in this membership as well, with multiple art mediums!



## Handicrafts

Seasonal and historical-themed handicrafts for upper elementary through high school, including sewing, crocheting, weaving, woodworking, woodburning, jewelry-making, and more!



## Nature Study & Activities

Fun, seasonal activities for studying nature, plus watercolor nature journaling lessons, and nature crafts.



## Charlotte Mason Morning Time

Access to our ENTIRE library of morning time sessions, plus exclusive content for members only!

For more truth, beauty, & goodness in your homeschool, join our community & receive access to our entire library of morning time plans, exclusive art & handicraft lessons, nature studies, nature crafts & much, much more! Visit us at [awakentodelight.com/community](http://awakentodelight.com/community).