

# Industrial Revolution

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



## *Industrial Revolution*

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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# Table of Contents

What is Morning Time?	4
How to Use These Plans	5
Features	6
Weekly Schedule	7
Recommended Reading List	13
Prayer & Scripture Memorization	14
Scripture Copywork	15
Artist Biography & Picture Study	28
Composer Biography & Classical Selections	39
Hymn Study & Hymn	43
Folk Song	46
Poet Biography & Poetry Selections	49
Poetry Copywork	58
Tea Time Recipes	110
Storytime Tea: <i>Oliver Twist</i> , Ch. II	116
Storytime Tea: <i>North and South</i> , Ch. X	124
Fairy Tale Tea: <i>Shirley</i> , Ch. II	130
Fable Teatime: "The Goose and the Golden Egg"	142
Fable Teatime: "The Bundle of Sticks"	143
Fable Teatime: "The Charger and the Miller"	143
Plutarch Selection	144
History & Geography	149
Nature Study & Activities	151
Handicraft Lesson	155

# 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!

*Alisha*

# How to Use These Plans

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Features

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

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

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

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

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

# Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Prayer For Commerce & Industry				
Bible	2 Chronicles 1 & 2	2 Chronicles 3	2 Chronicles 4	2 Chronicles 5	2 Chronicles 6
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me	Art Selection 1: <i>The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons</i> , Read: J.M.W. Turner bio	Folk Song: John Henry	Listen to: Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Read: Ludwig van Beethoven bio	Nature Study 1
History/ Geography		<i>The Story of Mankind</i> , Ch. 56		<i>Our Island Story</i> , Ch. 95	Enter notes into Geography Notebook
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Read: William Blake bio	Prayer for Commerce and Industry Copywork	Poetry: The Lamb	Prayer for Commerce and Industry Copywork	
Read Aloud	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 1	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 2	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 3	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 4	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 5
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Apple Pie, Read: <i>Oliver Twist</i> , Ch. II				* Nature journal * Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Prayer For Commerce & Industry				
Bible	2 Chronicles 7 & 8	2 Chronicles 9	2 Chronicles 10	2 Chronicles 11	2 Chronicles 12
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me	Art Selection 2: <i>Keelmen Heaving in Coals by Moonlight</i> , Review: J.M.W. Turner bio	Folk Song: John Henry	Listen to: Symphony No. 6 "Pastoral," Review: Beethoven bio	Nature Study 2
History/ Geography		<i>The Story of Mankind</i> , Ch. 57		<i>Our Island Story</i> , Ch. 96	
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review: William Blake bio	Colossians 3:23-24 Copywork	Poetry: The Tyger	Colossians 3:23-24 Copywork	
Read Aloud	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 6	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 7	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 8	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 9	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 10
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Little Cakes, Read: <i>North and South</i> , Ch. X			Art Lesson: J.M.W. Turner- Inspired Art	*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Prayer For Commerce & Industry				
Bible	2 Chronicles 13 & 14	2 Chronicles 15	2 Chronicles 16	2 Chronicles 17	2 Chronicles 18
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me	Art Selection 3: <i>The Fighting Temeraire</i> , Narrate: J.M.W. Turner bio	Folk Song: John Henry	Listen to: Symphony No. 9 "Ode to Joy," Narrate: Beethoven bio	Nature Study 3
History/ Geography		<i>The Story of Mankind</i> , Ch. 58		<i>Our Island Story</i> , Ch. 97	
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Narrate: William Blake bio	The Lamb Copywork	Poetry: Laughing Song	The Lamb Copywork	Plutarch: Golden Shoes and Two Crowns
Read Aloud	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 11	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 12	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 13	* <i>The Railway Children</i> , Ch. 14	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 1
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Parkin, Read: <i>Shirley</i> , Ch. II				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Prayer For Commerce & Industry				
Bible	2 Chronicles 19 & 20	2 Chronicles 21	2 Chronicles 22	2 Chronicles 23	2 Chronicles 24
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me	Art Selection 4: <i>Rockets and Blue Lights</i> , Review/Narrate: J.M.W. Turner bio	Folk Song: John Henry	Listen to: Piano Sonata No. 14 "Moonlight Sonata," Review/Narrate: Beethoven bio	Nature Study 4
History/ Geography		<i>The Story of Mankind</i> , Ch. 59		<i>Our Island Story</i> , Ch. 98	
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review/Narrate: William Blake bio	The Tyger Copywork	Poetry: The Divine Image	The Tyger Copywork	
Read Aloud	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 2	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 3	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 4	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 5	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 6
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Rye and Cornmeal Bread, Read: "The Goose and the Golden Egg"			Pierced Tinwork Handicraft	*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 5 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Prayer For Commerce & Industry				
Bible	2 Chronicles 25 & 26	2 Chronicles 27	2 Chronicles 28	2 Chronicles 29	2 Chronicles 30
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me	Art Selection 5: <i>Rain, Steam, and Speed</i> , Review/Narrate: J.M.W. Turner bio	Folk Song: John Henry	Listen to: Symphony No. 3 "Eroica," Review/Narrate: Beethoven bio	Nature Study 5
History/ Geography	<i>The Story of Mankind</i> , Ch. 60		<i>Our Island Story</i> , Ch. 99		<i>Our Island Story</i> , Ch. 100
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review/Narrate: William Blake	Laughing Song Copywork	Poetry: The Chimney Sweeper (From <i>Songs of Innocence</i> )	Laughing Song Copywork	
Read Aloud	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 7	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 8	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 9	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 10	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 11
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Apple Frazes, Read: "The Bundle of Sticks"				* 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>	Prayer For Commerce & Industry				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Chronicles 31 & 32	2 Chronicles 33	2 Chronicles 34	2 Chronicles 35	2 Chronicles 36
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me	Art Selection 6: <i>Norham Castle, Sunrise,</i> Discuss: J.M.W. Turner	Folk Song: John Henry	Listen to: String Quartets opus 59, No. 1 "Razumovsky," Discuss: Beethoven	Nature Study 6
<i>History/ Geography</i>	<i>The Story of Mankind</i> , Ch. 61		<i>Our Island Story</i> , Ch. 101		<i>Our Island Story</i> , Ch. 102
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: William Blake	The Divine Image Copywork	Poetry: The Chimney Sweeper (From <i>Songs of Experience</i> )	The Divine Image Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 12	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 13	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 14	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 15	* <i>Cranford</i> , Ch. 16
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Plumb Cake, Read: "The Charger and the Miller"				* Nature journal * Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Recommended Reading List

## Picture Books

*The Little House*, by Virginia Lee Burton  
*Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel*, by Virginia Lee Burton  
*Ox-Cart Man*, by Donald Hall  
*The Bobbin Girl*, by Emily Arnold McCully  
*John Henry*, by Julius Lester  
*John Henry: An American Legend*, by Ezra Jack Keats  
*The Amazing Impossible Erie Canal*, by Cheryl Harness  
*Steam, Smoke, and Steel*, by Patrick O'Brien  
*Samuel Morse, That's Who!* by Tracy Nelson Maurer

## Elementary and Middle School

*The Railway Children*, by Edith Nesbit  
*Mill Girl*, by Sue Reid  
*Lyddie*, by Katherine Paterson  
*So Far From Home: The Diary of Mary Driscoll, an Irish Mill Girl*, by Barry Denenberg  
*You Wouldn't Want to Work in a Victorian Mill!* by John Malam  
*Industrial Revolution (Cornerstones of Freedom)* by Melissa McDaniel  
*Industrial Revolution*, by John Clare  
*The Industrial Revolution for Kids: The People and Technology That Changed the World*, by Cheryl Mullenbach  
*The Story of Eli Whitney*, by Jean Latham  
*Mill*, by David Macaulay  
*Pioneer Plowmaker: A Story about John Deere*, by David Collins  
*Ten Mile Day: And the Building of the Transcontinental Railroad*, by Mary Ann Fraser  
*Caddie Woodlawn*, by Carol Ryrie Brink

## High School

*North and South*, by Elizabeth Gaskell  
*Cranford*, by Elizabeth Gaskell  
*Mary Barton*, by Elizabeth Gaskell  
*Wives and Daughters*, by Elizabeth Gaskell  
*Hard Times*, by Charles Dickens  
*Oliver Twist*, by Charles Dickens  
*David Copperfield*, by Charles Dickens  
*Silas Marner*, by George Eliot  
*Jane Eyre*, by Charlotte Brontë

# 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>

This session, we will learn the **Prayer for Commerce and Industry** and focus on writing and memorizing **Colossians 3:23-24**.

## **Prayer for Commerce and Industry**

*Book of Common Prayer*

*Almighty God, whose Son Jesus Christ in his earthly life shared our toil and hallowed our labor: Be present with your people where they work; make those who carry on the industries and commerce of this land responsive to your will; and give to us all a pride in what we do, and a just return for our labor; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.*

## **Colossians 3:23-24 (NIV)**

*Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for human masters, since you know that you will receive an inheritance from the Lord as a reward. It is the Lord Christ you are serving.*

Almighty God, whose Son

Jesus Christ in his earthly

life shared our toil and

hallowed our labor:

Be present with your

people where they work;

make those who carry on

the industries and commerce

of this land responsive to

your will; and give to us

all a pride in what we do,

and a just return for our

labor; through Jesus Christ

our Lord, who lives and

reigns with you, in the

unity of the Holy Spirit,

one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

Almighty God, whose Son Jesus Christ in his

---

earthly life shared our toil and hallowed our

---

labor: Be present with your people where they

---

work; make those who carry on the industries

---

and commerce of this land responsive to your

---

will; and give to us all a pride in what we do,

---

and a just return for our labor; through Jesus

---

Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you,

---

in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God,

---



Almighty God, whose Son Jesus

Christ in his earthly life shared

our toil and hallowed our labor:

Be present with your people where

they work; make those who carry

on the industries and commerce of

this land responsive to your will;

and give to us all a pride in

what we do, and a just return

for our labor; through Jesus Christ

our Lord, who lives and reigns

with you, in the unity of the

Holy Spirit, one God, now and

for ever. Amen.



Whatever you do, work at

it with all your heart, as

working for the Lord, not

for human masters, since

you know that you will

receive an inheritance from

the Lord as a reward.

It is the Lord Christ

you are serving.

Whatever you do, work at it with all your

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heart, as working for the Lord, not for human

---

masters, since you know that you will receive

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an inheritance from the Lord as a reward.

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It is the Lord Christ you are serving.

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Whatever you do, work at it with  
all your heart, as working for the  
Lord, not for human masters,  
since you know that you will  
receive an inheritance from the  
Lord as a reward.

It is the Lord Christ  
you are serving.





## Artist & Composer Study

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

- *The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons* (1835)
- *Keelmen Heaving in Coals by Moonlight* (1835)
- *The Fighting Temeraire* (1839)
- *Rockets and Blue Lights (Close at Hand) to Warn Steamboats of Shoal Water* (1840)
- *Rain, Steam, and Speed* (1844)
- *Norham Castle, Sunrise* (1845)

Our featured composer is Ludwig van Beethoven. We've included six of his pieces with listening links. They are:

- Symphony No. 5 in C Minor
- Symphony No. 6 "Pastoral"
- Symphony No. 9 "Ode to Joy"
- Piano Sonata No. 14 "Moonlight Sonata"
- Symphony No. 3 "Eroica"
- String Quartets opus 59, No. 1 "Razumovsky"

Artist & Composer Study



## J.M.W. Turner

April 23, 1775 - December 19, 1851

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born in 1775 in London, England, at a time when the world around him was beginning to change in dramatic ways. His father was a barber and wig maker, and his shop became one of Turner's earliest galleries. The young boy would color his sketches and display them in the window for customers to admire.

From an early age, it was clear that Turner saw the world differently. He was not only interested in drawing objects as they appeared, but in capturing light, atmosphere, and the feeling of a place.

As a child, Turner was sent to live in the countryside for a time, partly because of his mother's declining mental health. These years had a lasting influence on him. He developed a deep love for

nature—rivers, skies, storms, and wide landscapes—and he learned to observe carefully.

Even as a boy, he filled sketchbooks with drawings of what he saw around him. By the age of fourteen, he was accepted into the Royal Academy of Arts in London, a remarkable achievement that marked the beginning of his formal artistic training.

Turner quickly gained recognition for his talent, especially in watercolor. His early works were detailed and precise, often showing buildings, ruins, and landscapes with careful accuracy. But as he matured, something in his art began to shift. He became less concerned with exact detail and more interested in light, color, and movement. He wanted to paint not just what the eye could see, but what the heart could feel.

He traveled widely throughout Britain and Europe, sketching constantly. He studied mountains, seas, and skies in all kinds of weather. Storms especially fascinated him. There is a famous story—whether fully true or slightly exaggerated—that Turner had himself tied to the mast of a ship during a storm so he could experience its full force. Whether or not this happened exactly as told, it reflects something true about his character. Turner was not content to observe from a distance. He wanted to feel the power of nature and then translate that experience into paint.

As the Industrial Revolution unfolded, Turner witnessed a world in transition. Steam engines, factories, and railways began to reshape the landscape. Unlike some artists who ignored these changes, Turner included them in his work. In paintings like *Rain, Steam, and Speed*, a train rushes

across a bridge, surrounded by mist and light. The machine is both impressive and unsettling, almost swallowed by the atmosphere around it.

In *The Fighting Temeraire*, an old sailing ship is pulled by a small steam-powered tugboat, symbolizing the passing of one age into another. Through these works, Turner captured not just the appearance of industrial progress, but its deeper meaning.

In his later years, Turner's paintings became even more luminous and less defined. Shapes dissolved into color and light, and some viewers found his work confusing or unfinished. Yet others recognized that he was doing something entirely new. He was exploring how light itself could be the subject of a painting. In this way, he became a forerunner of later movements like Impressionism, influencing artists who would come after him.

Turner was known to be a private and somewhat eccentric man. He never married, and he guarded much of his personal life carefully. Despite his success, he often lived simply, focusing his energy on his work. When he died in 1851, he left a vast collection of paintings and sketches to the British nation, with the hope that they would be kept together and made available to the public.

Today, Turner is remembered as one of the greatest painters of his time, not because he recorded the world exactly as it was, but because he revealed something deeper. He painted light as if it were alive, storms as if they had a voice, and progress as something both beautiful and complex. His work invites us to look more closely, to feel more deeply, and to consider how the world is changing around us, just as it was in his own day.

# Artist Study

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

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

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

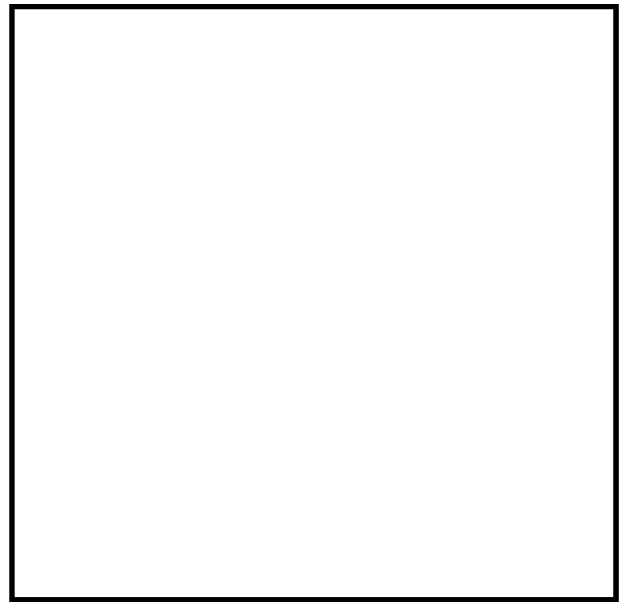
**Artist Fun Facts:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



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

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

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Further Study:**

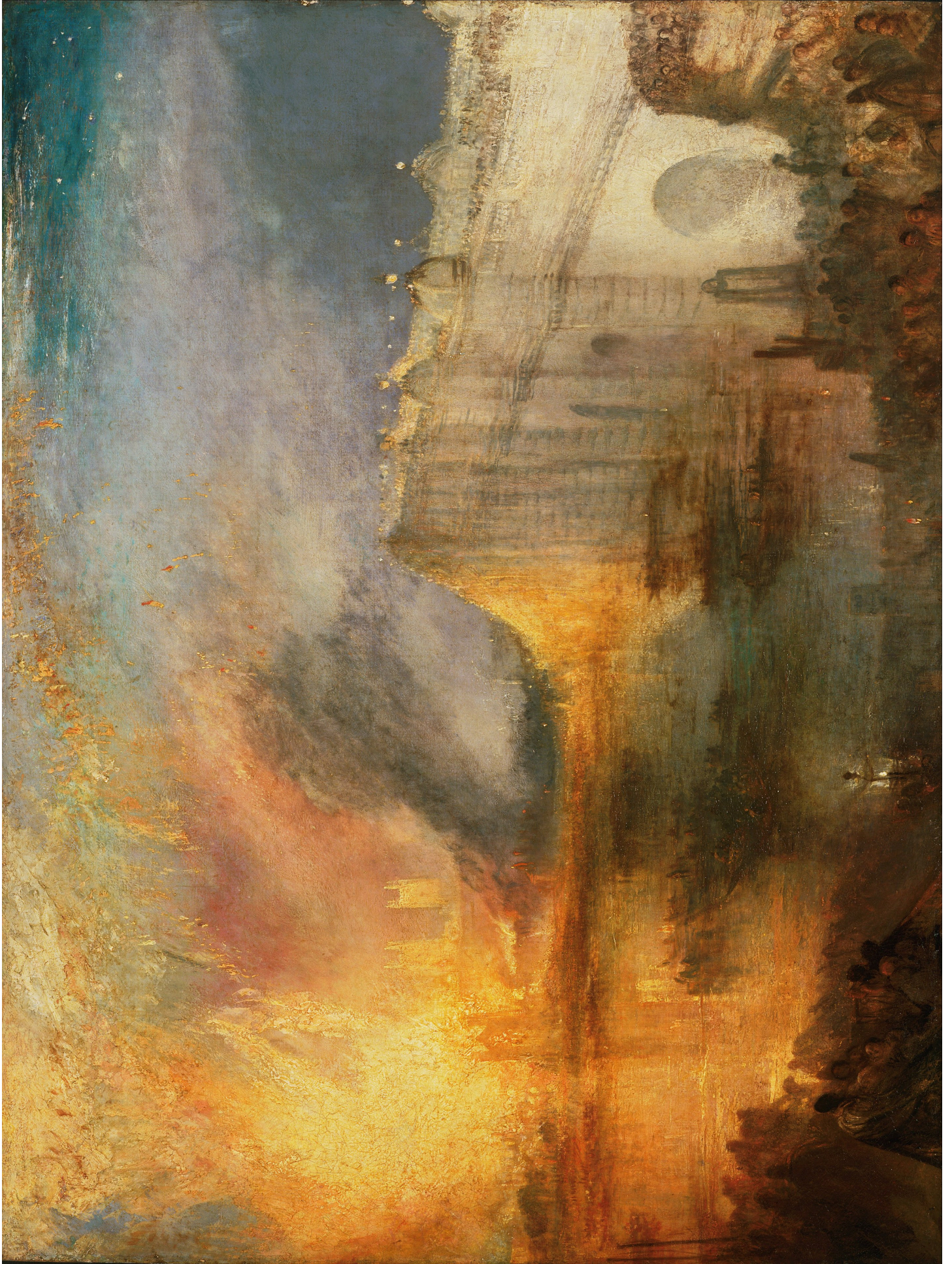
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*The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, 1835*



Keelmen Heaving in Coals by Moonlight, 1835



*The Fighting Temeraire, 1839*



*Rockets and Blue Lights (Close at Hand) to Warn Steamboats of Shoal Water, 1840*



*Rain, Steam, and Speed, 1844*



Norham Castle, Sunrise, 1845

# Picture Study

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

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

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

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

\_\_\_\_\_

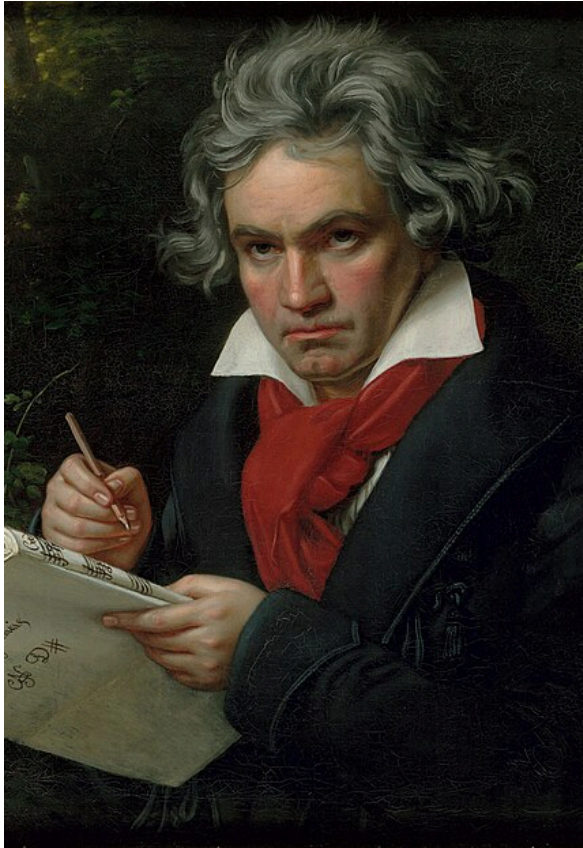
\_\_\_\_\_

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





# Ludwig van Beethoven

December 17, 1770 – March 26, 1827

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in 1770 in the city of Bonn, in what is now Germany, during a time when Europe was still rooted in tradition and order.

His father, a musician himself, recognized Ludwig's talent early and pushed him hard in his musical training. Beethoven learned to play the piano and violin as a child, and though his upbringing was often difficult, his gifts were undeniable. By the time he was a young man, it was clear that he was not simply a skilled performer, but a composer with something new to say.

In his early twenties, Beethoven moved to Vienna, which was the musical center of Europe. There he studied with some of the greatest musicians of the time and quickly gained a reputation as a brilliant pianist. His early compositions followed in the style

of composers like Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Joseph Haydn, with clear structure, balance, and elegance. These works reflected the Classical style that had defined music for decades.

But Beethoven lived in a time of great change. Revolutions were reshaping nations, and the Industrial Revolution was beginning to transform everyday life. Old systems were being questioned, and new ideas about freedom, individuality, and human expression were emerging. Beethoven absorbed this spirit deeply, and over time, it began to shape his music in profound ways. It has often been said that Beethoven stands right at the turning point. His early works sound Classical, but his later works are bold, emotional, and revolutionary—much like the world around him.

As his career progressed, Beethoven began to push the boundaries of what music could be. His symphonies grew larger and more powerful, his harmonies more daring, and his emotional range more intense. He was no longer content simply to entertain; he wanted to express struggle, triumph, sorrow, and hope. His music became a voice for the human experience itself.

One of the greatest challenges of Beethoven's life was his gradual loss of hearing. In his late twenties, he began to notice that he could not hear as clearly as before. Over time, his hearing worsened until he became almost completely deaf. For a musician, this was a devastating loss.

Beethoven struggled deeply with this reality, even writing of his despair in a private letter known as the Heiligenstadt Testament. Yet he did not give up. Instead, he continued to compose, relying on his inner sense of sound rather than what he could physically hear.

Some of his most famous works were written during this later period of his life. His *Symphony No. 5*, with its unforgettable opening motif, seems to capture the feeling of fate knocking at the door. His *Symphony No. 9*, written when he was completely deaf, includes a choir and celebrates the idea of unity and joy among all people. In this work, Beethoven brought together orchestra and human voice in a way that had never been done before, creating something both powerful and deeply moving.

Beethoven was known to be intense, independent, and sometimes difficult. He cared little for social expectations and focused instead on his work. He believed that music had the power to speak to something greater than the everyday concerns of life. For him, composing was not simply a profession, but a calling.

He died in 1827 in Vienna, leaving behind a body of work that changed music forever. Beethoven did not simply continue the traditions he inherited; he transformed them. He helped carry music from the ordered world of the Classical era into the expressive, emotional world of the Romantic era. His life and work remind us that even in times of great change and personal hardship, it is possible to create something enduring and meaningful.

# Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Symphony No. 5 in C Minor

Week 2 - Symphony No. 6 "Pastoral"

Week 3 - Symphony No. 9 "Ode to Joy"

Week 4 - Piano Sonata No. 14 "Moonlight Sonata"

Week 5 - Symphony No. 3 "Eroica"

Week 6- String Quartets opus 59, No. 1 "Razumovsky"

**Bonus:** Für Elise

# Composer Study

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

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

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

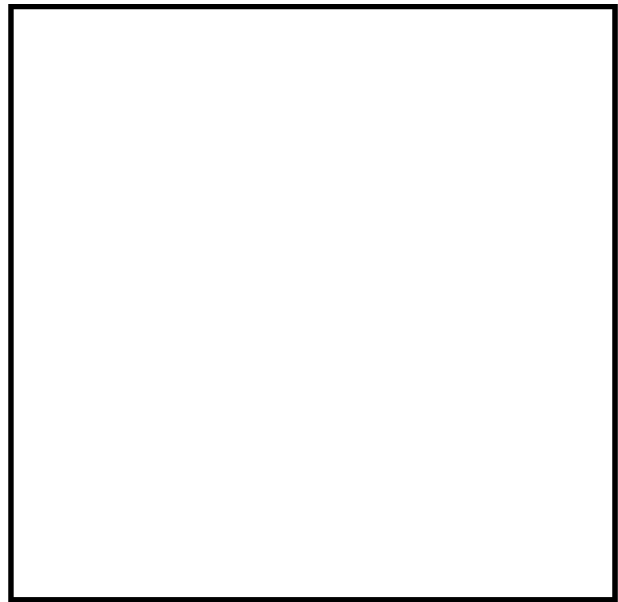
**Composer Fun Facts:**

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

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

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

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# Hymn: Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" was written by Augustus Toplady, an Anglican minister who felt the call of God on his life when listening to a sermon in 1755, at the age of 15. At 19, he went on to publish his first work, a book of poems exploring themes of God's love, grace, and atonement. In 1762, he was ordained as a deacon, beginning a lifetime of service dedicated to God and the church. Just a year later, he created the words of this now world-famous hymn.

Popular tradition holds that he was inspired to write "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" while taking refuge underneath a large boulder during a heavy storm. However, most historians agree that this is a false story invented long after Toplady's lifetime. Instead, it is believed that he was inspired to write the words after reading a particularly impactful sermon by minister Daniel Brevint. Whatever the case may be, the lyrics to "Rock of Ages" have had a deep and lasting impact on Christians all over the world ever since Toplady put pen to paper.

The hymn is about taking refuge in Christ, trusting in him for salvation, and being subsequently cleansed from sin by the price He paid on Calvary. In the lyrics, Jesus is represented as a rock beneath which the listener can take shelter. This rock has been "cleft," meaning split in two, describing how Jesus's body was broken on the cross to bring us salvation and deliverance from sins. The powerful metaphor and vivid imagery have impacted countless Christians through the years, serving as a reminder of the price Jesus paid and that we are saved by grace through faith.

In the 19th century, "Rock of Ages" was considered one of the Four Great Anglican Hymns, alongside famous hymns like "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and "Lo! He Comes with Clouds Descending," demonstrating how important it had become.

Many Christians have taken comfort in its words through the years, including important figures like Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, who considered it his favorite hymn and asked that it be played to him on his deathbed. It was even sung on a sinking ship in 1866, as passengers clung to the familiar and peaceful words during a moment of distress.

Today, it continues to be sung by churches all across the world. Though many other songs written during this period have since faded into obscurity, "Rock of Ages" has endured thanks to its timeless message of salvation and hope.

# Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me Lyrics:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in thee;  
let the water and the blood,  
from thy wounded side which flowed,  
be of sin the double cure;  
save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labors of my hands  
can fulfill thy law's demands;  
could my zeal no respite know,  
could my tears forever flow,  
all for sin could not atone;  
thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
simply to the cross I cling;  
naked, come to thee for dress;  
helpless, look to thee for grace;  
foul, I to the fountain fly;  
wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
when mine eyes shall close in death,  
when I soar to worlds unknown,  
see thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in thee.

## Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

WORDS: Augustus M. Toplady, 1776  
MUSIC: Thomas Hastings, 1830

TOPLADY  
77.77.77

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me  
2. Not the labor of my hands can ful -  
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, sim - ply  
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when my

hide my - self in Thee. Let the wa - ter and the  
fill Thy law's de - mands. Could my zeal no res - pite  
to the cross I cling; na - ked, come to Thee for  
eyes shall close in death, when I soar to worlds un -

blood, from Thy wound - ed side which flowed, be of  
know, could my tears for - ev - er flow, all for  
dress; help - less, look to Thee for grace; foul, I  
known, see Thee on Thy judg - ment throne, Rock of

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sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
to the foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.  
A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in Thee.

# Folk Song: John Henry

“John Henry” is a song about an African-American folk hero with deep, storied roots. There is no one author history can point to, but the lyrics are thought to have originated among railroad workers during the late 19th century, passed down and shaped by each person who sang them.

There are two versions of the song, one sung in the style of a ballad, with an upbeat tone and quick tempo, and one in the style of a hammer song, sung at a slower, more measured speed. Hammer songs were often sung to keep pace while workers swung a hammer or went about heavy, physical tasks. Thus, the slower rhythm helped them keep working steadily without driving themselves to exhaustion, a theme prevalent in the lyrics of the song itself.

The lyrics of “John Henry” take the listener back to the days of the Industrial Revolution, when men built railroads using tools like pickaxes, dynamite, hammers, and nails. By the sweat of their brows, workers would tunnel through mountainsides, creating flat, even ground on which the railway tracks could be laid.

John Henry, the song’s protagonist, was one such worker, a steel driver whose job was to hammer a steel drill by hand into the mountain, creating a hole where dynamite could be placed. But his work was threatened by the invention of steam drills, machines that were said to be faster and more efficient than men. Henry challenges this new invention to a contest, driving his hammer with such force and speed that he beats the steam drill, though at a heavy cost. He has driven himself so hard that he dies of exhaustion. Even so, it was not in vain; the workers who come after him revere him, carrying on his legacy and name.

Though the lyrics of this ballad sound fantastical, the roots of the story are likely not. John Henry is believed to have been a real railroad worker, a 19-year-old prisoner convicted of petty theft and sentenced to labor alongside other convicts at the C&O Railway. Henry may have indeed challenged the steam drill to a contest, given that there are records of the machines being used alongside the men in certain tunnels. He likely passed away due to overwork and exhaustion, or from lung disease brought on by exposure to dust during his drilling.

His tale served as a reminder for workers to pace themselves as they went about their tasks, something that may very well have saved lives. Though the real John Henry died long ago, his story of grit and tenacity has been immortalized in song, and he has inspired generations of American workers and laymen alike, ensuring that he is never forgotten.

# Folk Song: John Henry Lyrics

**Please Note:** *There are multiple lyrics for this song, as is the nature of true folk songs passed down through time. We have chose to use the lyrics of one of the videos we linked.*

When John Henry was a little baby boy,  
No bigger than the palm of your hand,  
John Henry's mamma looked down at him and said,  
"Johnny's gonna be a steel-drivin' man, Lord, Lord,  
Johnny's gonna be a steel-drivin' man."

Well, the man who invented that old steam drill,  
He thought it was mighty fine,  
But John Henry drove steel down fifteen feet,  
While the steam drill only made it nine, Lord, Lord,  
The steam drill only made it nine.

John Henry's captain, he sat on a rock,  
He said, "Boys, this tunnel's cavin' in."  
John Henry smiled at his captain and said,  
"Boss, that's my hammer catching wind, Lord, Lord,  
Boss, that's my hammer catching wind."

John Henry hammered in that old mountainside  
Till his hammer caught on fire.  
The last poor words that John Henry said:  
"Give me a cool drink of water before I die, Lord, Lord,  
A cool drink of water before I die."

Well, John Henry had a little woman,  
Her name was Polly Ann.  
When Johnny got sick and had to go to bed,  
Polly drove that steel like a man, Lord, Lord,  
Polly drove that steel like a man.

Well, they took John Henry to the graveyard,  
And they laid him six feet under the sand.  
And every time that old train goes rollin' by,  
They say, "Yonder lies that steel-drivin' man, Lord, Lord,  
Yonder lies that steel-drivin' man."

# John Henry



John — Hen - ry was — a ba - by — boy —



Sit-ting on his ma - ma's knee, Said the big ben tall — on the —



sea — ? — ? — Well, it's gon-na be — the death of



me, — Lord, it's gon-na be — the death of me.



# Poetry Recitation & Copywork

## Poetry Selections

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

- The Lamb
- The Tyger
- Laughing Song
- The Divine Image
- The Chimney-Sweeper (from *Songs of Innocence*)
- The Chimney-Sweeper (from *Songs of Experience*)

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:

- The Lamb
- The Tyger
- Laughing Song
- The Divine Image

*"To see a world in a grain of sand and a heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand and eternity in an hour."*

~ William Blake



## William Blake

November 28, 1757 - August 12, 1827

William Blake was an English poet, painter, and printmaker whose work stands among the most imaginative and spiritually rich creations of the Romantic era.

Although he was not well-known during his lifetime, Blake is now remembered as a visionary artist who brought together poetry and visual art in a way that was entirely his own.

He was born in London in 1757 and showed artistic ability from an early age. As a child, Blake claimed to see visions—glimpses of the spiritual world woven into everyday life. Rather than setting these experiences aside, he embraced them, and they became the foundation of his life's work.

As a teenager, he was apprenticed to an engraver, where he learned the careful craft of printmaking. This training would later allow him to create his own books, combining words and images in a deeply unified form.

Blake is best known for his collection, *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, in which he explores the contrast between the purity and simplicity of childhood and the harsher realities of the adult world. His poems, including well-known pieces like "The Lamb" and "The Tyger," are written in deceptively simple language, yet they carry profound spiritual and philosophical meaning.

What makes his work especially remarkable is that he did not separate poetry from art. Instead, he developed a method called illuminated printing, engraving both text and illustrations onto copper plates and then hand-coloring each page, creating books that are as visually striking as they are literary.

His artwork is filled with bold imagery and symbolic figures, often drawn from biblical themes as well as his own imaginative vision of the universe. He believed that human beings were created to be both imaginative and spiritual. Though he lived during the Romantic period, his style is difficult to categorize, blending influences from medieval art, scripture, and his own deeply personal mythology.

He also saw the tensions between opposites—such as innocence and experience, or good and evil—not as problems to be solved, but as necessary elements of growth. Blake was deeply critical of the rise of industrialization, which he saw as a form of human evil—famously describing England's

factories as “dark Satanic Mills”—lamenting how they scarred the natural world and exploited children through harsh labor. Both of his poems entitled, “The Chimney-Sweeper,” demonstrate this criticism.

During his lifetime, Blake lived in relative obscurity and often struggled financially, with many people viewing his work as strange or difficult to understand. It was only after his death in 1827 that his writings and artwork began to receive the recognition they deserved. Today, he is considered one of the great voices of his age, influencing generations of poets, artists, and thinkers.

William Blake offers us a powerful reminder that creativity is not simply about skill, but about vision. His work invites us to see the world with wonder, to think deeply about truth and beauty, and to recognize that imagination is a gift meant to be cultivated.

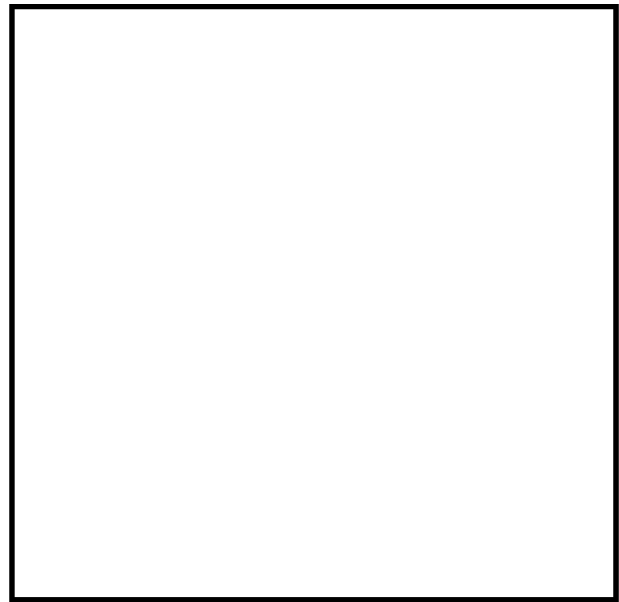
As he once wrote, “If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite,” a line that captures the essence of his lifelong pursuit—to help others see beyond the surface of things into the infinite reality he believed lay just beneath.

# 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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# Poetry Selections

## The Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Does thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Does thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and He is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee!  
Little lamb, God bless thee!

## The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

# Poetry Selections

## Laughing Song

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;  
When Mary and Susan and Emily  
With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha ha he!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:  
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha ha he!'

## The Divine Image

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
All pray in their distress,  
And to these virtues of delight  
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
Is God our Father dear;  
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;  
Pity, a human face;  
And Love, the human form divine:  
And Peace the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,  
That prays in his distress,  
Prays to the human form divine:  
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,  
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.  
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,  
There God is dwelling too.

# Poetry Selections

## **The Chimney-Sweeper** **(from *Songs of Innocence*)**

When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry 'Weep! weep! weep! weep!'  
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,  
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,  
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for, when your head's bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.'

And so he was quiet, and that very night,  
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!—  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,  
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,  
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free;  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run  
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind:  
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.  
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:  
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

# Poetry Selections

## **The Chimney-Sweeper** (from *Songs of Experience*)

A little black thing among the snow,  
Crying! 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!  
'Where are thy father and mother? Say!'—  
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smiled among the winter's snow,  
They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,  
They think they have done me no injury,  
And are gone to praise God and His priest and king,  
Who made up a heaven of our misery.'

# Poetry Study

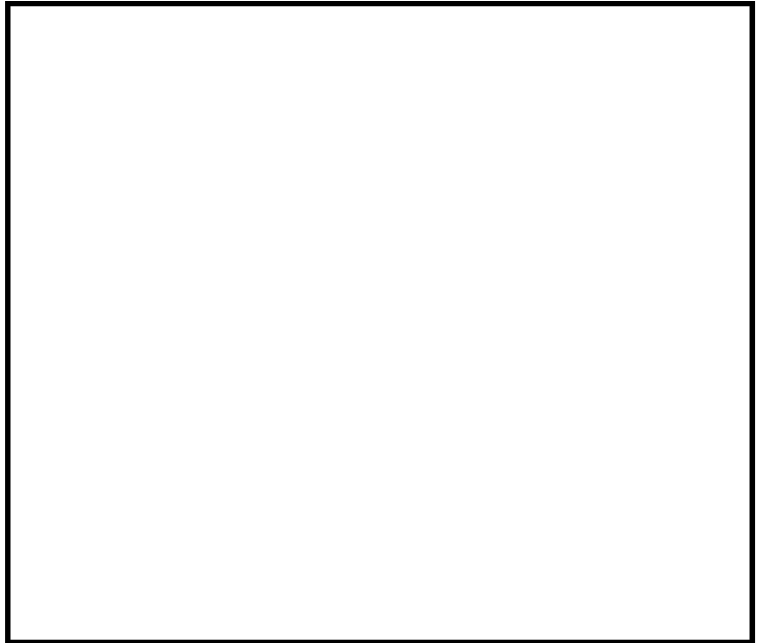
**Title:**

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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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Little lamb, who made thee?

Does thou know

who made thee,

Gave thee life,

and bid thee feed

By the stream and

o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing

of delight,

Softest clothing,

woolly, bright;

Gave thee such a

tender voice,

Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?

Does thou know

who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:

He is callèd by thy name,

For He calls Himself a Lamb.

He is meek, and He is mild,

He became a little child.

I a child, and thou a lamb,

We are callèd by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Little lamb, who made thee?

---

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Gave thee life, and bid thee feed

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By the stream and o'er the mead;

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Tyger Tyger, burning bright,

In the forests

of the night;

What immortal

hand or eye,

Could frame thy

fearful symmetry?

In what distant

deeps or skies.

Burnt the fire

of thine eyes?

On what wings

dare he aspire?

What the hand,

dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder,

& what art,

Could twist the sinews

of thy heart?

And when thy heart

began to beat.

What dread hand?

& what dread feet?

What the hammer?

what the chain,

In what furnace

was thy brain?

What the anvil?

what dread grasp.

Dare its deadly

terrors clasp?

When the stars

threw down their spears

And water'd heaven

with their tears:

Did he smile his

work to see?

Did he who made

the Lamb make thee?

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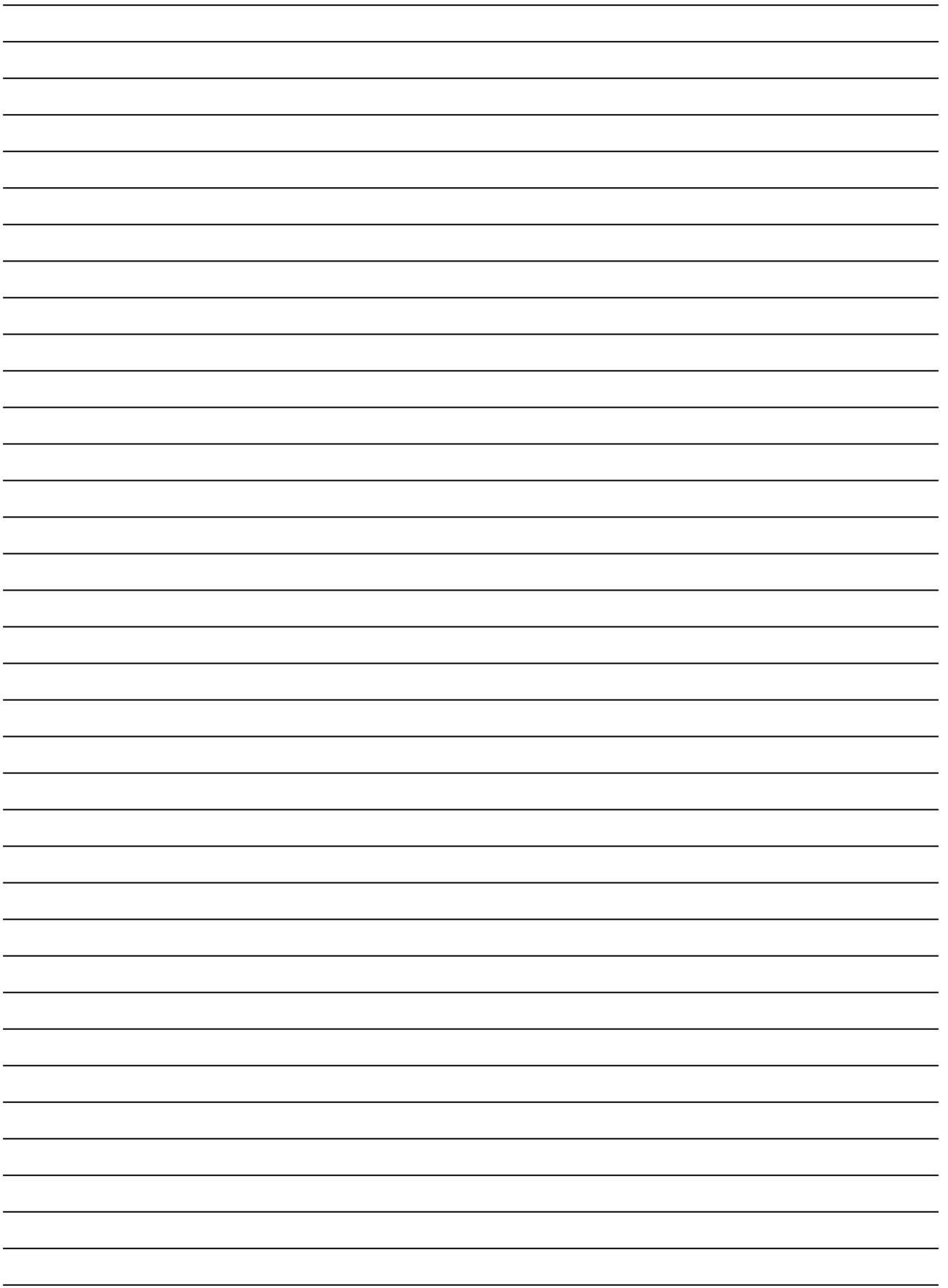
In the forests of the night:

What immortal hand or eye,

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dashed midline.





When the green woods

laugh with the voice of joy,

And the dimpling stream

runs laughing by;

When the air does laugh

with our merry wit,

And the green hill laughs

with the noise of it;

When the meadows

laugh with lively green,

And the grasshopper

laughs in the merry scene;

When Mary and Susan

and Emily

With their sweet round

mouths sing 'Ha ha he!'

When the painted birds

laugh in the shade,

Where our table with

cherries and nuts is spread:

Come live, and be merry,

and join with me,

To sing the sweet chorus

of 'Ha ha he!'

When the green woods laugh

---

with the voice of joy,

---

And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;

---

When the air does laugh with our merry wit,

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Where our table with cherries

and nuts is spread:

Come live, and be merry,

and join with me,

To sing the sweet chorus of

'Ha ha he!'



To Mercy, Pity,

Peace, and Love,

All pray in their distress,

And to these

virtues of delight

Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity,

Peace, and Love,

Is God our Father dear;

And Mercy, Pity,

Peace, and Love,

Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has

a human heart;

Pity, a human face;

And Love,

the human form divine:

And Peace the human dress.

Then every man,

of every clime,

That prays in his distress,

Prays to the human

form divine:

Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love

the human form,

In heathen, Turk, or Jew.

Where Mercy, Love,

and Pity dwell,

There God is dwelling too.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

---

All pray in their distress,

---

And to these virtues of delight

---

Return their thankfulness.

---

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

---

Is God our Father dear;

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And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

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Is man, His child and care.

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Pity, a human face;

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And Love, the human form divine:

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And Peace the human dress.

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Then every man, of every clime,

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That prays in his distress,

---

Prays to the human form divine:

---

Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

---

And all must love the human form,

---

In heathen, Turk, or Jew.

---

Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,

---

There God is dwelling too.

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Is God our Father dear;

And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

Is man, His child and care.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

All pray in their distress,

And to these virtues of delight

Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

Is God our Father dear;

And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,

Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;

Pity, a human face;

And Love, the human

form divine:

And Peace the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,

That prays in his distress,

Prays to the human form divine:

Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love

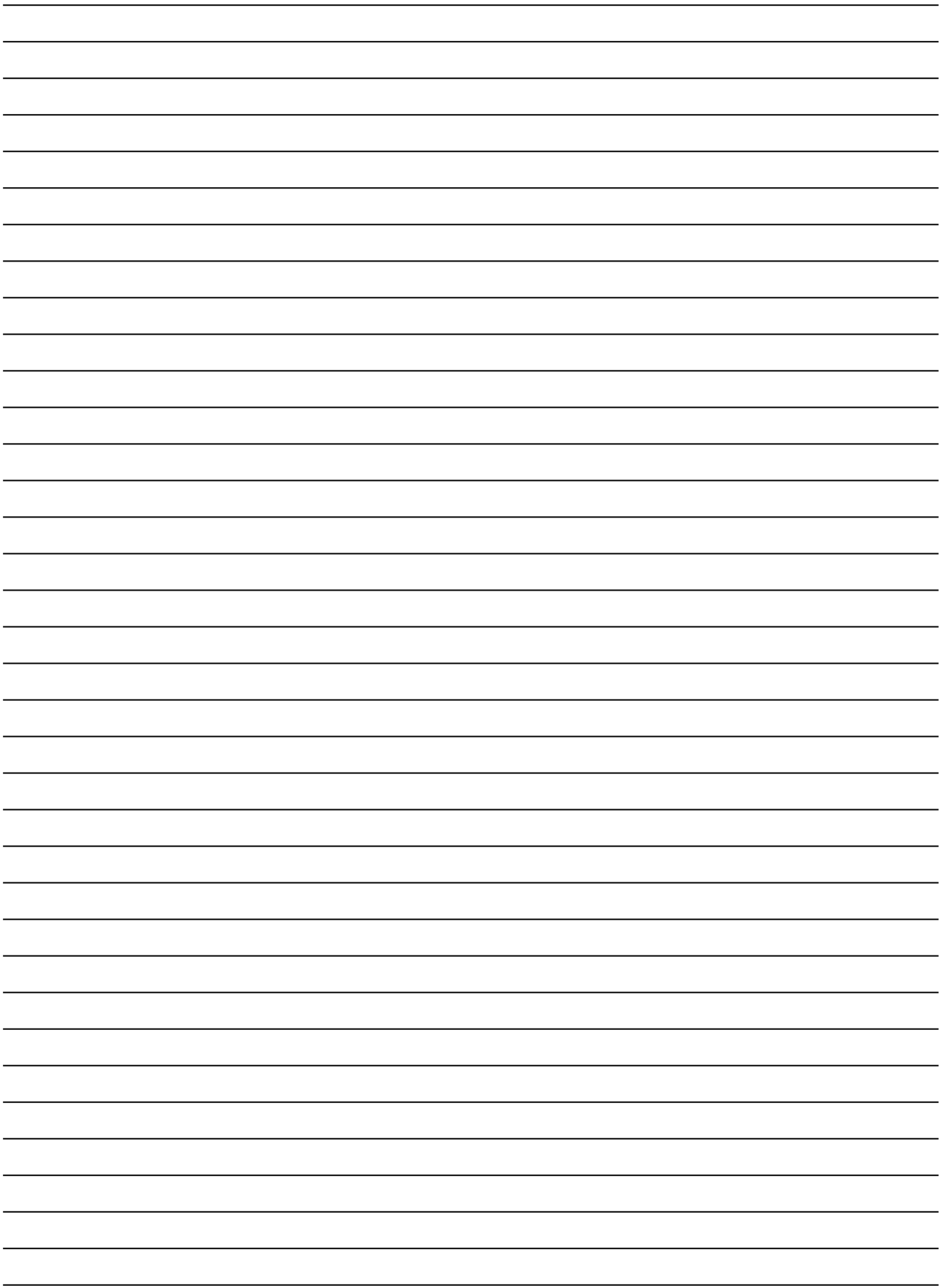
the human form,

In heathen, Turk, or Jew.

Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,

There God is dwelling too







## Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you six Industrial Revolution-era recipes for our hospitality tea: Apple Pie, Little Cakes, Parkin, Rye and Cornmeal Bread, Apple Frazes, and Plumb Cake.

We will also have three storytime teas and three fable teas:

Storytime Tea: *Oliver Twist*, Chapter II: "Treats of Oliver Twist's Growth, Education, and Board," by Charles Dickens

Storytime Tea: *North and South*, Chapter X: "Wrought Iron and Gold," by Elizabeth Gaskell

Storytime Tea: *Shirley*, Chapter II: "The Wagons," by Charlotte Brontë

Fable Teatime: *Aesop for Children*, "The Goose and the Golden Egg," by Aesop

Fable Teatime: *Aesop for Children*, "The Bundle of Sticks," by Aesop

Fable Teatime: *Aesop's Fables*, "The Charger and the Miller," by Aesop

*"If the world stood still, it would retrograde and become corrupt... Looking out of myself, and my own painful sense of change, the progress all around me is right and necessary."*

~ Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

Tea Times

# Apple Pie

## Ingredients:

8-10 apples  
½ c sugar  
½ tsp cinnamon  
¼ tsp mace  
1 T rose-water  
1 tsp lemon zest  
Unbaked pie crust

## Directions

Preheat oven to 350°, then grease a pie dish and line it with crust.



Peel your apples, then dice into small chunks, about ½ inch. Set aside a tablespoon of sugar, then add the rest into a pot with 3 tablespoons of water. Stir over medium heat until sugar is dissolved, then cover and turn heat down to low. Steam apples for 5-10 minutes until softened, then drain. Stir in mace, cinnamon, lemon zest, rose water, and the tablespoon of sugar you set aside earlier until combined. Pour into pie crust and bake until golden, about 20 minutes.



# Little Cakes

## Ingredients:

½ lb flour  
½ lb sugar  
2 eggs  
1½ oz. butter, melted  
2 oz. coriander seeds

## Directions:

Preheat oven to 350°, then grease baking sheet (or use parchment paper) and set aside. Crush coriander seeds in mortar and pestle. Optionally, you can also heat them in a dry pan ahead of time (this releases more flavor).

Stir flour, sugar, eggs, butter, and coriander seeds until thick dough has formed, then shape into a ball. Transfer to a cutting board or floured surface, then form a log shape. Slice thin circles, about ⅓-½ inches thick, off of the log, then transfer onto prepared baking sheet and cook until the edges have browned, about 15-18 minutes. Let cool and serve!

# Parkin



## Ingredients

2 sticks butter  
1 large egg  
4 T milk  
200g golden syrup, light corn syrup, or  
honey  
85g treacle, dark corn syrup, or  
molasses  
85g brown sugar  
100g medium oatmeal/ground oats  
250g self-raising flour  
1 T ground ginger

## Directions

Heat the oven to 320°, then butter a square 8-inch cake pan, line with parchment paper, and set aside.

Combine egg and milk, beating with a fork, then set aside.

Melt butter, treacle, syrup, and sugar in large pan over low heat, stirring frequently until sugar has dissolved.

Remove from heat and mix flour, oats, and ground ginger into syrup, then add egg and milk.

Transfer batter into cake pan, then bake until cake is firm and slightly crisp on top, about 50 minutes to an hour.

Let cool in pan, then wrap it in parchment paper or foil and let rest for up to five days before serving to soften and allow flavors to incorporate!

# Rye and Cornmeal Bread



## Ingredients:

220g rye flour  
280g cornmeal  
350g scalding hot milk  
10 g yeast

## Directions:

In a large bowl, mix cornmeal, rye, and salt, then set aside. In a heavy-bottomed saucepan, heat milk on medium-low until bubbles have formed around the edges, careful to stir frequently and not let it fully boil.

It should reach around 180°. Add flour mixture to hot milk and mix with wooden spoon.

Cover and let cool, then begin kneading. We recommend having a bowl of water handy next to you to dunk your hands in and keep them clean while you work, as the mixture is very sticky at this point.

Knead thoroughly, for several minutes, then cover and let rise in a warm spot until the dough has cracked at the top.

Shape into a loaf, place on a greased pan, and let rise once more. Bake at 350° until cooked through, then serve warm!

# Apple Frazes



## Ingredients:

3 T butter, divided  
1 large apple  
3 whole eggs  
2 egg yolks  
½ c cream  
½ c flour  
1 tsp apple cider vinegar  
½ tsp nutmeg  
¼ c sugar

## Directions:

Core apple, then cut into thick circular slices and fry in 1 tablespoon of butter until they are softened and brown.

Beat eggs, then add cream, flour, apple cider vinegar, nutmeg, sugar, and a tablespoon of butter, mixing until combined.

Carefully pour a bit of batter into a pan, place an apple slice on top, and then cover with more batter. Cook until mostly solidified, then flip and finish cooking. Repeat until all of your batter and apple slices are gone, then serve fritters warm with maple syrup or a bit of sugar sprinkled on top!

# Plum Cake



## Ingredients:

¼ c currants  
⅛ c raisins  
⅓ tsp nutmeg  
⅓ tsp mace  
⅓ tsp cinnamon  
3 eggs  
1 c milk  
6 c flour  
1½ c sugar  
1 c butter  
½ c proofed yeast (directions below)

## Directions:

Cover raisins and currants in water (or apple juice for additional flavor) for at least 15 minutes, though we recommend soaking them overnight before baking!

Mix one tablespoon of yeast with a tablespoon of sugar and a tablespoon of flour, then stir in a ½ cup of warm water and let sit for 5-15 minutes, until bubbling.

Preheat oven to 350°, then butter a 12x17 inch sheet pan and set aside.

Cream butter and sugar in large bowl, then mix in nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon. Stir in eggs, one at a time, until completely combined.

Warm milk slightly in a saucepan over medium heat, then add to mixture along with yeast, mixing well. Fold in strained raisins and currents, then slowly add flour, careful not to overmix.

Pour into sheet pan, then bake until top is golden and cake is cooked through, about 35 minutes.

# Oliver Twist

## by Charles Dickens

### Chapter II. Treats of Oliver Twist's Growth, Education, and Board

For the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of a systematic course of treachery and deception. He was brought up by hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities to the parish authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities, whether there was no female then domiciled in "the house" who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist, the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility, that there was not. Upon this, the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be "farmed," or, in other words, that he should be dispatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws, rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female, who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny, quite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children; and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them. Thereby finding in the lowest depth a deeper still; and proving herself a very great experimental philosopher.

Everybody knows the story of another experimental philosopher who had a great theory about a horse being able to live without eating, and who demonstrated it so well, that he had got his own horse down to a straw a day, and would unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rampacious animal on nothing at all, if he had not died, four-and-twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air. Unfortunately for the experimental philosophy of the female to whose protecting care Oliver Twist was delivered over, a similar result usually attended the operation of her system; for at the very moment when the child had contrived to exist upon the smallest possible portion of the weakest possible food, it did perversely happen in eight and a half cases out of ten, either that it sickened from want and cold, or fell into the fire from neglect, or got half-smothered by accident; in any one of which cases, the miserable little being was usually summoned into another world, and there gathered to the fathers it had never known in this.

Occasionally, when there was some more than usually interesting inquest upon a parish child who had been overlooked in turning up a bedstead, or inadvertently scalded to death when there happened to be a washing—though the latter accident was very scarce, anything approaching to a washing being of rare occurrence in the farm—the jury would take it into their heads to ask troublesome questions, or the parishioners would rebelliously affix their signatures to a remonstrance.

But these impertinences were speedily checked by the evidence of the surgeon, and the testimony of the beadle; the former of whom had always opened the body and found nothing inside (which was very probable indeed), and the latter of whom invariably swore whatever the parish wanted; which was very self-devotional. Besides, the board made periodical pilgrimages to the farm, and always sent the beadle the day before, to say they were going. The children were neat and clean to behold, when they went; and what more would the people have!

It cannot be expected that this system of farming would produce any very extraordinary or luxuriant crop. Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in Oliver's breast. It had had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any ninth birth-day at all. Be this as it may, however, it was his ninth birthday; and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentleman, who, after participating with him in a sound thrashing, had been locked up for atrociously presuming to be hungry, when Mrs. Mann, the good lady of the house, was unexpectedly startled by the apparition of Mr. Bumble, the beadle, striving to undo the wicket of the garden-gate.

"Goodness gracious! Is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, thrusting her head out of the window in well-affected ecstasies of joy. "(Susan, take Oliver and them two brats upstairs, and wash 'em directly.)—My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you, sure-ly!"

Now, Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and a choleric; so, instead of responding to this open-hearted salutation in a kindred spirit, he gave the little wicket a tremendous shake, and then bestowed upon it a kick which could have emanated from no leg but a beadle's.

"Lor, only think," said Mrs. Mann, running out,—for the three boys had been removed by this time,—"only think of that! That I should have forgotten that the gate was bolted on the inside, on account of them dear children! Walk in sir; walk in, pray, Mr. Bumble, do, sir."

Although this invitation was accompanied with a curtsy that might have softened the heart of a churchwarden, it by no means mollified the beadle.

"Do you think this respectful or proper conduct, Mrs. Mann," inquired Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane, "to keep the parish officers a waiting at your garden-gate, when they come here upon parochial business with the parochial orphans? Are you aweer, Mrs. Mann, that you are, as I may say, a parochial delegate, and a stipendiary?"

"I'm sure Mr. Bumble, that I was only a telling one or two of the dear children as is so fond of you, that it was you a coming," replied Mrs. Mann with great humility.

Mr. Bumble had a great idea of his oratorical powers and his importance. He had displayed the one, and vindicated the other. He relaxed.

"Well, well, Mrs. Mann," he replied in a calmer tone; "it may be as you say; it may be. Lead the way in, Mrs. Mann, for I come on business, and have something to say."

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor; placed a seat for him; and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled. Beadles are but men: and Mr. Bumble smiled.

"Now don't you be offended at what I'm a going to say," observed Mrs. Mann, with captivating sweetness. "You've had a long walk, you know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now, will you take a little drop of somethink, Mr. Bumble?"

"Not a drop. Nor a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified, but placid manner.

"I think you will," said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it. "Just a leetle drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar."

Mr. Bumble coughed.

"Now, just a leetle drop," said Mrs. Mann persuasively.

"What is it?" inquired the beadle.

"Why, it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put into the blessed infants' Daffy, when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble," replied Mrs. Mann as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. "It's gin. I'll not deceive you, Mr. B. It's gin."

"Do you give the children Daffy, Mrs. Mann?" inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

"Ah, bless 'em, that I do, dear as it is," replied the nurse. "I couldn't see 'em suffer before my very eyes, you know sir."

"No"; said Mr. Bumble approvingly; "no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann." (Here she set down the glass.) "I shall take a early opportunity of mentioning it to the board, Mrs. Mann." (He drew it towards him.) "You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann." (He stirred the gin-and-water.) "I—I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann"; and he swallowed half of it.

"And now about business," said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. "The child that was half-baptized Oliver Twist, is nine year old today."

"Bless him!" interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

"And notwithstanding a offered reward of ten pound, which was afterwards increased to twenty pound. Notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what was his mother's settlement, name, or condition."

Mrs. Mann raised her hands in astonishment; but added, after a moment's reflection, "How comes he to have any name at all, then?"

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I invented it."

"You, Mr. Bumble!"

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name our fondlings in alphabetical order. The last was a S,—Swubble, I named him. This was a T,—Twist, I named him. The next one comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z."

"Why, you're quite a literary character, sir!" said Mrs. Mann.

"Well, well," said the beadle, evidently gratified with the compliment; "perhaps I may be. Perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He finished the gin-and-water, and added, "Oliver being now too old to remain here, the board have determined to have him back into the house. I have come out myself to take him there. So let me see him at once."

"I'll fetch him directly," said Mrs. Mann, leaving the room for that purpose. Oliver, having had by this time as much of the outer coat of dirt which encrusted his face and hands, removed, as could be scrubbed off in one washing, was led into the room by his benevolent protectress.

"Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver," said Mrs. Mann.

Oliver made a bow, which was divided between the beadle on the chair, and the cocked hat on the table.

"Will you go along with me, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble, in a majestic voice.

Oliver was about to say that he would go along with anybody with great readiness, when, glancing upward, he caught sight of Mrs. Mann, who had got behind the beadle's chair, and was shaking her fist at him with a furious countenance. He took the hint at once, for the fist had been too often impressed upon his body not to be deeply impressed upon his recollection.

"Will she go with me?" inquired poor Oliver.

"No, she can't," replied Mr. Bumble. "But she'll come and see you sometimes."

This was no very great consolation to the child. Young as he was, however, he had sense enough to make a feint of feeling great regret at going away. It was no very difficult matter for the boy to call tears into his eyes. Hunger and recent ill-usage are great assistants if you want to cry; and Oliver cried very naturally indeed. Mrs. Mann gave him a thousand embraces, and what Oliver wanted a great deal more, a piece of bread and butter, lest he should seem too hungry when he got to the workhouse. With the slice of bread in his hand, and the little brown-cloth parish cap on his head, Oliver was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched home where one kind word or look had never lighted the gloom of his infant years. And yet he burst into an agony of childish grief, as the cottage-gate closed after him.

Wretched as were the little companions in misery he was leaving behind, they were the only friends he had ever known; and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world, sank into the child's heart for the first time.

Mr. Bumble walked on with long strides; little Oliver, firmly grasping his gold-laced cuff, trotted beside him, inquiring at the end of every quarter of a mile whether they were "nearly there." To these interrogations Mr. Bumble returned very brief and snappish replies; for the temporary blandness which gin-and-water awakens in some bosoms had by this time evaporated; and he was once again a beadle.

Oliver had not been within the walls of the workhouse a quarter of an hour, and had scarcely completed the demolition of a second slice of bread, when Mr. Bumble, who had handed him over to the care of an old woman, returned; and, telling him it was a board night, informed him that the board had said he was to appear before it forthwith.

Not having a very clearly defined notion of what a live board was, Oliver was rather astounded by this intelligence, and was not quite certain whether he ought to laugh or cry. He had no time to think about the matter, however; for Mr. Bumble gave him a tap on the head, with his cane, to wake him up: and another on the back to make him lively: and bidding him to follow, conducted him into a large whitewashed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table. At the top of the table, seated in an arm-chair rather higher than the rest, was a particularly fat gentleman with a very round, red face.

"Bow to the board," said Bumble. Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes; and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

"What's your name, boy?" said the gentleman in the high chair.

Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble: and the beadle gave him another tap behind, which made him cry. These two causes made him answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a gentleman in a white waistcoat said he was a fool. Which was a capital way of raising his spirits, and putting him quite at his ease.

"Boy," said the gentleman in the high chair, "listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?"

"What's that, sir?" inquired poor Oliver.

"The boy is a fool—I thought he was," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Hush!" said the gentleman who had spoken first. "You know you've got no father or mother, and that you were brought up by the parish, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat. And to be sure it was very extraordinary. What could the boy be crying for?

"I hope you say your prayers every night," said another gentleman in a gruff voice; "and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you—like a Christian."

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy. The gentleman who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been very like a Christian, and a marvellously good Christian too, if Oliver had prayed for the people who fed and took care of him. But he hadn't, because nobody had taught him.

"Well! You have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade," said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

"So you'll begin to pick oakum tomorrow morning at six o'clock," added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward; where, on a rough, hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a novel illustration of the tender laws of England! They let the paupers go to sleep!

Poor Oliver! He little thought, as he lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around him, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all his future fortunes. But they had. And this was it:

The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered—the poor people liked it! It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes; a tavern where there was nothing to pay; a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper all the year round; a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work. "Oho!" said the board, looking very knowing; "we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all, in no time." So, they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they), of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. With this view, they contracted with the water-works to lay on an unlimited supply of water; and with a corn-factory to supply periodically small quantities of oatmeal; and issued three meals of thin gruel a day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll of Sundays. They made a great many other wise and humane regulations, having reference to the ladies, which it is not necessary to repeat; kindly undertook to divorce poor married people, in consequence of the great expense of a suit in Doctors' Commons; and, instead of compelling a man to support his family, as they had theretofore done, took his family away from him, and made him a bachelor! There is no saying how many applicants for relief, under these last two heads, might have started up in all classes of society, if it had not been coupled with the workhouse; but the board were long-headed men, and had provided for this difficulty. The relief was inseparable from the workhouse and the gruel; and that frightened people.

For the first six months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin as well as the paupers; and the board were in ecstasies.

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end: out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at mealtimes. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more—except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook-shop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel per diem, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver; while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said: somewhat alarmed at his own temerity:

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arm; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said,

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For more!" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

"I never was more convinced of anything in my life," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning: "I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung."

As I purpose to show in the sequel whether the white waistcoated gentleman was right or not, I should perhaps mar the interest of this narrative (supposing it to possess any at all), if I ventured to hint just yet, whether the life of Oliver Twist had this violent termination or no.

# North and South

by Elizabeth Gaskell

## Chapter X. Wrought Iron and Gold

*"We are the trees whom shaking fastens more."*  
- George Herbert.

Mr. Thornton left the house without coming into the dining-room again. He was rather late, and walked rapidly out to Crampton. He was anxious not to slight his new friend by any disrespectful unpunctuality. The church-clock struck half-past seven as he stood at the door awaiting Dixon's slow movements; always doubly tardy when she had to degrade herself by answering the door-bell. He was ushered into the little drawing-room, and kindly greeted by Mr. Hale, who led him up to his wife, whose pale face, and shawl-draped figure made a silent excuse for the cold languor of her greeting. Margaret was lighting the lamp when he entered, for the darkness was coming on. The lamp threw a pretty light into the centre of the dusky room, from which, with country habits, they did not exclude the night-skies, and the outer darkness of air. Somehow, that room contrasted itself with the one he had lately left; handsome, ponderous, with no sign of female habitation, except in the one spot where his mother sate, and no convenience for any other employment than eating and drinking. To be sure, it was a dining-room; his mother preferred to sit in it; and her will was a household law. But the drawing-room was not like this. It was twice—twenty times as fine; not one quarter as comfortable. Here were no mirrors, not even a scrap of glass to reflect the light, and answer the same purpose as water in a landscape; no gilding; a warm, sober breadth of colouring, well relieved by the dear old Helstone chintz-curtains and chair covers. An open davenport stood in the window opposite the door; in the other there was a stand, with a tall white china vase, from which drooped wreaths of English ivy, pale green birch, and copper-coloured beech-leaves. Pretty baskets of work stood about in different places: and books, not cared for on account of their binding solely, lay on one table, as if recently put down. Behind the door was another table decked out for tea, with a white table-cloth, on which flourished the cocoa-nut cakes, and a basket piled with oranges and ruddy American apples, heaped on leaves.

It appeared to Mr. Thornton that all these graceful cares were habitual to the family; and especially of a piece with Margaret. She stood by the tea-table in a light-coloured muslin gown, which had a good deal of pink about it. She looked as if she was not attending to the conversation, but solely busy with the tea-cups, among which her round ivory hands moved with pretty, noiseless, daintiness. She had a bracelet on one taper arm, which would fall down over her round wrist. Mr. Thornton watched the replacing of this troublesome ornament with far more attention than he listened to her father. It seemed as if it fascinated him to see her push it up impatiently until it tightened her soft flesh; and then to mark the loosening—the fall. He could almost have exclaimed—"There it goes again!" There was so little left to be done after he arrived at the preparation for tea, that he was almost sorry the obligation of eating and drinking came so soon to prevent him watching Margaret.

She handed him his cup of tea with the proud air of an unwilling slave; but her eye caught the moment when he was ready for another cup; and he almost longed to ask her to do for him what he saw her compelled to do for her father, who took her little finger and thumb in his masculine hand, and made them serve as sugar-tongues. Mr. Thornton saw her beautiful eyes lifted to her father, full of light, half-laughter, and half-love, as this bit of pantomime went on between the two, unobserved as they fancied, by any. Margaret's head still ached, as the paleness of her complexion, and her silence might have testified; but she was resolved to throw herself into the breach, if there was any long untoward pause, rather than that her father's friend, pupil, and guest should have cause to think himself in any way neglected. But the conversation went on; and Margaret drew into a corner, near her mother, with her work, after the tea-things were taken away; and felt that she might let her thoughts roam, without fear of being suddenly wanted to fill up a gap.

Mr. Thornton and Mr. Hale were both absorbed in the continuation of some object which had been started at their last meeting. Margaret was recalled to a sense of the present by some trivial, low-spoken remark of her mother's; and on suddenly looking up from her work, her eye was caught by the difference of outward appearance between her father and Mr. Thornton, as betokening such distinctly opposite natures. Her father was of slight figure, which made him appear taller than he really was, when not contrasted, as at this time, with the tall, massive frame of another. The lines in her father's face were soft and waving, with a frequent undulating kind of trembling movement passing over them, showing every fluctuating emotion; the eyelids were large and arched, giving to the eyes a peculiar languid beauty which was almost feminine. The brows were finely arched, but were by the very size of the dreamy lids, raised to a considerable distance from the eyes. Now, in Mr. Thornton's face the straight brows fell low over the clear, deep-set, earnest eyes, which without being unpleasantly sharp, seemed intent enough to penetrate into the very heart and core of what he was looking at. The lines in the face were few but firm, as if they were carved in marble, and lay principally about the lips, which were slightly compressed, over a set of teeth so faultless and beautiful as to give the effect of sudden sunlight when the rare bright smile, coming in an instant and shining out of the eyes, changed the whole look from the severe and resolved expression of a man ready to do and dare everything, to the keen, honest, enjoyment of the moment, which is seldom shown so fearlessly and instantaneously except by children. Margaret liked this smile; it was the first thing she had admired in this new friend of her father's; and the opposition of character, shown in all these details of appearance she had just been noticing, seemed to explain the attraction they evidently felt towards each other.

She rearranged her mother's worsted-work, and fell back into her own thoughts—as completely forgotten by Mr. Thornton as if she had not been in the room, so thoroughly was he occupied in explaining to Mr. Hale the magnificent power, yet delicate adjustment of the might of the steam-hammer, which was recalling to Mr. Hale some of the wonderful stories of subservient genii in the Arabian Nights—one moment stretching from earth to sky and filling all the width of the horizon, at the next obediently compressed into a vase small enough to be borne in the hand of a child.

“And this imagination of power, this practical realisation of a gigantic thought, came out of one man's brain in our good town. That very man has it within him to mount, step by step, on each wonder he achieves to higher marvels still.

And I'll be bound to say, we have many among us who, if he were gone, could spring into the breach and carry on the war which compels, and shall compel, all material power to yield to science."

"Your boast reminds me of the old lines—

'I've a hundred captains in England,' he said,  
'As good as ever was he.'"

At her father's quotation Margaret looked suddenly up, with inquiring wonder in her eyes. How in the world had they got from the cog-wheels to Chevy Chase?

"It is no boast of mine," replied Mr. Thornton; "it is plain matter-of-fact. I won't deny that I am proud of belonging to a town—or perhaps I should rather say a district—the necessities of which give birth to such grandeur of conception. I would rather be a man toiling, suffering—nay, failing and successful—here, than lead a dull prosperous life in the old worn grooves of what you call more aristocratic society down in the South, with their slow days of careless ease. One may be clogged with honey and unable to rise and fly."

"You are mistaken," said Margaret, roused by the aspersion on her beloved South to a fond vehemence of defence, that brought the colour into her cheeks and the angry tears into her eyes. "You do not know anything about the South. If there is less adventure or less progress—I suppose I must not say less excitement—from the gambling spirit of trade, which seems requisite to force out these wonderful inventions, there is less suffering also. I see men here going about in the streets who look ground down by some pinching sorrow or care—who are not only sufferers but haters. Now, in the South we have our poor, but there is not that terrible expression in their countenances of a sullen sense of injustice which I see here. You do not know the South, Mr. Thornton," she concluded, collapsing into a determined silence, and angry with herself for having said so much.

"And may I say you do not know the North?" asked he, with an inexpressible gentleness in his tone, as he saw that he had really hurt her. She continued resolutely silent; yearning after the lovely haunts she had left far away in Hampshire, with a passionate longing that made her feel her voice would be unsteady and trembling if she spoke.

"At any rate, Mr. Thornton," said Mrs. Hale, "you will allow that Milton is a much more smoky, dirty town than you will ever meet with in the South."

"I'm afraid I must give up its cleanliness," said Mr. Thornton, with the quick gleaming smile. "But we are bidden by parliament to burn our own smoke; so I suppose, like good little children, we shall do as we are bid—some time."

"But I think you told me you had altered your chimneys so as to consume the smoke, did you not?" asked Mr. Hale.

"Mine were altered by my own will, before parliament meddled with the affair. It was an immediate outlay, but it repays me in the saving of coal. I'm not sure whether I should have done it, if I had waited until the act was passed. At any rate, I should have waited to be informed against and fined, and given all the trouble in yielding that I legally could. But all laws which depend for their enforcement upon informers and fines, become inert from the odiousness of the machinery. I doubt if there has been a chimney in Milton informed against for five years past, although some are constantly sending out one-third of their coal in what is called here unparliamentary smoke."

"I only know it is impossible to keep the muslin blinds clean here above a week together; and at Helstone we have had them up for a month or more, and they have not looked dirty at the end of that time. And as for hands—Margaret, how many times did you say you had washed your hands this morning before twelve o'clock? Three times, was it not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You seem to have a strong objection to acts of parliament and all legislation affecting your mode of management down here at Milton," said Mr. Hale.

"Yes, I have; and many others have as well. And with justice, I think. The whole machinery—I don't mean the wood and iron machinery now—of the cotton trade is so new that it is no wonder if it does not work well in every part all at once. Seventy years ago what was it? And now what it is not? Raw, crude materials came together; men of the same level, as regarded education and station, took suddenly the different position of masters and men, owing to the motherwit, as regarded opportunities and probabilities, which distinguished some, and made them far-seeing as to what great future lay concealed in that rude model of Sir Richard Arkwright's. The rapid development of what might be called a new trade, gave those early masters enormous power of wealth and command. I don't mean merely over the workmen; I mean over purchasers—over the whole world's market. Why, I may give you, as an instance, an advertisement, inserted not fifty years ago in a Milton paper, that so-and-so (one of the half-dozen calico-printers of the time) would close his warehouse at noon each day; therefore, that all purchasers must come before that hour. Fancy a man dictating in this manner the time when he would sell and when he would not sell. Now, I believe, if a good customer chose to come at midnight, I should get up, and stand hat in hand to receive his orders."

Margaret's lip curled, but somehow she was compelled to listen; she could no longer abstract herself in her own thoughts.

"I only name such things to show what almost unlimited power the manufacturers had about the beginning of this century. The men were rendered dizzy by it. Because a man was successful in his ventures, there was no reason that in all other things his mind should be well-balanced. On the contrary, his sense of justice, and his simplicity, were often utterly smothered under the glut of wealth that came down upon him; and they tell strange tales of the wild extravagance of living indulged in on gala-days by those early cotton-lords. There can be no doubt, too, of the tyranny they exercised over their work-people. You know the proverb, Mr. Hale, 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil,'—well, some of these early manufacturers did ride to the devil in a magnificent style—crushing human bone and flesh under their horses' hoofs without remorse.

But by-and-by came a reaction; there were more factories, more masters; more men were wanted. The power of masters and men became more evenly balanced; and now the battle is pretty fairly waged between us. We will hardly submit to the decision of an umpire, much less to the interference of a meddler with only a smattering of the knowledge of the real facts of the case, even though that meddler be called the High Court of Parliament."

"Is there necessity for calling it a battle between the two classes?" asked Mr. Hale. "I know, from your using the term, it is one which gives a true idea of the real state of things to your mind."

"It is true; and I believe it to be as much a necessity as that prudent wisdom and good conduct are always opposed to, and doing battle with ignorance and improvidence. It is one of the great beauties of our system, that a working-man may raise himself into the power and position of a master by his own exertions and behaviour; that, in fact, every one who rules himself to decency and sobriety of conduct, and attention to his duties, comes over to our ranks; it may not be always as a master, but as an overlooker, a cashier, a book-keeper, a clerk, one on the side of authority and order."

"You consider all who are unsuccessful in raising themselves in the world, from whatever cause, as your enemies, then, if I understand you rightly," said Margaret, in a clear, cold voice.

"As their own enemies, certainly," said he, quickly, not a little piqued by the haughty disapproval her form of expression and tone of speaking implied. But, in a moment, his straightforward honesty made him feel that his words were but a poor and quibbling answer to what she had said, and, be she as scornful as she liked, it was a duty he owed to himself to explain, as truly as he could, what he did mean. Yet it was very difficult to separate her interpretation, and keep it distinct from his meaning. He could best have illustrated what he wanted to say by telling them something of his own life; but was it not too personal a subject to speak about to strangers? Still, it was the simple straightforward way of explaining his meaning; so, putting aside the touch of shyness that brought a momentary flush of colour into his dark cheek, he said:

"I am not speaking without book. Sixteen years ago, my father died under very miserable circumstances. I was taken from school, and had to become a man (as well as I could) in a few days. I had such a mother as few are blest with; a woman of strong power, and firm resolve. We went into a small country town, where living was cheaper than in Milton, and where I got employment in a draper's shop (a capital place, by the way, for obtaining a knowledge of goods). Week by week, our income came to fifteen shillings, out of which three people had to be kept. My mother managed so that I put by three out of these fifteen shillings regularly. This made the beginning; this taught me self-denial. Now that I am able to afford my mother such comforts as her age, rather than her own wish, requires, I thank her silently on each occasion for the early training she gave me. Now when I feel that in my own case it is no good luck, nor merit, nor talent,—but simply the habits of life which taught me to despise indulgences not thoroughly earned,—indeed, never to think twice about them,—I believe that this suffering, which Miss Hale says is impressed on the countenances of the people of Milton, is but the natural punishment of dishonestly-enjoyed pleasure, at some former period of their lives. I do not look on self-indulgent, sensual people as worthy of my hatred; I simply look upon them with contempt for their poorness of character."

"But you have the rudiments of a good education," remarked Mr. Hale. "The quick zest with which you are now reading Homer, shows me that you do not come to it as an unknown book: you have read it before, and are only recalling your old knowledge."

"That is true,—I had blundered along it at school; I dare say, I was even considered a pretty fair classic in those days, though my Latin and Greek have slipt away from me since. But I ask you, what preparation were they for such a life as I had to lead? None at all. Utterly none at all. On the point of education, any man who can read and write starts fair with me in the amount of really useful knowledge that I had at that time."

"Well! I don't agree with you. But there I am perhaps somewhat of a pedant. Did not the recollection of the heroic simplicity of the Homeric life nerve you up?"

"Not one bit!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton, laughing. "I was too busy to think about any dead people, with the living pressing alongside of me, neck to neck, in the struggle for bread. Now that I have my mother safe in the quiet peace that becomes her age, and duly rewards her former exertions, I can turn to all that old narration and thoroughly enjoy it."

"I dare say, my remark came from the professional feeling of there being nothing like leather," replied Mr. Hale.

When Mr. Thornton rose up to go away, after shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Hale, he made an advance to Margaret to wish her good-bye in a similar manner. It was the frank familiar custom of the place; but Margaret was not prepared for it. She simply bowed her farewell; although the instant she saw the hand, half put out, quickly drawn back, she was sorry she had not been aware of the intention. Mr. Thornton, however, knew nothing of her sorrow, and, drawing himself up to his full height, walked off, muttering as he left the house—

"A more proud, disagreeable girl I never saw. Even her great beauty is blotted out of one's memory by her scornful ways."

# Shirley

by Charlotte Brontë

## Chapter II. The Wagons

The evening was pitch dark: star and moon were quenched in gray rain-clouds—gray they would have been by day; by night they looked sable. Malone was not a man given to close observation of nature; her changes passed, for the most part, unnoticed by him. He could walk miles on the most varying April day and never see the beautiful dallying of earth and heaven—never mark when a sunbeam kissed the hill-tops, making them smile clear in green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging, dishevelled tresses of a cloud. He did not, therefore, care to contrast the sky as it now appeared—a muffled, streaming vault, all black, save where, towards the east, the furnaces of Stilbro' ironworks threw a tremulous lurid shimmer on the horizon—with the same sky on an unclouded frosty night. He did not trouble himself to ask where the constellations and the planets were gone, or to regret the "black-blue" serenity of the air-ocean which those white islets stud, and which another ocean, of heavier and denser element, now rolled below and concealed. He just doggedly pursued his way, leaning a little forward as he walked, and wearing his hat on the back of his head, as his Irish manner was. "Tramp, tramp," he went along the causeway, where the road boasted the privilege of such an accommodation; "splash, splash," through the mire-filled cart ruts, where the flags were exchanged for soft mud. He looked but for certain landmarks—the spire of Briarfield Church; farther on, the lights of Redhouse. This was an inn; and when he reached it, the glow of a fire through a half-curtained window, a vision of glasses on a round table, and of revellers on an oaken settle, had nearly drawn aside the curate from his course. He thought longingly of a tumbler of whisky-and-water. In a strange place he would instantly have realized the dream; but the company assembled in that kitchen were Mr. Helstone's own parishioners; they all knew him. He sighed, and passed on.

The highroad was now to be quitted, as the remaining distance to Hollow's Mill might be considerably reduced by a short cut across fields. These fields were level and monotonous. Malone took a direct course through them, jumping hedge and wall. He passed but one building here, and that seemed large and hall-like, though irregular. You could see a high gable, then a long front, then a low gable, then a thick, lofty stack of chimneys. There were some trees behind it. It was dark; not a candle shone from any window. It was absolutely still; the rain running from the eaves, and the rather wild but very low whistle of the wind round the chimneys and through the boughs were the sole sounds in its neighbourhood.

This building passed, the fields, hitherto flat, declined in a rapid descent. Evidently a vale lay below, through which you could hear the water run. One light glimmered in the depth. For that beacon Malone steered.

He came to a little white house—you could see it was white even through this dense darkness—and knocked at the door. A fresh-faced servant opened it.

By the candle she held was revealed a narrow passage, terminating in a narrow stair. Two doors covered with crimson baize, a strip of crimson carpet down the steps, contrasted with light-coloured walls and white floor, made the little interior look clean and fresh.

"Mr. Moore is at home, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, but he is not in."

"Not in! Where is he then?"

"At the mill—in the counting-house."

Here one of the crimson doors opened.

"Are the wagons come, Sarah?" asked a female voice, and a female head at the same time was apparent. It might not be the head of a goddess—indeed a screw of curl-paper on each side the temples quite forbade that supposition—but neither was it the head of a Gorgon; yet Malone seemed to take it in the latter light. Big as he was, he shrank bashfully back into the rain at the view thereof, and saying, "I'll go to him," hurried in seeming trepidation down a short lane, across an obscure yard, towards a huge black mill.

The work-hours were over; the "hands" were gone. The machinery was at rest, the mill shut up. Malone walked round it. Somewhere in its great sooty flank he found another chink of light; he knocked at another door, using for the purpose the thick end of his shillelah, with which he beat a rousing tattoo. A key turned; the door unclosed.

"Is it Joe Scott? What news of the wagons, Joe?"

"No; it's myself. Mr. Helstone would send me."

"Oh! Mr. Malone." The voice in uttering this name had the slightest possible cadence of disappointment. After a moment's pause it continued, politely but a little formally,—

"I beg you will come in, Mr. Malone. I regret extremely Mr. Helstone should have thought it necessary to trouble you so far. There was no necessity—I told him so—and on such a night; but walk forwards."

Through a dark apartment, of aspect undistinguishable, Malone followed the speaker into a light and bright room within—very light and bright indeed it seemed to eyes which, for the last hour, had been striving to penetrate the double darkness of night and fog; but except for its excellent fire, and for a lamp of elegant design and vivid lustre burning on a table, it was a very plain place. The boarded floor was carpetless; the three or four stiff-backed, green-painted chairs seemed once to have furnished the kitchen of some farm-house; a desk of strong, solid formation, the table aforesaid, and some framed sheets on the stone-coloured walls, bearing plans for building, for gardening, designs of machinery, etc., completed the furniture of the place.

Plain as it was, it seemed to satisfy Malone, who, when he had removed and hung up his wet surtout and hat, drew one of the rheumatic-looking chairs to the hearth, and set his knees almost within the bars of the red grate.

"Comfortable quarters you have here, Mr. Moore; and all snug to yourself."

"Yes, but my sister would be glad to see you, if you would prefer stepping into the house."

"Oh no! The ladies are best alone, I never was a lady's man. You don't mistake me for my friend Sweeting, do you, Mr. Moore?"

"Sweeting! Which of them is that? The gentleman in the chocolate overcoat, or the little gentleman?"

"The little one—he of Nunnely; the cavalier of the Misses Sykes, with the whole six of whom he is in love, ha! ha!"

"Better be generally in love with all than specially with one, I should think, in that quarter."

"But he is specially in love with one besides, for when I and Donne urged him to make a choice amongst the fair bevy, he named—which do you think?"

With a queer, quiet smile Mr. Moore replied, "Dora, of course, or Harriet."

"Ha! ha! you've an excellent guess. But what made you hit on those two?"

"Because they are the tallest, the handsomest, and Dora, at least, is the stoutest; and as your friend Mr. Sweeting is but a little slight figure, I concluded that, according to a frequent rule in such cases, he preferred his contrast."

"You are right; Dora it is. But he has no chance, has he, Moore?"

"What has Mr. Sweeting besides his curacy?"

This question seemed to tickle Malone amazingly. He laughed for full three minutes before he answered it.

"What has Sweeting? Why, David has his harp, or flute, which comes to the same thing. He has a sort of pinchbeck watch; ditto, ring; ditto, eyeglass. That's what he has."

"How would he propose to keep Miss Sykes in gowns only?"

"Ha! ha! Excellent! I'll ask him that next time I see him. I'll roast him for his presumption. But no doubt he expects old Christopher Sykes would do something handsome. He is rich, is he not? They live in a large house."

"Sykes carries on an extensive concern."

"Therefore he must be wealthy, eh?"

"Therefore he must have plenty to do with his wealth, and in these times would be about as likely to think of drawing money from the business to give dowries to his daughters as I should be to dream of pulling down the cottage there, and constructing on its ruins a house as large as Fieldhead."

"Do you know what I heard, Moore, the other day?"

"No. Perhaps that I was about to effect some such change. Your Briarfield gossips are capable of saying that or sillier things."

"That you were going to take Fieldhead on a lease (I thought it looked a dismal place, by-the-by, to-night, as I passed it), and that it was your intention to settle a Miss Sykes there as mistress—to be married, in short, ha! ha! Now, which is it? Dora, I am sure. You said she was the handsomest."

"I wonder how often it has been settled that I was to be married since I came to Briarfield. They have assigned me every marriageable single woman by turns in the district. Now it was the two Misses Wynns—first the dark, then the light one; now the red-haired Miss Armitage; then the mature Ann Pearson. At present you throw on my shoulders all the tribe of the Misses Sykes. On what grounds this gossip rests God knows. I visit nowhere; I seek female society about as assiduously as you do, Mr. Malone. If ever I go to Whinbury, it is only to give Sykes or Pearson a call in their counting-house, where our discussions run on other topics than matrimony, and our thoughts are occupied with other things than courtships, establishments, dowries. The cloth we can't sell, the hands we can't employ, the mills we can't run, the perverse course of events generally, which we cannot alter, fill our hearts, I take it, pretty well at present, to the tolerably complete exclusion of such figments as love-making, etc."

"I go along with you completely, Moore. If there is one notion I hate more than another, it is that of marriage—I mean marriage in the vulgar weak sense, as a mere matter of sentiment—two beggarly fools agreeing to unite their indigence by some fantastic tie of feeling. Humbug! But an advantageous connection, such as can be formed in consonance with dignity of views and permanency of solid interests, is not so bad—eh?"

"No," responded Moore, in an absent manner. The subject seemed to have no interest for him; he did not pursue it. After sitting for some time gazing at the fire with a preoccupied air, he suddenly turned his head.

"Hark!" said he. "Did you hear wheels?"

Rising, he went to the window, opened it, and listened. He soon closed it. "It is only the sound of the wind rising," he remarked, "and the rivulet a little swollen, rushing down the hollow. I expected those wagons at six; it is near nine now."

"Seriously, do you suppose that the putting up of this new machinery will bring you into danger?" inquired Malone. "Helstone seems to think it will."

"I only wish the machines—the frames—were safe here, and lodged within the walls of this mill. Once put up, I defy the frame-breakers. Let them only pay me a visit and take the consequences. My mill is my castle."

"One despises such low scoundrels," observed Malone, in a profound vein of reflection. "I almost wish a party would call upon you to-night; but the road seemed extremely quiet as I came along. I saw nothing astir."

"You came by the Redhouse?"

"Yes."

"There would be nothing on that road. It is in the direction of Stilbro' the risk lies."

"And you think there is risk?"

"What these fellows have done to others they may do to me. There is only this difference: most of the manufacturers seem paralyzed when they are attacked. Sykes, for instance, when his dressing-shop was set on fire and burned to the ground, when the cloth was torn from his tenters and left in shreds in the field, took no steps to discover or punish the miscreants: he gave up as tamely as a rabbit under the jaws of a ferret. Now I, if I know myself, should stand by my trade, my mill, and my machinery."

"Helstone says these three are your gods; that the 'Orders in Council' are with you another name for the seven deadly sins; that Castlereagh is your Antichrist, and the war-party his legions."

"Yes; I abhor all these things because they ruin me. They stand in my way. I cannot get on. I cannot execute my plans because of them. I see myself baffled at every turn by their untoward effects."

"But you are rich and thriving, Moore?"

"I am very rich in cloth I cannot sell. You should step into my warehouse yonder, and observe how it is piled to the roof with pieces. Roakes and Pearson are in the same condition. America used to be their market, but the Orders in Council have cut that off."

Malone did not seem prepared to carry on briskly a conversation of this sort. He began to knock the heels of his boots together, and to yawn.

"And then to think," continued Mr. Moore who seemed too much taken up with the current of his own thoughts to note the symptoms of his guest's *ennui* — "to think that these ridiculous gossips of Whinbury and Briarfield will keep pestering one about being married!"

As if there was nothing to be done in life but to 'pay attention,' as they say, to some young lady, and then to go to church with her, and then to start on a bridal tour, and then to run through a round of visits, and then, I suppose, to be 'having a family.' Oh, que le diable emporte!" He broke off the aspiration into which he was launching with a certain energy, and added, more calmly, "I believe women talk and think only of these things, and they naturally fancy men's minds similarly occupied."

"Of course—of course," assented Malone; "but never mind them." And he whistled, looked impatiently round, and seemed to feel a great want of something. This time Moore caught and, it appeared, comprehended his demonstrations.

"Mr. Malone," said he, "you must require refreshment after your wet walk. I forget hospitality."

"Not at all," rejoined Malone; but he looked as if the right nail was at last hit on the head, nevertheless. Moore rose and opened a cupboard.

"It is my fancy," said he, "to have every convenience within myself, and not to be dependent on the femininity in the cottage yonder for every mouthful I eat or every drop I drink. I often spend the evening and sup here alone, and sleep with Joe Scott in the mill. Sometimes I am my own watchman. I require little sleep, and it pleases me on a fine night to wander for an hour or two with my musket about the hollow. Mr. Malone, can you cook a mutton chop?"

"Try me. I've done it hundreds of times at college."

"There's a dishful, then, and there's the gridiron. Turn them quickly. You know the secret of keeping the juices in?"

"Never fear me; you shall see. Hand a knife and fork, please."

The curate turned up his coat-cuffs, and applied himself to the cookery with vigour. The manufacturer placed on the table plates, a loaf of bread, a black bottle, and two tumblers. He then produced a small copper kettle—still from the same well-stored recess, his cupboard—filled it with water from a large stone jar in a corner, set it on the fire beside the hissing gridiron, got lemons, sugar, and a small china punch-bowl; but while he was brewing the punch a tap at the door called him away.

"Is it you, Sarah?"

"Yes, sir. Will you come to supper, please, sir?"

"No; I shall not be in to-night; I shall sleep in the mill. So lock the doors, and tell your mistress to go to bed."

He returned.

"You have your household in proper order," observed Malone approvingly, as, with his fine face ruddy as the embers over which he bent, he assiduously turned the mutton chops. "You are not under petticoat government, like poor Sweeting, a man—whew! how the fat spits! it has burnt my hand—destined to be ruled by women. Now you and I, Moore—there's a fine brown one for you, and full of gravy—you and I will have no gray mares in our stables when we marry."

"I don't know; I never think about it. If the gray mare is handsome and tractable, why not?"

"The chops are done. Is the punch brewed?"

"There is a glassful. Taste it. When Joe Scott and his minions return they shall have a share of this, provided they bring home the frames intact."

Malone waxed very exultant over the supper. He laughed aloud at trifles, made bad jokes and applauded them himself, and, in short, grew unmeaningly noisy. His host, on the contrary, remained quiet as before. It is time, reader, that you should have some idea of the appearance of this same host. I must endeavour to sketch him as he sits at table.

He is what you would probably call, at first view, rather a strange-looking man; for he is thin, dark, sallow, very foreign of aspect, with shadowy hair carelessly streaking his forehead. It appears that he spends but little time at his toilet, or he would arrange it with more taste. He seems unconscious that his features are fine, that they have a southern symmetry, clearness, regularity in their chiselling; nor does a spectator become aware of this advantage till he has examined him well, for an anxious countenance and a hollow, somewhat haggard, outline of face disturb the idea of beauty with one of care. His eyes are large, and grave, and gray; their expression is intent and meditative, rather searching than soft, rather thoughtful than genial. When he parts his lips in a smile, his physiognomy is agreeable—not that it is frank or cheerful even then, but you feel the influence of a certain sedate charm, suggestive, whether truly or delusively, of a considerate, perhaps a kind nature, of feelings that may wear well at home—patient, forbearing, possibly faithful feelings. He is still young—not more than thirty; his stature is tall, his figure slender. His manner of speaking displeases. He has an outlandish accent, which, notwithstanding a studied carelessness of pronunciation and diction, grates on a British, and especially on a Yorkshire, ear.

Mr. Moore, indeed, was but half a Briton, and scarcely that. He came of a foreign ancestry by the mother's side, and was himself born and partly reared on a foreign soil. A hybrid in nature, it is probable he had a hybrid's feeling on many points—patriotism for one; it is likely that he was unapt to attach himself to parties, to sects, even to climes and customs; it is not impossible that he had a tendency to isolate his individual person from any community amidst which his lot might temporarily happen to be thrown, and that he felt it to be his best wisdom to push the interests of Robert Gérard Moore, to the exclusion of philanthropic consideration for general interests, with which he regarded the said Gérard Moore as in a great measure disconnected. Trade was Mr. Moore's hereditary calling; the Gérards of Antwerp had been merchants for two centuries back. Once they had been wealthy merchants; but the uncertainties, the involvements, of business had come upon them; disastrous speculations had loosened by degrees the foundations of their credit.

The house had stood on a tottering base for a dozen years; and at last, in the shock of the French Revolution, it had rushed down a total ruin. In its fall was involved the English and Yorkshire firm of Moore, closely connected with the Antwerp house, and of which one of the partners, resident in Antwerp, Robert Moore, had married Hortense Gérard, with the prospect of his bride inheriting her father Constantine Gérard's share in the business. She inherited, as we have seen, but his share in the liabilities of the firm; and these liabilities, though duly set aside by a composition with creditors, some said her son Robert accepted, in his turn, as a legacy, and that he aspired one day to discharge them, and to rebuild the fallen house of Gérard and Moore on a scale at least equal to its former greatness. It was even supposed that he took by-past circumstances much to heart; and if a childhood passed at the side of a saturnine mother, under foreboding of coming evil, and a manhood drenched and blighted by the pitiless descent of the storm, could painfully impress the mind, his probably was impressed in no golden characters.

If, however, he had a great end of restoration in view, it was not in his power to employ great means for its attainment. He was obliged to be content with the day of small things. When he came to Yorkshire, he—whose ancestors had owned warehouses in this seaport, and factories in that inland town, had possessed their town-house and their country-seat—saw no way open to him but to rent a cloth-mill in an out-of-the-way nook of an out-of-the-way district; to take a cottage adjoining it for his residence, and to add to his possessions, as pasture for his horse, and space for his cloth-tenters, a few acres of the steep, rugged land that lined the hollow through which his mill-stream brawled. All this he held at a somewhat high rent (for these war times were hard, and everything was dear) of the trustees of the Fieldhead estate, then the property of a minor.

At the time this history commences, Robert Moore had lived but two years in the district, during which period he had at least proved himself possessed of the quality of activity. The dingy cottage was converted into a neat, tasteful residence. Of part of the rough land he had made garden-ground, which he cultivated with singular, even with Flemish, exactness and care. As to the mill, which was an old structure, and fitted up with old machinery, now become inefficient and out of date, he had from the first evinced the strongest contempt for all its arrangements and appointments. His aim had been to effect a radical reform, which he had executed as fast as his very limited capital would allow; and the narrowness of that capital, and consequent check on his progress, was a restraint which galled his spirit sorely. Moore ever wanted to push on. "Forward" was the device stamped upon his soul; but poverty curbed him. Sometimes (figuratively) he foamed at the mouth when the reins were drawn very tight.

In this state of feeling, it is not to be expected that he would deliberate much as to whether his advance was or was not prejudicial to others. Not being a native, nor for any length of time a resident of the neighbourhood, he did not sufficiently care when the new inventions threw the old workpeople out of employ. He never asked himself where those to whom he no longer paid weekly wages found daily bread; and in this negligence he only resembled thousands besides, on whom the starving poor of Yorkshire seemed to have a closer claim.

The period of which I write was an overshadowed one in British history, and especially in the history of the northern provinces.

War was then at its height. Europe was all involved therein. England, if not weary, was worn with long resistance—yes, and half her people were weary too, and cried out for peace on any terms. National honour was become a mere empty name, of no value in the eyes of many, because their sight was dim with famine; and for a morsel of meat they would have sold their birthright.

The "Orders in Council," provoked by Napoleon's Milan and Berlin decrees, and forbidding neutral powers to trade with France, had, by offending America, cut off the principal market of the Yorkshire woollen trade, and brought it consequently to the verge of ruin. Minor foreign markets were glutted, and would receive no more. The Brazils, Portugal, Sicily, were all overstocked by nearly two years' consumption. At this crisis certain inventions in machinery were introduced into the staple manufactures of the north, which, greatly reducing the number of hands necessary to be employed, threw thousands out of work, and left them without legitimate means of sustaining life. A bad harvest supervened. Distress reached its climax. Endurance, overgoaded, stretched the hand of fraternity to sedition. The throes of a sort of moral earthquake were felt heaving under the hills of the northern counties. But, as is usual in such cases, nobody took much notice. When a food-riot broke out in a manufacturing town, when a gig-mill was burnt to the ground, or a manufacturer's house was attacked, the furniture thrown into the streets, and the family forced to flee for their lives, some local measures were or were not taken by the local magistracy. A ringleader was detected, or more frequently suffered to elude detection; newspaper paragraphs were written on the subject, and there the thing stopped. As to the sufferers, whose sole inheritance was labour, and who had lost that inheritance—who could not get work, and consequently could not get wages, and consequently could not get bread—they were left to suffer on, perhaps inevitably left. It would not do to stop the progress of invention, to damage science by discouraging its improvements; the war could not be terminated; efficient relief could not be raised. There was no help then; so the unemployed underwent their destiny—ate the bread and drank the waters of affliction.

Misery generates hate. These sufferers hated the machines which they believed took their bread from them; they hated the buildings which contained those machines; they hated the manufacturers who owned those buildings. In the parish of Briarfield, with which we have at present to do, Hollow's Mill was the place held most abominable; Gérard Moore, in his double character of semi-foreigner and thorough-going progressist, the man most abominated. And it perhaps rather agreed with Moore's temperament than otherwise to be generally hated, especially when he believed the thing for which he was hated a right and an expedient thing; and it was with a sense of warlike excitement he, on this night, sat in his counting-house waiting the arrival of his frame-laden wagons. Malone's coming and company were, it may be, most unwelcome to him. He would have preferred sitting alone; for he liked a silent, sombre, unsafe solitude. His watchman's musket would have been company enough for him; the full-flowing beck in the den would have delivered continuously the discourse most genial to his ear.



With the queerest look in the world had the manufacturer for some ten minutes been watching the Irish curate, as the latter made free with the punch, when suddenly that steady gray eye changed, as if another vision came between it and Malone. Moore raised his hand.

"Chut!" he said in his French fashion, as Malone made a noise with his glass. He listened a moment, then rose, put his hat on, and went out at the counting-house door.

The night was still, dark, and stagnant: the water yet rushed on full and fast; its flow almost seemed a flood in the utter silence. Moore's ear, however, caught another sound, very distant but yet dissimilar, broken and rugged—in short, a sound of heavy wheels crunching a stony road. He returned to the counting-house and lit a lantern, with which he walked down the mill-yard, and proceeded to open the gates. The big wagons were coming on; the dray-horses' huge hoofs were heard splashing in the mud and water. Moore hailed them.

"Hey, Joe Scott! Is all right?"

Probably Joe Scott was yet at too great a distance to hear the inquiry. He did not answer it.

"Is all right, I say?" again asked Moore, when the elephant-like leader's nose almost touched his. Some one jumped out from the foremost wagon into the road; a voice cried aloud, "Ay, ay, divil; all's raight! We've smashed 'em."

And there was a run. The wagons stood still; they were now deserted.

"Joe Scott!" No Joe Scott answered. "Murgatroyd! Pighills! Sykes!" No reply. Mr. Moore lifted his lantern and looked into the vehicles. There was neither man nor machinery; they were empty and abandoned.

Now Mr. Moore loved his machinery. He had risked the last of his capital on the purchase of these frames and shears which to-night had been expected. Speculations most important to his interests depended on the results to be wrought by them. Where were they?

The words "we've smashed 'em" rang in his ears. How did the catastrophe affect him? By the light of the lantern he held were his features visible, relaxing to a singular smile—the smile the man of determined spirit wears when he reaches a juncture in his life where this determined spirit is to feel a demand on its strength, when the strain is to be made, and the faculty must bear or break. Yet he remained silent, and even motionless; for at the instant he neither knew what to say nor what to do. He placed the lantern on the ground, and stood with his arms folded, gazing down and reflecting.

An impatient trampling of one of the horses made him presently look up. His eye in the moment caught the gleam of something white attached to a part of the harness. Examined by the light of the lantern this proved to be a folded paper—a billet. It bore no address without; within was the superscription:—

"To the Divil of Hollow's Miln."

We will not copy the rest of the orthography, which was very peculiar, but translate it into legible English. It ran thus:—

"Your hellish machinery is shivered to smash on Stilbro' Moor, and your men are lying bound hand and foot in a ditch by the roadside. Take this as a warning from men that are starving, and have starving wives and children to go home to when they have done this deed. If you get new machines, or if you otherwise go on as you have done, you shall hear from us again. Beware!"

"Hear from you again? Yes, I'll hear from you again, and you shall hear from me. I'll speak to you directly. On Stilbro' Moor you shall hear from me in a moment."

Having led the wagons within the gates, he hastened towards the cottage. Opening the door, he spoke a few words quickly but quietly to two females who ran to meet him in the passage. He calmed the seeming alarm of one by a brief palliative account of what had taken place; to the other he said, "Go into the mill, Sarah—there is the key—and ring the mill-bell as loud as you can. Afterwards you will get another lantern and help me to light up the front."

Returning to his horses, he unharnessed, fed, and stabled them with equal speed and care, pausing occasionally, while so occupied, as if to listen for the mill-bell. It clanged out presently, with irregular but loud and alarming din. The hurried, agitated peal seemed more urgent than if the summons had been steadily given by a practised hand. On that still night, at that unusual hour, it was heard a long way round. The guests in the kitchen of the Redhouse were startled by the clamour, and declaring that "there must be summat more nor common to do at Hollow's Miln," they called for lanterns, and hurried to the spot in a body. And scarcely had they thronged into the yard with their gleaming lights, when the tramp of horses was heard, and a little man in a shovel hat, sitting erect on the back of a shaggy pony, "rode lightly in," followed by an aide-de-camp mounted on a larger steed.

Mr. Moore, meantime, after stabling his dray-horses, had saddled his hackney, and with the aid of Sarah, the servant, lit up his mill, whose wide and long front now glared one great illumination, throwing a sufficient light on the yard to obviate all fear of confusion arising from obscurity. Already a deep hum of voices became audible. Mr. Malone had at length issued from the counting-house, previously taking the precaution to dip his head and face in the stone water-jug; and this precaution, together with the sudden alarm, had nearly restored to him the possession of those senses which the punch had partially scattered. He stood with his hat on the back of his head, and his shillelah grasped in his dexter fist, answering much at random the questions of the newly-arrived party from the Redhouse. Mr. Moore now appeared, and was immediately confronted by the shovel hat and the shaggy pony.

"Well, Moore, what is your business with us? I thought you would want us to-night—me and the hetman here (patting his pony's neck), and Tom and his charger. When I heard your mill-bell I could sit still no longer, so I left Boulby to finish his supper alone. But where is the enemy? I do not see a mask or a smutted face present; and there is not a pane of glass broken in your windows. Have you had an attack, or do you expect one?"

"Oh, not at all! I have neither had one nor expect one," answered Moore coolly. "I only ordered the bell to be rung because I want two or three neighbours to stay here in the Hollow while I and a couple or so more go over to Stilbro' Moor."

"To Stilbro' Moor! What to do? To meet the wagons?"

"The wagons are come home an hour ago."

"Then all's right. What more would you have?"

"They came home empty; and Joe Scott and company are left on the moor, and so are the frames. Read that scrawl."

Mr. Helstone received and perused the document of which the contents have before been given.

"Hum! They've only served you as they serve others. But, however, the poor fellows in the ditch will be expecting help with some impatience. This is a wet night for such a berth. I and Tom will go with you. Malone may stay behind and take care of the mill. What is the matter with him? His eyes seem starting out of his head."

"He has been eating a mutton chop."

"Indeed!—Peter Augustus, be on your guard. Eat no more mutton chops to-night. You are left here in command of these premises—an honourable post!"

"Is anybody to stay with me?"

"As many of the present assemblage as choose.—My lads, how many of you will remain here, and how many will go a little way with me and Mr. Moore on the Stilbro' road, to meet some men who have been waylaid and assaulted by frame-breakers?"

The small number of three volunteered to go; the rest preferred staying behind. As Mr. Moore mounted his horse, the rector asked him in a low voice whether he had locked up the mutton chops, so that Peter Augustus could not get at them? The manufacturer nodded an affirmative, and the rescue-party set out.

# The Goose and the Golden Egg

Aesop for Children

There was once a Countryman who possessed the most wonderful Goose you can imagine, for every day when he visited the nest, the Goose had laid a beautiful, glittering, golden egg.

The Countryman took the eggs to market and soon began to get rich. But it was not long before he grew impatient with the Goose because she gave him only a single golden egg a day. He was not getting rich fast enough.

Then one day, after he had finished counting his money, the idea came to him that he could get all the golden eggs at once by killing the Goose and cutting it open. But when the deed was done, not a single golden egg did he find, and his precious Goose was dead.

*Those who have plenty want more and so lose all they have.*



# The Bundle of Sticks

## Aesop for Children

A certain Father had a family of Sons, who were forever quarreling among themselves. No words he could say did the least good, so he cast about in his mind for some very striking example that should make them see that discord would lead them to misfortune.

One day when the quarreling had been much more violent than usual and each of the Sons was moping in a surly manner, he asked one of them to bring him a bundle of sticks. Then handing the bundle to each of his Sons in turn he told them to try to break it. But although each one tried his best, none was able to do so.

The Father then untied the bundle and gave the sticks to his Sons to break one by one. This they did very easily.

"My Sons," said the Father, "do you not see how certain it is that if you agree with each other and help each other, it will be impossible for your enemies to injure you? But if you are divided among yourselves, you will be no stronger than a single stick in that bundle."

*In unity is strength.*

# The Charger and the Miller

## Aesop's Fables

A Horse, who had been used to carry his rider into battle, felt himself growing old and chose to work in a mill instead. He now no longer found himself stepping out proudly to the beating of the drums, but was compelled to slave away all day grinding the corn.

Bewailing his hard lot, he said one day to the Miller, "Ah me! I was once a splendid war-horse, gaily caparisoned, and attended by a groom whose sole duty was to see to my wants. How different is my present condition! I wish I had never given up the battlefield for the mill."

The Miller replied with asperity, "It's no use your regretting the past. Fortune has many ups and downs: you must just take them as they come."



## Plutarch Selection

For our Plutarch selection, we have chosen the chapter "Golden Shoes and Two Crowns," a study of Demetrius from *The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Greeks*, and included it on the following pages. The book may also be purchased on Amazon.

Plutarch

# Golden Shoes and Two Crowns

## by F.J. Gould

Kings dream, just as other people do. A King of Macedon (Mass-e-don) dreamed that he was a sower, and he went forth to sow gold-dust. After a while he went to the field, and found corn growing that had golden ears. After a while again he went, and, alas! he saw the corn cut. Some man had been and cut the shining crop, and left nothing but useless stalks. And he heard a voice say: "Prince Mithridates (*Mith-ri-day-teez*) has stolen the golden corn and gone away toward the Black Sea."

The king told his son Demetrius (Dee-mee-tri-us), who lived from about 338 B.C. to 283 B.C. "I shall kill Mithridates," he said; "we have let him stay at our palace all this time as a friend, and he has gone hunting with you and enjoyed himself. But now I feel sure, according to my dream, that he means harm to you and me."

Of course, you know the king was wrong. He had no right to hurt the prince because of the bad dream. Dreams cannot give us wise warnings, though I know some foolish books are printed which pretend to tell fortunes by dreams.

The heart of young Demetrius was sad at the thought of the danger that was coming upon his companion. He had, however, promised the king that he would not speak a word on the subject.

"Well," he whispered to himself, "it is true I promised not to speak, but I can tell my friend of the peril without speaking!"

Soon afterward, while they were out sporting with other youths, Demetrius drew the prince to one side, and wrote on the ground with the end of his spear these two words:

"Fly, Mithridates."

The prince understood at once. As soon as darkness came on he fled, and took passage in a galley across the Black Sea to his native land in Asia Minor.

You see that Demetrius was ready to help a friend in need; but I fear I cannot tell very much that is good of him, for, above all things, he was a man of war. While he was yet a very young man he went to and fro in Asia, waging war against the Arabs, from whom he once captured seven hundred camels; or against various Greek princes. For you must know that after the death of Alexander the Great large lands in Asia, Egypt, etc., were shared among his captains, so that there were Greek rulers over many foreign countries.

He resolved to go to the aid of Athens. The castle at Athens was held by a band of men who, though they were Greeks, were tyrants over the city. Demetrius sailed with a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships. The people did not know he was coming. They saw the fleet, but supposed that it belonged to their masters. No guard was set at the mouth of the harbor, and the galleys of Demetrius entered without a fight. A multitude of people ran to the landing-place, and saw the young prince on board his ship. He made signs to them to keep silence. Then a herald shouted from the prince's ship in a very loud voice:

"O ye people of Athens, be it known to you that the Prince Demetrius has come to give you your freedom, to drive out your foes, and to restore the good old laws and government that your city once possessed."

A great shout went up from the Athenian folk, and Demetrius landed with his men. He laid siege to the fortress, and soon mastered it.

Near Athens was a town which the prince also attacked. His soldiers burst in, and began to plunder the houses. But he remembered that in this town there lived a wise man—a philosopher—named Stilpo—a man who lived a quiet life and studied, and loved knowledge more than he loved money. So Demetrius sent to Stilpo's house, and bade his soldiers fetch the sage to his presence.

"Have my men robbed anything from you?" asked the prince.

"No," answered Stilpo; "none of your men want to steal knowledge, and that is all I have."

It may amuse you to hear how one of the prince's friends took the news of a victory to the old King of Macedon. Demetrius fought with one hundred and eighty ships against one hundred and fifty ships of the King of Egypt (this king was also a Greek). Seventy of the enemy's vessels were captured, many others were sunk, and the King of Egypt escaped with only eight. After the battle, Demetrius behaved nobly. He set all the prisoners free, and he gave decent burial to all the enemy's dead. A messenger was sent to Macedon with the tidings. This messenger ordered the ship that carried him to anchor off the coast, while he went ashore in a small boat. Alone he landed; alone he walked toward the palace of the king. Some one ran up to him from the king.

"What is the news?"

No answer.

Another, and another; but they received no reply. The aged king, in much alarm, came to the door, and the people crowded round. Then the messenger stretched out his hand, and cried:

"Hail to thee, O king! We have totally beaten the King of Egypt at sea; we are masters of the island of Cyprus."

"Hail to thee, also, my good friend," said the king; "but you have kept us waiting a long time, and I shall keep you waiting before I give you any reward for your news."

Demetrius had a great love for making ships. He built galleys that were worked by fifteen or sixteen banks of oars—that is, the men sat in fifteen or sixteen rows, making in all, perhaps, one hundred and twenty oarsmen, all pulling together. Demetrius would stand on the beach watching his galleys sweep by. Another thing he liked to build was a machine for besieging a fortress. It was like a huge cart in the shape of a tower, rolling on four large wheels or rollers, each wheel sixteen feet high. The tower was divided into stages or floors, one above the other. On each of these stages stood armed men, ready to throw stones, darts, etc., at the people on the walls of the besieged fortress. As the tower was pushed toward the fort the wheels creaked, the men shouted, and great was the terror of it!

Of course, after the old king's death Demetrius became King of Macedon. Ships and siege-towers were more interesting to him than giving justice to the people. He wore two crowns on his head, his robe was purple, and his feet were shod with cloth of gold.

One day he walked in the street, and some persons gave him petitions, or rolls of paper on which their requests were written. He put them in a fold of his cloak till he came to a bridge, and then he pitched all the rolls into the river! But an old woman fared better on another occasion. She begged him to listen to her story of trouble. "I have no time," he replied, shortly.

"Then," cried the dame, "you should not be a king!"

These words struck home to his soul. On arriving at his palace, he put aside all other business, and ordered that every person who wished to see him about wrongs they had suffered should be admitted. The old woman was brought to him first, and he listened to her tale, and punished the man who had evil-treated her. And to others also he did justice, sitting in his royal chair day after day for the purpose. But it was only now and then that he acted in this kingly way. Too often his mind was given to war, to sieges, attacks, and conquests.

His last war was waged among the rocky hills and passes of Syria. Nearly all his warriors deserted him, and went over to the side of his enemy. Demetrius and a few friends took refuge in a forest, and waited till night fell and the stars glittered above the mountains. They crept out of the forest and across the rocks, but saw the camp-fires of the foe on every hand. All hope was gone. Demetrius gave himself up as a prisoner of war. For three years he was confined in a Syrian castle, and was allowed to go hunting in a large park, to walk in the gardens, and to feast royally with his companions. After a time he lost his fiery spirit and cared naught for the pleasures of the chase. He drank deep from the wine-cup, and gambled with his money and worked harm to his health, and died at the age of fifty-four, in the year 283 B.C.

His body having been burned after the manner of the Greeks, the ashes that remained were put into an urn of gold. The urn was set on a raised part of the deck of a galley, and armed men sat in the ship. Slowly the vessel was rowed across the sea, while a skilful flute-player sounded a sweet and solemn air. The oars kept time to the notes of the flute. The son of Demetrius came to meet the funeral-galley with a fleet of many ships; and thus the urn of gold was taken to the port of Corinth, and thence it was carried to a tomb.



## History & Geography

For this session's history, your students will read chapters 56-61 of *The Story of Mankind* (TSOM) and chapters 95-102 of *Our Island Story* (OIS).

Although Great Britain is considered the birthplace of the Industrial Revolution, you might also want to read chapters 65-73 of *This Country of Ours* (TCOO) to find out what was happening in America at that time.

For Geography, we are including a map of England and Scotland showing where various machines from the Industrial Revolution were invented. Depending on the ages of your children, have them research one or more of the inventions and share their findings with their siblings.

*"It is not worth my while to manufacture in three countries only; but I can find it very worthwhile to make it for the whole world."*

~ James Watt

History & Geography

Coalfields



Glasgow

1775 Watt's first efficient steam engine

North Sea

1779 Crompton's mule developed

1733 John Kay's first flying shuttle

1804 first steam locomotive

1764 Hargreaves invents Spinning Jenny

Bury

Leeds

1785 Cartwright builds power loom

Irish Sea

Manchester

1770-1808 Wilkinson's iron-work

Broseley

Derby

1769 Arkwright's spinning machine

1773-1779 First cast-iron bridge built

Shrewsbury

Birmingham

1748 Paul invents wool carding

Swansea

1807, first passenger railroad

London

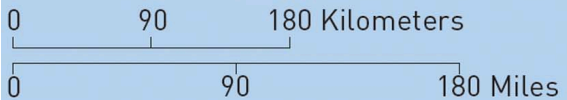
1754 Cort's first iron rolling machine

ATLANTIC OCEAN

1779 First steam powered mills

Southampton

English Channel





## 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



## Coal 1

- Coal is a type of black or dark brown rock formed from ancient, long-buried plants that were covered by layers of dirt and water. Over time, the remains of these plants were shaped by pressure and heat, changing them into coal.
- Coal can be found in "coal seams"

an accumulation of coal underground that can stretch on for up to 920 miles!

- Coal can be burned because it contains a rich amount of carbon, and it is often used as fuel to keep fires going and to produce electricity.
- During the Industrial Revolution, coal-powered trains were invented, which greatly drove up both the use of and the demand for coal.
- In modern times, coal still powers much of our infrastructure- in 2020 alone, coal was used to fuel about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of global electricity, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  of its primary energy.



## Iron Ore 1

- Iron ore is a type of mineral or rock that is typically grey, yellow, rust red, or deep purple. There are many different kinds of iron ore, including magnetite, limonite, siderite, and goethite.
- Most iron ore is believed by scientists to have been formed inside stars. When large stars die and explode, they scatter

iron into space. Over time, some of this iron became part of the Earth.

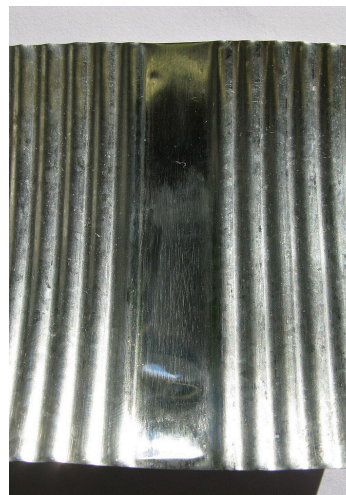
- Iron ore is extracted to make the metal known as iron, and it can also be used to make steel, which is made from a combination of iron ore, coal, and limestone.
- During the Industrial Revolution, steel production became much more accessible because of a new type of furnace. Because it was more durable than iron, this steel fueled progress and was used to make railways, bridges, tunnels, and more.



## Copper Ore 2

- Copper ore is a greenish-blue mineral from which copper can be extracted. Copper is a soft, malleable red-orange metal.
- Much like iron ore, copper ore is created inside very large stars that then explode, scattering copper across the cosmos.

- Copper is the earliest metal to have been smelted, or melted down, for human use, and has been used in this manner since as early as 5,000 B.C.
- Copper was very useful in the Industrial Revolution, as it conducts both heat and electricity very well. Because of this, the material was often used in trains and in factory machinery.



## Tin 2

- Tin is a soft, gray-colored metal created when the mineral cassiterite is melted down and purified, removing its oxygen.
- Bronze is created by combining tin and copper, which humans discovered around 3,000 B.C.

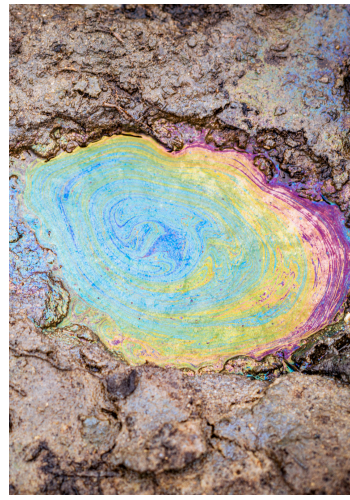
- Pewter is also made with tin and copper, along with other materials like antimony and bismuth.
- In 600 B.C., humans finally learned how to produce pure tin, rather than needing to combine it with other materials.
- Because tin is fairly non-toxic, it became a popular material in cans, which are used as a means of preserving food. The tin can first came into use in 1810, near the mid-Industrial Revolution.



## Lead 3

- Lead is a type of heavy metal that is soft and easy to mold. Though it looks silver when first cut into, when exposed to the air, it eventually turns a deep, matte grey.
- Lead is often extracted from galena, a type of ore that can also produce silver.

- Because galena ore can produce silver, the Romans were motivated to begin mining it, and as a consequence, they also began to use lead in many different products.
- Lead doesn't need much heat (compared to other metals) for it to melt; this fact, combined with its softness, made it a very popular and affordable material during the Industrial Revolution.
- Unfortunately, what was unknown at the time was that lead is a highly toxic material. Many who were exposed to it in factories or through household items like lead paint or pipes grew sick, which eventually led to regulations being passed.



## Petroleum 3

- Petroleum, which is also called crude oil, is a type of yellow-black liquid that can be found underground, often contained in soft rocks like limestone or sandstone.
- Petroleum was formed through a process that took millions of years, as ancient plant and animal matter

(such as algae and plankton) slowly decayed while it was buried under the earth.

- Because it took so long to form, we only have a finite amount of oil in the world (making it a fossil fuel). For this reason, it is an incredibly valuable resource.
- During the late Industrial Revolution, oil became a popular means of lighting lamps. This created a high demand, and oil wells were dug all over the world to extract petroleum, leading to a booming oil industry.



## Timber 4

- Timber, also known as lumber, is wood that has been shaped into even sizes, like wood planks or beams, making it useful for construction.
- Timber can come from all kinds of wood, though some of the most popular are white pine and red pine, which are typically low in cost.

- In 1593, the first wind-powered sawmill was created, making it 30 times faster to convert wood into timber planks.
- During the Industrial Age, timber was often used for construction, and wood was also used to fuel fires, especially fires used to propel steamboats or to smelt iron, which was in high demand.
- It is thought that 5-6 million acres of forest were cleared during the 1800s to keep up with the need for timber.



## Clay 4

- Clay is a material found in the soil that is composed of dirt and clay minerals. It is typically white, but can also be red or brown due to iron oxide.
- When wet, clay becomes soft to the touch and very easy to mold, but hardens

when exposed to heat through a process called "firing."

- Because of this, clay has been used to make pottery since the early days of humanity. It was often used to make pots with which to store food or liquids, and was also used to make the first writing tablets.
- During the Industrial Revolution, clay began to be mass-produced in factories, and found many uses in everything from bricks to tiles.



## Limestone 5

- Limestone is a type of soft, porous rock from which a material called lime is extracted.
- Limestone frequently encases many fossils, which scientists study as a valuable tool for information on prehistoric creatures.

- During the Industrial Revolution, it became much easier to mine limestone, as gunpowder started to be used to blast away at the rock instead of breaking it by hand.
- Lime is used in mortar, concrete, and cement, and also during the process of creating steel, making it an important element in building.
- Additionally, limestone is used when making soda ash, which is in turn used in soap, paper, detergent, and even in the water treatment process.



## Wool 5

- Wool is a white, grey, brown, or black fiber that comes from the hair of sheep.
- It is sheared off a sheep, separated by quality, then cleaned to remove sweat, dirt, and oils from the fur before it is sold.

- Wool is often spun into yarn, which has been used to make clothing for centuries, as the material is very warm and naturally water-resistant.
- During the Industrial Revolution, new machines came into widespread use that helped to spin and process wool at a much faster rate, enabling wool cloth to be mass-produced.
- This led to the textile industry growing at a rapid pace in Britain, and allowed wool to become much cheaper and more accessible as “wool mills,” or factories, blossomed.



## Cotton 6

- Cotton is a type of fluffy white plant fiber that grows from a shrub that can be found in the Americas, Africa, India, and Australia.
- Cotton grows in a fluffy case around the seeds of the cotton plant as a natural protection for them.

- Cotton fiber has many uses, including in yarn, thread, and cloth. Cotton fabric is soft to the touch and breathable, which has made it a popular choice for many clothing items throughout history and in modern times.
- During the Industrial Revolution, machines such as the spinning jenny made it much easier for cotton material to be produced, leading to a skyrocket in usage and popularity.



## Linen 6

- Linen is a cloth made by weaving together the fibers of the flax plant. It is a light and breathable, yet durable material.
- Linen has been used in clothing for thousands of years, including in Ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, and it is even mentioned in the Bible.

- In 1810, linen became much more affordable due to the invention of the flax spinning machine, which helped it become more accessible to everyday people.
- Due to this increase in affordability, linen became more common during the 19th century, particularly among working-class farmers and agricultural workers.
- Their linen work shirts were often dyed blue, which is where the phrase “blue collar worker” originated.



## Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will create a pierced tinwork (or tin punched) piece. This is a simple and beautiful craft that has been used for centuries to decorate items such as lanterns and pie safes. By carefully tapping holes into metal, you can create patterns that let light shine through.

For younger students, you can substitute the tin sheet with an aluminum foil pan. Students may also choose to punch an aluminum can and create a lantern instead. (Directions for that are available on multiple online sites.)

*"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

# Pierced Tinwork



## A Brief History of Pierced Tinwork

Pierced tinwork, also called tin punching, is a simple yet beautiful craft in which designs are created by punching small holes into thin sheets of metal. Light shines through these tiny openings, forming patterns that glow in the darkness. Though humble in its materials and tools, pierced tinwork has a long and meaningful history that connects everyday life, skilled handiwork, and the changing world of the Industrial Revolution.

The story of tin punching begins in Europe, where metalworkers learned to coat thin sheets of iron with tin to prevent rust. This material, called tinplate, was durable, lightweight, and relatively inexpensive compared to solid metals. By the 17th and 18th centuries, tinplate goods were being produced in large quantities, especially in places like England and Germany. These goods

included household items such as lanterns, candle holders, boxes, kitchenware, and pie safes—objects used daily by ordinary people.

Artisans soon discovered that tinplate could also be decorated. Using a hammer and small nail or chisel, they could punch patterns into the metal, creating designs of stars, flowers, or geometric shapes. When used on lanterns or candle holders, these patterns allowed light to shine through, casting warm, decorative shapes on nearby surfaces. In this way, a practical object became something both useful and beautiful.

As the Industrial Revolution began to take hold in the late 1700s and early 1800s, the production of tinplate increased dramatically. New rolling mills and manufacturing processes made it possible to produce large sheets of metal quickly and efficiently. This meant that tin goods became even more common and accessible. Factories could now turn out large numbers of identical items, replacing many of the handmade goods that had once been crafted individually.

Yet even as factories grew and machines took over much of production, tin punching remained a small but meaningful form of craftsmanship. While machines could stamp out identical patterns, they could not fully replace the careful, personal touch of a hand-punched design. Today, pierced tinwork is often practiced as a traditional craft, allowing us to step back into that earlier way of working.

### Supplies Needed:

- Thin sheet metal (tin or aluminum)
- Printed pattern
- Tape
- Nail (screwdriver &/or nail sets are optional)
- Hammer
- Soft backing surface (wood board, layered cardboard, or styrofoam)
- Safety gloves (recommended)

**NOTE:** For younger kids, substitute a *heavy-duty* aluminum foil pan (preferably one without a textured bottom). Simply cut away the sides of the pan, place on top of a cork board, then use a pushpin instead of a hammer and nail.



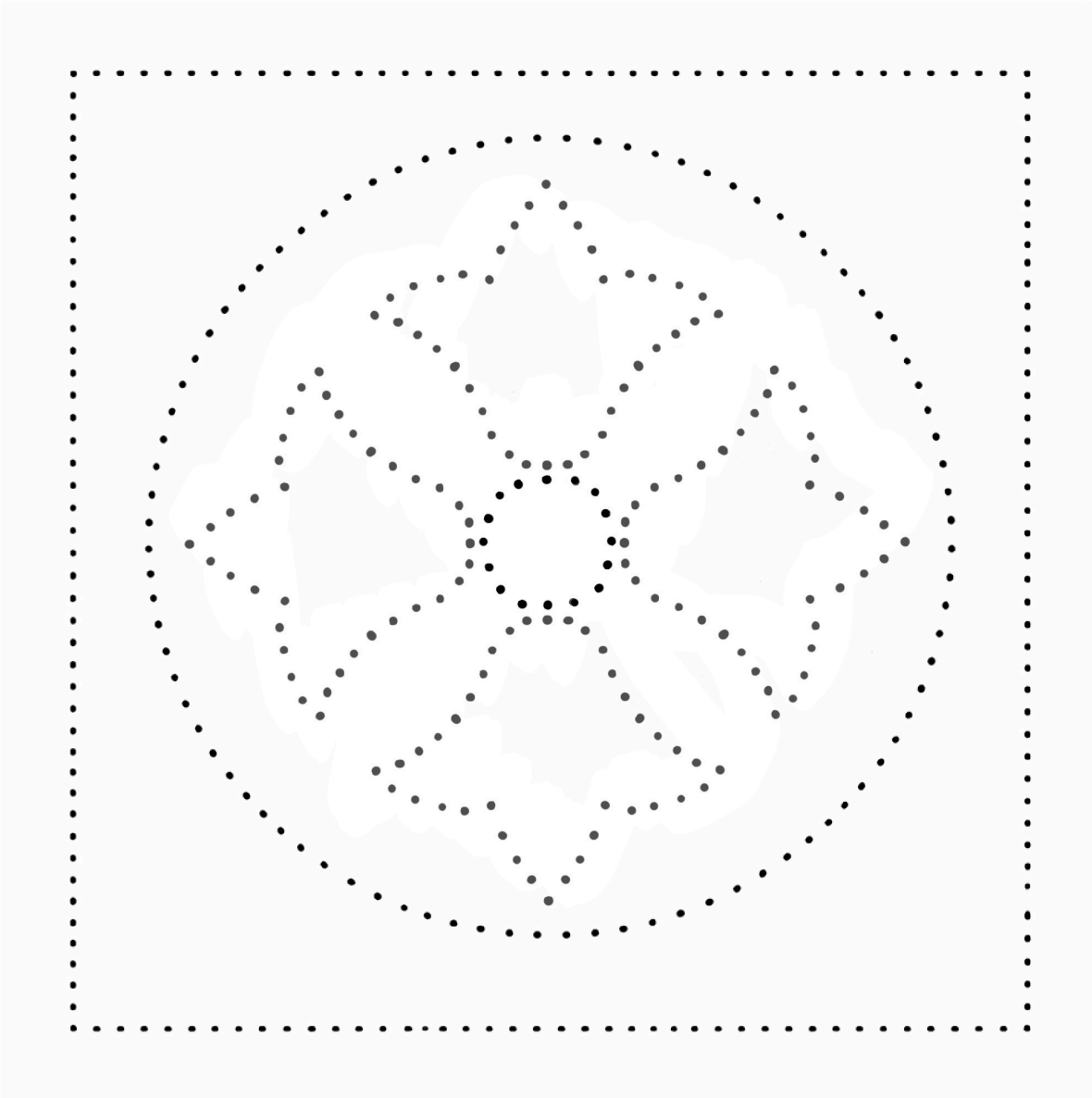
## Instructions:

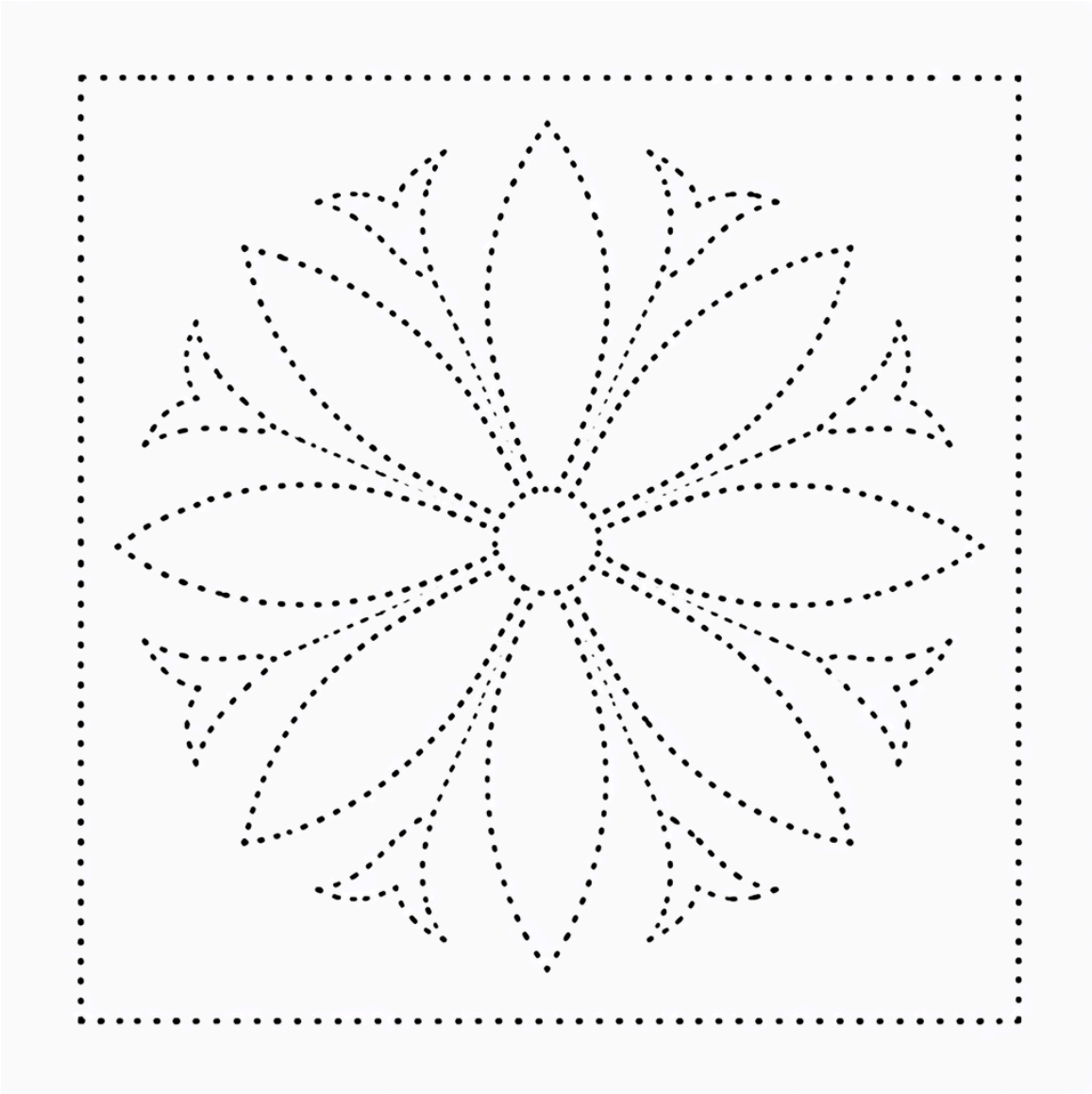
1. Print out and cut your pattern to the size of your tin sheet, center and tape the pattern securely in place. (Optional: Tape tin sheet to wood board with masking tape to hold in place while hammering.)
2. Place nail over each dot, holding it at a 90° angle, and gently tap the top of the nail with your hammer to create a small hole. Work slowly and carefully, moving from dot to dot. Try to keep your spacing even and your holes consistent in size.



3. Once all holes are punched, carefully remove the paper pattern, then gently flatten any raised edges by turning the metal over and lightly tapping the back. Wipe clean if necessary.
4. Frame and display your finished piece. (If using a tin can, add a battery-operated tea light candle for illumination.)







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