

**EDUCATION, AND NOT INSTRUCTION:  
AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE  
CELEBRATION OF THE  
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
FOUNDING OF SALEM COLLEGE AT  
SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA, JUNE 12, 1913**

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Education, and Not Instruction: An Address Delivered at the Celebration of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of Salem College at Salem, West Virginia, June 12, 1913 by Corliss Fitz Randolph

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**CORLISS FITZ RANDOLPH**

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**Press of the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.  
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## Education, and Not Instruction.

By Corlies Fitz Randolph.

A THOUSAND years ago, there swept out of the chilling regions of the north, down along the coast of Scandinavia, across the waters of the German Ocean, from the land of the Vikings, a mighty fleet of upwards of 700 vessels and 40,000 fierce warriors. The flag-ship, named the Dragon, was fashioned from ancient oaks that had defied the icy blasts of the storm-swept mountains where they grew, into the form of a dragon. She flew a single cross-rigged sail of immense sweep and ornamented with broad stripes of brilliant blue, scarlet, and green and was equipped with half a hundred pairs of oars, some thirty feet in length, and manned by at least four stalwart seamen to each oar.

The huge dragon's head at the prow was covered with shining gold, and the stern, ending in a dragon's tail of corresponding proportions, was ornamented in a similar manner. The Dragon alone carried a crew, 700 strong. Each soldier bore a shield which reached from above the

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head well down toward the knees, and protected all the vital parts of the body. With their shields, their owners had constructed a border all around the outside of their ship, by hanging them in a row at the top of the hull, so that they overlapped each other, alternating yellow and black, and presenting a highly picturesque appearance.

The other vessels of the fleet, though smaller, were similarly constructed and similarly equipped, and as their crews bent to their oars or set the bellying sails, they chanted their ancient *Sagas*, reciting victories of the past and the glories of other days; or they sang of the mighty Thor and the all-powerful god, Odin,—the long-bearded Thunderer, Father of Victory, God of Hosts, and Father of All. As the chorus of 40,000 lusty voices, commingled with the strains of a thousand harps, was caught on high by the swift winds that bore them on their martial way, they were all blended into one mighty, exultant pæan of confident victory in impending mortal conflict, such as to mock the merciless clamour of hungry ocean's roar in her most threatening mood.

On the foredeck of the imposing Dragon, stood the commander of the fleet, of giant stature and kingly mould. Across his massive forehead ran an ornamental gold band, set with gems as flashing and as priceless as ever graced the diadems of the far-famed rulers of Golconda. His long, yellow hair, fair as mellow sunshine, fell upon his broad shoulders, and his full beard, tawny as a lion's mane, dropped half way to his girdle. His face and hands were bronzed from long exposure to storm and wind. His eyes, a deep, dark blue, in whose depths lurked smouldering fires of passion, gave token of a determination and will that brooked no defeat; while through his veins coursed a torrent of such life-giving blood as irresistibly impels the victor of a thousand bloody battles to plunge into a final struggle of life and death.

He was clad in bright-blue knee-breeches, with gold-embroidered shoes, made from walrus-skin, that reached more than half way to his knees. The intervening space between the shoe-tops and knee-breeches was covered with heavy bands of richly coloured silk. About his body was a shirt-like garment of red silk,



with long sleeves, which fell below his girdle and effectually concealed the indispensable coat of mail. At his side hung a long broadsword of shining, highly-tempered steel, thickly encrusted with silver ornaments, but, notwithstanding, betokening many a deadly encounter. Over all, was thrown a heavy fur cape, lined with velvet of a royal purple hue, which reached to his shoe-tops, and was fastened at the throat with a richly engraved golden clasp; and at his feet lay a battle-axe of such size and weight as might well try the strength of the arm of Hercules himself.

Thus he stood, bareheaded, the wind playing with his hair, with his arms folded tightly across his chest, and buried in thought, contemplating, with a certain supreme satisfaction, his vast fleet of battle-ships, followed in their wake by several hundreds of transports, bearing supplies of food, tents, horses,—everything required to equip and sustain so mighty an army on land and sea for months. Not Solomon with all his train of oriental splendour; nor Alexander, conqueror of worlds; nor Julius Cæsar, builder of empires; nor Napoleon Buonaparte, who made a chess-

board of the continent of Europe and pawns of her crowned heads, ever saw such a martial display. Not all the galleys of Greece, nor all the ships that sailed the Spanish Main, nor yet the Invincible Armada, ever presented such a display of naval power, moving with so irresistible a sweep, and pregnant with as far-reaching possibilities.

This was Hrolf, or Rollo, the last of the Vikings, going forth, primarily to make war upon the ancient Gallic domains of imperial Cæsar, but in reality to set in motion forces that were to persist with an accelerating momentum for a thousand years, and bear manifold blessings to untold generations. As he stood in silent meditation, we may not know how far the Muse of History unrolled her tempting scroll to his impatient eyes, nor how far his prevision may have penetrated the misty prospect before him. To what extent his ambitions may have been luring him to world-conquest, it will probably never be given us to know.

The picture here sketched is realistic to the last detail. The Bayeaux Tap-

etry, the *Sagas*, and the ruins of the long, fleeting, dead past, with their runic inscriptions, and their mute, material evidences of the life and warfare of this people, bear ample testimony of that fact. But of the possible Napoleonic dreams of this heathen demigod as he fared forth to war, history is either strangely silent, or answers back in accents of hollow mockery. Yet, upon a shred of the tottering imperial realm which Charlemagne had erected from the dying embers of the Gallic Roman Empire, this pagan barbarian, of such giant physique that no horse could be found powerful enough to carry him, saturated with the spirit of the Norse theology of Thor and Odin, was to cause to rise yet another empire, dedicated to Christianity, in spirit as in letter, to law and order, as well as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and singularly free from avarice and dishonesty, whose national life was to endure throughout an entire millennial epoch and then enter upon another with a virility and spirit of perseverance such as to augur prosperity for its future.

He was projecting himself into western