

**STAR SELECTIONS, 1876: A
FRESH COLLECTION
OF PATRIOTIC READINGS
IN PROSE AND POETRY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649427703

Star Selections, 1876: A Fresh Collection of Patriotic Readings in Prose and Poetry by J. E. Goodrich

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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1876.

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IN

PROSE AND POETRY.

BY

PROFESSOR J. E. GOODRICH.

NEW YORK:
SHELDON & COMPANY,
No. 8 MURRAY STREET.

1877.

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THE
STAR SELECTIONS.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

OUR fathers' God ! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee,
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee ; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold.

Oh ! make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law ;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old.

Sung at Philadelphia, July 4th, 1876.

THE OPENING CENTURY.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

THE spirit of the nation is at the highest ; its triumph over the inborn, inbred perils of the Constitution has chased away all fears, justified all hopes, and with universal joy we greet this day. We have not proved unworthy of a great ancestry ; we have had the virtue to uphold what they so wisely, so firmly established. With these proud possessions of the past, with powers matured, with principles settled, with habits formed, the nation passes, as it were, from preparatory growth to responsible development of character, and the steady performance of duty. What labors await it, what trials shall attend it, what triumphs for human nature, what glory for itself, are prepared for this people in the coming century, we may not assume to foretell. " One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever," and we reverently hope that these our constituted liberties shall be maintained to the unending line of our posterity, and so long as the earth itself shall endure.

In the great procession of nations, in the great march of humanity, we hold our place. Peace is our duty, peace is our policy. In its arts, its labors, and its victories, then, we find scope for all our energies, rewards for all our ambitions, renown enough for all our love and fame. In the august presence of so many nations, which, by their representatives, have done us the honor to be witnesses of our commemorative joy and gratulation, and in sight of the collected evidences of the greatness of their own civilization with which they grace our celebration, we may well confess how much we fall short, how much we have to make up, in the emulative competitions of the times. Yet, even in this presence, and with a just deference to the age, the power, the greatness of the other nations of the earth, we do not fear to appeal to the opinion of mankind whether, as we point to our land, our people, and our laws, the contemplation should not inspire us with a lover's enthusiasm for our country.

Time makes no pauses in his march. Even while I speak the last hour of the receding is replaced by the first hour of the coming century, and reverence for the past gives way to the joys and hopes, the activities and the responsibilities of the future. A hundred years hence, the piety of that generation will recall the ancestral glory which we celebrate to-day, and crown it with the plaudits of a vast population which no man can number. By the mere circumstance of this periodicity our generation will be in the minds, in the hearts, on the lips of our countrymen, at the next centennial commemoration, in comparison with their own character and condition, and with the great founders of the nation. What shall they say of us? How shall they estimate the part we bear in the unbroken line of the nation's progress? And so on in the long reach of time, forever and forever, our place in the secular roll of the ages must always bring us into observation and criticism. Under this double trust, then, from the past and for the future, let us take heed to our ways, and while it is called to-day, resolve that the great heritage we have received shall be handed down through the long line of the advancing generations, the home of liberty, the abode of justice, the stronghold of faith among men, "which holds the moral elements of the world together," and of faith in God, which binds that world to his throne.—*From Oration at Philadelphia, July 4th, 1876.*

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BRIGHT on the banners of lily and rose,
 Lo, the last sun of our century sets!
 Wreath the black cannon that scowled on our foes,
 All but her friendships the Nation forgets!
 All but her friends and their welcome forgets.
 These are around her, but where are her foes?
 Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
 Peace with her garlands of lily and rose.

A Song of a Century

Welcome ! a shout like the war-trumpet's swell
 Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around.
 Welcome ! it quivers from Liberty's bell ;
 Welcome ! the walls of her temple resound ;
 Hark ! the grey walls of her temple resound.
 Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell ;
 Welcome ! still whisper the echoes around ;
 Welcome ! still trembles on Liberty's bell.

Thrones of the Continents, Isles of the Sea,
 Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine.
 Welcome, once more, to the land of the free,
 Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine ;
 Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine.
 Hushed is our strife in the land of the free ;
 Over your children their branches entwine,
 Thrones of the Continents, Isles of the Sea.

Sung at Philadelphia, July 4th, 1876.

A SONG OF A CENTURY.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

A HUNDRED times the harvesters have reaped the golden
 grain,
 A hundred times the snows have heaped the mountain and
 the plain,
 And the mayflowers and the roses have bloomed a hundred
 times,
 Since that good day whose deeds I sing in these my simple
 rhymes.

True men were they who met that day as spoke the English
 tongue,
 Good Saxon men, who loved the land from whence their sires
 had sprung ;
 Heirs of all sacred lore of fame that English lips can teach,
 Heirs of all precious things that live in our old English speech.

The land that bore them spurned their love ; the hand that
should have fed,
Across the sea, with kingly scorn, had sent them stones for
bread ;
And, breaking now the bonds that fast to manacles have
grown,
They fling their homage boldly down before Old England's
throne :—

“ Laws that we may not help to make we never will obey ;
Dues that we must not help to fix are dues we will not pay.
This land is ours. We'll rule this land. No monarch o'er
the sea
Shall make us serve ; for right is ours, and might to make
us free.”

To this clear word, so bravely said, these plain men put their
hands,
And pledge to it, in face of Heaven, their faith, their lives,
their lands.

“ Ring ! ” cries the listening bellman's boy. “ Ring ! for the
deed is done ! ”

Swift with the word, O couriers fleet, to all the cities run !

East, west, north, south, the tidings speed ; bells ring and
bonfires burn ;

The whole land hails the challenge with a courage high and
stern ;

In camp and field the soldier grasps the firelock by his side,
Remembering that the brave of earth for liberty have died.

The farmer hears the summons and forsakes the growing
grain ;

The merchant locks his counting-room ; the joiner drops his
plane ;

The lawyer leaves his suit untried ; the scribe throws down
his scroll ;

All quick to write their names upon their country's muster-
roll.