

**DAVID ELLINGTON.
WITH OTHER EXTRACTS
FROM HIS WRITINGS**

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David Ellington. With Other Extracts from His Writings by Henry Ware Jr.

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HENRY WARE JR.

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DAVID ELLINGTON.

BY

HENRY WARE, JR.

WITH

OTHER EXTRACTS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

BOSTON:

WM. CROSBY AND H. P. NICHOLS,

116 WASHINGTON STREET.

1846.

CONTENTS.

HOW TO SPEND A DAY,	1
" " " " " CONTINUED,	18
DAVID ELLINGTON'S SUBSCRIPTION,	35
SATURDAY EVENING AT DAVID ELLINGTON'S,	48
A SUNDAY'S WALK WITH DAVID ELLINGTON,	65
ANOTHER CHAPTER OF DAVID ELLINGTON,	79



EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL,	95
MY CENTRE TABLE,	117
LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY,	182

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.

THE day never broke more beautifully than on the seventeenth of April. It was one of those bright delicious mornings which occasionally take us by surprise in the early months, the more delightful because they stand out from the harsh and grating season like the beautiful flowers of the cactus from their unsightly trunk. I think there was not a cloud in the whole sky; and as the light cautiously stole up from the eastern horizon like the gentlest pencilings of the northern aurora, it presently spread into a wide soft blush which might remind the reader of Pope's Homer's rosy-fingered morn. The air was silent and motionless as if it were watching that fair phenomenon in the east; and as yet but one or two birds had opened

their sweet throats to salute it. One of these, a melodious little sparrow, was seated on the branch of a tree within a few feet of David Ellington's window; so that that hearty young mechanic, who slept while he slept but knew when to be awake, — somewhat by the rule that his father taught him when a boy, 'work while you work, and play while you play,' — was broad awake by the time the bird had got half through the first strain of his melody. He turned his sunburnt face to the window, and opened his large eye to the light; and I think the night-angels that had watched by him must have delayed to depart from their post while they gazed for a time on the glowing smile which past over his manly countenance. 'Beautiful,' said he, 'beautiful! it looks like the very smile of God, and that bird expresses it in his song as perfectly as if he could speak.

'Thine is the music, Father! thine
The morning minstrel's song divine.
Dead is the sense, and dull the ear,
That cannot perceive thee every where.'

This said, he looked for a moment on the objects of his love that were sleeping by his side, and then stole gently from his bed, dressed himself, took his bible from the table, and read; closed it, and after a little pause, knelt in prayer. It was not long, but it was hearty; not words, so much as a wakeful gratitude and a quick thought of dependence and love. It was the morning salutation of a confiding child to his parent; and not the bird that continued whistling by his window was freer from constraint, or uttered itself from a heartier impulse. And no other sound broke in upon the silence. He left his wife and children to a little longer refreshment on their pillows, past quietly out of the chamber, — not down stairs, for the house was of one story only, — took his box of tools and his hat, and went out to his day's work.

It was at more than a quarter of a mile distant that the unfinished house stood, at which he was to work during the day as a journeyman carpenter. He was there before

the sun, and before his employer; and as he returned to his breakfast, he found his neighbour in the next house just opening his door, and setting his mouth almost as wide as he yawned and stretched himself on the threshold.

‘Well done, Ellington,’ said he stepping down to the fence to greet him as he passed; ‘so here you are slaving yourself to death at this time of day; what’s the use of turning life into a mere drudgery? You’ll wear yourself to death.’

It was not the first time that John Smith had showed this neighborly anxiety on account of Ellington’s unseasonable industry. Indeed it was too great a contrast with his own habits, and was leading to too serious a contrast in their conditions, not to make it a matter of grave importance to him. In order to keep down some uncomfortable feelings of shame and self-reproach, he found himself obliged to exaggerate the ill-tendency of his neighbour’s habits; thus, like greater men, carrying the war into the enemy’s