

I WOULD NOT—I WOULD.

I would not make a charmed house
of the earth, that I might be called
a heretic.I would not march armies over
countries rich in all the elements of
life and happiness, and leave black
desolation and want behind, that I
might be flattered because feared,
that I might be great because I had
made many sacrifices.

I would not make monuments

of cities, that monuments might

be raised to commemorate my deeds

while living, only to be destroyed

in hate, and my memory cursed for

my crimes after death.

I would not be an Alexander,

wishing for more wealth to be mea-

sured by the amount of misery I

had caused my fellow mortals.

I would not be a Julius Caesar,

with the self constituted right to

slay thousands already conquered

for bread, desiring what God

and nature had given them—the

right to defend themselves against

a public robber.

I would not be a Napoleon—a

Christian warrior, deliberately writing

my own selfish, self-conceited

creed of right, and writing the

blood of the world by the brilliancy of

my genius, but like the serpent

only dazzling to destroy. Great

talents used to increase the miser-

ies of mankind, great power used

to rob and plunder them, and

will be a poor recommendation

to man in the future to contend

with any name must be engraven

with the sword, let it be done in

succoring the weak, in overthrowing

the wrong, in defending the

right.

I would not hoard up wealth to

feed greedy eyes on glittering gold

to make the great wealthy, to

narrow down my soul to the limits

of a dollar, to make me blind to all

that is noble in humanity, to

smother the light from the Eternal

that would lead me to higher intel-

ligence.

For the wealth of the United States

for the good of the Western Hemis-
phere I would not go into my grave

contaminated by the nobles, hated

by the poor, and cursed by

the widow and the orphan leaving

neither home nor the love of my

memory behind—notting but gold

for my heirs to quarrel over.

Providence never designed that

man should be left to the toll of his

own men, but supply his wants

from the elements, and, if blessed

with superior abilities, assist the

less fortunate. No ambition but

that to do good should stimulate us

to action. A love of fame is com-
mendable if it is subordinate to our

love of virtue, and to the welfare of

our species.

I could not have power to

make men better and therefore hap-
pier, to increase the elements of

life, to open the way that the

labor of the poor might raise them

above the pinching's of want. In-
stead of making science a means to

destroy, to desolate, I would make

it the purpose of life that I would

have every worthy soul in the

world clothed in comfort with the

waving harvest, with villages and

cottages, with happy homes, and

fill the air with the hum of industry,

with the song of content.

I would not have the costly

monument the only attraction to

my grave, the cold and lonely

grave my only representative.

When I am gone I would have my

name the theme of pleasant memo-
ries around the heartstone of thecottage. I would have every hu-
man heart a living tablet, impressed

with the record of my family by

deeds of love to my fellow men.

I would have sturdy manhood

drop the silent tear because I had

crossed the dark river before them,

and look forward with pleasure to

the time when we may greet each

other in a better world. I would

have every worthy soul in the

world shew my humble grave with

flowers, and lap my name with the

reverence that love inspires.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

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