Part 2 DESERET EVENING NEWS. 9 to 12

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1893. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

WHITTIER DAY.

Work of Pupils in the Salt Lake City Public Schools—Honoring the Poet's Birthday—General Proceedings—Samples of Essays by Pupils in the Eight Grades and High Schools.

In every department of the public schools today, from the lowest primary through the high school, there were exercises commemorative of the poet Whittier. His birthday anniversary was on Sunday last, December 17th, but the exercises were relegated to the closing day of the school week, December 22d. Many of the school rooms were patriotically decorated, and portraits of the poet hung upon the walls, pictures of his home and his surroundings at Haverhill were drawn upon the blackboards. Some of the shorter poems were with music and sung, and short quotations were committed to memory and recited by pupils, mostly so, as in the lower grades, in concert. In addition to this feature, exercises, programs of recitations, readings, declamations and essays were carried out.

In the high school the life and works of Whittier have been the topic of Friday afternoon declamations for weeks past. Each member of the corporate students has had a sentence to the school under his direction, engaged in the work. Today the several sections were brought together in the assembly room for the general exercises in commemoration of the birthday. Two of Whittier's poems were set to music and sung in chorus by pupils and music accompaniments. The program was as follows:

[illegible]

Hayward is given various minor parts; three of pupils from the various grades in the city schools as well as from the high school, were selected as representatives of the ability of the average pupils in a grade:

SECOND GRADE.

Essay by Anna Peters, aged 9 years, class B, Eastmond school:

MR. WHITTIER'S CHILDHOOD.

When John Greenleaf Whittier was a little boy he lived where a flock of geese used to live. He used to bring his mother flowers. Sometimes he played he was a king. He played the country was his throne. Sometimes he played with the sheep and the lambs, and cows and calves. He knew where to find things that were good to eat. He used to write poetry when he was a little old man like him. He loved his sister Mary.

Greenleaf never had many toys. The children were not allowed to go to the stores and look at the toys. Greenleaf had a baby sister. They used to play their and John Smith. Greenleaf knew where to find nuts. Greenleaf went to the pasture. He went to get some cows. He lived in an old house. The Whittiers were Quakers. Greenleaf had black eyes. He wore gray clothes. Greenleaf ate in the dooryard and ate his bread and milk.

THIRD GRADE.

Essay by Lizzie Rodrington, aged 11 years, class B, Ivy school:

SNOW BOUND.

At Whittier's house there was a great snowstorm. The day before the snowstorm was dark and cloudy.

The first day of the storm the snow was high on the window sill.

The second day they could not go out.

The third day they had to dig a tunnel to get to the barn yard.

The first night of the snowstorm they sat in the house and told stories and stories. The father was the first to tell a story. He told about his boyhood.

The next was the mother's turn to tell her story. She told about how she [illegible]

[illegible] AS YOU EAT DO YOU WELL TO BEL

FOURTH GRADE.

Essay by Julia A. Bailey, aged 11 years, class B, Wasatch school:

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in a farmhouse, near Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. The Whittiers were Quakers. Love and quakers they were very gentle in our manners.

Whittier's parents never called him John, they called him Greenleaf, or Mr. Greenleaf. In the Sunday School Boy we get a pretty description of Greenleaf's childhood. He he played he was king, he lived in the city of the food and being fed very well. The country was his throne, and all day it was his sceptre. The flocks and the Warren, the brook, and the flowers, he brought to him.

[illegible] he was his subjects, the flocks were his lambs. We can imagine the country of his childhood passing out, with in his play. When he was twelve years old he started to school. That old school house was not more like [illegible] a day. It was small, have a chimney built in middle of school room, the master, Mr. Lodge, was a very good teacher with about a dozen boys sitting on one bench. They had a stove and matches for fire place, where they would put the logs every morning. The light that came in came through the two little windows which one on the south and one north side. At the little school house Greenleaf carved his first verses. In the poem called "Gerald Grey" he describes his little playmate. The children had to walk to school to spell, and all of them had to be in the same class on the floor.

One day Greenleaf missed in spelling. The little playmate spelled it right and went where she is in the line. Greenleaf felt very sad, because he missed the word. He he wished he brought all the children and gave name. But the little girl waited outside for him. The sun shone on her golden curls. When he came out she told him she was very sorry she spelt the word. "I hate to go alone you, because—you see—I love you."

Very soon beggars would come to the Whittiers, where they were usually well treated. Once an old soldiers came. He sang for them some of Robert Burn's poetry. There was the beginning of Greenleaf's verses for verse. The schoolmaster read him a volume of Burns's poems. These he read a great deal. At last he began to write verses himself. But or fear of ridiculing his father he kept it a secret. He wrote in the barn loft, or up in the attic, or out in the woods, where no one could see him.

One time his sister Mary found some pieces of his poetry, and without letting her brother know, sent it to the taker to be printed. John Greenleaf Whittier was very much surprised when he saw his poetry in print.

[illegible] Greenleaf's father in 1828. He wished to go to college, and to get money to help his father's empty purse and shoes. In this way he earned a comfortable living.

During the war he did so much as he could to free the slaves. Whittier was never married, but spent his whole life doing good.

In September, 1892, Whittier died, being eighty-five years old.

"O good, gray poet, where, where,
Is the place you have gone to?
The songs you've sung
Are the songs we sing
And we think of you ever
Yet we miss you so!"

FIFTH GRADE.

Essay by Ora H. Harder, aged 12 years, class B, Lowell school:

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at the old homestead, Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. His family consisted of a father, mother, two sisters and a brother. He was of a Quaker family, and for two hundred years his ancestors had been Quakers and both Nonresistants.

When he was seven years old he went to school. At the age of eighteen years he wrote his first poem, without the father's knowledge, and thinking it would be useless for him to show it, the editor being Mr. Lloyd Garrison. One day as he was working on the farm without coat or shoes, he was told a man wished to see him. It was Mr. Lloyd Garrison, who came from the city to find if the two little strangers would come to the city and study with him. At this time Greenleaf thought it would be useless for him to go, as his father could not afford it. But when John made shoes and mended such in his way enough money to pay for his clothes, board and an academy schooling at the seminary.

At the age of twenty he taught a district school in his native town of Haverhill, Gerrit, and continued to write for it for many years. After he left for six months, he returned to the academy again for a term of six months.

When he was twenty-one years old, he went to Boston, and there was appointed editor of the New England Weekly. When he returned to Haverhill he was appointed a member of the legislature of Mass. He was very much opposed to slavery and many of his poems have been written against slavery, and for the sake of freedom and friendly brotherhood. He lived at Amesbury, in the Old Quaker house where he wrote many of his noted poems.

He thought character was everything, and always tried to make the world right. He was very enthusiastic and he should be asked for the number of the world's wrongs. The first of his life was spent at Amesbury, part of the time with his sister Elizabeth, for he was never married.

Whittier is known as the "Quaker Poet." His favorite subject being slavery. Among his best and known poems are Snow Bound, Voices of Freedom, The Quaker Maid, Maud Muller, In School Days, Songs of Labor, Ballad Book, The Barefoot Boy, The Friend's Ballad, and Skipper Ireson's Ride. Every one knows and loves the poems of a Quaker poet. Children were his best and enthusiastic friends, and he was ever fond of writing them of joining in their sports. He was passionate to those children as the rain with a potter. The kindness of his nature had always led him to keep friends. When he was in years and he was a peaceful, kindly, irritable old man. He had a quiet way of speaking and the best Dane is in others, which caused them to appear well to his creation. His earlier poems were of Indian legends, "Mogg Megone" were about. After his death some of his friends engaged the house, to bring back some remembrances of the poet.

He died September 7, 1892, at the age of 85.

SIXTH GRADE.

Essay by Maggie Cardle, aged 12 years, class B, Lincoln school:

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A little Boy back from the busy streets of Haverhill, Massachusetts, there stands a little old-fashioned country house, with tall poplar trees growing around, and vines climbing over the porch.

In this pleasant house John Greenleaf Whittier, the great Quaker poet, was born, in the year 1807, on the 17th of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Whittier were very poor people, and they had to work very hard to earn a living. Mrs. Whittier had to spin the wool and flax to make their clothes, while John spent his boyhood in helping his father tend the farm. He worked a little at shoemaking to get enough money to support himself.

At the age of eighteen he received two prizes of a book and money, and became editor of several New England newspapers. The following year he became secretary of the Anti-Slavery society, and editor of the paper in that cause.

John Greenleaf Whittier has written many original poems about nature, among them I am Invited with Snow-Bound, Barefoot Boy and In School Days.

Mr. Whittier did not travel from one country to another, as many learned men do, but he stayed with his own nation, and died there in the year of 1892, on the 7th of September.

SEVENTH GRADE.

Joe Bauntegre, Bryant school, aged 14 years:

BIOGRAPHY OF WHITTIER.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Haverhill, Mass., of Quaker parentage, in the year 1807. We do not know anything of him as a baby. Whittier loved to read, and spent nearly all his leisure moments (which were few) in the woods. He used to go fishing but did not care for hunting.

One day, it is said, as he was plowing a field, he saw a peddler, who gave him a copy of Burns's poems, which he read and enjoyed.

John helped his father on the farm, and in winter he used to shovel paths through the snow to the barn to feed the stock. Every time he would see that he would go to the woods and visit his neighbors, for the woods were lonely to him. He also helped his father in shoemaking, and mended an carpet at the trade.

His father also, for a punishment, made John strike blue across the seats. The passed young Whittier very much.

When he was about seventeen years of age he was invited to visit his aunt in Boston. Of course this was passed him, and she hoped he helped him pass his time. His mother gave him much advice and told him not to visit the theater, as the Friends did not believe in this form of amusement. Inside him good-bye. He he left his cage, and was arrested in the city, where he was detained by his aunt. He then went for a walk, promising to return by proper time, but the large crowd pushed and pushed him. This the country boy, dressed in his suit of homespun, with cloth buttons, was not unnoticed by. He thought the crowd kept going to see him, and did not seem of disunion. At last Whittier ventured out and returned to his aunt's home.

In the evening he met a party of ladies who were visiting at his aunt's house. His witty tales soon made a many friends among the guests, until one of the ladies rudely said, "I must go, or I shall be late to the theater." Both he thought that the lady whom he had been conversing with was an actress. Remembering his mother's injunction he was terrified, and the next day he left for home by the earliest stage.

Years later we meet have him, as a short time later he entered an academy where his mentoral began.

EIGHTH GRADE.

Essay by Cora Conley, aged 12 years, Hamilton school:

THE OLD COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

One day last year, when we were taking a trip through the country, as we usually did for the benefit of the children, we came to a land in the town which led to the river. We, as I was accompanied by my aunt and his family, thought we would drive down there to see the place, as it looked very beautiful from the distance. The scene in that ravine was so beautiful that it was beyond description. When we reached the bottom the river we go. There we got outside of us a little rock. We then continued to eat our luncheon there, as we had a long journey to make before we reached the homestead. After we had finished our luncheon the children were sleepy, and it was always my duty to tell them a story before they retired. My youngest granddaughter asked me to tell her a story, for she was sleepy. Immediately a scene arose in my mind as I held the child in my lap, on the steps of the old building which had once been a school house, and to my sleepy little granddaughter I told the following story:

Well, Lillie, when grandma was a little girl like you, she was well to a school which looked against real like this building. Lillie's eyes opened in amazement. The school house was as good a one as this, but closer to the line. The yard was large and covered with summer weeds, in the suburbs, was very beautiful. The house was made of rails which was covered with blackberry vines. Besides the shoulder there were violets on each side of the railing. The violets were six inches and were our dear teacher thought them most beautiful. The children used to gather them at recess and carry them to the teacher. Her parents we would wait for to come time to come. The inside of the building was very small and pictures of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and other notable men, were hung upon the wall. The master's desk was very large and spacious. It was made of oak and was not painted or varnished like the modern school desks. The floor was warped and the cracks were numerous. The windows were small with two or three panes of glass gone from each. On cold days the master would put some of the best writings in the missing panes. In the summer the windows were not be opened, but the papers removed. The door steps were very wide, but we found that they were not wide enough for us when we were passing out for recess.

We, little Lillie was asleep, but I continued my story, as the older ones were interested in it. We had recess for twenty minutes and then our pedagogue rang the bell. After recess we had spelling and then arithmetic. All how well I remember one day we had a gallantry handkerchief. The teacher gave us ten minutes for study. In ten minutes to the exact second the class was called upon to spell. The class was very large and several of the scholars had missed the word "parallel." It passed one of the smartest boys in the room, and the little girl next to him spelt it correctly. She was ashamed and did not want to go above him, but the teacher insisted upon it. She said, "I don't wanted to go above you but, you see, I—I love you." He was what we have been taught and how deep it is still in the hearts of both. Children, you ought to know for you are acquainted with both of them. This weeks Lillie and she said, "Grandma, was it you and grandpa."

HIGH SCHOOL.

Essay by Tald Goodwin:

WHITTIER AS A POET.

Whittier received his first inspiration as a poet when the people of this glorious nation were discussing the great question of slavery, and, when but a mere boy, he began to write poems upon the rights of the negro.

(Continued on page 10.)

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