

1: Chanticleer a Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family

Chanticleer A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family has 7 ratings and 2 reviews. Annie said: Offensive on just about every level imaginable from a mod.

Shall the glorious festival of Thanksgiving, now yearly celebrated all over the American Union, said the author to himself one day, be ushered in with no other trumpet than the proclamations of State-Governors? May we not have a little holiday-book of our own, in harmony with that cherished Anniversary, which, while it pleases your fellow-countrymen, should it have that good fortune, may acquaint distant strangers with the observance of that happy custom of our country? With the hope that it may be so received, and as a kindly word spoken to all classes and sections of his fellow citizens, awakening a feeling of union and fraternal friendship at this genial season, the writer presents this little volume of home characters and incidents. I see old Sylvester Peabody—the head of the Peabody family—seated in the porch of his country dwelling, like an ancient patriarch, in the calm of the morning. His broad-brimmed hat lies on the bench at his side, and his venerable white locks flow down his shoulders, which time in one hundred seasons of battle and sorrow, of harvest and drouth, of toil and death, in all his hardy wrestlings with old Sylvester, has not been able to bend. He has kept his gaze in that direction for better than an hour, and a mist has gradually crept upon his vision; objects begin to lose their distinctness; they grow dim or soften away like ghosts or spirits; the whole landscape melts gently into a pictured dew before him. It seemed indeed, on this very calm morning in November, as if angels were busy about the Old Homestead, which lies on the map, in the heart of one of the early states of our dear American Union, transforming all the old familiar things into something better and purer, and touching them gently with a music and radiance caught from the very sky itself. As in the innocence of beauty, shrouded in sleep, dreams come to the eyelids which are the realities of the day, with a strange loveliness—the fair country lay as it were in a delicious dreamy slumber. The trees did not stand forth boldly with every branch and leaf, but rather seemed gentle pictures of trees; the sheep-bells from the hills tinkled softly and as if whispering a secret to the wind; the birds sailed slowly to and fro on the air; there was no harshness in the low of the herds, no anger in the heat of the sun, not a sight nor a sound, near by nor far off, which did not partake of the holy beauty of the morning, nor sing, nor be silent, nor stand still, nor move, with any other than a gliding sweetness and repose, or an under-tone which might have been the echo here on earth, of a better sphere. There was a tender sadness and wonder in the face of old Sylvester, when a voice came stealing in upon the silence. It did not in a single tone disturb the heavenly harmony of the hour, for it was the voice of the orphan dependent of the house, Miriam Haven, whose dark-bright eye and graceful form glimmered, as though she were the spirit of all the softened beauty of the scene, from amid the broom-corn, where she was busy in one of the duties of the season. Well might she sing the song of lament, for her people had gone down far away in the sea, and her lover —“where was he? Far away—”far away are they, And I in all the world alone—” Brightly, too brightly, shines the day—” Dark is the land where they are gone! Like every other condition of the time, the voice of Miriam too, had a change in it. She came forward as he addressed her, and laying her hand gently on his arm, said—” You forget, father; this is the Indian summer, which is the first summer softened and soberer, and often comes at thanksgiving-time. It always changes the country, as you see it now. I should have known it, for always at this season, often as it has come to me, do I think of the absent and the dead—”of times and hours, and friends long, long passed away. Of those whom I have known,” he continued eagerly, “who have fallen in battle, in the toil of the field, on the highway, on the waters, in silent chambers, by sickness, by swords: I thank God they have all, all of my kith and kin and people, died with their names untouched with crime; all,” he added with energy, planting his feet firmly on the ground and rising as he spoke sternly, “all, save one alone, and he—”” He turned toward the female at his side, and when he looked in her face and saw the mournful expression which came upon it, he dropped back into his chair and stayed his speech. The little fellow began throwing the bright grain from the basin to a great strutting turkey which went marching and gobbling up and down the door-yard, swelling his feathers, spreading his tail, and shaking his red neck-tie with a boundless pretence and restlessness; like many a hero he was proud of his

uniform, although the fatal hour which was to lay him low was not far off. It was the thanksgiving turkey, himself, in process of fattening under charge of Master Sam Peabody. God knows I love your son, Elbridge, and would have laid down my life that this thing had not chanced, but the child asks of his brother so often, and is so often evaded that he will be presently snared in a net of falsehoods and deceptions if we speak not more plainly to him. The thanksgiving turkey, full of his banquet of corn, strutted away to a slope in the sun by the roadside, and little Sam Peabody renewed his question. I would have the name of my race pure of all stains and detractions, as it has been for an hundred years, but I would not bear hardly against your son, Margaret. This child, innocent and unswayed as he is, shall hear it, and shall be the judge. It is, my child, a year ago this day, that an excellent man, Mr. Barbary, the preacher of this neighborhood, disappeared from among living men. He was blameless in his life, he had no enemy on the face of the earth. He was a simple, frugal, worthy man—the last time alive, he was seen in company with your brother Elbridge, by the Locust-wood, near the pond where you go to gather huckleberries in the summer, and hazels in the autumn. He was seen with him and seen no more. On the contrary, they were seen entering the wood in close companionship, and smiling on each other. Not a word, Margaret—not a word, my child. He is not to be found in pulpit or field. No man seeth his steps any more in their ancient haunts. No man hearkens to his voice. He may be still living in some other quarter. The under currents of the lake are strong, and may have easily swept him away. There is but one belief through all this neighborhood. Ethan Barbary fell by the hand—Almighty God, that I should have to say it to you, my own grandson—of Elbridge Peabody. Barbary, if he was his friend? Was not Elbridge always kind, mother? No sun set on the day which did not cheer her lonely hearth with a new light of gladness and peace from his young eyes. He was soft of heart, but proud of spirit, and haughty beyond his age; you may not remember, even I could not always look down his anger, or silence his loudness of speech. Why should he kill Mr. I will tell you, child: Barbary disappeared from amongst us. If he had been innocent, why did Elbridge Peabody flee this neighborhood, like a thief in the night? The grandfather, looking on his gambols, smiled, but was presently sad again. My head is whitened with many winters, and I shall see them for the last time. But they come not; my eyes are weary with watching afar off, and I cannot yet discern that my children bear me in remembrance, in this grateful season of the year. Why do they not come? From the broom-corn the gentle voice stole again: For him her music is not shed: Why blind-brook sparkle through the field? He may be dead! There was a peculiar sound in the air, and on closer attention they discerned, in the stillness of the morning, the jingling traces of the stage-coach, on the cross-road, through the fields. They may be on the corner. They were too far off to be distinctly made out, but it was to be inferred that they were travellers from a distance, for one of them held against the light some sort of travelling bag or portmanteau; one of them was in female dress, but this was all they could as yet distinguish. Various conjectures were ventured as to their special character. They were unquestionably making for the Homestead, and it was to be reasonably supposed they were Peabodys, for strangers were rare upon that road, which was a by-way, off the main thoroughfare. The family gathered on the extreme out-look of the balcony, and watched with eager curiosity their approach, which was slow and somewhat irregular—the man did not aid the woman in her progress, but straggled on apart, nor did he seem to address her as they came on. He was some sixty years of age, large-featured and inclining to tallness; his dress was oldmanish and plain, consisting of a long-furred beaver hat, a loose made coat, and other apparel corresponding, with low cut shoes. He smiled as he came upon the balcony, greeting old Sylvester with a shake of the hand, but taking no notice whatever either of the widow, little Sam, or Mopsey. His wife, on the contrary, spoke to all, but quietly and submissively, which was in truth, her whole manner. She was spare and withered, with a pinched, colorless face, constrained in a scared and apprehensive look as though in constant dread of an impending violence or injury. Over one eye she wore a green patch, which greatly heightened the pallor and strangeness of her features. Nobody can tell what road he may have got into. Will always have high-actioned horse. It was supposed to contain Captain Saltonstall and wife; but what with the speed and dust, no eye could have guessed with any accuracy who or what they were. In less than a minute more it came sweeping back with the great white horse, passing the house again like an apparition, or the ghost of a horse and gig. There also emerged from the one-horse gig, after the captain had made ground, and jumped his little wife to the same landing in

his arms, a red-faced boy, who must have been closely stowed somewhere, for he came out of the vehicle highly colored, and looking very much as if he had been sat upon for a couple of hours or more. It was but for a moment only that the Captain paused, and in less than five minutes he had said and done so many good-natured things, had shown himself so free of heart withal, and so little considerate of self or the figure he cut, that in spite of his great clumsy person, and the gash in his face, and the somewhat exorbitant character of his dress, his coat being a bob as long and straight in the line across the back, as the edge of a table, you could not help regarding him as a decidedly well made, well dressed, and quite handsome person; in fact the Captain passed with the whole family for a fine-looking man. The city grows and I grow! Elbridge made a bad choice when he bought itâ€”greatly out of repairâ€”rents come slowly. I had hopes you would be able to bring her some returns this time, for she needs it sadly. So we passâ€”so we pass â€”young to-dayâ€”to-morrow oldâ€”limbs fail usâ€”sight is gone. To William, the merchant, it brought chiefly a recollection how in his early manhood he had set out from those quiet fields for a hard struggle with the world, with a bare dollar in his pocket, and when that was gone the whole world seemed to combine in a desperate league against him to prevent his achieving another. How at last, on the very edge of starvation and despair, he had wrung from it the means of beginning his fortunes; and how he had gone on step by step, forgetting all the pleasant ties of his youth, all recollections of nature and cheerful faces of friends and kinsfolk, adding thousand to thousand, house to house; building, unlike Jacob, a ladder, that descended to the lower world, up which all harsh and dark spirits perpetually thronged and joined to drag him down; and yet he smiled grimly at the thought of the power he possessed, and how many of his early companions trembled before him because he was grown to be a rich man. Old Sylvester, on the other hand, in all his memory had no thought of himself. Scattered up and down the long line of memory were faces of friends and kindred, which had passed long ago from the earth. He called to mind many a pleasant fire-side chat; many a funeral scene, and burying in sun-light and in the cold rain; the young Elbridge too was in his thoughts last of all; could he return to them with a name untainted, the old man would cheerfully lie down in his grave and be at peace with all the world. In the meanwhile, within the house the Captain in high favor was seated in a great cushioned arm-chair with little Sam Peabody on his knee, and the women of the house gathered about him, looking on as he narrated the courses and adventures of his last voyage. The widow listened with a sad interest. Miriam Haven alone was distant from the scene, [29].

2: Chanticleer : a thanksgiving story of the Peabody family. - CORE

*Chanticleer: A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family [Cornelius Mathews] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Cornelius Mathews, was an American writer, best known for his crucial role in the formation of a literary group known as Young America in the late s.*

3: Chanticleer - A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family

Shall the glorious festival of Thanksgiving, now yearly celebrated all over the American Union, (said' the author to himself one day,) be ushered in with no other trumpet than the proclamations of state-governors 3 May we not have a little holiday-book of our own, in harmony with that cherished.

4: Project MUSE - Thanksgiving

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