

Woman

Many are the blessings that man receives at the hands of his creator. If we turn our eyes back to the beginning of time and consider the different works of creation, the mind instinctively stops with surprise and wonder when it sees that man the noblest of all the rest is left solitary and alone, with none to cheer or invigorate- more to infuse new life into him but the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. And surely they were poorly calculated to increase or strengthen his happiness, even with the peaceful and harmonious natures they possessed while soaring over the delightful and sinless places of Eden. There was even, there, a mighty chasm between man and happiness- a great gulf separating them. There was yet a golden link left about of the great chain that encircled and bound peace and happiness to his simple soul. True there was no sorrow to endure, but still he had more to share with him the joys that were spread around him on all sides.

This, of itself, was sufficient to man the beauty of the faintest scene. But, at last the glorious and happy day was unshared in that offered to him a fountain of happiness of which he had before been entirely ignorant, the Creator looked down and saw that creation was incomplete that there was yet a great work to be accomplished- "that it was not good for man to be alone" and then at last but Oh not least of all his glorious works, woman, charming, confiding, loving woman was created. Then did man cease to see and realize happiness as through a glass dimly, but as in the clear noon day sun. Then did he see and feel the power of woman in bringing peace, delight and pleasure to reign in Eden's lovely bowers (as she frequently has elsewhere) when at Hayman's Alter they became no more "twain but one flesh". There creation was complete- then and only then was Eden a paradise to man. Then did he also feel that it was not good to be alone but that in order to possess happiness he must also have the lovely charms and sweet fellowship of old mother eve. Not only in the garden, but through every age and land and nation, yes, at the present time, in our land and in our very midst woman is as a genial muse [?] to ripen and mature every noble feeling that lies hidden in the heart of man. She exerts a molding influence that forms and fashions all after her won finer feelings. Who has not felt it? And who would not feel it? Hard indeed must be the heart that yields not to her gentle touch. She rules; but she rules in love, and even rules while serving.

She also possesses a confidence of which man is a perfect stranger. Behold, in imagination, the loving pair as they approach the Holy Altar and see the trusting Virgin willingly and cheerfully placing her all in the hands of another and with a faith sure as that of Heaven itself craving the parental roof and casting herself upon the cold world would leaning upon the arm of a stranger vowing before God and man to love, cherish, and respect while life shall last.

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