

THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOKS



*Thus saith the LORD, Stand ye in the ways, and see,
and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and
walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.*

Jeremiah 6:16

THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOKS,
STANDARD
FOURTH READER

Edited and Annotated
by Bill Kitchens.

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OLD FASHIONED HISTORY™
PUBLISHING

The OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOK SERIES consists, or is projected to consist, of a special edition *Advanced Reader*, and five standard readers, *First* through *Fifth*, comprised of selections from 19th and early 20th Century American public school readers, and a few other sources. The immediate object of the series is to offer American students books that are interesting and uplifting, and that will provide them exercise in reading and comprehension. Of even more importance, is to offer books that are windows through which today's students can discover the Christian moral traditions of American education, the proud history of the United States of America, and the 'blood, sweat, tears', and prayers, of the generations that built, loved, and left us this great nation.

A few words about this *Fourth Reader* in the series:

There is so much great material in the old readers that I am unable to include it all, so it was my responsibility to select what I consider the best. This reader includes a wide range of subject material and levels of reading proficiency, though, as best I could judge, between intermediate and advanced levels. The selections are grouped, roughly, with the most advanced later in the book. They are also grouped as: (I) selections of a variety of short stories; (II) selections of American history; (III) selections of Christian history and reverence; (IV) an introduction to a variety of literary forms; (V) 19th century English romance authors; (VI) direct moral teaching; (VII) more advanced stories.

You will notice that the punctuation of some of these selections is not according to today's grammatical system. The 'standard teaching method' of that day was for the lessons to be read aloud or recited from memory. They included "rhetorical punctuation", such as ? or ! within a sentence as vocalization instructions for the reader. I have kept those punctuation marks in some of the pieces where it would have entailed significant changes to 'correct' them. I have also retained some of the archaic spelling - plough (plow), phantasie (fantasy), to-night (tonight) and a few others where the meaning is clear.

These old school books had few, if any, illustrations. I have added a few more for interest. To the best of my knowledge the illustrations are all in the public domain, and many of them came from Wikimedia Commons, which I acknowledge with gratitude.

CONTENTS:

Section I

- MOSS SIDE, John Wilson ...7
OLD SILVER, Sewell Ford ...15
LEAVES FROM AN AERONAUT, Willis Gaylord Clark ...21
THE BULB OF THE CRIMSON TULIP, Lillian Price ...25
THE STORY OF TEMPE WICK, Frank R. Stockton ...35
A STORY OF THE SIOUX WAR, Anonymous ...39
NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON, J. G. Whittier ...46
THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS, Charles Dickens ...48
DAVID SWAN - A FANTASY, Nathaniel Hawthorne ...50
BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA, Anonymous ...56
MY STOVE - WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, Olive Thorne ...60
LANGUAGE THAT NEEDS A REST, Willis B. Hawkins ...64
THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS, Leigh Hunt ...67
THE MAD ENGINEER, Anonymous ...68
CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT, Mrs. R. H. Thorpe ...72
THE GENEROUS PEASANT, Nikolai Karamzin ...75
THE GRIZZLY BEAR, Anonymous ...78
FROZEN WORDS, Joseph Addison ...80
THE GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION, J. T. Van Gestel ...82

Section II

- A HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, Gorman ...85
THOMAS JEFFERSON, Thomas Wentworth Higginson ...89
ADDRESS TO THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE, Patric Henry ...93
THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, Daniel Webster ...96
WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS, Washington ...98
KOSCIUSKO, Campbell ...101
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE, Henry Woodfin Grady ...102
THE HISTORY OF OUR FLAG, Rev. Alfred P. Putnam ...104
THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS, George Lippard ...107
THE PERFECT TRIBUTE, Mary Shipman Andrews ...109
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY, Ellen H. Flagg ...118
THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE, Virginia L. French ...119
OUT OF GUN POWDER, Anonymous ...120
A SINGULAR ADVENTURE, Anonymous ...123
THE ESCAPE FROM ONODAGA, John Gilmary Shea ...126
THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC, Anonymous ...129
KING PHILLIP'S WAR, *Exeter News Letter* ...132
GENERAL JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS, Charles Gayarre ...135

THE STORY OF INDIAN SPRING, Anonymous ...137
WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING, Thomas Campbell ...140

Section III

THE BLIND PREACHER, Rev. L. T. Kosegarten ...142
THE STORY OF THOMAS BECKET, Anonymous ...144
SHORT SELECTIONS, Henry Ward Beecher ...150
THE TWO WEAVERS, Hannah More ...152
THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED, Caroline A. B. Southey ...154
SABBATH EVENING, Knox ...155
THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL, Hoffman ...160
EXCERPTS FROM THE PSALMS ...161
GOD IS ALL IN ALL, Convers Francis ...163
THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, Henry Kirke White ...164

Section IV

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE UPON LITERATURE, Hazlitt ...165
THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY, Canning ...166
HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE, Alfred J. Church ...169
HORATIUS THE BRIDGE, T. B. Macaulay ...171
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, W. H. Russell ...174
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, Tennyson ...176
PRAIRIE FIRES, George Catlin ...178
KIT CARSON'S RIDE, Joaquin Miller ...182
ACROSS THE PLAINS, Joaquin Miller ...186
HOW DOES THE WATER COME DOWN AT LODORE?, Southey ...190
THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER, Lewis Carroll ...193
PILGRIM'S SONG, George Whitfield ...196
SAFETY IN GOD, Isaac Watts ...197
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, Longfellow ...198
MY MOTHER'S HANDS, Anonymous ...200
NOT ONE CHILD TO SPARE, Mrs. E. L. Beers ...201
FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN, Anonymous ...203
THE KING OF GLORY, Psalm XXIV ...205
DIALOGUE WITH THE GOUT, Benjamin Franklin ...206
ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE ROBBER, Dr. John Aiken ...209
TRUE GREATNESS, Charles Sumner ...211
DOUBTING CASTLE, John Bunyan ...213
RIP VAN WINKLE, Washington Irving ...217

Section V

LOCHINVAR or LADY HERON'S SONG, Sir Walter Scott ...	227
THE TOURNAMENT AT TEMPLESTOWE, Sir Walter Scott ...	229
TRUE PATRIOTISM, Sir Walter Scott ...	235
AN INDIAN FIGHT, Sir Walter Scott ...	236
THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR, Alfred Lord Tennyson ...	240
PRAYER, Alfred Lord Tennyson ...	246
LADY CLARE, Alfred Lord Tennyson ...	247
WEE WILLIE WINKIE, Rudyard Kipling ...	249
RECESSIONAL, Rudyard Kipling ...	259
IF, Rudyard Kipling ...	261

Section VI

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG, E. H. Chapin ...	262
SELECT SENTENCES, The Art of Thinking ...	263
THE VENOMOUS WORM, John Russell ...	264
A PAPER OF TOBACCO, Alphonse Karr ...	266
HANDSOME IS AS THAT HANDSOME DOES, Anonymous ...	268
AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF VIRTUE, Horace Mann ...	270
THE WAY TO WEALTH, Benjamin Franklin...	271
RICHES AND POVERTY, Henry Ward Beecher ...	275
GETTING THE RIGHT START, Anonymous ...	278

Section VII

SCENE WITH A PANTHER, C. B. Brown ...	279
A WHALING ADVENTURE, Frank T. Bullen ...	282
THE BIBLE IN A COAL MINE, Anonymous ...	286
THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL, Hans Cristian Anderson ...	290
AN ADVENTURE IN CALABRIA, Paul Louis Courier ...	292
TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY, Jean Ingelow ...	295
A BRAVE RESCUE AND A ROUGH RIDE, Richard Blackmore ...	302
SELLING THE FARM, Beth Day ...	310
THE CHARIOT RACE, from Ben-Hur, Lew Wallace ...	313
THE THUNDER STORM, George D. Prentice ...	324
THE STORY OF MY LIFE, Helen Keller ...	327

BIBLIOGRAPHY ...	332
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SECTION I

These are stories of a variety of types, and from various places and times. They are stories that your grandparents' grandparents, or even their grandparents, might have read. Many things have changed since these stories were first printed, but the really important things have not.



MOSS SIDE
John Wilson*

We read, in the story below, about a poor family living on the moorlands of Scotland about two centuries ago. They lived in a small, thatch roofed cottage called "Moss-Side", perhaps much like the one in this painting. The home they lived in, and the land they farmed, were rented from a large landowner, and it had been so for generations. Because there were so few people in the area, and the cottages were used for generations, perhaps for centuries, they were given names, rather than numbered addresses.

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labor, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined (complained); and through all the mist, and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on, from year to year, in that calm and resigned contentment, which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor.

With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father

in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for those he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom (servitude) under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings (clothes), worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighborhood, while three daughters and one son remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hardworking household.

Many cottages there are in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveler may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens, - its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn¹, - its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees (hardy, long lived Northern European trees), - its yellow corn fields, - its bare, pastoral hillsides, and all its healthy moors (rolling, infertile land covered in native grasses, shrubs, and moss), on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure (vegetation), inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees.

Moss-side was not beautiful to a hasty or careless eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden, by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark color of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps lured thither by some green

barley field for its undisturbed nest, rose singing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity.

The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath (wider valley), grew here with somewhat diminished luster; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of the moorland; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were there of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together before Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features.

The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter who was out at service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and hired servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick, - sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato field beyond the brae (hillside), with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed to be dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music that had always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk, sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm.

One after the other, they all continued going up to the bedside, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropt with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be

softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

“Do you think the child is dying?” said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sickbed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he had been standing, and replied, “While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity.” There were no loud lamentation at those words - all had before known, though they would not confess to themselves what they were now told - and though the certainty that was in the words of the skillful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their faces paler, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he (death) came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror.

There were wandering, and wavering, and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green, silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid (large shawl) upon the sunny side of the Birk-knowe (a prominent hill). She was too much exhausted - there was too little life - too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favorite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

*The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.*

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bedside, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while, in silence. In about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and each go to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another begun to set the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye;

and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil on humanity."

In a short, silent half hour, the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk were on board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence - not a word was said - their meal was before them, - God had been thanked, and they began to eat. While they were at their silent meal, a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainsle; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanded a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned his head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling (young man), threw down the letter and rode off.

Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face that was returning to its former color. "I feared, " - said the youth, with a tear in his eye, "I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonor." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence.

At this moment his wife came from her child's bedside and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn ('born', child) is dying, and when, if it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it in his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it, from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bedside.

Another hour of trial passed, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at

the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribbon and an ivory comb that she had bought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing school ball.

And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up, weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been pouring over, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he, whose presence had, in former years, brought peace and resignation hither when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his manse (parsonage), except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bedroom and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave; I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and when she awakes, I hope - I believe - that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had, till then, locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short, palpitating shriek; and the tender hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when she was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb, irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy.

The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honored minister took the book;

*He waled (chose) a portion with judicious care:
And let us worship God, he said, with solemn air.*

A chapter was read - a prayer said; - and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; And now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, Margaret, worth all the gold that was ever mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little things of our own - a few pounds - and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need for nothing, want nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies."

Gilbert went into the sickroom, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," he said mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainsle fifteen hundred pounds. "This sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose Providence has sent this temporal blessing, may send wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work is for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your armchair by the ingle (fireplace). You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep thrashing

corn in the barn for hours by candle light, before the late dawning.”

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed, could scarcely be said to have slept; and when, about morning, little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

The American First Class Reader, 1823

*Attributed to John Wilson (1785-1854), a Scottish writer whose works often were published under pseudonyms.

1. Small islands (holms) in low lying pasture land surrounded by pretty brooks (bonny burns).



There was a time, and not that long ago, when horses ruled the streets. When students first read this story, they were used to seeing horses doing such things as pulling fire engines, like the one above. The following story, however, is about another horse drawn fire truck.

OLD SILVER

Sewell Ford

Down in the heart of the skyscraper district you will find a hook and ladder company known as the Gray Horse Truck.

Much like a big family is a fire company. It has seasons of good fortune when there is neither sick leaves nor hospital cases to report; and it has periods of misfortune, when trouble and disaster stalk abruptly through the ranks. Gray Horse Truck is no exception. Yet its longest mourning and most sincere was when it lost Old Silver.

Horses and men, Silver had seen them come and go. He had seen probationers rise step by step to battalion and deputy chiefs, win shields and promotion, or meet the sudden fate that is their lot. All this time Silver's name-board had swung over his old stall, and when the truck went out Silver was to be found in his old place on the left of the poles. Driver succeeded driver, but one and all found Silver first under the harness when a station hit, first to jump forward when the big doors rolled back, and always as ready to do his bit on a long run as he was to demand his four quarts when feeding time came.

As for the education of Silver, its scope and completeness, no outsider would have given credence to the half of it. When Lannigan had driven the truck for three years, and been cronies with Silver for nearly five, it was his habit to say wonderingly: "He beats me, Silver does. I learn some new wrinkle of his every day. No; its no use to tell his tricks, you wouldn't believe, neither would I, if I hadn't seen with my own eyes."

Other things besides mischief, however, had Silver learned. Chief of these was to start with the jigger. Sleeping or waking, lying or standing, the summons that stirred the men from snoring ease to tense, rapid action, never failed to find Silver alert. As the halter shank slipped through the bi-ring, that same instant found Silver gathered for the rush through the long narrow lane leading from the open stalls to the poles, above which like great couchant (crouching) spiders, waited the harnesses on the hanger rods. It was unwise to be in Silver's way when the little brazen voice (bell) was summoning him to duty.

Once under the harness, Silver was like a carved statue until the trip strap had been pulled, the collar fastened, and the reins snapped in. Then he wanted to poke the poles through the doors, so eager was he to be off.

With the first strain at the traces his impatience died out. A sixty foot truck starts with more or less reluctance. Besides, Silver knew that before anything like speed could be made it was necessary to either mount the grade to Broadway or to ease the machine down to Greenwich Street. It was traces or backing straps for all that was in you, and at the end a sharp turn which never could have been made had not the tiller-man done his part with the rear wheels.

But once the tires caught the car (trolley) tracks Silver knew what to expect. At the turn he and his team mates could feel Lannigan gathering in the reins as though for a full stop. At that moment Lannigan leaned far forward and shot out his driving arm. The reins went loose, their heads went forward and, as if moving in pivot, the three leaped as one horse. Again the reins tightened for a second, again they were loosened. When the bits were pulled back up came three heads, up came three pairs of shoulders and up came three pairs of forelegs; for at the other end of the lines, gripped vise-like in Lannigan's big fist, was swinging a good part of Lannigan's one hundred and ninety-eight pounds.

To Silver all other minor pleasures in life were as nothing to the fierce joy he knew when, with a dozen men clinging to the handrails, the captain pulling the bell rope, and Lannigan, far up above them all, swaying on the lines, the Gray Horse Truck swept up Broadway to a first call-box.

It was like trotting to music, if you've ever done that. Possibly you could have discovered no harmony at all in the confused roar of the apparatus as it thundered past. But to the ears of Silver there were many sounds blended into one. There was the rhythmical beat of hoofs, the low undertone of the wheels grinding the pavement, the high note of the forged steel lock-opener as it hammered the foot-board, the mellow ding-dong of

the bell, the creek of the forty and fifty foot extensions, the rattle of the iron-shod bridge, the rat-tat-tat of the scaling ladders on the bridge, and the muffled drumming of the leather helmets as they jumped in the basket.

With the increasing speed all these sounds rose in pitch until, when the team was at full swing, they became one vibrant theme, - thrilling, inspiring, exultant, - the action song of the truck.

Of course it all ended when, with heaving flanks and snorting nostrils you stopped before a building, where curls of smoke escaped from upper windows. Then you watched your men snatch the great ladders from the truck, heave them up against the walls and bring down pale-faced, staring-eyed men and women. You saw them tear down iron shutters, batter down doors, smash windows, and do other things to make a path for the writhing, white bodied, yellow nosed snakes that uncoiled from the engine and were carried wriggling where the flames lapped along baseboard and floor beams. You saw the little ripples of smoke swell into huge, cream edged billows that tumbled out and up so far above that you lost sight of them.

And after it was all over the ladders were reshipped, you left the purring engines to drown out the last hidden spark, and you went prancing back to your house, where the lonesome desk man waited patiently for your return.

No loping rush was the homeward trip. The need for haste had passed. Now came the parade. You might toss your head, arch your neck, and use all your fancy steps, Lannigan didn't care. In fact, he rather liked to have you show off a bit. The men in the truck, smutty of face and hands, joked across the ladders. The strain was over. It was a time for relaxing, for behind was duty well done.

After unhooking there was the rubbing and the extra feeding of oats that always follows a long run. How good it was to be bedded down after this lung stretching, leg-limbering work! Such was the life Old Silver was leading when there arrived disaster. It came in the shape of a milk leg.

Industriously did Lannigan apply such simple remedies as he had at hand. Yet the swelling increased until from pastern to hock was neither shape nor grace, Worst of all, in getting on his feet one morning, Silver barked the skin with a rap from his toe calks (part of horseshoe). Then it did look bad. Of course this had to happen just before the veterinary inspector's monthly visit.

"Old Silver, eh?" said he "I've been looking for him to give out. That's a bad leg there, a very bad leg. Send him up to the hospital in the morning and I'll have another gray down here. It's time you had another horse in his place." Lannigan stepped

forward to protest. It was only a milk leg. He had cured them before. He could cure this one. Besides, he couldn't spare Silver, the best horse on his team.

But the inspector often heard such pleas. "What do you care so long as you get another gray?"

Very much Lannigan did care, but he found difficulty in putting his sentiments into words. Besides, what use was it to talk to a man who could say that one gray horse was as good as another. Hence, Lannigan only looked sheepish and kept his tongue between his teeth until the door closed behind the inspector. Then he banged a ham-like fist into a broad palm and relieved his feelings in language. This failed to mend matters, so Lannigan, putting an arm around the old gray's neck, told Silver all about it. Probably Silver misunderstood, for he responded by reaching over Lannigan's shoulder and chewing the big man's belt. Only when Lannigan fed to him six red apples and an extra quart of oats did Silver suspect that something unusual was going to happen. Next morning, sure enough, it did happen.

Some say Lannigan wept. As to that none might be sure, for he sat facing the wall in a corner of the bunk room. Below, they were leading Old Silver away to the hospital, where after less than a week's stay, he was cast into oblivion. They took away the leaden number medal, which for more than ten years he had worn on a strap around his neck, and they turned him over to the street cleaning department. There was no delay about his initiation. Into his forehoofs they branded this shameful inscription: D. S. C. 937, and on his back they flung a forty pound single harness with a dirty piece of canvas as a blanket. They hooked him to an iron dump cart, and hailed him forth at 5:30 A. M. to begin the inglorious work of removing the refuse from the city streets.

Perhaps you think Old Silver could not feel the disgrace, the ignominy of it all. Could you have seen the lowered head, the limp hung tail, the dulled eyes, and the dispirited sag of his quarters, you would have thought differently. For three months Silver had pulled that hateful refuse chariot about the streets, thankful only that he traversed a section of the city new to him. Then one day he was sent out with a new driver whose route lay along familiar ways. The thing Silver dreaded, that which he had long feared, did not happen for more than a week after the change.

It came early one morning. He had been backed up in front of a big office building where a dozen bulky cans cumbered the sidewalk. The driver was just lifting one to the tail-board when, from far down the street, there reached Silver's ears a well known sound. Nearer it swept, louder and louder it swelled.

In a moment the noise and its cause were opposite. Old Silver hardly needed a glance before knowing the truth. It was his old company, the Gray Horse Truck. There was his old driver, there were his old team mates. In a flash there passed from Silver's mind all memory of his humble condition, his wretched state. Tossing his head and giving his tail a switch, he leaped toward the apparatus, nearly upsetting the filled ash-can over the head and shoulders of the bewildered driver.



By a supreme effort, Silver dropped into the old lope. A dozen bounds took him abreast the nigh (near) horse, and, in spite of Lannigan's shouts, there he stuck, littering the newly swept pavement most disgracefully at every jump. Thus strangely accompanied, the Gray Horse Truck thundered up Broadway for ten blocks, and when it stopped, before a building in which a careless watchman's lantern had set off the automatic, Old Silver was part of the procession.

It was Lannigan who, in the midst of an eloquent flow of indignant abuse, made this announcement: "Why, boys - it's - it's our Old Silver!"

Each member of the crew having expressed his astonishment in appropriate words, Lannigan tried to sum it all up by saying - "Silver, you old sinner! So they've put you in an ash cart, have they? Well, I'll - I'll - ". But there speech failed him. His wits did not. There was a whispered council of war. Lannigan made a daring proposal, at which all grinned appreciatively.

"They'd never find out," said one.

"And see, his leg's almost as good as new again, " suggested another.

It was an unheard-of proceeding; one which the rules of the Fire Department never anticipated. Meanwhile, the Captain found it necessary to inspect the interior of the building, the Lieutenant turned his back, and the thing was done.

That same evening an ill-tempered and very dirty ash car driver turned up at the stables with a different horse from the one he had driven out that morning, much to the mystification of himself and certain officials of the department of Street Cleaning.

Also, there pranced back as nigh horse of the truck a big gray with one slightly swollen hind leg. By the way he held his head, by the look in the big bright eyes, and by his fancy stepping one might have thought him glad to be where he was. And it was so.

As for the rest, Lannigan will tell you in strict confidence that the best mode of disguising hoof brands until they are effaced by new growth is to fill them with axle-grease. It can not be detected.

Should you ever chance to see, swinging up lower Broadway, a hook and ladder truck drawn by three big grays jumping in perfect unison, note especially the nigh horse - that's the one on the left side looking forward. It will be Old Silver who, although now rising sixteen, seems to be good for another four years of active service.

Howe Fifth Reader, 1907

Before airplanes, much less jets and rocketships, "The conquest of the skies" was by balloon. And it was a great and celebrated conquest in its day. Celebrated in some rather fanciful ways it seems. The following story, from long before the Wright brothers first flight, is not quite so fanciful as this ad for the French aeronaut and balloon manufacturer, M. Lachambre, but quite appealing. "Leaves", by the way, refers to letters or pages, a message, in other words.

LEAVES FROM AN AERONAUT, Willis Gaylord Clark

My hour had now come, and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up, at this moment, the melting air of "Sweet Home." It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends, of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. But I had no leisure for sentiment. A buzz ran through the assemblage; unnumbered hands were clapping, unnumbered hearts beating high; and *I* was the cause. Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

"Let go!" was the word. The cheers redoubled, handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand; bright faces beamed from every window and on every side. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, an inhabitant of air. How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me! How sublime were my sensations! I waved the flag of my country; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand housetops, reached me on the breeze; and a taste of the rarer (thinner) atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstasy.

The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, cleaving the depths of heaven like a vital (living) thing. A diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could, the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The hum of the city rose to my ear, as from a vast beehive; and I seemed the monarch-bee, directing the swarm.

I heard the rattling of carriages, the hearty *yo-heavos!* of sailors from the docks that, begirt with spars, hemmed the city round. I was a spectator of all, yet aloof, and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way; and, at last the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the vast vibrations of a bell. My car tilted and trembled as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailings.



My brain ached with the intensity of my rapture. Human sounds had faded from my ear. I was in the abyss of heaven, *alone* with my God. I could tell my direction by the sun on my left; and, as his rays played on the aerostat (balloon), it seemed only a bright bubble, wavering in the sky, and I, a suspended mote (speck), hung by chance to its train. Looking below me, the distant Sound and Long Island appeared to the east; the bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping; under me, the city girded with bright rivers and sparry (tall trees) forests.

The free wind was on my cheek and in my locks; afar, the ocean rolled its long, blue waves, checkered with masses of shadow, and gushes of ruby sunlight; to the north and west, the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted with purple, and green, and silver, faded to the eye. The atmosphere which I now breathed seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expressions. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverb or echo.

My barometer now denoted an immense height; and as I looked upward and around, the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west, temporarily excluding the sun. The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn, Sabbath twilight reigned around. I was now startled by a fluttering in my gondola. It was my carrier pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label, announcing my height, then nearly four miles, and the state of my barometer.

As he sat on the side of the car, and turned his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done; he attempted to rise, but I outstripped him; he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze. My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from *terra firma*. I began to breathe with difficulty. The atmosphere was too rare for safe respiration.

I pulled my valve cord to descend. It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror-struck. What was to be done? If I ascended much higher, the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper to test my progress. It is well known that this will rise very swiftly. It fell, as if blown downward by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the cord again, with desperate energy. Blessed heaven! it moved.

I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze in the direction of the sun. I

encountered a strong current of wind; mist was about me; it lay like dew upon my coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what a scene it disclosed! A storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath; and I looked down upon an ocean of rainbows, rolling in indescribable grandeur, to the music of the thunder-peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind.

A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest, and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness and quivering mandibles, but with dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my country! As he fanned me with his heavy wing, and looked with a human intelligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius (spirit) of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE.

But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to land on the balloon, and my heart sunk; I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord; he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions (wings); and, as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbows tossed and gleamed; chains of fleecy rack (broken clouds), shining in prismatic rays of gold, and purple, and emerald, "beautiful exceedingly," spread on every hand.

Vast curtains of clouds pavilioned the immensity, brighter than celestial roses; masses of mist were lifted on high, like strips of living fire, more radiant than the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of aerial Euroclydon (the stormy autumn wind that wrecked St. Paul's ship on Malta) now smote my car, and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them.

The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its waving outline, to the south-east, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and their bright sails melting in the distance; a rainbow hung afar; and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymning to my ear. Presently all was clear below me. The fresh air played around. I had taken a noble circuit; and my lat view was better than the first. I was far over the bay, "afloating sweetly to the west." The city, colored by the last blaze of the day, brightened remotely to the view.

Below, ships were hastening to and fro through the Narrows, and the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribbons of gold and sliver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the view; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale; bays were blushing to the

farewell day-beams; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the mainland; saw the tall old trees waving to the evening breeze; heard the rural lowing of herds, and the welcome sound of human voices; and, finally, sweeping over forest tops and embowered villages, at last, descended with the sun, among a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see, "safe and well."

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878



The stories of Betsy Ross and Molly Pitcher during the American Revolution are well known. The following two stories are also from the American Revolution. They both are about the bravery of young American girls; but other than that, they are very different. One makes a contribution to the cause of American independence, the other does not.

THE BULB OF THE CRIMSON TULIP

Lillian Price

The village of Newark lay dusty and dozing in the hot sunshine of an early summer day. In the church steeple the bell rang out three of the afternoon.

The broad highway was almost deserted, save for a flock of waddling ducks crossing toward the wayside brook, and an old man, with silvery-gray locks neatly tied in a queue (hair in the form of a pig tail), who leaned upon a garden gate and watched his opposite neighbor.

She was a little slip of a lass in a brown stuff dress and plain cap, kneeling, trowel in hand, beside a bed of tulips which glowed scarlet and yellow and white in the bright sunshine. Slowly, and with great care, she raised a beautiful crimson blossom from the mold and transplanted it to a flowerpot. Then, rising with the posy clasped in her arm, Margaret came down to the gateway and looked anxiously up the broad street of the Jersey town.

Grandpapa Davis nodded and smiled at her standing there, an erect, graceful little figure, with a look of thoughtful care upon her face. The shadows of the newly-leaved trees blotched and flickered upon the highway. Beyond lay the military green (parade ground), with its long rows of elms arching over a pathway; and out of their shadowy distance appeared a gleam of scarlet, which proved to be a tall soldier walking slowly along, flourishing his riding-whip. Grandpapa Davis and the little maid exchanged glances. His was one of deep anxiety; hers of questioning fear.

Both thought instantly of the evening before, when the roadway glimmered in faint starlight, and a wounded rider crept up in the fragrant May darkness to the cottage gate. There he was assisted from the horse by women's hands and disappeared within the cottage, bowered in its budding vines. Grandpapa recalled Margaret, standing in the candlelight of his kitchen, telling him her brother's story. The anxiety of a woman replaced the pretty roguish joking she was wont to exchange with him.

Mahlom Ross had ridden from Elizabethtown with a cipher (a message in code) from Maxwell of that place to General Washington, lying at Morristown. While crossing the Salt Meadows his horse had thrown him; and he was able to go forward only to his home, where he arrived fainting in his saddle.

"Whom shall we trust to carry the papers onward?" Margaret had asked the old man.

"Ford Halsey of the mill," he answered promptly. "He is in York Town on business and will be back by the coach tomorrow noon. Ford rides like the wind and knows every byway as well as an Indian."

As Margaret watched the coming British soldier, she anxiously scanned the highway beyond him in the direction of the Halsey's mill, whither her mother had ridden to interview Ford. No welcome figures of horse and rider appeared in the sunny loneliness of the broad highway. A robin whistled in the tree-top, the soldier lounged slowly along, and drowsy silence reigned.

Her grandmother's gentle old face, framed in its cap and kerchief, appeared above the blue half door.

"Margaret!" she called softly.

Margaret turned hastily.

"Dear heart," said the old woman, "it has just struck three. What keeps thy mother?"

The little maid shook her head.

"Old Dobs sleeps and dreams with mother on his back," she said. "Oh, I would that he felt my birching! If his lazy hoofs kept time to my heart-beats he would be here. Grandmother, is Mahlon safe, lying in the stable loft? I see a redcoat yonder."

"Tut!" cried the old woman, sharply. Even the spring wind has ears in days like these! Be mindful of what thou sayest, my child!"

Then, seeing the flower, she exclaimed, "What art thou doing, lass? Why hast thou potted a tulip today?"

"Twas promised to Cicely Halsey for this afternoon. 'Tis her birthday, and she admires this tulip. It is most beautiful of color. I thought later to ride to the mill to give it to her."

Her glance strayed from the blossom in her arms to the soldier crossing the road. Then with a thought kindling in her face, she gave her grandmother a swift look and fled, without another word, around the corner of the house. Setting the tulip on the bench seat of the rear porch, she went on to the barn, where her sick brother lay concealed, and returned almost immediately with something clasped under her kerchief.

One pull, and the tulip came out of the pot, the mold scattering over the porch seat. Catching up a knife, she parted the bulb in halves and hollowed out the centers. In the bottom of the pot she placed a packet of paper drawn from her bosom, and within the hollowed bulb she hid the strip of precious cipher. With hands that lost no time, she re-potted the cherished flower, cleared away the traces of her work, and stood looking down upon it regretfully.

"If any redcoat must have Mahlon's papers, I would rather it were thee," she said, stroking a satin petal of her (red) tulip. "I did so hate to wound thee, I who nursed thee from a sprout!" And with a little childish quiver of the lips, she stooped and kissed the flower before entering the house.

The grandmother sat knitting.

"I like not that redcoat soldier sniffing our lilac bushes so closely," said Margaret. "I would mother were returned! But I have thought of a way to get the papers to Ford under the very nose of the redcoat, if need be, which God grant not! I fear there are other soldiers of his kind in the village."

The old lady sighed and shook her head. "War breeds old thoughts in young minds. 'Tis ill to judge the errand of a man by the color of his coat, lass. For the papers, I'll trust thy wit."

Margaret flitted restlessly from table to dresser. A small chicken, under her skilled fingers, was soon bubbling in the pot. A head of lettuce lay crisply piled on a dish, and out of the oven she drew a freshly baked loaf. With her back to the doorway, she did not see a shadow fall across the sanded brick, as the redcoat soldier, leaning his arms on the ledge of the half door, looked keenly about the little kitchen.

"Lass!" cried his hearty voice, thick with the Yorkshire accent, "thou seemest too busy even so much as to hear soldier boots crunching thy dooryard gravel — though I tried most manfully to steal a march on thee, I confess."

Margaret turned and faced him steadfastly, while the grandmother's knitting dropped to her lap at the first sound of his voice. Neither spoke. "Hast thou a well?" he continued. "I'm fain (I should like) to drink! This road tramping is churlish (unpleasant) business. And ye have churlish (rude) folk in this town. Faith, I've no (good) opinion of their eyes and ears! General Knyphausen would better have sent one of his own Hessians (German mercenaries) instead of us; he would have learned fully as much."

"Thou art from Yorkshire," said Grandmother Ross, mildly. "Since thou art thirsty, wouldst thou drink a glass of elder wine and eat a slice of rice cake made after the fashion of the mother-land?"

"Why, now!" — the broad red face glowed with pleasure and astonishment — "that's the first civil word I have heard this day! Madam, I do assure you, that wakes the heart in me and makes me loath (unwilling) to take they hospitality and do my soldier's errand here."

A flush of surprise almost matching the soldier's had swept over Margaret's face at her grandmother's words. But now she stepped forward courteously.

"Nay," she said, setting a rush-bottom chair for him in the cool breeze of the doorway, "thou mayst taste my mother's wine, for thou art weary and a wayfarer. Later, if needs must, we can talk of war."

The soldier dropped into the chair, with his clanking spurs rattling on the bricks, and drank thankfully the great draught (quantity) of water Margaret dipped from the well-curb bucket and brought to him.

"Ah, that takes the blaze of the sun out of the blood!" he said. His face softened as he watched her prepare the cake and wine for him.

When she places them before him, the grandmother said gently, "'Tis wine, sir, of the real English smack, being a recipe of my mother's; and I hope thou will like the cake."

"I like them well," he growled, as the spicy wine fell clearly into the glass, "but not to repay thee with saucy questions."

The old woman sighed softy. "Sir, if saucy questions be thy duty, do not shirk aught of it. Hospitality is a duty, too."

"I am looking for a lad who should have ridden by here on a roan (a brown color spotted with gray or white) horse last eventide."

"One of thine own men?" asked Margaret steadily, though with an effort.

The soldier stared at her.

"Beshrew (to invoke evil upon, curse) me, no," he said, laughing. "Do we waylay our own messengers?"

"Then art thou not tapping at folly's gate to ask us to betray ours?" she returned.

He surveyed her slowly, from the white cap to the tiny buckled slippers, and said soberly, "Lass, all the folk of this town are not rebels; neither must an answer be always yea or nay to be useful."

While she set the plate and glass upon the dresser, he stared gloomily out into the sunshine.

"Hast thou kith or kin fighting against the king?" he asked.

"Yes," said Margaret, standing by her grandmother's chair; "my father and my brother. Sir, had I seen twenty horsemen riding by, thou knowest I would not tell thee!"

He looked sharply at her again under his bushy brows and shook his head.

"What if I tell thee I must search thy dwelling?" he said, scanning her face.

"My grandmother is old, and I am young. Our doors lie open to thee. Naught could hinder thee. Neither of us would ask thee not to. If that be thy present duty, follow it; yet it sets not well with thy question."

Margaret swung open the porch door, where the scarlet tulip dropped its head; and the soldier glanced past it, beyond the double rows of tasseled currant bushes, to the door of the little barn. A sound of hoof beats stopping in front directed his glance to the highway again.

Dame Ross slowly dismounted from Old Dobs at the horse block; and Margaret, looking out, said, "It is my mother." She glanced at her grandmother. "Mother has been to mill, sir," she volunteered to the soldier.

"Thou ridest thine own grist to mill, eh?" he said, with returning good humor. Then, as the dame put out her hand for the heavy sack, he suddenly strode down to the garden gate and sweeping a low bow to the startled woman, said, "May I not put this on the kitchen floor for thee, or in the stable?"

Mrs. Ross turned herself to Dobs' bridle to hide the deadly whiteness of her face. The soldier stood there, smiling cheerfully.

"If thou wilt put the flour on the kitchen floor I will thank thee. It is much courtesy from a stranger. I knew not that my roof entertained a guest of thy coat," she said at length.

"Nay, I'm not of thy convictions," laughed the soldier, laying the sack upon his scarlet shoulder; "but my mother taught me courtesy to a woman ere the king taught me soldiering."

Margaret met her mother upon the threshold. "I am so glad thou art come," she said, mutely reading her face, as she laid her hand on her mother's bonnet strings to undo them. "I feared thou wouldst not return in time for me to go to Cicely's to drink birthday tea with her. Mother, our guest is a wayfaring soldier." She looked at him apologetically for this poor introduction.

The dame felt the scrutiny of a keen pair of eyes fixed upon her face.

"Madam," he said, "my errand is to ask a question. Hast thou seen a lad on a roan horse riding by thy doorway?"

"Which way should the lad have been riding?" asked the dame, trying on her house apron; "for, though the highway is a broad one, it leads as easily to Elizabethtown as to Morristown. Riders choose both ways to do their galloping. Dost thou take us for Tories, to ask us such a question? I wonder at thee!"

The Soldier laughed restlessly. "I was not built to prowl in cottage gardens," he said uneasily, picking up his whip from the floor.

Margaret had slipped out and tethered Old Dobs to the pear tree. Now she came in by the back porch door, calmly carrying her potted crimson tulip.

"Mother," she said, placing the flower upon the table and reaching for her straw bonnet, "'tis late to visit Cicely, but I think I will go, as I promised. I see shower caps (clouds) rising out of the west, and I want to get the tulip there before the rain."

"'Tis a bonny flower," said the soldier, lifting the pot and sniffing the blossom. "Dost thou ride to a birthday feast?"

"Only to carry a token to a friend," she replied, looking up at him, standing there with the tulip in his arms.

The dame had assented to Margaret's request, and now sat down to her knitting. A waft of cool, scented, mountain air suddenly swayed the white curtain of a west window.

"I sniff a shower in that breeze," said Margaret. "Sir, I must go. Good day to you"; and she reached for her flower.

"Not so fast," he said, smiling upon her. "I must go too. I shall seek no further in this town. My question seems like saying, 'Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed.' (An old nursery rhyme). Whither ridest thou, little hostess — north or south? If north, I beg to go with thee. My horse is tethered (tied) back of the church."

"I go north, sir," said Margaret, her eyes resting on the flower, which dropped now on the soldier's broad breast as he still retained it in his arms.

"North? That is well. Wilt thou point out the turn to the Bloomfield road?" And he followed her down the garden pathway.

"Gladly," said Margaret, as she mounted nimbly to Old Dobs' back. "Tis only a bit beyond the mill road. Sir, I can carry my tulip now."

"Thou wilt not have a redcoat cavalier to bear it for thee, eh?" he said, laughing, as he delivered the precious pot into her outstretched hand.

Margaret grasped it, a wave of intense relief following the tension of uncertainty of the last few minutes. She pulled Dobs' bridle with a lighter heart, when a loud whinny in the little stable beyond suddenly broke the stillness.

The soldier turned his head and listened. In the swift action lay so shrewd a suspicion that the little heart beating behind the flowerpot stood almost still; but the serene look in Margaret's eyes never wavered.

"I fear we shall soon have a shower," she said, calmly meeting the soldier's gaze. "Dapple is whinnying, for he feels the thunder. Come, Dobs, thou must do thine errand briskly, if thou wouldst not have a wet skin."

She nodded to her mother and grandmother, and the soldier took a gallant leave of them together they disappeared up the road in a cloud of sifting golden dust.

The busy hoppers of the old mill hummed and sung in the afternoon stillness. Cicely Halsey had moved her flax wheel into the little arbor back in the mill garden, whence she could overlook the stable yard and Ford, who was sitting in a doorway, booted and spurred.

Suddenly up the road came Margaret riding Old Dobs, who was taking long, surprised strides, such as stirred in his dull brain

certain memories of his youth. With flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Margaret ran up the garden path and, bursting into the little arbor, flung the tulip upon the table.

"Where is Ford?" she cried. "Will he ride, Cicely? Will he ride?"

"Will he ride?" said Cicely, in astonishment. "He has been booted and spurred this half hour and waits but the papers. Did not thy mother tell thee?"

Margaret shook her head and then, without a word, wrenched the tulip from the pot.

"Why, now!" exclaimed Cicely. "What art thou doing? That is my crimson tulip thou art tumbling from the pot! Is that the way..."

But Margaret was running stable-ward with the stalk-less bulb and a packet in her hands, leaving Cicely speechless with dismay, surveying the dying flower and the heap of dirt.

Ford, on receiving the papers, simply looked inside the bulb and, with a shrewd, intelligent nod to Margaret, slipped it into his pocket, mounted his horse, and rode away. Margaret swung the barred gate behind him and turned, to find Cicely at her elbow. A long, distant roll of thunder sounded in the west. A sudden gust of wind swept the garden and puffed fragrantly into Margaret's face. She turned quickly to Cicely.

"Thank God, Ford is gone!" She cried. "The English evidently have learned that a messenger was sent with important news to Morristown. More than likely they also know of Mahlon's hurt. A redcoat, looking as I feared, for his hiding-place, came to the house this afternoon. I thought he would search the place, and so I hid the papers in thy flower, knowing I could get Grandpapa Davis to ride with them to thee, if worst came to worst.

"Now I fear their return to take my brother prisoner. They will if they find him. Nay, do not look so frightened, Cicely. I saved the papers, and I must save Mahlon. I saw a look in the soldier's eyes when Dapple whinnied! The very roan he was so keen to find! Thou seest I must hasten home, dear."

Dobs, wounded and puzzled at his mistress' heartless urging of his lazy old legs, almost galloped to the home door, and the thunder rolled and muttered. A grayness had quenched the afternoon light, and the hush that preludes the storm lay over house and garden as Margaret entered the kitchen.

"Ford is well on the way, and the papers with him," she said, in answer to her mother's anguished glance. "The soldier did not ride off with the tulip. But I fear he will return. We must hide Mahlon in Grandpapa Davis' old sugar house, across the

huckleberry swamp, and tie Dapple in the clearing. Rain or not, ill or not, Mahlon must go."

With the first big drops of the rain, the little train set out across the fields; and as it poured down faster and faster, all traces of Dapples hoofs were washed from the dusty pathway they had taken. In an hour the sick lad was under cover, and the shower had passed.

The garden lay sweet and damp and dripping in the evening twilight; and Margaret was stooping to raise and bind back some storm-beaten sprays of a rosebush, when five redcoat horsemen drew rein at the gate.

Margaret dropped her hammer in the mold. Inside the doorway the grandmother never ceased her knitting, and upon the porch appeared the dame's quiet figure. The soldier of the afternoon came up the path, with his companions following him. In her first keen glance at him, Margaret saw how entirely he had become simply an English soldier in discharge of his duty.

"I learn that the rider whom I seek lieth ill in this cottage," he said sternly. "Dame, I must search this dwelling."

"Tis easy to war on women," she answered, sighing.

The soldier glanced at Margaret. "They shall do no more than is needful," he promised.

Margaret waited in the porch. She heard them clank their way across the kitchen floor. The rough soldier voices rose and fell; and then she heard her mother's quiet, clear tones. Both stalls in the stable were empty, for Dobs was out in the pasture with Grandpapa Davis' old roadster (a horse that is accustomed to travel on the highroad). The hay where Mahlon lay, Margaret's pale arms had re-tossed. The fireflies began to twinkle in the garden ere the search was given up.

Then the soldiers rounded the house corner; and Margaret, sitting on the step, arose. The tall soldier stopped, while his companions strolled on to the gate, plucking flowers.

"I did not find thy brother," he said gravely, "and perchance thou knowest why. If his hurt was slight, no doubt he rides to Morristown. Thou art a brave little woman. Wilt thou bid me good-night?" He put out his hand, and Margaret took it heartily.

The dispatches were safely delivered by Ford's hand to Washington as the General was about to journey to Springfield; and Mahlon, recovering, soon rode Dapple back to his post.

Three years later, Margaret stood beside her brother in New York City and watched the British troops leaving the country. Suddenly

a soldier in the marching ranks caught sight of her sober little face, and his bright smile of recognition brought an answering flash from her.

It was the tall redcoat; and Margaret's friendly little hand waving to him as he left her shores gave token that kinship of heart had wiped out remembrance of that sharp peril which had rent in twain (split in two) the bulb of the crimson tulip.

The Carroll And Brooks, Fifth Grade Reader, 1911

THE STORY OF TEMPE WICK

Frank R. Stockton

There are many curious and unexpected things which may happen in time of war, especially to people who live in parts of a country where the enemy may be expected to come, or where the friendly army is already encamped, that it is impossible to guard against unpleasant occurrences; and it often happens that the only thing to be depended upon when an emergency arises, is presence of mind, and quickness of wit.

In these qualities, New Jersey girls have never shown themselves behind their sisters of other parts of the country, and a very good proof of this is shown by an incident which took place near Morristown during the time that the American army was quartered in that neighborhood.

Not far from the town was a farm then known as Wick's Farm, situated in a beautiful wooded country. The daughter of Mr. Wick, named Tempe (probably short for Temperance), was the owner of a very fine horse, and on this beautiful animal it was her delight to ride over the roads and through the woods of the surrounding country, she had been accustomed to horses since she was a child, and was not afraid to ride anywhere by herself.

When she first began to canter over the hills and dales, it had been in times of peace, when there was nothing in their quiet country of which any one might be afraid; and now, although these were days of war, she felt no fear. There were soldiers not far away, but these she looked upon as her friends and protectors; for Washington and his army had encamped in that region to defend the country against the approach of the enemy. If any straggling Redcoats should feel a desire to come along the hills, they would be very apt to restrain their inclinations so long as they knew that that brave American army was encamped nearby.

So Miss Tempe Wick, fearing nothing, rode far and wide, as she had been in the habit of doing, and every day she and her good steed became better and better acquainted with each other.

One fine afternoon, as Tempe was slowly riding homeward, within a mile of her house, she met half a dozen soldiers in Continental uniform, and two of them, stepping in front of her, called her to stop. When she had done so, one of them seized her bridle. She did not know the men; but still, as they belonged to Washington's army, who were her countrymen and friends, she saw no reason to be afraid, and asked them what they wanted.

At first she received no answer for they were very busily occupied in looking at her horse and expressing their satisfaction

at the finer points of the animal. Tempe had had her horse praised before; but these men were looking at him, and talking about him, very much as if he were for sale and they were thinking of buying. Presently, one of the men said to her this was a very excellent horse that she was riding, and they wanted it. To this Tempe exclaimed, in great amazement, that it was her own horse, that she wanted him herself, and had no wish to dispose of him. Some of the soldiers laughed, and one of them told her that the troops were about to move, and that good horses were greatly needed, and that they had orders to levy upon the surrounding country and take horses wherever they could find them.

Now was Tempe astonished beyond measure. If half a dozen British soldiers had surrounded her, and had declared that they intended to rob her of her horse, she would not have wondered at it, for they would have taken it as the property of an enemy. But that the soldiers of her own country, the men on whom she and all her friends and neighbors depended for protection and safety should turn on her and rob her, as if they had been a set of marauding Hessians was something she could scarcely comprehend.

But it did not take her long to understand that no matter who they were or what they were, whether they thought they had a right to do what they threatened, or whether they had no regard for right and justice, they were in earnest and intended to take her horse. When this conviction flashed into the mind of Tempe Wick, there also flashed into it a determination to show these men that a Jersey girl had a will of her own, and that if they wanted her property, they would have to do a great deal more than simply to come to her and ask her to hand it over to them.

As fast as they could run, the soldiers followed her, one or two of them firing their guns in the air, thinking to frighten her and make her stop; but as though she had been a deer and her pursuers ordinary hunters, she swiftly fled away from them.

But they did not give up the chase. Some of them knew where this girl lived, and were confident that when they reached her house, they would have the horse. If they had known it was such a fine animal, they would have come after it before. According to their belief, good horses should go into the army, and people who staid at home, and expected other people to fight for them, ought to be willing to do what they could to help in the good cause, and at least give their horses to the army.

As Tempe sat upon her bounding steed, she knew very well that the soldiers could never catch her; but her heart sank within her as she thought of what would happen when they came to the farm and demanded her horse. Running away from them was only postponing her trouble for a little while, for there was no one

about the place who could prevent these men from going to the barn and taking away the animal.

It would be of no use to pass her house and ride on and on.

Where would she go? She must come back sometime, and all the soldiers would have to do would be to halt at the farm and wait until she returned. And even if she should take her horse into the wood and tie him to a tree, they would know by her coming back on foot that she had left him at no great distance, and they would be sure to follow his tracks and find him.

As Tempe rode swiftly on, her thoughts galloped as fast as her horse, and before she reached the house she had come to a conclusion as to the best thing to be done. She did not ride toward the barn, but dashed through the gateway of the large yard, and sprang from her steed. As she turned in, she looked down the road; but the men were not in sight. What she was going to do was something people never did, but it was the only thing she could think of, and she was a girl whose actions were as quick as her ideas were original. Without stopping an instant, she took the horse to the back door, and led him boldly into the house.

This was not the kind of stable Tempe's horse, or any other American horse was accustomed; but this animal knew his mistress, and where she led, he was willing to follow. If one of the farm hands had attempted to take the creature into the house, there would probably have been some rearing and plunging, but nothing of the kind happened as our Jersey girl, with her hand on her horse's bridle. Led him quickly inside and closed the door behind him.

As the story goes, she took him through the kitchen, and then into the parlor, without the slightest regard to the injury his shoes might do to the well-kept floor; and from the parlor she led him into a bedroom on the lower floor, which was usually used as a guest chamber, but never before had such a guest as this.

This room had but a single window, the shutters of which were kept closed when it was not in use, and there was no entrance to it except through the door which opened from the parlor. The door was quickly closed, and Tempe stood with her horse in the darkness.

When the soldiers reached the farm, they went to the barn. They examined the outhouses, visited the pasture fields, and made a through search, high and low, near and far; but no sign of a horse could they find. Of course, the notion that the animal was concealed in the house did not enter their minds, and the only way in which they could account for the total disappearance of the horse was that Tempe had ridden off with him —where, they knew not. We do not know how long they waited for the sight of a hungry horse coming home to his supper, but we do know that while there was the slightest danger of her dear horse being

taken away from her, that animal remained a carefully attended guest in the spare room of the Wick house; and the tradition is, that he stayed there three weeks.

There Tempe waited on him as if he had been a visitor of high degree; and if she was afraid to go to the barn to bring him hay and oats, she doubtless gave him bisquit and soft bread, dainties of which a horse is very fond, especially when they are brought to him by such a kind mistress as Tempe.

When the cavalry moved away from their camp near Morristown, no one of them rode on that fine horse on which they had seen a girl gayly cantering, and which, when they had been about to put their hands upon it, had flown away, like a butterfly from under the hat of a schoolboy. When the troops were gone, the horse came out of the guest chamber and went back to the stall in the stable; and that room in which he passed so many quiet days, and the door through which the horse timidly stepped under the shadow of that hospitable roof, are still to be seen at the old Wick house, which stands now, as it stood then, with its shaded yard and the great willow tree behind it, on the pleasant country road by which we may drive from Morristown to Mendham by the way of Washington Corner.

Baldwin's Sixth Reader, 1897

From "Stories of New Jersey,"

Tempe was certainly a girl with spunk, like Margaret, but was the motivation for her act of courage the same as Margaret's? Can we say that Margaret was a patriot? Was Tempe a patriot?



Scenes like this were not unknown at one time, especially during the great Sioux War, but their depictions were a staple of the popular publishing ("dime novel") industry.

A STORY OF THE SIOUX WAR

Anonymous

In the summer of 1862, while we were living in the state of Minnesota, I had an experience which I regard as one of the most remarkable that I ever met with

We lived at Lac Qui Parle¹, or rather quite close to it, for we were about a mile from the place. There were only three of us - father, mother, and myself. We had moved to Minnesota three years before, the main object of my parents being to restore their health; for they were feeble and needed a change of climate.

The first year, both father and mother were much benefited; but not long after, father began to fail. I remember that he used to take his chair out in front of the house in pleasant weather and sit there, with his eyes turned toward the blue horizon, or into the depths of the vast wilderness which was not more than a stone's throw from our door.

Mother would sometimes go out and sit beside father, and they would talk long and earnestly in low tones. I was too young to understand all this at the time, but it was not long afterward that I learned the truth.

Father was steadily and surely declining in health; but mother had become strong and robust, and her disease seemed to have left her altogether. She tried to encourage father, and really believed his weakness was only temporary.

Scarcely a day passed that I did not see some of the Sioux Indians who were scattered through our portion of the State. In going to, and coming from the agency, they would sometimes stop at our house.

Father was very quick in picking up languages, and he was able to converse quite easily with the red men. How I used to laugh to hear them talk in their odd language, which sounded to me just as if they were grunting at each other.

But the visits used to please father and mother, and I was always glad to see some of the ragged and not over-clean warriors stop at the house.

I remember one hot day in June, when father was sitting under a tree in front of the house, and I was inside helping mother, we heard the peculiar noises which told us that father had an Indian visitor. We both went to the door, and I passed outside to laugh at their queer talk.

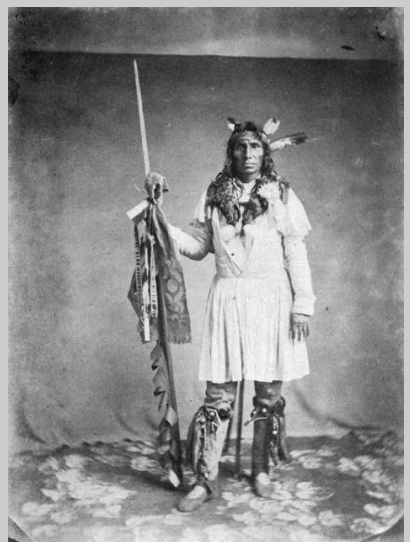
Sure enough, an Indian was seated in the other chair, and he and father were talking with great animation. The Indian was of a stout build, and wore a straw hat with a broad, red band around it; he had on a fine, black broadcloth coat, but his trousers were shabby and his shoes were pretty well worn.

His face was bright and intelligent, and I watched it very closely as he talked in his earnest way with father, who was equally animated in answering him. The Indian carried a rifle and a revolver - the latter being in plain sight at his waist - but I never connected the thought of danger with him as he sat there talking with father.

I describe this Indian rather closely, as he was no other than the well-known chief, Little Crow (shown to the right), who was at the head of the frightful Sioux war, which broke out within sixty days from that time.

The famous chieftain stayed until the sun went down. Then he started up and walked away rapidly in the direction of Lac Qui Parle. Father called goodbye to him, but he did not reply and soon disappeared in the woods.

The sky was cloudy, and it looked as if a storm was coming; so, as it was dark and blustering, we remained within doors the rest of the evening. A fine drizzling rain began to fall, and the darkness was intense.



The evening was well advanced, and father was reading to us, when there came a rap upon the door. It was so gentle and timid that it sounded like the pecking of a bird, and we all looked in the direction of the door, uncertain what it meant. "It is a bird, scared by the storm" said father, "and we may as well admit it." (let it in)

I sat much nearer the door than either of my parents, and instantly started up and opened it. As I did so, I looked out into the gloom, but sprang back the next moment with a low cry of alarm.

"What's the matter?", asked father, hastily lying down his book and walking rapidly toward me. "It isn't a bird; its a person." As I spoke, a little Indian girl, about my own age, walked into the room, and looking in each of our faces, asked in the Sioux language whether she could stay all night.

I closed the door and we gathered around her. She had the prettiest, daintiest moccasins, but her limbs were bare from the knees downward. She wore a large shawl about her shoulders, while her coarse, black hair hung loosely below her waist. Her face was very pretty, and her eyes were as black as coal and seemed to flash fire whenever she looked upon anyone. Of course, her clothing was dripping with moisture, and her call (visit) filled us all with wonder. She could speak only a few words of English, so her face lighted up with pleasure when father addressed her in the Sioux language.

As near as we could find out, her name was Chitto, and she lived with her parents at Lac Qui Parle. She told us that there were several families in a spot by themselves, and that day they had secured a quantity of strong drink, of which they were partaking very freely. At such times Indians are dangerous, and Little Chitto was terrified almost out of her senses. She fled through the storm and the darkness, not caring where she went, but only anxious to get away from the dreadful scene.

Entering, without any intention on her part, the path in the woods, she followed it until she saw in the distance the glimmer of the light in our window, when she hastened to the house and asked for admission.

I need scarcely say it was gladly granted. My mother removed the damp clothes from the little Sioux girl, and replaced them with some warm, dry ones belonging to me. At the same time she gave her hot, refreshing tea, and did everything to make her comfortable.

I removed the little moccasins from the wondering Chitto's feet, kissed her dark cheeks, and, as I uttered expressions of pity, though in an unknown tongue, I am quite sure that they were

understood by Chitto, who looked the gratitude she could not express.

She soon began to show signs of drowsiness and was put to bed with me, falling asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. I lay awake a little longer and noticed that the storm had ceased. The patter of the rain was heard no more upon the roof, and the wind blew just as it sometimes does late in the fall. At last I sunk into a sound sleep.

I awoke in the morning and saw the rays of the sun entering the window. Recalling the incidents of the previous evening, I turned to speak to my young friend. To my surprise she was gone, and supposing she had risen a short time before, I hurriedly dressed myself and went downstairs to keep her company.

But she was not there, and father and mother had seen nothing of her. She had no doubt risen in the night and gone quietly away.

There was something curious and touching in the fact that she had groped about in the darkness, until she found her own clothing, which she put on and departed without taking so much as a pin that belonged to us.

We all felt a strong interest in Chitto, and father took me with him a few days later when he visited Laq Qui Parle. He made many inquiries for the little girl, but could learn nothing about her. I felt very much disappointed, for I had built up strong hopes of taking her out home with me to spend several days.

Father and I went a number of times afterward, and always made an effort to discover Chitto; but we did not gain any knowledge of her.

On the afternoon of August 19, father was sitting in his accustomed seat in front of the house, and mother was engaged as usual about her household duties. I was playing and amusing myself as a girl of my age is inclined to do at all times.

The day was sultry and close, and I remember that father was unusually pale and weak. He coughed a great deal, and sat for a long time so still that I thought he must be asleep.

"Mother," said I, "what is that smoke yonder?" I pointed in the direction of Lac Qui Parle. She saw a dark column of smoke floating off in the horizon, its location being such that there could be no doubt that it was the agency.

"There is a fire of some kind there," she said, while she shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed long and earnestly in that direction. "The Indians are coming, Edward," she called to father; "they will be here in a few minutes!"

Suddenly, a splendid black horse came galloping from the woods, and with two or three powerful bounds, halted directly in front of me. As it did so, I saw that the bareback rider was a small girl, and she was our little Sioux friend, Chitto.

She made a striking picture, with her long, black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dress fluttering in the wind.

"Why, Chitto," said I, in amazement, "where did you come from?"

"Must go—must go!" she exclaimed, in great excitement. "Indian soon be here!"

So it seemed that, in the few weeks since she had been here, she had picked up enough of the English language to make herself understood.

"What do you mean?" asked mother, as she and I advanced to the side of the black steed upon which the little Sioux sat; "what are the Indians doing?"

"They burn buildings—have killed people—coming this way!"

Chitto spoke the truth, for the Sioux were raging like demons at that very hour at Lac Qui Parle.

"What shall we do, Chitto?" asked my mother.

"Get on horse,—he carry you."

"But my husband; the horse cannot carry all three of us."

My poor mother scarcely knew what to do. All this time father sat like a statue in his chair. A terrible suspicion suddenly entered her mind, and she ran to him. Placing her hand upon his shoulder, she addressed him in a low tone, and then uttered a fearful shriek, as she staggered backward, saying: "He is dead! he is dead!"

Such was the fact. The shock of the news brought by the little Indian girl was too much, and he expired in his chair without a struggle. The wild cry which escaped my mother was answered by several whoops from the woods, and Chitto became frantic with terror.

"Indian be here in minute!" said she.

Mother instantly helped me upon the back of the horse and then followed herself. She was a skillful rider, but she allowed Chitto to retain the bridle, and we started off.

Looking back I saw a half-dozen Sioux horsemen come out of the woods and start at a trot toward us. Just then Chitto spoke to the horse, and he bounded off at a terrible rate, never halting until we had gone two or three miles. Then, when we looked back, we saw nothing of the Indians, and the horse was brought down to a walk; and finally, when the sun went down, we entered a dense wood, where we stayed all night.

I shall not attempt to describe those fearful hours. Not one of us slept a wink. Mother sat weeping over the loss of father, while I was heart broken too.

Chitto, like the Indian she was, kept on the move continually. Here and there she stole as noiselessly through the wood as a shadow, while playing the part of sentinel.

At daylight we all fell into a feverish slumber, which lasted several hours. When we awoke, we were hungry and miserable. Seeing a settler's house in the distance, Chitto offered to go to it for food. We were afraid she would get into trouble, but she was sure there was no danger and went. In less than an hour she was back again with an abundance of bread. She said there was no one in the house, and we supposed the people had become alarmed and escaped.

We stayed where we were for three days, during which time we saw a party of Sioux warriors burn the house where Chitto had obtained the food for us.

It seemed to mother that the Indians would not remain at Lac Qui Parle long, and that we would be likely to find safety there. Accordingly, she induced Chitto to start on the return. When we reached our house, nothing was to be seen of father's body; but we soon discovered a newly made grave, where we had reason to believe he was buried.

As we afterward ascertained, he had been given a decent burial by orders of little Crow himself, who, doubtless, would have protected us, had we awaited his coming.

We rode carefully through the woods, and when we came out the other side, our hearts were made glad by the sight of the white tents of United States soldiers. Colonel Sibley was encamped at Lac Qui Parle, and we felt safe at last.

Chitto disappeared from this post in the same sudden manner as before; but I am happy to say that I have seen her several times since. Mother and I were afraid her people would punish her for the part she took in helping us, but they did not.

Probably the friendship which Little Crow showed toward our family may have had something to do with the gentle treatment which the Indians showed her.

Barnes' New National Fourth Reader, 1884

1. French for the Sioux name 'lake that speaks'.

The Sioux War was one of the longest and bloodiest of the Indian Wars, with this part occurring during the Civil War, when the US Army was stretched thin and the frontier was left vulnerable. That vulnerability encouraged the Sioux into the suicidal delusion that they could 'drive out the whiteman'. It eventuated in the state's volunteer militia, augmented by US Army forces, driving the Sioux out of Minnesota.

The Sioux undeniably had legitimate grievances, foremost being cheated by corrupt government officials out of promised, and desperately needed, food and supplies. The indiscriminate slaughter of whites proved to be an unwise response however.

The most famous event of the Sioux War was the defeat of Gen. Custer at the Battle of Little Big Horn. Peace was eventually made however.

NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON

By J. G. Whittier

Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, who of old
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where narrowing Cape Cod
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds
Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream
Of a good angel dropping in his hand
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God.
He rose and went forth with the early day
Far inland, where the voices of the waves
Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,
As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods,
He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor bird
He found; though meanwhile in the reedy pools
The otter plashed, and underneath the pines
The partridge drummed; and as his thoughts went back
To the sick wife and little child at home,
What marvel that the poor man felt his faith
Too weak to bear its burdens, - like a rope
That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks above
The hand that grasps it. "Even now, O Lord!
"Send me," he prayed, "the angel of my dream!
Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot wait."

Even as he spake, he heard at his bare feet
A low, metallic clink, and looking down,
He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold
Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held
The treasure up before his eyes, alone
With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins
Slide through his eager fingers, one by one,
So then the dream was true.

The angel brought
One broad piece only; should he take all these?
Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods?
The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss
This dropped crumb from a table always full.
Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry
Of a starved child; the sick face of his wife
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt
Urged the wild license of his savage youth
Against his later scruples.

All the while
The low rebuking of the distant waves
Stole in upon him like the voice of God
Among the trees of Eden. Girding up
His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust
The base thought from him: Nauhaught, be a man

Starve, if need be; but, while you live, look out
From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.

"God help me! I am deacon of the church,
A baptized, praying Indian! Should I do
This secret meanness, even the barken knots
Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it,
The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves
Whisper above me: 'Nauhaught is a thief!'
The sun would know it, and the stars that hide
Behind his light would watch me, and at night
Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes.
Yea, thou, God, seest me!"

Then Nauhaught drew
Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus
The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back
To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea;
And, pausing at the inn door, cheerily asked:
"Who hath lost aught to-day?"

"I," said a voice;
"Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,
My daughter's handiwork." He looked, and lo!
One stood before him in a coat of frieze (cloth),
And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,
Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of wings.

Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's hand
The silken web, and turned to go his way.
But the man said: "A tithe (tenth) at least is yours;
Take it, in God's name, as an honest man."
And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed
Over the golden gift, "Yea, in God name
I take it, with a poor man's thanks," he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand,
Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,
He sought his home, singing, to the summer sea,
And while his neighbors in their careless way
Spoke of the owner of the silken purse -
A Wellfleet (a town) skipper, known in every port
That the Cape opens in its sandy wall -
He answered, with a wise smile, to himself:
"I saw the angel where they see the man."

Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1872

*John G. Whittier, 1807-1892, was a New England Quaker, poet and abolitionist.



The 1066 A. D. Battle of Hastings, depicted in this tapestry, was one of the great events in the history of England, and in English literature, setting the stage for the tales of Robin Hood, Ivanhoe, and many others. But this short excerpt tells the story of a battle that preceded Hastings and doubtless affected its outcome

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Charles Dickens*

Harold¹ was crowned king of England on the very day of the Confessor's² funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William³, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them. Some writers tell us that Edward the Confessor had made a will, appointing Duke William of Normandy his successor. It is not unlikely, as William was his kinsman, being the grandson of that Richard of Normandy, the Confessor's uncle, who had received, long ago, with such kindness, his nephew and their mother, when they fled from England to escape the cruel Danes.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders (next to Normandy on the French coast) who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. The brother and his Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight, in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give them instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked one of his captains. "The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near."

He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him if he withdraws his troops, he shall be earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend, the king of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The king of Norway, being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, and tell King Harold to make ready for a fight.

He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field.

Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1889

*Dickens was one of the great English novelists of the 19th Century, but he also wrote history pieces and short fiction.

1. Harold Godwinson, Earl of Wessex, King of England.
2. Edward the Confessor, the prior king.
3. William, Duke of Normandy (1028-1057), known thereafter as "William the Conqueror". William was the descendant of Rollo, a Viking raider who was given the county of Rouen by a weak French king to end his attack on Paris. From that beginning, the Duchy (land ruled by a Duke) of Normandy grew. The conquest of Anglo-Saxon England by the new and vigorous Viking/French Normans was a major event in the formation of the later English nation. It also set England and France at war for centuries as later French kings did not want the English kings to have such a foothold on the continent as they had as Dukes of Normandy.

DAVID SWAN—A FANTASY

Nathaniel Hawthorne*

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high-road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish at Gilmanton Academy.

After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade and await the coming of the stagecoach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pants tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief.

The sunbeams could not reach him, the dust did not yet rise from the road after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down (goose feathers). The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake and passed to and fro afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity (empty foolishness) on David Swan.

A middle aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the text of his evening's discourse as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to stand-still nearly in front of David's resting place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage.

While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath." Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth to whom the wayside and the maple shade were a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

“While these whispers were passing, the sleeper’s heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor who fell asleep in poverty.

“Shall we not waken him?” repeated the lady, persuasively.

“The coach is ready, sir,” said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back into the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused – is there any harm in saying it? – her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman’s bedchamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper.

A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead – buzz, buzz, buzz – now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

“He is handsome!” thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love

with a perfect love - him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart - and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

“How sound he sleeps!” murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came. Now, this girl’s father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way-side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father’s clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good Fortune - the best of fortunes - stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses (clothes) were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow”

“Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?”

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

“I’ll bet you a horn of brandy,” said the first, “that the chap has either a pocket-book or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away among his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket.”

“But how if he wakes?” said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

“So be it!” muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and while pointing the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David

Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink, and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that kind that kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity.

As for David Swan, he slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when the shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred - now he moved his lips, without a sound - now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber - and there was the stagecoach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood - all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep.

Sleeping or waking, we hear not the fairy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available?

Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889

*Hawthorne (1804-1860), was one of the greatest of the early American writers.



When we think of Beethoven, perhaps the first image that comes to mind is a bust gathering dust on a shelf. But he was a real person, as these paintings made in various stages of his life demonstrate.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA

Anonymous

Among the great musical composers of modern times there have been few who rank with Ludwig van Beethoven. This famous man was born in Bonn, Germany, in 1770; he died at Vienna in 1827. It may be truthfully said that the works of Beethoven created a new epoch in the history and development of music, and his compositions lose none of their popularity as the years go by.

Beethoven's life was a sad one. He was alone in the work, deaf*, and the object of unkind treatment by those who should have been his friends. How nobly he rose above all petty annoyances, we can readily understand when we listen to the grand and solemn strains of his immortal music. The following story illustrates the kindness of his nature and shows how some of his works seemed to be almost the result of inspiration.

It happened at Bonn (a city in Germany). One moonlight winter's evening, I called upon Beethoven; for I wished him to take a walk, and afterwards sup with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street, he suddenly paused. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F. Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean (poor) dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but, in the midst of the finale, there was a sudden break; then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah! my sister," said her companion; "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.
"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understand! I will play to her, and she will understand it."

And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It opened, and we entered.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed.

"I - I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear - that is, you would like - that is - shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend; how, then, does the young lady -" He paused, and colored; for, as he looked in the girl's face, he saw that she was blind. "I - I entreat your pardon," he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while there, I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and, from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched

down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sounds.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "Who and what are you?"

"Listen!" said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more - only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a Sonata to the Moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time - a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift *agitato* finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door - "farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl.

"Yes, yes, he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!"

Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that Sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it until long past day dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

Baldwin's Readers, Sixth Year, 1897.

*Beethoven became deaf after he had become well known, but he continued composing because he could hear his music in his mind's ear.



Franz X. Stober painting of Beethoven's funeral

Getting the hang of new technology can be difficult, even if the 'new technology' is a coal burning stove in the late 19th Century; like the one pictured: ornate, with lots of dampers to control the air flow, and thereby, the fire. But with the right attitude, one can see the light side of most any minor problem, as we see in this satire.

The idea of heating with coal and the hardships attendant to it will be unfamiliar to a modern audience, as will some of the vocabulary. Possibly more people today would understand wood burning stoves than understand coal burners. But the coal burners were a great improvement in comfort and convenience (most of the time) over wood burning stoves; and the advent of coal usage for cooking, heating, and, especially, for industrial use, saved the forests.

Another difficulty with this piece is the use of an exaggerated Irish dialect for the servant "girl", Jane. Characters with Scottish and Irish dialects are very much a part of English and American literature, however, and mastering these dialects will improve the reading enjoyment of that literature.



MY STOVE - WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS Olive Thorne*

It's all very well to have a "spandangalous" new stove, with a high-sounding name, such as "Star of the West", or "Triumph of the World," costing forty or fifty dollars - gorgeous in shiny-black fluting and scroll-work, ornamented with artistic dancing maidens (in sheet-iron), and equipped with all the latest quirks and crinkles of improvements - with dampers here, and screws there; things to push in, and things to pull out; things to put on, and things to take off; doors to open, and doors to shut, and doors to stand ajar.

It sounds very well, and I felt very grand when the hardware man - or rather men, for it took two of them - perched the "Wonder of the Age" on its four small feet on an elegant round zinc in my unassuming parlor, and presented to me a printed book, containing minute directions for the perfect management of the stranger. It had displaced - by the way - an honest old stove with not a damper about it; nothing but a place to make the fire and a place to take out the ashes, which we had been stupid enough to think all that was necessary till we were enlightened by an unselfish hardware dealer.

I felt very fine, I say, and the pert man of iron said, "You'll find it a great improvement on that old thing," giving it a contemptuous push with his boot. "As soon as you learn to manage it, you'll find

it very simple, and it will save half your coal for you." When the man was gone, I sat down to study my new book:

"To build a fire," said the oracle, "place the grate in such a position," which I at once did; "turn damper No. 1 up, damper No. 2 down, pull damper No. 3 out, and push damper No. 4 in."

I looked at the dampers, and found no numbers, but on further study I found a diagram of the stove with dampers numbers.

Well, I fixed the mysterious dampers; I brought the kindling, I had Jane ready with the scuttle of coal. When I had everything ready I lighted a wisp of paper, according to orders, dropped it into the dark receptacle, which I couldn't see into, threw in, as per book, a handful of pine-kindlings, then a ditto of hard-wood kindlings, though the smoke brought tears to my eyes. Then I shut the door and waited. There was a roar while the paper and pine lasted, and then a ghastly silence! Jane and I looked at each other: "It's gone out, for sure, mim," said Jane.

"Perhaps I didn't put in enough; get another handful, Jane," I said.

Jane ran down to the wood-shed and came up with another load. I did it over again. This time it condescended to light, and, according to rule, Jane poured in the coal — "chestnut," by the book. It went rattling in, and alas! came rattling down into the ash-pan below. Jane fell on her knees and peered under: "Sure, mim, the holes in it is big as me head. Sorra a bit of coal can stay in it at all, at all - the boderin' thing!" Triumphant I said: "But some stays in, and perhaps when it gets hot and melted together, it won't fall out. Anyway, it's according to the book."

But Jane did not seem to feel unqualified respect for the book: "Boder the new-fangled notions, anyhow!" said she, under her breath; "the ould kind's plenty good enough for the likes o' me." "Yes, but, Jane," said I, "this is a famous saver of coal."

"I don't belave in no sort o'hatin' without usin' coal, mim. Leastways, that's my experience." "Well, we shall see," I said, with dignity.

Now the fire seemed to go finely, the coal cracked, and after the proper time, by the book, I had another scuttlefull poured in. When that was nicely lighted, and the room getting warm, which feat was accomplished in two or three hours, I proceeded to shut up the stove. Attacking the dampers, I pulled up one and pushed down the other, turned this one straight and left that one crosswise, and in every particular did as my oracle commanded. Then I took another book and sat down to enjoy a good fire, on

scientific, economic principles, that would keep me warm, and not keep John's purse empty.

I was interested in my book, and I forgot the fire. After awhile I began to be conscious of a slow baking, and I felt a growing desire to throw open a window. I thought of my stove, and turned that way. Horrors! it was red-hot in three places, one of my parlor chairs was burned to a blister, and I was sure every picture in the room would crack. I threw open a door, and frantically seized my stove-book. Carefully I compared every damper with the printed directions; all was right. But, distrusting my senses, I took the picture labeled "Stove closed up," and compared every damper, all right again.

There must be a mistake. I tried experiments. I changed some of the dampers. I opened some doors, and closed others. And, in various ways, I worked over that perverse piece of iron all the afternoon. All of no avail. It got hotter and hotter, and I was just on the point of pouring water in to put out the fire (at least, I wanted to), when John came in: "Hold!" he said, "something's wrong!" "Is there?" I said, sarcastically; "tell me something I don't know." "Give me the book," said he. I gave it, and he seated himself with masculine certainty that he could regulate it in a minute.

But the longer he studied, the more foggy he got: "I wish they'd use a little common-sense in giving directions! It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to make this out." "I've studied it nearly all day, and I know the stove is shut up according to the rules," I said, positively. "Where's Charley?" was the next remark. "In the dining-room." said Jane. "Send him down to the store for the man who put up this stove."

The man came. He looked it over. He couldn't understand it. He looked at it inside and out, above, below, and, at last, he burst out: "Blast if I didn't put that damper in wrong. When you turned it open, you shut it up. I can't fix it now, while the stove's hot, but turn it so, and it's all right. I'll come up in the morning, ma'am, if you'll let your fire go out to-night, and fix it." "I shall be extremely glad to let the fire go out," said I. "I don't think we we'll need any more heat this winter." He smiled a grimy smile; he was the blackest man, for a white one, that I ever saw, and I suppose he was used to seeing people out of temper about that stove. He went out.

Well, the stove cooled off. Before long we shut the doors; then we drew our chairs nearer; then we fell to consulting that book again, and making rash experiments on dampers. All to no purpose; that fire wouldn't come up, and the most provoking thing about it was that we couldn't see the coal, and could only guess how it was doing.

Steadily it grew cooler and cooler, and at last was black and dead, and we sat wrapped in shawl and overcoat till bed-time.

The trials we had with that miserable combination of iron and dampers are too harrowing to repeat. It would get too hot; the grate would turn most unexpectedly, and let the fire half-down, and stay there and melt, while I burned my fingers, scorched the carpet, and destroyed things generally, trying to get it out in a hurry. The clinkers would choke it up, so that I shook all the legs loose, in trying to shake it down, and I had to hold the stove up with a plank while Jane pounded the legs in. But John put a screw at the toe (so to speak) of each iron foot, and said I could shake till the windows rattled, if I wanted to. Then on all occasions, on the slightest provocation, especially when I had company, that evil-disposed stove would develop some new crank, and the fire would go out.

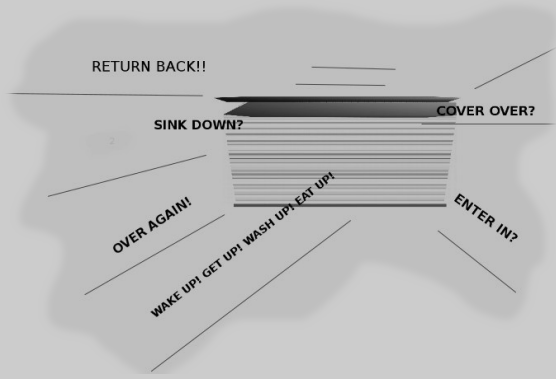
It did save coal. It saves a great deal of coal - I'll give it that credit. But it kept me in a most unchristian frame of mind, besides keeping my hands in an everlasting state of blackness and roughness, and spoiling my carpet where the ashes fell out. It cultivated profanity to a shocking extent in John, and it caused three girls to leave without giving warning.

That was last year. But I've grown wiser. This fall the mass of modern improvement took its ignominious way to an auction-store. The despised, old-fashioned, unambitious stove was rescued from oblivion in the cellar. We are comfortable once more, our fire hasn't been out this winter, and John pays the coal-bills without a grumble.

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

*Olive Thorne was a pen name used by American author and naturalist Harriet Mann Miller (1831-1918). She wrote many children's books and magazine articles.

The next selection brings new meaning to the term 'war of words'. Mr. Hawkins has approached the usually dull and boring (for most of us) subject of correct grammar with wit and humor, making a useful lesson also enjoyable. He seems a bit peevish, perhaps, in some of his examples of the misuse of words or redundancy, but overall the piece is sound advice for those who wish to communicate in good, old-fashioned style. Besides the grammar lesson, there is a good life lesson here also; that one who begins complaining, invites everyone else with a complaint (and that's just about everyone) to top his complaint.



LANGUAGE THAT NEEDS A REST

Willis B. Hawkins

I was awakened in the middle of the night by a disturbance in the library. It did not seem to be the noise of burglars. It was more like the murmuring sound of many tongues engaged in spirited debate. I listened closely and concluded it must be some sort of discussion being held by the words in my big unabridged dictionary. Creeping softly to the door, I stood and listened.

"I don't care," said the little word *Of*. "I may not be very big, but that is no reason why everybody should take advantage of me. I am the most mercilessly overworked word in the dictionary, and there is no earthly reason for it either. People say they 'consider of' and 'approve of' and 'accept of' and 'admit of' all sorts of things. Then they say 'all of us' and 'both of them,' and 'first of all,' and tell about 'looking out of' the window, or cutting a piece of bread 'off of' the loaf, until I am utterly tired out."

"Pshaw!", said the word *Up*, "I am not much bigger than you, and I do twice as much work, and a great deal of it needlessly too. People 'wake up' in the morning and 'get up' and 'shake up' their beds and 'wash up' and 'draw up' to the table and 'eat up' and 'drink up' their breakfast. Then they 'jump up' from the table and 'hurry up' to the corner, where the street car driver 'pulls up' his horses and the passengers 'ascend up' the steps and 'go up' into the front seats, and the conductor 'takes up' the tickets. All this is even before people 'get up' town and 'take up' their day's work. From that time until they 'put up' their books and 'shut up' their offices I do more work than any too words in this book; and even after business hours I am worked until people 'lock up' their homes and 'go up' to bed and 'cover themselves up' and 'shut up' their eyes for the night. It would take a week to tell you what I have to 'put up' with in a day, and I am a good deal 'worked up' over it."

"I agree that both *Up* and *Of* are very much overworked," said the word *Stated*, but I think I myself deserve a little sympathy. I am doing not only my own legitimate work, but also that which ought to be done by my friend *Said*. Nobody 'says' anything nowadays; he always 'states' it."

"I do a great deal of needless work," said the word *But*. "People say they have no doubt 'but that' it will rain, and they shouldn't wonder 'but that' it would snow, until I don't know 'but' I shall strike."

"What I have most to complain about," said the word *As*, is that I am forced to associate so much with the word *Equally*. Only yesterday a man said he could 'see equally as well as' another man. I don't see what business *Equally* had in that sentence."

"I think," said *Propriety*, "you two should be divorced by mutual consent."

There was a fluttering sound and a clamor of voices. "We, too, ought to be granted divorce," was the substance of what they said; and among the voices I recognized those of the following named couples: *Cover Over*, *Enter In*, *From Thence*, *Go Fetch*, *Have Got*, *Latter End*, *Continue On*, *Converse Together*, *New beginner*, *Old Veteran*, *Return Back*, *Rise Up*, *Sink Down*, *They Both*, *Try And*, *More Perfect*, *Seldom Ever*, *Almost never*, *Feel Badly*, *United Together*, *Two First*, *An One*, *Over Again*, *Repeat Again*, and many others.

When quietude had been restored, the word *Rest* said: "You words all talk of being overworked, as if that were the worst thing that could happen to a fellow, but I tell you it is much worse to be cut out of your own work. Now, look at me. Here am I ready and willing to perform my part in the speech of the day, but almost everybody passes me and employs my awkward friend, *Balance*. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear people say they will pay the 'balance' of a debt or sleep the 'balance' of the night."

"If it is my turn," said the word *Among*, "I should like to protest against *Mr. Between* doing my work. The idea of people saying a man divided an orange 'between' his three children! It humiliates me."

"It is no worse," said the word *Fewer*, "Than to have people say there were 'less' men in one army than in another."

"No," added *More Than*: "and no worse than to have people say there were 'over' one hundred thousand men."

"It seems to me," said the word *Likely*, "that nobody has more reason for complaint than I have. My friend *Liabile* is doing nearly

all my work. They say a man is 'liable' to be out of town, when the question of liability does not enter into the matter at all."

"You are no worse off than I am," said the little word *So*. That fellow *Such* is doing all my work. People say there never was 'such' a glorious country as this, when, of course, they mean there never was 'so' glorious a country elsewhere."

I saw that there was likely to be no end to this discussion, since half the words in the dictionary were making efforts to put in their complaints., so I returned to my couch; and I will leave it to any person reading this account whether I had not already heard enough to make anybody else sleepy.

Baldwin's Sixth Reader, 1897

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

Leigh Hunt

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, and looking on the court:
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show, -
Valor and love, and a king above and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions,
with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows,
a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled
roar, they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and
mane, was in a thunderous
smother;
The bloody foam above the bars
came whisking through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith,
gentlemen, we're better here
than there."



De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the
same:

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on: the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great victory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love; then looked at him and
smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained the
place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where
sat;

"Not love," quoth he, "but vanity
sets love a task like that."



Baldwin's Sixth Reader, 1897

Illustrations:
courtesy of Wikimedia Commons;
lion by *Saleh Sjarif Boestaman*,

THE MAD ENGINEER

Anonymous

My train left Dantzic¹ in the morning, generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I



came down from the hotel and found that my engineer had been run over by a railway carriage, and was too seriously injured to perform his work. Here was a fix. The steamer arrived, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were ready for a fresh start.

The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets were bought, the different carriages assigned to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house. It was past nine o'clock. "Come, why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture someone touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger at my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant - so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

“Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg: I must go, and I will run the engine for you!”

“Ha!” I uttered, “are you an engineer?”

“I am, sir - one of the oldest in the country - and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg: and I will show you running that is running.”

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man’s offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the hose, where we found the iron hose in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety.

I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff - a groaning of the heavy axletrees - a trembling of the building - and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

“How we go!” uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had passed Dirsham.

“The new engineer is trying the speed,” I replied, not yet having any fear. But ere long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers.

“Good heavens!” cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, “What is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going.”

I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

“Sir,” he gasped, “is Martin Kroller on the engine?”

“Yes,” I told him.

“Holy Virgin! didn’t you know him?”

“Know?” I repeated, Somewhat puzzled, “what do you mean? He told me that his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and - ”

“You took *him!*” interrupted the man. “Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were gone this morning, and you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow.”

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus was glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel.

The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red-hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

“Kroller! Kroller!” I cried, at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. O, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

“Ha! ha! ha!” he yelled demoniacally, glaring on me like a roused lion.

“They swore that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Danzic, and I was determined to have it. And I’ve got it! Ho! ho! ho! we’re on the way to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we’ll be in the moon in four and twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I’ll shoot you.”

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

“Here’s little Oscue just before us!” cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightening. I knew if the officers had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash, – it was another engine, – I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on.

The officers had seen our speed, and, knowing that we would not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch so that we went forward. But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula (river); and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

“Merciful heavens!” gasped the guardsman, “there’s not a moment to lose; Schwartz is close. But hold,” he added, “let’s shoot him.” At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and he saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac’s hand.

I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was past. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fully recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874

1. A city now known as Gdańsk, Poland.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT¹

Mrs. R. H. Thorpe*

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day.
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold
and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur - "Curfew must not ring
tonight."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and
cold,

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell² will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely
white

As she breathed the husky whisper: "Curfew must not ring
tonight."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her
young heart

Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shad-
owed tower;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it - Curfew must be rung to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,

And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."

And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large
and bright -

In an undertone she murmured - "Curfew must not ring to-
night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old
church door,

Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek
aglow,

Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up - her white lips saying, - "Curfew must not ring to-
night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great,
dark bell;

Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.

Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew
now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and
paled her brow,
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden
light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly, - "Curfew shall not ring
to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
"Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung
to and fro, -
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral
knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and
white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, - "Curfew shall not ring
to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped
once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she
had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of
white,

Long should tell the little children, Curfew did not ring that
night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her
brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and
torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and
worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring
tonight!"

Wide they flung the massive portal; led the prisoner forth to
die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening
English sky
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-light
sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon at his feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face up-
turned and white,

Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me, - Curfew will not ring to-night."

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

*Mrs. Thorpe was an American writer born in 1850 and still living in 1886.

1. Curfew is the time when everyone must be off the streets. It is used today in times of trouble, but in the days before electric lighting, was common in villages.

2. Oliver Cromwell was the head of the army of the English Parliament in the English Civil War against the Stuart Monarchy, and later the "Lord Protector."



"Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

THE GENEROUS PEASANT

Nikolai Karamzin*

Let Virgil sing the praises of Augustus¹, genius celebrate merit, and flattery extol (praise) the talents of the great. "The short and simple annals of the poor" engross my pen; and while I record the history of Flor Silin's virtues, though I speak of a poor peasant, I shall describe a noble man. I ask no eloquence to assist me in the task; modest worth rejects the aid of ornament to set it off.

It is impossible, even at this distant period, to reflect without horror on the miseries of that year known in Lower Volga² by the name of "the famine year." I remember the summer, whose scorching heats had dried up all the fields, and the drought had no relief but from the tears of the ruined farmer.

I remember the cold, comfortless autumn, and the despairing rustics, crowding round their empty barns, with folded arms and sorrowful countenances, pondering on their misery, instead of rejoicing, as usual, at the golden harvest. I remember the winter which succeeded, and I reflect with agony on the miseries it brought with it. Whole families left their homes to become beggars on the highway.

At night the canopy of heaven served them as their only shelter from the piercing winds and bitter frost. To describe these scenes would be to harm the feelings of my readers; therefore, to my tale. In those days I lived on an estate not far from Simbirsk³; and, though but a child, I have not forgotten the impression made on my mind by the general calamity.

In a village adjoining lived Flor Silin, a poor, laboring peasant: a man remarkable for his assiduity (diligence) and the skill and judgment with which he cultivated his lands. He was blessed with abundant crops; and his means being larger than his wants, his granaries, even at this time, were full of corn. The dry year coming on had beggared all the village except himself. Here was an opportunity to grow rich. Mark how Flor Silin acted. Having called the poorest of his neighbors about him, he addressed them in the following manner.

"My friends, you want corn for your subsistence. God has blessed me with abundance. Assist in thrashing out a quantity, and each of you take what he wants for his family." The peasants were amazed at this unexampled generosity; for sordid propensities (vile inclinations) exist in the village as well as in the populous city.

The fame of Flor Silin's benevolence having reached other villages, the famished inhabitants presented themselves before him, and begged for corn. This good creature received them as brothers; and, while his store remained, afforded all relief. At

length, his wife, seeing no end to the generosity of his noble spirit, reminded him how necessary it would be to think of their own wants, and hold his lavish hand before it was too late. "It is written in the Scripture," said he, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

The following year Providence listened to the prayers of the poor, and the harvest was abundant. The peasants who had been saved from starving by Flor Silin now gathered around him.

"Behold," said they, "the corn you lent us." You saved our wives and children. We should have been famished but for you; may God reward you; he only can; all we have to give is our corn and grateful thanks." "I want no corn at present, my good neighbors," said he; "my harvest has exceeded all my expectations; for the rest, thank heaven: I have been but an humble instrument."

They urged him in vain. "No," said he, "I shall not accept your corn. If you have superfluities (excess), share them among your poor neighbors, who, being unable to sow their fields last autumn, are still in want; let us assist them, my dear friends; the Almighty will bless us for it." "Yes," replied the grateful peasant, "our poor neighbors shall have this corn. They shall know it is to you that they owe this timely succor (aid), and join to teach their children the debt of gratitude due to your benevolent heart." Silin raised his tearful eyes to heaven. An angel might have envied him his feelings.

McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader, Revised Edition. 1879.

*Karamzin, 1766-1826, was a Russian historian and writer.

1. *Virgil* was the greatest of Roman poets. He was born in the year 70 before Christ, and died 19 BC. *Augustus Caesar* was Emperor of Rome in the latter portion of Virgil's life, and received many compliments in the verses of his friend the poet.

2. *Lower Volga* is a district in Eastern Russia, bordering on the Caspian Sea, and takes its name from the river Volga.

3. *Simbirsk* is a town of Eastern Russia, on the Volga.

Flor Silin was a 'Kulak', a small land owning peasant in Russia during the Czarist Empire. Kulaks, although owning only a small portion of Russia's vast domain, were the main contributors to its food supply. After the Russian Revolution, in the 1920's and '30's, the Communist government confiscated (they called it "collectivized") all the Kulaks' land and either killed outright, starved to death, or enslaved in forced labor camps, most of the Kulaks. The Communist Soviet Union suffered food shortages ever after. This McGuffey Reader was published some forty years before the Russian Revolution, and the author of the story died about one hundred years before it.



The Communists justified their genocide by a campaign of vilification of the Kulaks as shown in the poster on the left above. It identifies the three enemies of the new "People's Republic" as a vampirish Russian Orthodox Church whispering into the ear of the Czar; the Czar, with a crown too big for his head; and a fat Kulak (overfed while the 'masses' starved). The main crime of the Kulaks was that they cleaved to the old regime and the Church - signified by the kulak looking to them. On the right above is a poster of the villainous fat kulak being shoved aside (by a rather grotesque fist) for the advance of modern collective farms, "owned by the people". It turned out, however, that the ardor of the workers on the collectives was a great deal less than that of the kulaks to work their own land, and so the remedy was virtual slavery of the Russian workers.

Below is a painting of "Reds" hunting down Kulaks. It is estimated that the number of kulaks killed ran into the millions.





George Catlin, the great American artist who traveled in the west and painted Indians and scenes of Indian life, gave us this graphic depiction of a grizzly bear hunt. Our story is not about Indians, however, but white men hunting a grizzly bear.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR

Anonymous

There is scarcely any animal which is more tenacious of life than the bear; and the chance of killing one by a single shot is very small, unless the ball penetrates the brain or passes through the heart.

It is also very difficult to kill the bear in this way, since the strong muscles on the side of the head, and the thickness of the skull, protect the brain against every injury except a very truly aimed shot; and the thick coat of hair, and strong muscles and ribs, make it nearly as difficult to lodge a ball in the heart.

When the bear is merely wounded, it is very dangerous to attempt to kill him with such a weapon as a knife or an ax, or, indeed, anything which may bring a person within his reach. A wounded bear will often turn with great fury upon his pursuers, and in this condition he is nearly as dangerous as the lion or the tiger.

In the expedition of Lewis and Clarke to the Rocky Mountains, many years ago, several grizzly bears were met with and killed; but in several cases the attack was attended with considerable danger, as the following incident will show.

One evening the men in the hindmost of Lewis and Clarke's canoes perceived a grizzly bear lying in the open ground about sixty rods* from the river; and six of the men, who were all good hunters, went to attack him. Concealing themselves by a small eminence, they were able to approach within eight or ten rods unperceived. Four of the hunters now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of which passed directly through the lungs.

The bear sprang up and ran furiously with open mouth upon the hunters, two of whom, having reserved their fire, gave him two additional wounds, one of which broke the shoulder blade of the animal. This somewhat retarded his motions, but before the men could again load their guns, he pursued them so closely that they were obliged to run toward the river, and before they had gained it the bear had almost overtaken them.

Two of the men then jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves among the willows, fired as fast as they could load their pieces. Several times the bear was struck, but each shot seemed only to direct his fury toward the hunters. At last he pursued them so closely that they threw aside their guns, and jumped from the bank twenty feet into the river.

The bear, seemingly now more furious than ever, sprang after them, and was very near the hindmost man, when one of the hunters on the shore shot him through the head, and finally killed him. When they dragged him on shore they found that eight balls had passed through his body in different directions.

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

*Taken from the Lewis and Clarke Expedition: May 1804 to September 1806.

Rod: unit of measurement: 5.50 yards, 16.5 feet, 5.029 meters.

FROZEN WORDS

Joseph Addison*

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73° N., insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safely into a creek of Nova Zembla¹. We landed, in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves from the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination.

We soon observed, that in talking to one another, we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that, too, when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the person to whom they were spoken.

I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterward found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman who could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of the wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterward found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to be the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue.

I soon after, felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression.

It was now very early in the morning; and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, "Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew

was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth.

In the midst of the great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew to belong to the boatswain (bo'sun), who was a very choleric fellow (bad tempered), and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strapado² on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these, his impious soliloquies, when I got him on shipboard.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping (district of London), which were heard every now and then in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, "Dear Kate!" Pretty Mrs. Peggy!" This betrayed several things which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

When the confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight (two weeks) before in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were entertained likewise with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878

* Addison was co-editor of *The Spectator*, an early 18th Century satire and humor magazine. This story is a 'modern' retelling of a tall tale from *The Adventures of Sir John Mandeville*, a 14th Century book containing the supposed travel journals of a fictitious Englishman. The name of the author is unknown, but the collection of wild adventures in out-of-the-way nooks of the, then, known world was very popular.

1. Islands in the Arctic Ocean off Russia.

2. A medieval form of torture that would be debilitating if not fatal, also sometimes used as a general term for punishment. The context suggest the later, but as it is satire, perhaps not.

THE GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION

J. T. Van Gestel

In 1883, the most destructive volcanic eruption ever known occurred in the Straits of Sunda and the neighboring islands. The trouble began on Sunday morning, the 13th of May. Java, Sumatra, and Borneo were convulsed by earthquakes. The surface of the earth rocked, houses tumbled down, and big trees were shaken to the ground. Earthquakes are no rarity in those islands, but this earthquake showed no sign of ceasing. The earth quivered constantly, and from its depths there seemed to rise strange sounds and hollow explosions.



On Thursday there came a telegram from Anjer, ninety miles away, on the northwest coast of Java, intimating that a volcano had broken out at Krakatoa island, about thirty miles west of Anjer, in Sunda Strait. I was requested by the Dutch government to go to the scene of action and take scientific observations, and by four o'clock that afternoon I started with a party on board a special steamer from Batavia¹.

As we rounded the northern extremity of Java, we saw ascending from Krakatoa, still fifty miles away, an immense column of smoke. Its appearance changed as we approached. First it looked like flame, then it appeared to be steam, and finally it had the appearance of a pillar of fire inside [a pillar] of white fleecy wool. The diameter of this pillar of fire and smoke was, I should think, at least one and a half miles. All the while we heard that sullen, thunderous roar which had been a feature of this disturbance ever since Sunday, and was now becoming louder.

We remained on deck all night and watched. The din increased till we could with difficulty hear one another's voices. Dawn approached, and when the rays of the sun fell on the shores of Krakatoa, we saw them reflected from what we thought was a river, and we resolved to steam into its mouth and disembark.

When we came to within three quarters of a mile of the shore, we discovered that what we supposed to be a river was a torrent of molten sulfur. The smell almost overpowered us. We steamed away to the windward, and made for the other side of the island.

This island, though volcanic, had up till now been quiet for a least a century. It was eight or ten miles long and four wide, and was

covered with forests of fine mahogany and rosewood trees. It was inhabited by a few fishermen, but we found no signs of these people. The land, down to the water's edge, was covered with powdered pumice stone, which rained down from the clouds around the great column of fire. Everything with life had already disappeared from the landscape, which was covered with a steaming mass of stones and ashes.

Several of us landed and began walking towards the volcano. We sank deep in the soft pumice, which blistered our feet with its heat. I climbed painfully upwards toward the crater, in order to measure it with my sextant; but in a short time the heat melted the mercury off the mirror of the instrument. I was then half a mile from the crater.

As I was returning to the shore, I saw the bottom of each footstep I had made on my way up glowing red with the heat from beneath. We photographed the scene from the deck of the steamer, where the fire hose was kept playing constantly, wetting the rigging and everything about the ship to prevent her from taking fire.

The steamer then returned to Batavia, and I went to reside at Anjer. From my villa on the hillside a mile inland, I could see Krakatoa, thirty miles away, belching out its never-ending eruption. We supposed that it would go on till it burned itself out, and that then it would become quiet again. But in this we were mistaken.

On Sunday morning, the 12th of August, nearly three months later, I was sitting on the veranda of my house taking my morning cup of tea. I saw the fishing boats lying at anchor in the bay, the fishermen themselves being on shore at rest. As my gaze rested on the boats, I suddenly became aware that they were all beginning to move rapidly in one direction. Then in an instant, to my intense surprise, they all disappeared.

I ran farther up the hillside to get a better view, and looked far out to sea. Instantly a great glare of fire right in the midst of the sea caught my eye. All the way across the bay and the strait, in a line of flame reaching to Krakatoa itself, the bottom of the sea seemed to have cracked open so that the subterranean fires were belching forth. On either side the waters were pouring into this gulf with a tremendous noise, but the fire was not extinguished.

The hissing roar brought out the people of Anjer in excited crowds. My eyes were turned away for a moment as I beckoned to someone, and during that moment came a terrible, deafening explosion. It stunned me; and when I was able again to turn my eyes toward the bay, I could see nothing. The whole scene was shrouded in darkness, from amid which came cries and groans, the creaking of breaking beams in the houses, and, above all, the

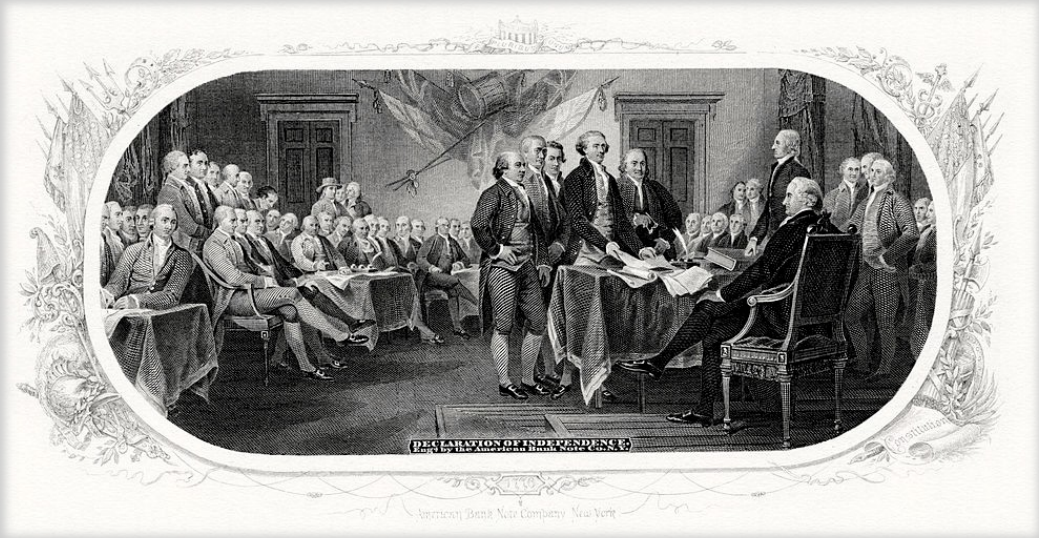
roar of the breakers on the shore. The city of Anjer, with its sixty thousand people, had been engulfed!

I afterward found that the water was one hundred feet deep where the city of Anjer had been, and that the coast line had moved one and a half miles inland. A big island in the strait had been split in two, with a wide passage between its parts. An island to the northwest of Krakatoa had wholly disappeared. The air was filled with minute particles of dust, which after some weeks spread even to Europe and America. What the causes of such a tremendous convulsion may have been, it is quite impossible accurately to say.

Baldwin's Readers, Sixth Year, 1897

1. Capital of the Dutch East Indies, now Jakarta, Indonesia.

SECTION II



A HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE Richard O. Gorman*

You have all read the Declaration of Independence. A hundred years ago it was a new revelation, startling, with new terror, kings on their thrones, and bidding serfs, in their poor huts, arise and take heart, and look up with new hope of deliverance. It asserted that all men, kings and peasants, master and servant, rich and poor, were born equal, with equal rights, inheritors of equal claim to the protection from the law; that governments derived their just powers, not from conquest or force, but from the consent of the governed, and existed only for their protection and to make them happy. These were the truths eternal, but long unspoken - truths that few dared to utter, which Providence ordained should be revealed here in America, to be the political creed of the peoples all over the earth. Like a trumpet blast blown in the night, it pealed through the dark abodes of misery, and aroused men to thought and hope and action.

And that trumpet blast still is pealing and will peal, still summons whatever of manhood remains in mankind to assert itself. Still, at that sound, the knees of tyrants will be loosened with fear, and the hopes of freemen will rise, and their hearts beat faster and higher as long as this earth hangs poised in air, and men live upon it whose souls are alive with memories of the past.

The Declaration of American Independence was a declaration of war with Great Britain, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. There were fearful odds against the Colonies when they threw down the gage of battle¹. On one side was was England - strong in the consciousness of wealth and power, strong in the prestige of sovereignty, fully armed and equipped for war, insolent, haughty, scorning even to entertain the idea of possible check or

defeat. On the other side, the Thirteen Colonies, stretching, for the most part, along the seaboard, vulnerable at a hundred points, and open to attack by sea and land, without army, without navy, without money or ammunition or material of war, having for troops only crowds of undisciplined citizens, who had left for a while plough and anvil and hurried to the front with what arms they could lay hands on to fight the veterans of King George, skilled in their terrible trade by long service in European wars.

On the second of July, 1776, the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia. There were about forty-nine delegates present. That day was a day of gloom. The air was dark and heavy with ill news: Ill news from the North - Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, and the expedition against Canada had miserably failed; ill news from the South - a fleet of British men-of-war had crossed the bar of Charleston, South Carolina; ill news from New York - Lord Howe's ships were riding in the Lower bay, and a British army of thirty thousand men menaced the city with attack. From all sides came ill tidings. Everywhere doubt and suspicion and despondency. It was a dark and gloomy time, when even the boldest might be well forgiven for losing heart.

Such was the hour when Congress entered upon the consideration of the great question on which hung the fate of a continent. There were some who clung still to British connection. The King might relent - conciliation was not impossible - a monarchical form of government was dear to them. The past of England was their past, and they were loath to lose it. Then, war was a terrible alternative. They saw the precipice, and they shuddered and started back appalled.

But on the other side were the men of the hour - the men of the people, who listened to the voice of the people, and felt the throbbing of the people's great heart. They too, saw the great precipice. Their eyes fathomed all the depth of the black abyss, but they saw beyond the glorious vision of the coming years. They saw countless happy homes stretching far and wide across a continent, wherein should dwell for ages generation after generation of men nurtured in strength and virtue and prosperity by the light and warmth of freedom.

Remember that between the Thirteen Colonies there were but few ties. They differed in many things; in race, religion, climate, productions, and habits of thought, as much then as they do now. One grand purpose alone knit their souls together, north to South, Adams of Massachusetts to Jefferson of Virginia - the holy purpose of building up here, for them and their children, a free nation, to be the example, the model, the citadel of freedom; or, failing in that, to die and be forgotten, or remembered only with the stain of rebellion on their names.

The counsel of these brave and generous men prevailed. Some light from the better world illumined their souls and strengthened their hearts. Behind them surged and beat the great tide of popular enthusiasm. The people, ever alive to heroic purpose; the people whose honest instincts are often the wisest statesmanship; the people waited for the word; ready to fight, ready to die, if need be, for independence. And so God's will was done upon the earth.

The word was spoken, the "Declaration" was made that gave life and name to the "United States of America," and a new nation breathed and looked into the future, daring all the best or the worst that future might bring. If that declaration became a signal of rescue and relief to countries far away, what word can describe the miracles it has wrought for this people here at home? It was a spell, a talisman, an armor of proof, and a sword of victory. The undisciplined throng of citizen-soldiers, taught in the stern school of hardship and reverse, soon grew to be a great army, before which the veterans of Britain recoiled.

Europe, surprised into sympathy with rebellion, sent her best and bravest here to fight the battle of freedom, and LaFayette of France, De Kalb of Germany, Kosciusko of Poland, and their compeers, drew their bright swords in the ranks of the young republic. Best support of all was that calm, fearless, steadfast soul, which, undismayed in the midst of peril and disaster, undaunted amid wreck and ruin, stood like a tower, reflecting all that was best and noblest in the character of the American people, and personifying its resolute will. Happy is that nation to whom, in its hour of need, bountiful Heaven provides a leader so brave and wise, so fitted to guide and rule, as was, in that early crisis of the American republic, its foremost man - George Washington.

Thus, from the baptism of blood, the young nation came forth purified, triumphant, free. Then the mystic influence, the magic of her accomplished freedom, began to work, and the thoughts of men, and the powers of earth and air and sea, began to do her bidding and cast their reassures at her feet.

From the thirteen parent colonies thirty-eight great States and Territories have been born. At first a broad land of forest and prairie stretched far and wide, needing only the labor of man to render it fruitful. Men came; across the Atlantic, breasting its storms, sped mighty fleets, carrying hither brigades and divisions of the grand army of labor. On they came, in columns mightier than ever king led to battle - in columns millions strong - to conquer a continent, not to havoc and desolation, but to fertility and wealth, and order, and happiness.

They came from field and forest in the noble German land - from where, amid corn-field and vineyard and flowers, the lordly Rhine

flows proudly towards the sea. From Ireland - from heath covered hill and grassy valley - from where the giant cliffs standing as sentinels for Europe meet the first shock of the Atlantic and hurl back its surges, broken and shattered in foam. From France and Switzerland, from Italy and Sweden, from all the winds of heaven, they came; and as their battle line advanced, the desert fell back subdued, and in its stead sprang up corn and fruit, the olive and the vine, and gardens that blossomed like the rose.

Of triumphs like these, who can estimate the value? The population of three millions a hundred years ago has risen to forty-three millions today. We have great cities, great manufacturers, great commerce, great wealth, great luxury and splendor. Seventy-four thousand miles of railway conquer distance, and make all our citizens neighbors to one another. All these things are great and good, and can be turned to good. But they are not all. Whatever fate may befall this republic, whatever vicissitudes or disasters may be before her, this praise, at least, can never be denied to her, this glory she has won forever: that for one hundred years she has been hospitable and generous; that she gave to the stranger a welcome - opened to him all the treasures of her liberty, gave him free scope for all his ability, a free career, and fair play.

And this it is that most endears this republic to other nations, and has made fast friends for her in the homes of the peoples all over the earth; not her riches, not her nuggets of gold, not her mountains of silver, not her prodigies of mechanical skill, great and valuable though these things may be. It is this that most makes her name beloved and honored: that she has been always broad and liberal in her sympathies; that she has given homes to the homeless, land to the landless; that she has secured for the greatest number of those who have dwelt on her wide domain a larger measure of liberty and peace and happiness, and for a greater length of time, than has ever been enjoyed by any other people on this earth. For this reason, the peoples all over the earth, and through all time, will call this republic blessed.

Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889

*O'Gorman was an Irish attorney and political leader, involved in the fight for Irish independence from England. After the failed Irish rebellion of 1848, he came to America and established a law practice. He quickly rose to prominence, and became a judge. It was as Judge O'Gorman that he delivered this speech in 1876.

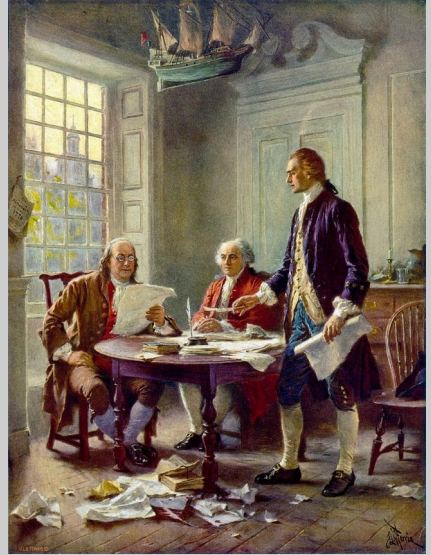
1. Gage: an armored glove, symbolic of a challenge to battle.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

Young readers are sometimes surprised to find that, while George Washington is always called the 'Father of his Country', Thomas Jefferson, the third President, is mentioned in books of history as the man who more than any one else formed its institutions and ways. This is easily explained.

(The painting at the right shows Jefferson, standing, John Adams, center, and Benjamin Franklin drafting the Declaration of Independence.)



Washington was first and chiefly a soldier, and had served with European soldiers. He liked formal ways, dignified uniforms, and even high sounding titles. He thought that the President of the United States should be addressed as "Your Mightyness." He was driven to the capitol in a six horse coach with outriders. It was a great change from the way of doing things when Thomas Jefferson rode to the Capitol on horseback, dismounted, hitched his horse to a post, and then walked up the steps to be inaugurated as President of the United States.

Let us see how he came to be there. Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Virginia, afterward called Monticello, on April 2, 1743. He was the son of a rich planter, and he had the advantage over his fellow statesmen of a better education in early life. He was not obliged to earn money, like Washington by surveying, or like Franklin by printing, or like (John) Adams by teaching a country school. He entered William and Mary College in Virginia, and he studied early the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian languages. He was especially fond of mathematics; he enjoyed music and played the violin.

When Jefferson was twenty-two, he owned a library which had cost him more than one-thousand dollars (a huge sum in those days). This library was burned in his house at Shadwell; but later he went on purchasing books and had a large collection. At the time of his marriage, which occurred when he was twenty-nine years old, he owned nearly two thousand acres of land and forty or fifty slaves; and the widow whom he married owned one hundred and thirty-five slaves and forty thousand acres of land, inherited from her father.

Jefferson was bred a lawyer, and he went early into public life, taking an active part in all the excitement which preceded the American Revolution. His most important service in this

connection was the framing of the Declaration of Independence, which prepared the way for making a few scattered colonies into a nation. Jefferson was also one of the men sent to Europe to arrange terms of peace for the new government, so that its liberty might be secured. He was made Vice-President of the United States under President Adams, who succeeded Washington; and in 1801 he became President himself, and held the office for eight years.

This brings us to the time he rode on horseback to the capitol at Washington, to be inaugurated President, just as any Virginia farmer might ride to the mill, instead of going in the style that Washington had adopted. It was now twelve years since Washington became President, and it is likely that Jefferson thought that Washington had gone a little too far in the direction of show and style. All that was well enough, he may have thought, when it was desirable to show the European nations that we could do such things with proper dignity.

In the same way, Jefferson refused to have his birthday publicly celebrated, as those of Washington and Adams had been, and would not even let it be known when his birthday came. He would not have weekly receptions, as Washington had done, but opened his doors to all comers on New Year's Day and on the Fourth of July.

It is very likely that the President carried all this simplicity too far. He narrowly escaped getting into serious trouble with the foreign ambassadors because he would not allow them to be treated with any special attention at public dinners. "No man would come to a table," he said to the British minister (ambassador), "where he was to be marked with inferiority to any one else." The British minister wrote home that it was "almost intolerable" that the President should speak in this way. The French minister, too, wrote that all Washington was turned upside down. But this hard feeling passed away, and it is now generally agreed that Jefferson did well in aiming at simplicity of manners.

Jefferson's most important act in behalf of the country, after becoming President, was in making what was called the Louisiana Purchase. He took the responsibility of buying from the French government—that is, from Napoleon Bonaparte—in 1803, over a million square miles of territory, more than doubling the whole area of the nation¹. The state which we now call Louisiana was but a small part of this, for the territory purchased stretched from Mexico on the south to the British possessions on the north, and extended from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. The price paid for all this land was fifteen million dollars. Jefferson hesitated a good deal about making this purchase, for he was not quite sure that he as President had the right to make it, but at last the land was bought.

Another important order given by President Jefferson was that which sent some American men-of-war (ships) to rescue prisoners from the Barbary States on the Mediterranean Sea. These states used to capture American vessels and send their crews into slavery, to the number of thousands in all, so that millions of dollars were spent to ransom the prisoners. At last a treaty was made with these states by which the United States was to pay a sum of money for the protection of American vessels.

When at last the Barbary States broke the treaty, President Jefferson sent out four American ships, at a time when the whole navy consisted of only six. One of these very ships, the *Philadelphia*, was wrecked on the Barbary coast and its crew enslaved. But at length, through the bravery of a young Lieutenant named Steven Decatur, piracy was utterly abolished in the Barbary States, so far as Americans were concerned.

Jefferson, although himself a slave holder, was opposed to slavery, and would have freed his own slaves had the law permitted. It is pleasant to know that when he returned from Europe in 1789, his slaves took him from his carriage and carried him to his house. When, during the American Revolution, the British general, Tarleton, took possession of Jefferson's plantation and carried away about thirty of his slaves, Jefferson wrote to his friends that "if this had been for freedom, he [Tarleton] would have done quite right." This saying, coming from a man who owned a great many slaves, shows plainly his personal generosity.

But Jefferson made himself unpopular in New England, because he secured the passing of a law called "The Embargo," by which he tried to protect American vessels from England and France (during their war) by forbidding them to go to sea at all. This law ruined many merchants and injured American commerce so much that the effect of it is felt to this day (now it is well over a century since this was written).

Daniel Webster, who saw Mr. Jefferson in his old age at Monticello, found him very different from any idea that he had previously formed of him. Mr. Webster says, "He was a tall, gaunt, light complexioned man, and not a person of impressive aspect."

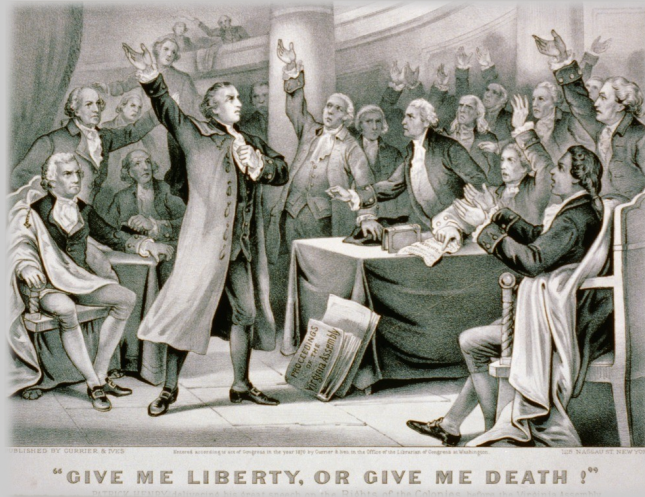
Jefferson had very strong likes and dislikes, and was not at all careful in his statements about those who resisted him in politics. Nevertheless, he and President John Adams, who were strongly opposed to each other in early life, became warm friends before they died, and used to talk over their early contests with perfect good nature. They died upon the same day, July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of that Declaration of Independence which they had joined in preparing and carrying through. Both had rendered great service to their common country. But it was of

Jefferson that Webster said, “He more deeply impressed himself upon the country than any other man who had ever lived.”

The Heath Fifth Reader, 1903

1. This was a complicated situation, and somewhat risky. In the Seven Years War (best known here as the 'French and Indian War') a few years earlier, England had defeated France, annexed French Canada, and forced France to cede Louisiana to Spain. Napoleon later forced Spain to give it back to France, but the British never recognized the transfer, and schemed to keep the Americans from holding it.

In 1776, fighting between the Americans and the British had already commenced, but events had not reached the point of a call for independence. That was still a great, and dangerous step, meaning all-out war, and brutal execution for the American patriots if the British caught them. The issue of declaring independence was hotly debated at the Second Continental Congress. Here we have the stirring words of delegate Patrick Henry.



ADDRESS TO THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE: Patrick Henry*

Mr. President: It is natural for a man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of a siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there is in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation: the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen; sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which we have not already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest (stop) the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the feet of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free – if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have for so long been contending – if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained – we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the illusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any large force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to

fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election (choice). If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir: Let it come!

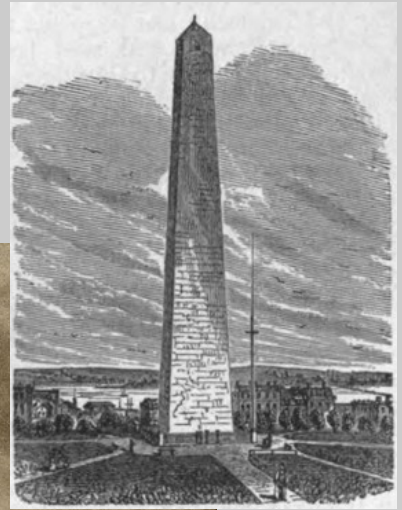
It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878

*Patrick Henry - an American political leader of the Revolutionary War. The above selection is part of a speech delivered in March, 1775, in the Second Virginia Convention, in support of the resolution "that the colony be immediately put in a state of defense"

The monument commemorating the Revolutionary War Battle of Bunker Hill was dedicated, with great ceremony, in 1843. The following selection is taken from the oration delivered at the completion of the monument.



The death of Gen. Warren at the battle of Bunker Hill, by John Trumbull¹

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT Daniel Webster*

The Bunker Hill Monument is finished! Here it stands! Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land and over the sea; and, visible at their homes to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts, it stands, a memorial of the past, and a monitor to the present and all succeeding generations.

I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose; and that purpose gives it character. That purpose en-robes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe.

It is, itself, the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The potent speaker stands motionless before them. It is a

plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart.

Its silent but awful utterance, its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country and to the world from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time - the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings of life - surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius, can produce.

To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories (hearers) will be through successive generations of men, as they rise up before it and gather round it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind, and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

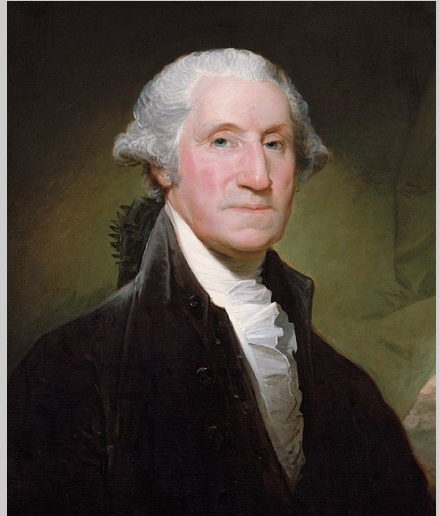
The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897

*Webster was a great American statesman and orator.

1. John Trumbull, 1756-1843, was a great American painter of the early days of our country. He was in the American army at the Battle of Bunker Hill (also called 'Bunker's Hill) and saw the death of American General Warren.

EXTRACTS FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.



But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth, as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries (artillery) of internal and external enemies will be constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed.

It is of infinite moment (importance) that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium¹ of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the north, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted.

The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious. ...

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments

of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889

*George Washington - military leader, first president, "Father of his country."

Already the shadow of secession and civil war were clouding our nation's future, and Washington warns sternly of it.

1. 'Palladium' is here used with reference to a safeguard of the people's liberties; derived from the statue of the goddess of wisdom and war, Pallas Athene, in Troy.

When we think of the young foreigners who helped America win its independence, we may first think of the Frenchman Lafayette, but there was also the German, DeKalb, and the two Polish patriots, Kosciusko and Pulaski, who served our country. Pulaski was killed serving it.

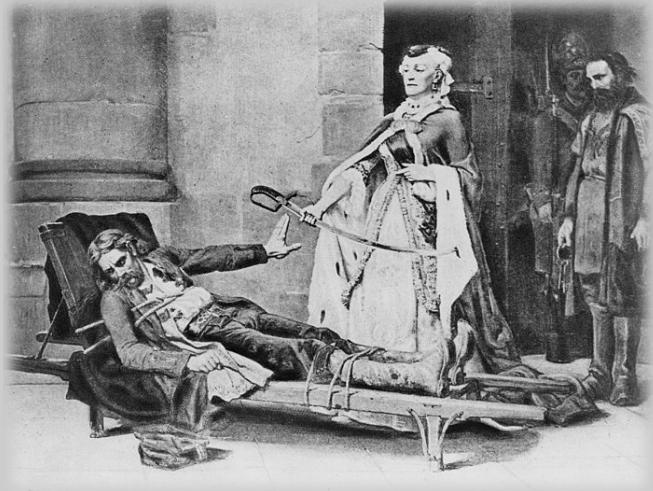
KOSCIUSKO¹ Campbell

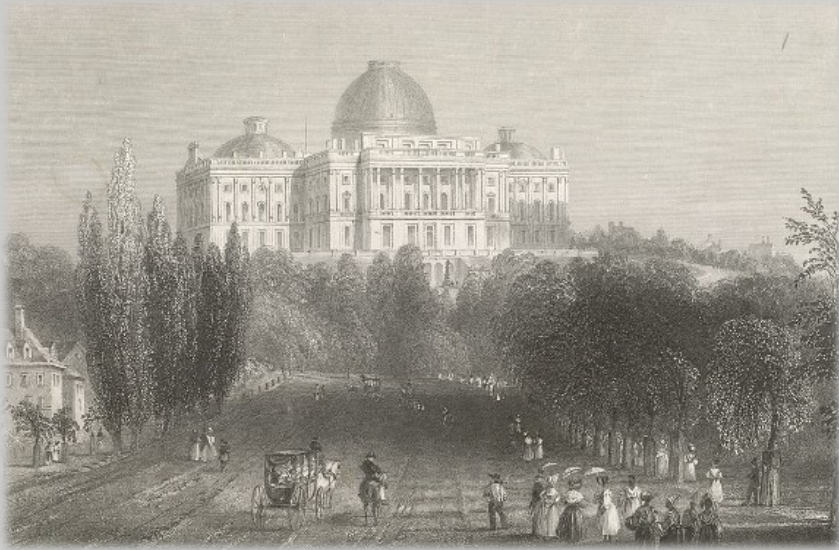
O! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia (Poland) fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader, 1854

1. Tadeusz Kosciusko was a young, idealistic, Polish military officer and engineer who offered his services to Gen. Washington and the Continental Army. His military and engineering abilities were indispensable to the American victory. Later, he led the Polish forces against Russian military occupation. The line "Kosciusko fell" is a reference to his being seriously wounded in battle and taken prisoner, effectively ending the resistance. No one came to the aid of Poland, as this poem laments, and Poland lost its freedom for generations.

Thaddeus Kosciusko, tied to a litter, refusing sword (to be an officer in the Russian army) offered by Catherine II following the unsuccessful rebellion that led to the partition of Poland.





The United States Capitol, as it looked in the 1830's, was quite magnificent, and perhaps the pride of the nation; but was it the soul and strength of the nation?

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE Henry Woodfin Grady

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than the majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.



Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds and the open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, beholding the simple annals of the family and the heart and conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler (small shield) and help meet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man - while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry and the stars were swarming in the sky - got the family around him, and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, and the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling God's benediction on that family and that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said, "Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged, at last, the strength and responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

Howe Fifth Reader, 1907



This is an illustration of historic American flags taken from an old history of the United States. Below is the legend that goes with it.

1. Colonial Flag, used chiefly by Colonies of New England previous to the Revolutionary War.
2. Pine Tree Flag of the Navy, used by American ships early in the Revolutionary War.
3. Bunker hill Flag, used by New England troops at the Battle of Bunker Hill.
4. Rattlesnake Flag, used early in the Revolutionary War.
5. First National Flag, used in 1776, before the Declaration of Independence. The thirteen stripes signified the thirteen colonies.
6. The present "Star Spangled Banner." The stripes signify the original thirteen colonies, and the stars, the present number of states.

THE HISTORY OF OUR FLAG

Rev. Alfred P. Putnam

The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12, 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England.

It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag, so well known as the Union Jack, was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted the basis of our American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at other times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or, at least, were not incorporated into, and made a part of, the destined "Stars and Stripes".

It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, January 2, 1776, that he unfolded

before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard that was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops, and was entered by the American army.

Uniting as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by these thirteen stripes that they made known the union also of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and oppression.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars in the blue field." This resolution was made public September 3, 1777, and the flag that was made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order to express the idea of the union of the states.

In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the War of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted state. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of states.

Thus the flag would symbolize the union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, be formed into a single star - a suggestion we occasionally see adopted. In fine (conclusion), no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that azure field - the blue to be emblematic of perseverance, vigilance, and justice, each star to signify the glory of the state it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a union that must be "one and inseparable."

What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the

well-won battlefields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed - what storms of shot and shell - what scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec¹.

It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," - was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory - the same old flag which our great chieftan bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs, and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant west.

Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read it in the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country!

What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said, in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "O, the flag! The Stars and Stripes!" And, wherever that flag has gone, it has been a herald of a better day, - it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness, love and salute it.

Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871

[Extracts from a sermon preached by the Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, at Roxbury, Mass. From the text, "*And in the name of our God we will set up our banners.*"]

1. Saratoga and Monmouth were Revolutionary War battles; Lundy's Lane and New Orleans were battles of the War of 1812, and Buena Vista and Chapultepec were battles of the Mexican War.

THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS

George Lippard*

Come to the window, old man! Come, and look your last upon this beautiful earth! The day is dying - the year is dying - you are dying; so light, and leaf, and life mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

Clad in a dark morning gown, that revealed the outline of his tall form, now bent with age - once so beautiful in its erect manhood, rises a man from his chair, which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window, spreading forth his thin, white hands. Did you ever see an old man's face that combines all the sweetness of childhood with the vigor of mature intellect. ow-white hair, in waving flakes, around a high and open brow; eyes that gleam with clear light, a mouth molded in an expression of benignity almost divine!



It is the fourteenth of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS. Ninety-five years of age, a weak and trembling old man, he has summoned all his strength, and gone along the carpeted chamber to the window, his dark gown contrasting with the purple curtains.

He is the last! Of the noble fifty-six who in the Revolution stood undismayed by the ax or gibbet (gallows) - their mission, the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country - he alone remains! One by one, the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last - a trembling column - glows in the sunlight, as it is about to fall.

But for the pillar that crumbles there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again, while for this old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of its God, but on the tongues and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one can never be forgotten.

The last! As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his face with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound: he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration - he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work. All gone but he! Upon the woods dyed

with the rainbow of the closing year, upon the stream darkened by masses of shadow, upon the home peeping from among the leaves, falls mellowing, the last light of the declining day.

He will never see the sun rise again! He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes upon him as sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips! He feels that the land of his birth has become a mighty people, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

In the recesses near the window, you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death-chamber. The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on, he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands - he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified.

There, in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer, we will leave him. There where, amid the deepening shadows, glows the image of the Saviour; there where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch. The smile of the Saviour was upon that perilous day, the 4th of July, 1776; and now that its promise has brightened into fruition, He seems to - he does smile on it once again - even as his sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS

Catholic National Series, Fifth Reader, 1876

*Lippard, 1822-1854, was a popular American novelist, playwright, and journalist; and a noted social activist in his day.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland, was the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the only Catholic among the signers. He later served as the first US Senator from Maryland. Carroll was born in 1737 and died in 1832.



Copyright 1863, by Howard Lithograph Co., Chicago. Lincoln's Address at the Dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, November 19, 1863. Published by Howard Lithograph Co., Chicago.

One of the great themes of the Post-Civil War era school readers was the binding up of the wounds of the Civil War and becoming "One Nation Under God" once again. Lincoln championed that cause, until his assassination, when a spirit of revenge took over. It was toward that goal of healing the nation that these next three selections were written.

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE Mary Shipman Andrews*

At eleven o'clock on the morning of November 19, 1863, a vast, silent multitude billowed, like the waves of the sea, over what was not long before the battlefield of Gettysburg. There were wounded soldiers who had beaten their way four months before through a singing fire across those quiet fields, who had seen the men die who were buried here; there were troops, grave and responsible, who must soon go again into battle; there were the rank and file of everyday Americans gathering in surging thousands; and above them all, on the open-air platform, there were the leaders of the land, the pilots who that day lifted a hand from the wheel of the ship of state to salute the memory of those who had gone down in the storm. Most of the men in that group are now passed over by the majority, but their names are not dead in American history - great ghosts who walk still in the annals of their country, their flesh and blood faces were turned attentively that bright, still November afternoon toward the orator of the day, whose voice held the audience.

For two hours Everett spoke, and the throng listened untired, fascinated by the dignity of his high-bred look and manner almost as much, perhaps, as by the speech which has taken a place in literature. As he had been expected to speak, he spoke - of the great battle, of the causes of the war, of the results to come after.

It was an oration which missed no shade of expression, no reach of grasp.

At last, as the ex-Governor of Massachusetts, the ex-Ambassador to England, the ex-Secretary of State, the ex-Senator of the United States - handsome, distinguished, graceful, sure of voice and movement - took his seat, a tall, gaunt figure detached itself from the group on the platform and slouched slowly across the open space and stood facing the audience. A stir and a whisper brushed over the field of humanity, as if a breeze had rippled a monstrous bed of poppies. This was President Lincoln.

A quivering silence settled down, and every eye was wide to watch this strange, disappointing appearance, every ear alert to catch the first sound of his voice. Suddenly the voice came, in a queer, squeaking falsetto. The effect on the audience was irrepressible, ghastly. After Everett's deep tones, after the strain of expectancy, this extraordinary, gaunt apparition, this high, thin sound from the huge body, were too much for the American crowd's sense of humor, always stronger than its sense of reverence.

A suppressed yet unmistakable titter caught the throng, ran through it and was gone. Yet no one who knew the President's face could doubt that he had heard it and had understood. Calmly enough, after a pause almost too slight to be recognized, he went on, and in a dozen words his tones had gathered volume, he had come to his power and dignity. There was no smile now on the face of those who listened. People stopped breathing rather, as if they feared to miss an inflection. A loose hung figure, six feet four inches high, he towered above them, conscious of, and quietly ignoring, the bad first impression, unconscious of a charm of personality which reversed that impression within a sentence. That those were his people, was his only thought. He had something to say to them; what did it matter about him or his voice?

"Four score and seven years ago," spoke the President, "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they

did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us - that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion - that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There was no sound from the vast silent assembly. The President's large figure stood before them, at first inspired, glorified with the thrill and swing of his words, lapsing slowly in the stillness into lax, ungraceful lines. He stared at them a moment with sad eyes full of gentleness, of resignation, and in the deep quiet they stared at him. Not a hand was lifted in applause. Slowly the big, awkward man slouched back across the platform and sank into his seat, and yet there was no sound of approval, of recognition from the audience - only a long sigh ran like a ripple on an ocean through rank after rank. In Lincoln's heart a throb of pain answered it. His speech had been, as he feared it would be, a failure. As he gazed steadily at these, his countrymen who would not give him even a little perfunctory applause for his best effort, he knew that the disappointment of it cut into his soul. And then he was aware that there was music, the choir was singing a dirge; his part was done, and his part had failed.

When the ceremonies were over, Everett at once found the President. "Mr. President," he began, "your speech - ," but Lincoln had interrupted, flashing a kindly smile down at him, laying a hand on his shoulder. "We'll manage not to talk about my speech, Mr. Everett," he said. "This isn't the first time I've felt that my dignity ought not to permit me to be a public speaker."

He went on in a few cordial sentences to pay tribute to the orator of the occasion. Everett listened thoughtfully, and when the chief had done, "Mr. President," he said simply, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

But Lincoln shook his head and laughed, and turned to speak to a newcomer with no change of opinion - he was apt to trust his own judgments.

The special train which left Gettysburg immediately after the solemnities on the battle-field cemetery brought the President's party into Washington during the night. There was no rest for the man at the wheel of the nation next day, but rather added work, until, at about four in the afternoon, he felt sorely in need of air and went out from the White House alone, for a walk.

His long strides had carried him into the outskirts of the city, and suddenly, at a corner, from behind a hedge, a young boy of fifteen years or so came rushing toward him and tripped and stumbled against him, and Lincoln kept him from falling with a quick, vigorous arm. The lad righted himself and tossed back his thick, light hair and stared haughtily, and the President, regarding him, saw that his blue eyes were blind with tears.

“Do you want all of the public highway? Can’t a gentleman from the South even walk the streets without - without -” and the broken sentence ended in a sob.

The anger and the insolence of the lad were nothing to the man who towered above him - to that broad mind this was but a child in trouble. “My boy, the fellow that’s interfering with your walking is down inside of you,” he said gently, and with that the astonished youngster opened his wet eyes wide and laughed - a choking, childish laugh that pulled at the other man’s heartstrings. “That’s better, sonny,” he said, and patted the slim shoulder. “Now tell me what’s wrong with the world. Maybe I might help straighten it.”

“Wrong, wrong!” the child raved; “every thing’s wrong,” and launched into a mad tirade against the government, from the President down.

Lincoln listened patiently, and when the lad paused for breath, “Go ahead,” he said good-naturedly. “Every little helps.”

With that the youngster was silent and drew himself up with stiff dignity, offended yet fascinated; unable to tear himself away from this strange giant who was so insultingly kind under his abuse, who yet inspired him with such a sense of trust and of hope.

“I want a lawyer,” he said impulsively, looking up anxiously into the deep-lined face inches above him. “I don’t know where to find a lawyer in this horrible city, and I must have one - I can’t wait - it may be too late - I want a lawyer *now*,” and once more he was in a fever of excitement.

“I want him to draw a will. My brother is -” He caught his breath with a gasp in a desperate effort for self-control. “They say he’s - dying.” He finished the sentence with a quiver in his voice, and the brave front and the trembling, childish tone went to the man’s heart. “I don’t believe - he can’t be dying,” the boy talked on, gathering courage. “But anyway, he wants to make a will, and - and I reckon - it may be that he - he must.”

“I see,” the other answered gravely, and the young, torn soul felt an unreasoning confidence that he had found a friend. “Where is your brother?”

“He’s in the prison hospital there - in that big building,” he pointed down the street. “He’s captain in our army - in the Confederate army. He was wounded at Gettysburg.”

“Oh!” The deepest-set eyes gazed down at the fresh face, its muscles straining under grief and responsibility, with the gentlest, most fatherly pity. “I think I can manage your job, my boy,” he said. “I used to practice law in a small way myself, and I’ll be glad to draw the will for you.”

The young fellow had whirled him around before he had finished the sentence. “Come,” he said, “don’t waste time talking - why didn’t you tell me before?” and then he glanced up. He saw the ill-fitting clothes, the crag-like rough modeled head, the awkward carriage of the man; he was too young to know that what he felt beyond these, was greatness.

They had arrived at the prison. “I can get you through all right. They all know me here,” he spoke over his shoulder reassuringly to the President with a friendly glance. Dashing down the corridors in front, he did not see the guards salute the tall figure which followed him; too preoccupied to wonder at the ease of their entrance, he flew along through the big building, and behind him in large strides came his friend.

A young man - almost a boy, too - of twenty-three or twenty-four, his handsome face a white shadow, lay propped against the pillows, watching the door eagerly as they entered.

“Good boy, Warry,” he greeted the little fellow; “you’ve got me a lawyer,” and the pale features lighted with a smile of such radiance as seemed incongruous in this gruesome place. He held out his hand to the man who swung toward him, looming mountainous behind his brother’s slight figure. “Thank you for coming,” he said cordially, and in his tone was the same air of a *grand seigneur* as in the lad’s. Suddenly a spasm of pain caught him, his head fell into the pillows, his muscles twisted, his arm about the neck of the kneeling boy tightened convulsively. Yet while the agony still held him, he was smiling again with gay courage. “it nearly blew me away,” he whispered, his voice shaking, but his eyes bright with amusement. “We’d better get to work before one of those little breezes carries me too far. There’s pen and ink on the table, Mr. - my brother did not tell me your name.”

“Your brother and I met informally;” the other answered, setting the materials in order for writing. “He charged into me like a young steer,” and the boy, out of his deep trouble, laughed delightedly. “my name is Lincoln.”

The young officer regarded him. “That’s a good name from your standpoint - you are, I take it, a Northerner?”

The deep eyes smiled whimsically. "I'm on that side of the fence. You may call me a Yankee, if you'd like."

"There's something about you, Mr. Lincoln," the young Georgian answered gravely, with a kindly and unconscious condescension, "which makes me wish to call you, if I may, a friend."

He had that happy instinct which shapes a sentence to fall on its smoothest surface, and the President, in whom the same instinct was strong, felt a quick comradeship with this enemy who, about to die, saluted him. He put out his great fist swiftly.

"Shake hands," he said. "Friends it is."

"Till death us do part," said the officer, slowly, and smiled, and then threw back his head with a gesture like a boy's. "We must do the will," he said peremptorily.

"Yes, now we'll fix this will business, Captain Blair," the big man answered cheerfully. "When your mind's relieved about your plunder, you can rest easier and get well faster."

The sweet, brilliant smile of the Southern shone out, his arm drew the boy's shoulder closer, and the President, with a pang, knew that his friend knew that he must die.

With direct, condensed question and clear answer, the simple will was shortly drawn, and the impromptu lawyer rose to take his leave. But the wounded man put out his hand.

"Don't go yet," he pleaded, with the imperious, winning accent which was characteristic of both brothers. The sudden, radiant smile broke again over the face, young, drawn with suffering, prophetic of close death. "I like you," he brought out frankly. "I've never liked a stranger as much in such short order before."

His head, fair as the boy's, lay back on the pillows, locks of hair damp against the whiteness, the blue eyes shone like jewels from the colorless face, a weak arm stretched protectively about the young brother who pressed against him. There was so much courage, so much helplessness, so much pathos in the picture that the President's great heart throbbed with a desire to comfort them.

"I want to talk to you about that man Lincoln, your namesake," the prisoner's deep, uncertain voice went on, trying pathetically to make conversation which might interest, might hold, his guest. The man who stood hesitating, controlled a startled movement. "I'm Southern to the core of me, and I believe with my soul in the cause I've fought for, the cause I'm -," he stopped, and his hand caressed the boy's shoulder. "But that President of yours is a remarkable man. He's regarded as a red devil by most of us down

home, you know," and he laughed; "but I've admired him all along. He's inspired by principle, not by animosity, in this fight; he's real and he's powerful and" - he lifted his head impetuously and his eyes flashed - "and, by Jove, have you read his speech of yesterday in the papers?"

Lincoln gave him an odd look. "No," he said, "I haven't."

"Sit down," Blair commanded. "Don't grudge a few minutes to a man in hard luck. I want to tell you about that speech. You're not so busy but that you ought to know."

"Well, yes," said Lincoln, "perhaps I ought." He took out his watch and made a quick mental calculation. "It's only a question of going without my dinner, and the boy is dying," he thought. "If I can give him a little pleasure, the dinner is a small matter." He spoke again. "It's the soldiers who are the busy men, not the lawyers, nowadays," he said. "I'll be delighted to spend a half hour with you, Captain Blair, if I won't tire you."

"That's good of you," the young officer said, and a king on his throne could not have been more gracious in a more lordly yet unconscious way. "By the way, this great man isn't any relation of yours, is he, Mr. Lincoln?"

"He's a kind of connection - through my grandfather," Lincoln acknowledged. "But I know just the sort of fellow he is - you can say what you want."

"What I want to say first is this: that he yesterday made one of the great speeches of history."

"What?" demanded Lincoln, staring.

"I know what I'm talking about." The young fellow brought his thin fist down on the bedclothes. "My father was a speaker - all my uncles and my grandfather were speakers. I've been brought up on oratory. I've studied and read the best models since I was a lad in knee-breeches. And I know a great speech when I see it. And when Nellie - my sister - brought in the paper this morning and read that to me, I told her at once that not six times since history began has a speech been made which was its equal. That was before she told me what the Senator said."

"What did the Senator say?" asked the quiet man who listened.

"It was Senator Warrington, to whom my sister is - is acting as secretary." The explanation was distasteful, but he went on, carried past the jog by the interest of his story. "He was at Gettysburg yesterday, with the President's party. He told my sister that the speech so went home to the hearts of all those thousands of people that when it was ended it was as if the whole

audience held its breath - there was not a hand lifted to applaud. One might as well applaud the Lord's Prayer - it would have been sacrilege. And they all felt it - down to the lowest. There was a long minute of reverent silence, no sound from all that great throng - it seems to me, an enemy, that is was the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator."

The boy, lifting his hand from his brother's shoulder to mark the effect of his brother's words, saw with surprise that in the strange lawyer's eyes were tears. But the wounded man did not notice.

"It will live, that speech. Fifty years from now American schoolboys will be learning it as part of their education. It is not merely my opinion," he went on, "Warrington says the whole country is ringing with it. And you haven't read it? And your name's Lincoln? Worry, boy, where's the paper Nellie left? I'll read the speech to Mr. Lincoln myself."

The boy had sprung to his feet and across the room, and had lifted a folded newspaper from the table. "Let me read it, Carter - it might tire you."

The giant figure which had crouched, elbows on knees, in the shadows by the narrow hospital cot, heaved itself slowly upward till it loomed at its full height in air. Lincoln turned his face toward the boy standing under the flickering gas-jet and reading with soft, sliding inflections the words which had for twenty-four hours been gall and wormwood to his memory. And as the sentences slipped from the lad's mouth, behold, a miracle happened, for the man who had written them knew that they were great. He knew then, as many a lesser one has known, that out of a little loving-kindness had come great joy; that he had wrested with gentleness a blessing from his enemy.

"Fourscore and seven years ago," the fresh voice began, and the face of the dying man stood out white in the white pillows, sharp with eagerness, and the face of the President shone, as he listened as if to new words. The field of yesterday, the speech, the deep silence which followed it, all were illuminated, as his mind went back, with new meaning. With the realization that the stillness had meant, not indifference, but perhaps, as this generous enemy had said, "The most perfect tribute ever paid by and people to any orator," there came to him a rush of glad strength to bear the burdens of the nation. The boy's tones ended clearly, deliberately: -

"We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There was deep stillness in the hospital ward, as there had been stillness on the field of Gettysburg. The soldier's voice broke it. "It's a wonderful speech," he said. "There's nothing finer. Other men have spoken stirring words, for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest who can be a partisan without bitterness, and only such to-day may call himself not Northern or Southern, but American. To feel that your enemy can fight you to death without malice, with charity - its lifts country, it lifts humanity to something worth dying for. They are beautiful, broad words, and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies. Do you agree with me?" he demanded abruptly, and Lincoln answered slowly, from a happy heart: -

"I believe it is a good speech," he said.

The impetuous Southerner went on: "Of course, it's all wrong from my point of view," and the gentleness of his look made the words charming. "The thought which underlies it is warped, inverted, as I look at it, yet that doesn't alter my admiration of the man and of his words. I'd like to put my hand in his before I die," he said, and a sudden, brilliant, sweet smile lit the transparency of his face like a lamp; "and I'd like to tell him that I know that what we're all fighting for, the best of us, is the right of our country as it is given us to see it." He was laboring a bit with the words now as if he were tired, but he hushed the boy imperiously. "When a man gets so close to death's door that he feels the wind through it from a larger atmosphere, then the small things are blown away. The bitterness of the fight has faded for me. I only feel the love of country, the satisfaction of giving my life for it. The speech - that speech - has made it look higher and simpler - your side as well as ours. I would like to put my hand in Abraham Lincoln's."

The clear, deep voice, with its hesitations, its catch of weakness, stopped short. Convulsively the hand shot out and caught at the great fingers that hung near him, pulling the President, with the strength of agony, to his knees by the cot. The prisoner was writhing in an attack of mortal pain, while he held, unknowing that he held it, the hand of his new friend in a torturing grip. The door of death had opened wide, and a stormy wind was carrying the bright, conquered spirit into that larger atmosphere of which he had spoken. Suddenly the struggle ceased, the unconscious had rested in the boy's arms, and the hand of the Southern soldier lay quiet, where he had wished to place it, in the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

The Howe Readers, A Fifth Reader, 1907

*Andrews, 1860-1936, was an American writer. This is her best known work, and made into several movies.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Ellen H. Flagg*

Two soldiers, lying where they fell
 Upon the reddened clay,
In daytime foes; at night, in peace,
 Breathing their lives away.
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast;
 Fate only made them foes;
and lying, dying, side by side,
 A softened feeling rose.
"Our time is short," one faint voice said;
 "Today we've done our best
On different sides. What matters now?
 Tomorrow we're at rest.
Life lies behind. I might not care
 For only my own sake;
But far away are other hearts
 That this day's work will break.
"Among New Hampshire's snowy hills
 There pray for me to-night
A woman, and a little girl
 With hair like golden light."
And at the thought broke forth, at last,
 The cry of anguish wild,
That would no longer be repressed,
 "O God! my wife and child!"
"And," said the other dying man,
 "Across the Georgia plain
There watch and wait for me loved ones
 I'll never see again.
A little girl with dark bright eyes
 each day waits at the door;
The father's step, the father's kiss,
 Will never meet her more.
"Today we sought each other's lives;
 Death levels all that now,
For soon before God's mercy seat
 Together shall we bow.
Forgive each other while we may;
 Life's but a weary game,
and, right or wrong, the morning sun
 Will find us dead the same."
And the little girl with golden hair,
 And one with dark eyes bright,
On Hampshire's hills and Georgia's plain,
 Were fatherless that night.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

*American poet and lyricist.

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE
Virginia L. French*

They planted them together - our gallant sires of old -
Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with solar
gold.

They planted them together - on the worlds majestic height;

They planted them together - by the river of the years -
Watered by our fathers' hearts'-blood, watered by our mothers'
tears;

God plant them still together! Let them flourish side by side...

"Together!" cry the people. And "together" it shall be,
An ever lasting charter-bond forever for the free!
Of liberty the signet seal, the one eternal sign,
Be those *united emblems* - the palmetto and the pine.

Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897

*No further identification

This selection, as the preceding two, demonstrate the desperate longing for
unity and binding up the wounds of civil war.

OUT OF GUN POWDER

From *PIONEER TALES*

In the fall of 1822 I found bear very plentiful, and, indeed, all sorts of game except buffalo. I supplied my family very well all along with meat till Christmas, at which time my gun powder gave out; and I had none either to fire Christmas guns or to hunt with. I had a brother-in-law who had now moved out and settled about six miles west of me, on the opposite side of Rutherford's fork of the Obion River¹. He had brought me a keg of powder, but I had never gotten it home.

There had just been a big freshet², and the low grounds were flooded. I knew the stream which I had to cross was at least a mile wide, as the water was from hill to hill, and yet I determined to go over in some way or other so as to get my powder. I told this to my wife, but she opposed it with all her might.

I still insisted, telling her we had no powder for Christmas, and worse of all, we were out of meat. So I took my woolen wraps and a pair of moccasins, put them on, and tied up some dry clothes and a pair of shoes and stockings, and started. But I did not know, before, how much anybody could suffer and yet not die.

The snow was about four inches deep when I started, and when I got to the water, which was only about a quarter of a mile off, it looked like an ocean. I put in, and waded on till I came to the channel. I crossed the channel on a high log. I then took to the water again, having my gun and all my hunting tools along, and waded till I came to a deep slough³ that was wider than the river itself. I had crossed it often on a log; but, when I got there, no log was to be seen,

There was a small island in the slough (slũ), and a sapling stood on it quite close to the side of that log, which was now entirely under water. I knew further, that the water was about eight or ten feet deep under the log, and I judged it to be about three feet deep over it. After studying a little what I should do, I determined to cut a forked sapling, which stood near me, so as to lodge it against the one that stood on the island, in which I succeeded very well.

I then cut a pole, and crawled along my sapling till I got to the one it was lodged against, which was about six feet above the water. I felt about with my pole till I found the log, which was just about as deep under the water as I had judged. I then crawled back and got my gun, which I had left at the stump of the sapling I had cut, and made my way to the other sapling so as to get on the log. I then felt my way along with my feet, in the water about waist deep, but it was a mighty ticklish business. However, I got over; and by this time I had very little feeling in my feet and legs, as I had been all the time in the water, except the time I was

crossing the high log over the river, and climbing my lodged sapling.

I went but a short distance before I came to another slough, over which there was a log, but it was floating on the water. I thought I could walk it, and so I mounted on it; but when I had got about the middle of the deep water, somehow it turned over, and I went up to my head. I waded out of this deep water and went ahead till I came to the highland, where I stopped to pull off my wet clothes and put on the others, which I had held up with my gun above the water when I fell in.

At last I got them on, but my flesh had no feeling in it, I was so cold. I now thought I would run so as to warm myself a little, but I couldn't step more than half the length of my foot for some time. After a while I got better, and went on five miles to the house of my brother-in-law, having not even smelt a fire from the time I started. I got there late in the evening, and he was astonished at seeing me at such a time. I stayed all night, and the next morning was most piercing cold, and so they persuaded me not to go home that day.

I agreed to that, and then turned out and killed two deer; but the weather still got worse and colder, instead of better. I stayed that night, and in the morning they still insisted I couldn't get home. I knew the water would be frozen over, but not enough to bear me, and so I agreed to stay that day. I went out hunting again, and pursued a big he-bear all day, but didn't kill him.

The next morning was bitter cold also, but I knew my family was without meat, and I determined to get home to them, or die a-trying. I took my keg of powder and all my hunting tools, and cut out. When I got to the water, it was a sheet of ice as far as I could see. I put onto it, but hadn't got far before it broke through with me; and so I took my tomahawk, and broke my way along before me for a considerable distance.

At last I got to where the ice would bear me for a short distance, and I mounted on it, and went ahead; but it soon broke in again, and I had to wade on till I came to the floating log. I found it so tight this time, that it couldn't give me a another fall, as it was frozen in with the ice.

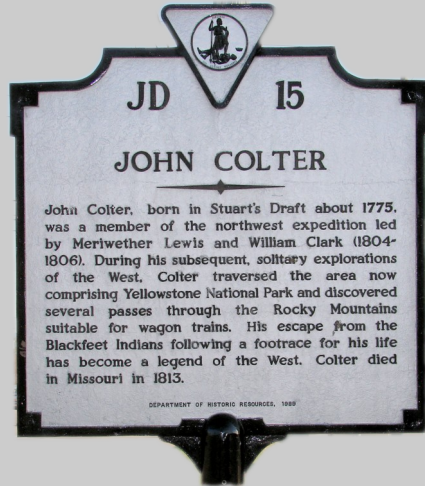
I crossed over this log without much difficulty, and worked along till I got to my lodged sapling and my log under the water. The swiftness of the current prevented the water from freezing over it, and so I had to wade, just as I did when I crossed it before. When I got to my sapling, I first left my gun and climbed out with my powder keg, and then went back and got my gun. When I finally got home, I was nearly dead, but I had my powder, and that was what I went for.

1. A river in western Tennessee that flows into the Mississippi River north of Memphis.
2. A large inflow of water due to heavy rain or snow melt.
3. Low, swampy area along a stream.

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE Bradbury's Travels

John Colter came to St. Louis in May 1810, in a small canoe, from the headwaters of the Missouri River, a distance of 3000 miles, which he traversed in 30 days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Louis and Clarke's party¹; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate.

On the arrival of the party at the headwaters of the Missouri, Colter, observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the headwaters of the Missouri alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day.



They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impede their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on.

In a few minutes afterwards, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come to ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe; and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, on receiving it, pushed off into the river.

He had scarcely quited the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly

leveled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as it was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "he was made a riddle of."

They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were at first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast.

Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kee-katso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those, armed Indians. He, therefore, cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.

The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could*. At this instant, the horrid war whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged by the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he himself was surprised.

He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to considerable distance from the main body. But one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than one hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility. But that confidence was nearly fatal to him; for he exerted himself to such a degree, that blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instinct expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him.

Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the

bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but, exhausted by running, he fell whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till the others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter; who, though fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the cottonwoods skirting the borders of the fork, through which he ran and plunged into the river.

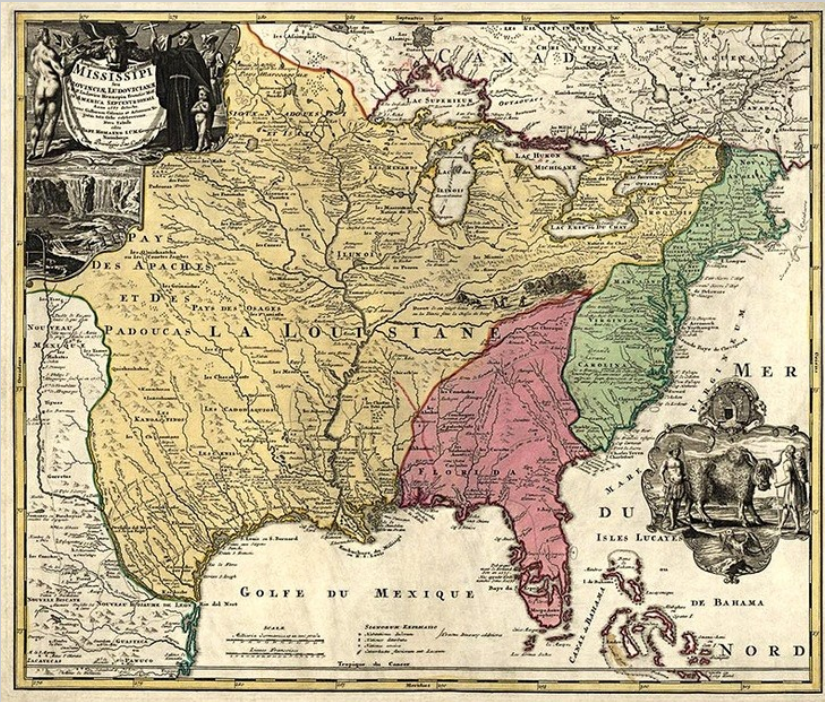
Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which a raft of driftwood had lodged. He dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, covered with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils."

They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were even seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed, and traveled all night.

Although happy in having escaped the Indians, his situation was dreadful; he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him; and he was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Yellowstone River. These were circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. In seven days, however, during which he subsisted upon a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, he arrived at the Fort.

The American First Class Book, by John Pierpont, 1823

1. The Louis and Clarke's Expedition to explore the Louisiana Purchase.



The antique map of North America depicted above reminds us of the French presence in North America at one time. Between French Louisiana (shown in yellowish color), and French Canada (a portion of which is shown in a buff color at the top of the map) France claimed most of North America. That claim was disputed by England (green) and Spain (red), of course. But there is a wealth of history from those years of French domination that is hardly known today. We will see a bit of it in these next two selections.

THE ESCAPE FROM ONODAGA

John Gilmary Shea*

Catholic missionaries visited the banks of the Mohawk¹ and the shores of Lake Onondaga more than two hundred years ago (nearly 400 years now). Though Father Jogues was slain by the fierce Mohawks, the Onondagas listened to the missionaries, who came to announce the faith in their palisaded towns, and they even urged the French to come and settle among them.

In July, 1656, a little fleet of canoes, bearing the banner of the cross, with cannon echoing over the waters and through the woods that lined the shore of Lake Onondaga, brought colonists to found St. Mary's. The missionaries blessed the ground, and a fort and a house soon rose on the hillside near a spring, still known as the Jesuit's Well.

Here the little Catholic colony prospered for a time; but the red men were treacherous. Though many listened to the words of the missionaries and sincerely embraced Christianity, there were many hot-headed young braves who panted for war with the French missionaries who were scattered through the wilderness

from the Mohawk to the Niagara, and it was determined to slay them all and to butcher the settlers at St. Mary's.

The governor of Canada, suspecting some treachery, seized a number of Indians and held them as hostages for the safe return of the French. This deferred the intended slaughter, and the sachems at Onondaga waited, hoping to cut them all off without the risk to their own hostages at Quebec.

Foreseeing a bloody catastrophe, the Superior had recalled all the Fathers, and the French commander all his colonists within the fort and house at St. Mary's, to resist, escape, or fall together.

Thus the winter wore slowly away, and day by day their longing eyes looked in vain for a ray of hope; spring came, and, in a new council on the Mohawk, the final resolution of the Sachems was taken. But before they could carry out their bloody design, while the (wood) piles were actually being prepared for the execution, the missionaries resolved to attempt a secret flight, impossible as it seemed to escape unobserved through a country of defiles (ravines), where a dozen braves could destroy them all.

Silently and rapidly, in the residence of St. Mary's, skillful hands were constructing two swift, light boats, each large enough to carry fourteen or fifteen individuals and a weight of a thousand pounds. They also concealed in the house their canoes, four of Algonquin, five of Iroquois make.

The great difficulty now remained; this was to embark unseen, for the slightest suspicion of their intent would draw the whole force of the canton upon them. At last a favorable moment arrived. A young Frenchman was adopted into the tribe; and, in accordance with their customs, gave a banquet. Availing himself of one of their usages, he proclaimed it to be one where everything must be eaten and nothing left, immense as might be the mass of eatables placed before the guest.

To this feast every neighbor was invited; the plenteous board groaned beneath the weight of viands, and as none could refuse his portion, the overloaded guests, excited by the dances and games which the French kept up in quick succession, and lulled by the music, were insensible to all but the festivities before them. Amid the uproar and noise, the boats were silently borne to the water's edge, and as silently loaded. Gradually, as the night closed in, the weary guests began to drop away, the music and dance being kept up by the French. When these ceased, all the Onondagas departed, and were soon after buried in sleep. Silence reigned around.

The whole French colony hurried to their flotilla and pushed off, about midnight, on the 20th of March, 1658. The water of the lake froze around them as they advanced, and fear almost froze

their blood, yet on they went all night long, and all the next day; hand succeeded hand at the oar and paddle, till, on the second evening, without having met a single living soul, they saw Ontario spread its sea-like expanse before them. Their greatest danger was now past, and the distance between them and their treacherous hosts gave them time to breathe.

When the Onondagas had slept off their revel, they strolled from their huts, and, as they rambled towards St. Mary's of Ganentaa, were surprised by the silence that reigned around it. Supposing the inmates at prayer or in council, they awaited the result calmly, for an Indian never betrays curiosity. Of their presence there they had no doubt; the cocks were crowing, the dog answered the knock at the door.

Yet, as the afternoon waned, their patience was exhausted, and, scaling the side of the house, they entered. No sound echoed through the building but that of their own cautious steps. In fright, they stole through and opened the main door. The sagest chiefs enter; from garret to cellar every spot is examined; not a Frenchman can be found. Fear and terror seize them; gazing at each other in silence, they fled from the house.

No trace betrayed the flight of the French. "They have become invisible," cried the Onondagas, "and flown or walked upon the waters, for canoes they had not."

The fugitives, meanwhile, amid a thousand dangers, by an unknown route, through lake, and river, and rapid, and fall, reached Montreal, after seeing one of their canoes and three of their party engulfed in the St. Lawrence. In the colony, they were received as men from beyond the grave.

Thus ended, after a brief existence, the mission of St. Mary's of Ganentaa in the Onondaga country, with its dependent missions among the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas. It had been founded and conducted with great toil, and at great expense; it was now crushed, but its effect was not lost; many had been brought to the faith, and many more were convinced of the truth and beauty of Christianity, but from motives of policy still many held back.

Catholic National Fifth Reader, 1876

*Shea (1824-1892) was an early writer of American Catholic history.

1. A river in upstate New York



The great French Empire in North America came to an end with the fall of Quebec during the Seven Years War, better known in America as the French and Indian War. It was a major turning point in the history of North America. Both the French General and the British General died in the battle for Quebec. The death of the British General Wolfe is depicted in the scene above.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

Anonymous

The dawn of that eventful day revealed to the astonished gaze of the French commander the entire British army standing in battle array on the table land (Plains of Abraham) above the city. It needed no second glance of his experienced eye to enable him to realize the fact that the enemy must be driven from their position, or Quebec was lost. The heart of the brave Montcalm quailed not, even for an instant, in view of this sudden and appalling emergency.

Though certainly outdone in generalship he was not to be surpassed in the exhibition of genuine heroism. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the center column in person. His total force engaged was 7,520, besides Indians. Of this force only 2,000 were regulars, the remainder being undisciplined Canadian farmers, who had been summoned from their agricultural pursuits to save their province from the grasp of the English invader. The army of Wolfe consisted of only 4,828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long, unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant (continual) fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled.

Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady, and to reserve their fire. Not an English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order: "Fire." At once the long row of muskets was leveled, and volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons (a flag, a streamer) in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt (a fortification), even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline - they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy from their path.

Wolfe was soon wounded in the body; but he concealed his suffering, for his work was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck him the breast. He reeled to one side; but at the moment it was not generally observed. "Support me," said he to a grenadier (soldier armed with grenades) who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sunk to the ground, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle.

His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French

gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout (fleeing soldiers).

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered before his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He roused himself, like one aroused from sleep, and eagerly asked, "Who ran?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer; "they give way everywhere." "Then I die happy," said Wolfe, and falling back upon the ground, he expired.

The fate of Montcalm was hardly less glorious. Everywhere present in the thickest of the fight, he was twice wounded, the last time mortally. "Death is certain," said the surgeon, "you have but ten or twelve hours to live." "I am glad to hear it," said Montcalm, "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Three days afterwards, the city passed into the hands of the English. With the loss of this gateway to the interior of the continent all hopes of founding a French empire in the New World vanished forever.

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

KING PHILLIP'S WAR *Exeter News Letter*

A few days previous to the commencement of the distressing war in 1675¹, which brought almost unparalleled suffering upon the people of New England, and ended in the destruction of Philip (Chief Metacom) and his warlike tribe; this Chief assembled his warriors on the stronghold at Mount Hope, under the pretense of attending a feast; but undoubtedly his true object was to consult them about the impending war, and to remind them of their allegiance.

Philip was arrayed in his royal dress, which consisted of a red blanket, confined at the waist by a broad belt, curiously wrought with wampum of divers colors in various figures of birds and flowers, from which depended two horns of glazed powder; a similar belt encircled his head, hanging down from his back; to this were attached two flags which waved behind him; on his neck he wore another belt reaching to his breast, ornamented with a brilliant star.



Thus equipped, he proceeded to the field entirely surrounded by the thick forest, where, seating himself, he waited with characteristic patience, the arrival of his expected guests. He soon saw Anawon approaching alone, and, knowing his decisive aversion to the project of war, felt rather inclined not to discuss the affair with him, unless in the presence of others. However, there being no alternative, Philip cordially extended him his hand, saying, "My brother is come up to sup with me." "Anawon is come," said the chief, gravely seating himself near the king.

Notwithstanding the well known taciturnity of the Indians, Philip's haughty spirit was offended at the manner of his favorite, and said, "I believe Anawon has fled from Hobbomoc."

Thus provoked, in his turn, Anawon's Indian notions of dignity allowed him to betray his real feelings, and he calmly replied - "Anawon is not a coward. He never fled from friend or foe. He led the Wampanongs against the enemies of Woosamequin; Philip made him his captain."

"My brother Anawon is a great warrior. He is very brave in battle. He is the foe of the English. He will take their scalps, and burn their wigwams," answered the cunning Philip.

But Anawon shook his head doubtfully, as he said, "It is true. The captain of the Wampanongs is no friend to the white people. He

will fight them; but they are many. The great Spirit is angry with us, and our young men will be slain.”

If Anawon is afraid, let him go away with the children and squaws,” retorted Philip.

“He is not afraid to die in battle, but he will never be taken alive by the English.”

“Anawon speaks like himself. We shall drive the white dogs from the face of the earth,” said Philip exultingly.

“Will king Philip say this, when the arrows pierce his breast? They will take away his wife and his children. They will live in the houses of his fathers.”

The stern warrior wept at this picture of desolation, but his proud spirit would not retract, and he answered, “The English have slain your young men. They have sent them to the happy hunting grounds unprepared for the chase. They are in the land of my fathers. Philip has many brave men; and they will follow their king into battle.”

The decided tone in which this sentence was uttered prevented any further remonstrance on the part of Anawon; and, seeing a host of warriors approaching, he only said as he rose, “Anawon is Philip’s warrior.”

The feast was in true Indian style, the food being placed on the grass, without any of the appendages of civilized life; the revelers seated themselves promiscuously, without regard to rank or age. To this, succeeded the war-dance and song. Then the wily Philip rose and harangued his guests, upon the injuries they had sustained from their white neighbors; he artfully exaggerated to Alexander, their false ally; represented, in the fairest point of view, the advantages they would derive from possessing the territory of the English, and above all, the glory they would acquire. The possibility of being vanquished, he never even hinted. His address was doubly persuasive by the appropriate gestures, with which it was accompanied; and when he said in close, “The voice of King Philip is for war!”: War was unanimously decided upon.

The lofty spirit of Philip was true to his resolution; no misfortune could compel him to accede to terms of peace, and his hatred to the colonists ended only with his life.

Emerson’s First-Class Reader, 1833

1. King Philip's War, as it was known ('King Phillip' being a name given to Chief Metacom), was a serious threat to the early colonies of New England, with around half of the colonial settlements and towns being attacked, and many wiped out. It eventuated, however, in the near annihilation of the belligerent tribes, and a step towards unification of the New England colonies. Philip was forced back to Mt. Hope, and there killed. (Depicted in this illustration of the attack on Phillip's fortress)



CAPTURE OF THE INDIAN FORTRESS



GENERAL JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS Charles Gayarre*

His very physiognomy (appearance) prognosticated (predicted) what soul was encased within the spare but well-ribbioned form, which had that "lean and hungry look" described by England's greatest bard as bespeaking little sleep of nights, but much of ambition, self-reliance, and impatience of control. His lip and eye denoted the man of unyielding temper, and his very hair, slightly silvered, stood erect like quills round his wrinkled brow, as if they scorned to bend.

Some sneered, it is true, at what they called a military 'tyro' (amateur), at the impromptu general who had sprung out of the uncouth lawyer and the unlearned judge, who in arms had the experience of only a few months, acquired in a desultory (sporadic) war against wild Indians, and who was not only without any previous training to his new profession, but also without the first rudiments of a liberal education, for he did not even know the orthography of his own native language.

Such was the man who, with a handful of raw militia, was to stand in the way of the veteran troops of England, whose boast it was to have triumphed over one of the greatest captains of known history (Napoleon).

But those who entertained such distrust had hardly come in contact with General Jackson, when they felt that they had to deal with a master-spirit. True, he was rough-hewn from the rock, but rock he was, and of that kind of rock which Providence chooses to select as a fit material to use in its structures of human greatness. True, he had not the education of a lieutenant in a European army; but what lieutenant, educated or not, who

had the will and the remarkable military adaptation so evident in General Jackson's intellectual and physical organization, ever remained a subaltern (low ranking officer)? Much less, could General Jackson fail to rise to his proper place in a country where there was so much more elbow-room, and fewer artificial obstacles than in less favored lands.

But, whatever those obstacles might have been, General Jackson would have overcome them all. His will was of such an extraordinary nature that, like Christian faith, it could almost have accomplished prodigies and removed mountains. It is impossible to study the life of General Jackson without being convinced that this (his will) is the most remarkable feature of his character. His will had, as it were, the force and the fixity of fate; that will carried him triumphantly through his military and civil career, and through the difficulties of private life.

So intense and incessantly active this peculiar faculty was in him, that one would suppose that his mind was nothing but will - a will so lofty that it towered into sublimity. In him it supplied the place of genius - or, rather, it was almost genius. On many occasions, in the course of his long, eventful life, when his shattered constitution made his physicians despair of preserving him, he seemed to continue to live merely because it was his will; and when his unconquerable spirit departed from his enfeebled and worn-out body, those who knew him well might almost have been tempted to suppose that he had not been vanquished by death, but had at last consented to repose.

This man, when he took the command at New Orleans, had made up his mind to beat the English; and, as that mind was so constituted that it was not susceptible of entertaining much doubt as to the results of any of its resolves, he went to work with an innate confidence which transfused itself into the population he had been sent to protect.

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

* A Civil War Era Louisiana politician and historian.

THE STORY OF INDIAN SPRING

"Aunt Mary"*

"You want to know why this is called Indian Spring, Robbie? I will tell you.

When Mary and I were little girls, father moved away from our pleasant home on the bank of the Delaware River, and came to this part of the country. There were Five of us: father, mother, Mary, our dear nurse Lizzie, and I. Lizzie was a colored woman who had lived with us a long time. She was very handsome, and straight as an arrow. She was a few years older than mother.

Grandfather Thorpe, your great grandfather, boys, gave her to mother when she was married. Your grandfather was a miller. The old mill that I went to see to-day, was his. Its was the first mill built in this part of Pennsylvania.

O, this was a beautiful country! My eyes never were tired of looking out over these mountains and valleys. But I saw that mother's face was getting thinner and whiter every day; they said she was homesick, and before we had been in the colony a year, a grave was made under an elm tree close by, and that grave was mother's.

I thought my heart was broken then, but I soon forgot my sorrow: I still had father, sister Mary, and Lizzie. In this part of Pennsylvania at that time there were very few white people, and besides our own, there was no other colony within ten miles. But our people being so near together, and well armed, felt quite safe.

Ten miles away on the Susquehanna, was a small village established by a colony from the north, which was used as a trading-post. There the friendly Indians often came to trade.

Father went trice a year to this village to get supplies that came up the river. He often spoke of Red Feather, and old Indian warrior. Father liked Red Feather, and he learned to trust him almost as he would have trusted a white man.

Time passed on until I was thirteen years old, a tall, strong girl, and very brave for a girl. I could shoot almost as well as father. Little Mary was very quiet and shy, not like me at all. I loved fishing, and often went out hunting with father, but she stayed at home with Lizzie, or sat down under the trees by the spring, watching the shadow of the trees moving in it.

Our colony had by this time become quite prosperous. A good many of the settlers had built houses for themselves more like those they had left behind on the Delaware.

The spring that I was fourteen, father built this house. The mill had already been grinding away for two years. We were very happy when we moved out of our little log cabin into this pleasant house. We had but little furniture, but we had plenty of room. Up to this time, there had not been much trouble with the Indians, and though we had often dreaded it, and lived in fear many days at a time, only four of our men had been killed by them.

We had trusted many of the friendly Indians, and Red Feather had frequently spent days at our settlement. He seemed to like the mill. I became quite attached to the old man; but Mary was always afraid of him, and Lizzie kept her sharp eyes on him whenever he came into the house. She hated him, and he knew it.

One beautiful clear morning in August of that year, father went down to the mill as usual. Lizzie was busy with her work, and little Mary was playing with some tame doves, when looking up, I saw Lizzie start suddenly. She had seen something in the woods that frightened her. Without speaking, she went to the door, closed and fastened it, then turned and looked out of the window. She never told me what she saw.

Father came home early that day; he looked anxious, and I knew that something troubled him. Without waiting to eat his supper, he went out, and very soon most of the men of the colony had gathered round him at the spring."

"It was as I had feared; we were in danger of an attack from the Indians. Something had happened at the trading post to provoke them, and rouse their thirst for blood. But a quiet night passed by and the sun shone again over the hills in wonderful beauty.

Suddenly, there sounded from the forest a scream. I had never heard it before, but I knew it. It was the terrible war-whoop. Then all was confusion and horror. I saw Nanito, an Indian that I knew, who had eaten at our table. I saw him strike down our father, while Lizzie fought to save him. But it was no use, there was no mercy in the heart of the Indian. They carried Lizzie away from us, and we never saw her again.

Poor little frightened Mary and I were tied together, our hands fastened behind us, and we were given to whom do you think, Robbie?—to Red Feather. Then I hated him, and resolved that I would kill him if I could.

After a while he took us out of the house, and then I saw that most of the houses in the little village were burning. The women and children were saved alive, but nearly all the men were killed.

I was very quiet, for I wanted my hands untied, and I thought perhaps Red Feather would pity me and unfasten them. Little Mary was frightened nearly to death. She had not spoken since she saw the Indian strike father down; when she screamed and fell senseless. For a good while I thought she was dead. She had revived a great deal, but had not spoken.

About sundown Red Feather led us down past the spring, out into the woods, but not far away. We could still see the smoke rising from the burning houses. The Indians had gone some distance farther and camped with the white prisoners.

Red Feather could speak English, so I told him if he would untie my hands, I would make his fire, and bake his corn cake for him. He was old and feeble, and had lost much of his natural cunning. He knew me, and trusted me; so without speaking, he took his hunting knife from his belt, cut the cords, and I was free.

I took the hatchet that he gave me to cut some branches for a fire, and went to work very meekly, with my head down. I dared not speak to Mary, for fear he might see me, for his eyes were fixed on me every moment. I baked his corn cake in the ashes, and gave it to him. By this time it was dark, but the light from our fire shone far out into the woods.

I noticed Red Feather did not watch me so closely, and his eyes would now and then shut, for he was very tired. He leaned forward to light his pipe in the ashes, when instantly, almost without thinking, I seized the hatchet, and struck him with all my might.

With a loud scream, I plunged into the woods toward home. Turning an instant, I saw Mary spring up, totter, and fall. With another sharp report came a twinge of pain in my side. Suddenly I fell, and in the darkness of the woods, they pass on, leaving me stunned and nearly dead.

I will not tell you now, my dear Robbie, how I was cared for, and who brought home little Mary and laid her to rest under the elm, beside mother, but the bullet that struck me then, I still carry in my side, and shall as long as I live.

Many years have passed since that terrible day, but I can never forget it. As long as the history of this country lasts, Indian Spring will be remembered, and other boys will listen, with eyes as wide open as yours, to the tale it has to tell."

New National Fourth Reader, 1884

*No further identification



WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING
Thomas Campbell*

King of England,

Petitioning for pity is most weak—
The sovereign¹ people ought to demand justice.
I lead them here against the Lord's anointed²,
Because his ministers have made him odious!
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.

Why do you carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a king they hate;
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest
peasant,
Distressing us to desolate our neighbors?

Why was this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we sit tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?

You sit at ease in your gay palaces;
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,

Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce from the cold night-wind,
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of age!

The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes;
Where is the benefit—what good reap we
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boots to us your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight—you profit at your ease.

Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of heaven, your own?—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which Nature offers? King! Is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble—mark me, King of England!

Monroe's Fourth Reader, 1872

Walter Tyler was the leader of the 1381 Peasant's Revolt in England. While meeting with King Richard II, he was struck down for 'offending the king', but carried off alive by his supporters. He was later captured and beheaded at the order of the King. The illustration is from a tapestry of 1384. Due in part to the violence and chaos of the revolt, it lost support and was crushed. Some years later, Richard was overthrown by the nobility, imprisoned, and murdered in his cell. Those events are the subject of Shakespeare's play, *The Tragedy of King Richard II*.

That was centuries before Thomas Campbell's time, but, ironically, England was again at war to restore a hated monarch to France; the heir to the king deposed and beheaded in the French Revolution. The complaints lodged against the English king at that time, George III, were similar to those lodged against Richard II.

Was Thomas Campbell simply relating irrelevant history in this poem, or was he drawing a parallel, and issuing a warning?

1. It was a radical idea in even in Campbell's time, certainly in Wat Tyler's time, that the people as a whole were 'sovereign', that is, endowed with the right to govern themselves.

2. The king, most of the nobility, and many of the common people believed that rulers were ordained by God to their position of authority. Many people believed that kings answered only to God. Others, however, believed that the rule of the king was subject to his proper behavior. Tyler, in Campbell's words, was declaring that Richard, in letting his government oppress the people, had become "odious", a stench in the nostrils of God, and therefore forfeited his Divine right to rule.

SECTION III



The Venerable Bede Translates St. John on his deathbed.

THE BLIND PREACHER Rev. L. T. Kosegarten*

Blind with old age, the venerable Bede¹
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth
The news from heaven - the tidings of great joy.
From town to town, - through all the villages, -
With trusty guidance, roamed the aged saint,
And preached the word with all the fire of youth.

One day, his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sowed with mighty rocks.
In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy:
"Most reverend father, there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice."
The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied:
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,
So fervently, that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down his hoary beard.

When, at the close, as seemeth always meet (proper),
He prayed, "Our Father," and pronounced aloud,
"Thine is the kingdom and the power, thine
The glory now, and through eternity,"
At once there rang, through all the echoing vale,
A sound of many voices, crying,

“Amen! most reverend sire, Amen! Amen!”

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt before the saint, and owned his sin;
“Son,” said the old man, “hast thou, then, ne’er read,
‘When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud’
Henceforth, mock not, son, the word of God!
Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
Of flesh grows hard and stubborn like the stone,
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves.”

Hilliard’s First Reader, 1855

*A late 18th Century German poet and lyricist.
Translated from the German by Rev. C. T. Brooks.

1. The Venerable Bede, also known as St. Bede, (ca. 673-735 AD) was an Anglo-Saxon churchman and scholar living in what was to become, centuries later, England. His works on history and early music mark him as one of the greatest scholars of the early Middle Ages.



The Murder of Thomas Becket

THE STORY OF THOMAS BECKET*

Anonymous

1. HIS LIFE

Henry II began his reign over England in the year 1154, and was the mightiest king that had yet sat upon the throne. He had vast possessions. All England and nearly half of France were his, and he was well able to rule over them and keep them in order.

He was a short, stout, reddish haired man, with a face well tanned by exposure to the wind and the sun. His legs were bowed by constant riding. Ever busy at something, he rarely sat down, except at meals; and there was plenty of work for him to do.

In the early years of his reign his chief friend and servant was Thomas Becket, who was a cleaver and handsome man. He knew well how to please the king by sharing his amusements, and by helping him in the great work of keeping order among his barons and knights.

When Beckett was a young man he was out hunting, one day, with his pet hawk upon his wrist. Riding carelessly along, he came to a narrow wooden bridge, which crossed a stream close to a mill. When in the middle of the bridge his horse stumbled, and Becket, horse, and hawk were thrown into the water.

The horse at once swam to the bank. So did Becket, but, upon looking back, he saw his hawk struggling in the middle of the stream. Its straps had become entangled about its feet and wings, and the bird was helpless. Although the stream was running swiftly to the great mill-wheel, Becket turned round and swam back to save the hawk.

By this time the current had carried him very near to the wheel, and in another moment both man and bird must have been crushed to death. But just then the miller saw the danger and stopped the mill. Becket climbed out of the water with the bird in his hand, seemingly not at all frightened because of the danger which he had escaped. During his entire life he had many trials and was opposed by many enemies; but he faced them all as fearlessly as he had risked drowning in order to save his hawk.

King Henry made Becket his Chancellor, that is his chief minister, and gave him much wealth. Becket lived in great splendor in a fine palace. He was so hospitable that he kept an open table, at which all were free to come and feast when they chose. His clothes were the finest and gayest that could be made, and wherever he went he took with him troops of friends and servants.

Once, when he was sent to France to settle a dispute with the French king, he traveled with such a large train of followers that the people were filled with wonder. We can picture the procession entering a quiet country town.

“First came two hundred boys singing quaint songs or glees. Then followed great hounds with their keepers, behind whom were wagons guarded by fierce English mastiffs. One of the wagons was laden with beer to be given away to the people who might render any help on the road.

“Then came twelve horses, upon each of which sat a monkey and a groom. After all these there followed a vast company of knights and squires and priests, riding two by two.

“Last of all came Becket and a few friends, with whom he talked all the way.” We can imagine the wonder of the French people at so fine, yet so strange, a show. We can hear them exclaim, “What kind of man must the king of England be, when his chancellor can travel in such state!”

At this time the Church in England possessed great power and wealth. It was the safeguard that stood between the people and the greed and cruelty of their rulers. It was the protector of the poor, and the friend of the oppressed, and even the king was obliged to obey its commands.

King Henry was jealous of the influence of the Church. He resolved that, having already reduced the power of the barons, he would now reduce the power of the Church. And among all his faithful men, who would be more likely to help him in such business than his friend Becket, who had hitherto been his ablest assistant in every undertaking.

It happened about this time that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the highest officer of the Church in England, died. This event was very pleasing to Henry, and through his influence the Pope appointed Thomas Becket to be the new archbishop.

Becket had hitherto been faithful to Henry in all things, but he now felt that his first duty was to the Church, and he resolved to defend its rights, even though he should displease the king. He changed entirely the manner of his life. Instead of his splendid clothes, he wore a monk's dress and a hair shirt next to his skin. He tried, as people understood it in those days, to carry out the teachings of his Lord and master; and every day he waited upon a number of poor men and washed their feet. Instead of gay knights, only good and pious men sat at his table. He gave up the chancellorship, and told the king plainly that he would resist all attempts to take away the rights of the Church.

Many were the quarrels between the king and the archbishop. At one time, in a fit of rage, Henry cried out: "I will not be preached at by you. Are you not the son of one of my clowns?"

"It is true," replied the archbishop, "I'm not descended from ancient kings, but neither was the blessed Peter to whom were given the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

"But Peter," said the king, "died for his Lord."

"And I, too, will die for my Lord," said Becket, "when the time shall come."

And it was not long till the time did come. Upon hearing some hasty, angry words from the king, four knights set out to Canterbury, determined to kill Becket and thus not only put an end to the long quarrel but win the king's favor for themselves.

II. HIS DEATH

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing the service in the choir (area for the choir), when two boys rushed up the nave (central passage of the Cathedral), announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and monastery. Instantly the service was thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer, part fled into the numerous hiding places the vast structure affords; and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept to meet the little band at the door.

"Come in, come in!" exclaimed one of them. "Come in, and let us die together."

The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said: "Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I can not come in." They fell back a few paces, and he stepped within the door, but, finding the whole place thronged with people, he paused on the threshold and asked, "What is it these people fear?" One general answer broke forth, "The armed men in the cloister." (a covered portico). As he turned and said, "I shall go out to them," he heard the clash of arms behind. The knights had just forced their way into the cloister, and were now (as would appear from their being seen through the open door) advancing along its southern side. They were in mail, which covered their faces up to their eyes, and carried their swords drawn. Three had hatchets. Fitzurse, with the axe he had taken from the carpenters, was foremost, shouting as he came, "Hear, hear, king's men!" Immediately behind him followed Robert Fitzranulph, with three other knights; and a motley group - some their own followers, some from the town - with weapons, though not in armor, brought up the rear.

At this sight, so unwonted in the peaceful cloisters of Canterbury, not probably beheld since the time when the monastery had been sacked by the Danes, the monks within, regardless of all remonstrances, shut the door of the cathedral, and proceeded to barricade it with iron bars. A loud knocking was heard from the band without, who, having vainly endeavored to prevent the entrance of the knights into the cloister, now rushed before them to take refuge in the church. Becket, who had stopped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling aloud as he went, "Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command you not to shut the door - the church must not be turned into a castle." With his own hands he thrust them away from the door, opened it himself, and catching hold of the excluded monks, dragged them into the building, exclaiming, "Come in, come in - faster, faster!"

The knights, who had been checked for a moment by the sight of the closed door, on seeing it unexpectedly thrown open, rushed into the church. It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening; the shades of night were gathering, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the vast cathedral, which were only illuminated here and there by solitary lamps burning before the altars. The twilight, lengthening from the shortest day a fortnight before, was but just sufficient to reveal the outline of objects.

In the dim twilight they could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps of the eastern staircase. One of the knights called out to them, "Stay." Another, "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the king?" No answer was returned. None could have been expected by any who remembered the indignant silence which Becket had swept by when the same words had been

applied by Randulf of Broc at Northampton. Fitzurse rushed forward, and, stumbling against one of the monks on the lower step, still not able to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed, "Where is the Archbishop?"

Instantly the answer came: "Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the archbishop and priest of God; what do you wish?" and from the fourth step, which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head - noticed apparently as his peculiar manner in moments of excitement - Becket descended to the transept¹. Attired, we are told in his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, he thus suddenly confronted his assailants. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket, passing by him, took up his station between the central pillar and the massive wall which still forms the southwest corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict.

Here they gathered round him, with the cry, "Absolve the bishops you have excommunicated."

"I cannot do other than I have done," he replied, and turning to Fitzurse, he added, "Reginald, you have received many favors at my hands; why do you come into my church armed?" Fitzurse planted the ax against his breast, and returned for answer, "You shall die - I will tear out your heart." Another, perhaps in kindness, struck him between the shoulders with the flat of his sword, exclaiming, "Fly; you are a dead man."

"I am ready to die," relied the primate, "for God and the Church; but I warn you, I curse you in the name of God Almighty if you do not let my men escape."

The well known horror which at that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next few moments to carrying him out of the church. Fitzurse threw down the ax, and tried to drag him out by the collar of his long cloak, calling, "Come with us - you are our prisoner." "I will not fly, you detestable fellow," was Becket's reply roused to his usual vehemence, and wrenching the cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. The three knights struggled violently to put him on Tracy's shoulders. Becket set his back against the pillar and resisted with all his might, whilst Grim, violently remonstrating threw his arms around him to aid his efforts.

In the scuffle, Becket fastened upon Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and exerting his great strength flung him down on the pavement. It was hopeless to carry on the attempt to remove him. And in the final struggle which now began, Fitzurse, as before, took the lead. He approached with his drawn sword, and waving it over his head, cried, "Strike, strike!", but merely dashed off his cap. Tracy sprang forward and struck a more decided blow.

The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." At the third blow, he sank on his knees - his arms falling, but his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, "For the name of Jesus, and the defense of the Church, I am willing to die."

Without moving head or foot, he fell flat on his face as he spoke. In this posture he received a tremendous blow, aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head was severed from the skull. "Let us go - let us go, " said Hugh of Horsea, "the traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

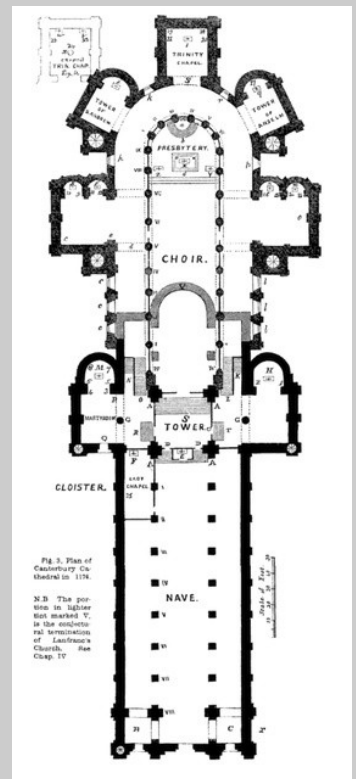
Baldwin's Sixth Reader, 1897

* Becket, also known as Thomas `a Becket, c. 1119-1170, was an English statesman, and Archbishop of Canterbury. The courageous stand and the martyrdom of Becket were an important milestone in the western world's fight for religious freedom. So notorious was this murder, that the King was forced to make public penance at Becket's tomb. The four murderers were sentenced to serve fourteen years in the Holy Land Crusade.

1. The central, or crossing, part of a cruciform (cross-shaped) cathedral, located beneath the tower.

Above: Canterbury Cathedral as it was in the Nineteenth Century.

Right: Plan view of Canterbury Cathedral in Becket's time.



SHORT SELECTIONS

Henry Ward Beecher*

Would that I could break this Gospel as a bread of life to all of you! My best presentations of it to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I am alone, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of God and the truths of His word, that I think if I could speak to you then, I should move your hearts. I am like a child, who, walking forth some sunny summer's morning, sees grass and flowers all shining with drops of dew, that reflect every hue of the rainbow. "Oh!" he cries, "I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother," and eagerly shakes them off into his little palm. But the charm is gone - they are no more water-pearls.

The man who carries a lantern in a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he be not defrauded (misled). So he who has the God-given light of hope in his breast, can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to his precious gain.

As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear-drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem, - so one who is bowed down with affliction longs for a friend to lift him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon violet roots.

Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose a gardener takes it when just sprouting forth with buds, and let it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glorious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when God's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

I think that in the life to come, my heart will have feelings like God's. The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers may strike the same note as the great bell of Moscow. Its note may be soft as a bird's whisper, and yet it is the same. And so God may have a feeling, and I, standing next to him, shall have the same feeling. Where he loves, I shall love. All the processes of the Divine mind will be reflected in mine. And there will be this companionship with him in eternity. What else can be the meaning of those expressions that all we have is Christ's, and God is ours, and we

are the heirs of God? To inherit God - who can conceive of it? It is the growing marvel, and will be the growing wonder of eternity.

We are beleaguered by time,...And as the sense of hearing, and touch, and sight fails, and a man finds all these marks of time upon him, oh woe! if he he has no Hereafter as a final citadel into which to retreat.

We are glad that there is a bosom of God to which we can go and find refuge. As prisoners in castles look out of their gated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look forth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

The National Fifth Reader, 1866

*Beecher was a prominent preacher and orator in 19th Century America.

Beecher as a Chaplain during the Civil War.



THE TWO WEAVERS

Hannah More*

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I's almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?"

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, however I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know;
'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still, in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout -
Why, man, that carpet's *inside out*."

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,

Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace,
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
and own the workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear,
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble,
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

*More, 1745-1833, was an English poet and playwright, active in Christian evangelism, and the abolition movement.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED

Caroline A. B. Southey*

Tread softly - bow the head -
 In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet, an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
 With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed -
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter - no crowds attend;
Enter - no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meager hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound -
 An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed - again
That short, deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!
 Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there so low,
So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars!
O change - stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes -
 Wakes with his God!

Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878

*Caroline Ann Boles, English poet, hymnist, and wife of poet Robert Southey.

SABBATH EVENING

Knox*

There is no season of the day or year, which gives me such pure and exquisite pleasure, as that of a Summer's Sabbath evening, when the heart has been soothed, and the spirit elevated by recent acts of devotion; and when, over every mountain and valley, forest and river, a holy tranquility reposes, as if inanimate nature were conscious of the sanctity of the day of rest.

To an observer of feeling and imagination, the contemplation of nature is a source of continual enjoyment; the budding Spring inspires him with hope; the full blown Summer fills him with joy; the decaying Autumn speaks to him of his own decay, like the soothing voice of a parent that invites him to repose, after the labors of the day; and the desolating Winter gives intimation of his death, when, like the faded flowers, his body shall be withering in the dust, and his spirit, like the birds of passage that follow the genial seasons in their journey round the globe, shall have winged its way to a better and happier region.

But a Summer's Sabbath evening is the season of the most exalted enjoyment; it is then that there seems to be an intimate communion between earth and heaven, and we feel as if partakers of the pleasures of both worlds; it is then that their confines seem to meet, and we feel as if, by one step, we could pass from time to eternity.

On a beautiful Sabbath evening, about the middle of July, I pursued my walk along a narrow path that stretched through an extensive wood, to enjoy alone and undisturbed, that soothing melancholy, which is to me sweeter than the turbulence of social merriment.

The sun had just set, - the twilight star was twinkling, like the eye of a beautiful woman, whose lashes are quivering with the effects of departing sorrow that bedewed them with tears, and the thrush was pouring forth his vesper hymn on the topmost twig of the tall larch tree, as if he thought his song would sound the sweeter, the nearer he could make his perch to heaven.

It was to me a scene of peculiar interest; on the one side stood the home of my father and mother, brothers and sisters, the affectionate beings who appeared to me parts of my own

existence, without whom, without one of whom I could not live; and on the other side, lay the churchyard where my forefathers slept in 'the narrow house,' and where my kindred and myself were in all likelihood destined to sleep - one of us, perhaps, in a few days, for my mother was at that time sick, - the being who gave me birth - who nourished me on her bosom in infancy - who condoled my sorrows in manhood - the thought of her death was dreadful.

But my mind was soon called from its agonizing anticipations, by the tremulous tones of a plaintive voice; when, on looking around me, I saw a man kneeling beneath a branching fir, and praying loudly and fervently. It was not, however, the prayer of the Pharisee, in the corner of the street, where every eye might behold him; the person before me was unconscious that any eye beheld him, but that of his Creator whom he was so earnestly supplicating.

I never saw a more affecting picture of devotion. I have seen the innocent child lay its head upon its mother's knee, and lisp out its evening prayer; and the father of a family kneel in the midst of his domestic circle, and ask the blessings of God to be upon them and him; I have seen the beautiful maiden, whose lips, to the youthful imagination, seemed only tuned to the song of pleasure, whisper the responses in the public assembly of worship; and the dim-eyed matron stroke back her hoary (snow white) tresses, and endeavor to mingle her quivering voice with the sublime symphony of the pealing organ; - all these have I seen, and felt the beauty of each; but this solitary worshiper affected me more deeply than I had previously experienced.

His knees were bent upon the deep-green earth, where his Bible lay on the one side of him, and his hat on the other; his hands were lifted up, his raven hair waved in the breeze, and his eyes were raised to Heaven; yet I saw, or fancied I saw, that he was frequently obliged to close them, and press out the tears that flowed from the fountain of sorrow.

I passed him unperceived, with respect for his devotional feelings, and sympathy for his accumulated afflictions. I knew him well; he was a laborer of the neighboring hamlet, intelligent and respectable in his sphere of life. Often on the Sabbath evenings had I met him on the same path, walking with his wife and his children; two little boys that plucked the wildflowers as they proceeded, and an infant girl that nestled in her mother's bosom.

He was devotedly attached to his family, and I considered him one of the happiest men in existence; for his wife appeared altogether worthy of the respect he paid her, and his children were as beautiful and promising as a parent's heart could have wished. He and I often entered into conversation, and I was not only pleased, but frequently astonished by his remarks; for his lips were unrestrained by the reserve of polished life, and all his most eccentric conceptions, and all his deepest feelings, were in a moment laid open and naked before you, in all their singularity and beauty.

He had read a good deal, but he had thought more than he had read; and, in consequence, there was a poetical originality in his mind, and a poetical enthusiasm in his heart, which were particularly pleasing to a person, who has felt his generous emotions repulsed and chilled by the cold and affected votaries of fashion¹.

He was quite content with his laborious occupation; for, as he said, his toils seemed light and pleasant, when he considered that they were undergone for the comfort of the wife, who, "like the fruitful vine," spread the blossoms of pleasure around his cottage, and of the children who, "like olive plants," arose to support him when bowed down by the burden of age.

The anticipation of an early death did not even appall him; for in that case, as he observed, there was a God in Heaven who would prove 'a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the the widow, and the orphan's stay (a support), and the stranger's shield.'

The dictates of philosophy are weak, in comparison with the power of religious trust; it is the rock, under whose shadow the weary find repose - the rock, whose summit is brightened by sunshine, while the valley from which it rises, is covered with clouds and darkness. My friend, the poor laborer, clung to it with enthusiasm in his severe domestic trials.

A malignant fever, like the storm that blasts the blossoms of spring, entered the hamlet, and, in the space of two months, swept off more than a third of the children. There was scarcely a cottage that had not numbered one of its little inmates with the dead.

It has been said, with what degree of truth I know not, that the loss of children is the heaviest trial by which the human heart can be visited; because as it is averred, the attachment of the parent to the child is stronger than the attachment of the child to the parent.

I have no doubt, that if a person has a family to divide the stream of affection, the death of a father or a mother will be felt with less poignancy, than if the solitary mourner has no object, as near and dear, on which he can fix the lacerated ties of love, that have been forced to quit their hold of the bosom that withers in a parent's grave. As each of these domestic calamities is, for a time, as severe as mortal creature can conceive; and as the man, who feels the acuteness of the green wounds of affliction, cannot properly estimate the pain of those, that have been healed by the influence of time, there appears to me to be no use in making, and no certainty in the results of, the comparison.

I might, however, argue against the received opinion, by saying, that the place of a parent, when once empty, can never again be filled; whereas the bosom that has given its nursling to the grave, may yet have the happiness to nourish another, and the parental heart may half forget its withered scion, until it finds it blooming in heaven.

All I intend to say on the subject at present is, that my poor friend lost both his little boys, whose funerals were only divided by three melancholy days; and that, on the Sabbath evening when I saw him praying in the lonely wood, his infant girl - his only remaining child - lay on the very brink of dissolution.

Having reached the end of the solitary footpath, I returned homewards, and still found the afflicted man in the attitude of prayer; perhaps unconscious, amid the strife of his spirit, of the time that had passed over him while employed in this act of heartfelt devotion. As soon as I described (saw) him, a female came running along the path, and informed him that the child was dead.

He arose with a trembling frame, and a face that bore the fearful look of despair; or rather the look of that reckless frenzy, which prompted him to dispute with his Maker the justice of the calamity that had befallen him. This was but for a moment; he soon became firm and calm, and exclaimed with a subdued spirit,

'The Lord's will be done.' It was enough - it was balm for his wounded soul, a cordial to his fainting heart.

He followed the steps of the female, who had disappeared, to the 'house of mourning,' to condole with the childless mother, whose heart had mingled its feelings with his from the days of early youth - whose heart to his had been doubly bound by the tendrils that sprung from their mutual love - whose heart now demanded the support of his, the support, which he would amply receive from hers in return.

Happy souls! happy even under all your calamities! For if there be pleasure - if there be consolation - if there be happiness on earth - they are nowhere to be so certainly found, as in the unbounded confidence, and deeply rooted attachment, of two congenial and conjugal bosoms. Deeply affected by what I had seen and heard, I entered my father's cottage, strong in good resolutions, and praying that I might have the power, in all the afflictions that might await me, to say, with the poor peasant - 'The Lord's will be done.'

Emerson's First-Class Reader, 1833

*Knox, otherwise unidentified, but probably Irish Protestant theologian and writer, Alexander Knox, 1757-1831.

1. Votaries, in this instance, refers to those who are 'devoted' to fashionable manners, behavior, etc. distinctive of the formality of the upper classes. There is a slight taint of condescension in the piece, an artifact of the old world that has been somewhat forgotten in the new, but the beauty of the sentiments are universal.

THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL

Hoffman

“Let there be light!” the Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day, -
The first born day, - come blushing in:
The young earth smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world touched by sin.

“Let there be light!” O’er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day beam poured,
Uttered again His fiat (command) forth,
And shed the Gospel’s light abroad;
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer’s praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Sanders Fifth Reader, 1855

EXCERPTS FROM THE PSALMS

Psalm XXII (23): The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalm VIII (8): O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Psalm XL (40): O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name; make known His deeds among the people. Sing unto Him; sing psalms unto Him; talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in His holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Remember His marvelous works that He hath done; His wonders, and the judgments of His mouth.

Psalm XCI (91): I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in Him will I trust. Because He hath set His love upon me, therefore will I deliver Him; I will set Him on high, because He hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer Him; I will be with Him in trouble; I will deliver Him, and honor Him. With long life will I satisfy Him, and show Him my salvation.

Psalm XCV (95): O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole

earth stand in awe of Him. For He cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with His truth. Ps. 95.

Psalm CVII (107): Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader, 1879.

From the Book of Psalms, Authorized Edition (King James Edition)

GOD IS ALL IN ALL
Convers Francis*

Every moment of our lives, we breathe, stand, or move in the temple of the Most High; for the whole universe is that temple. Wherever we go, the testimony to His power, the impress of His hand are there.

Ask of the bright worlds around us, as they roll in the everlasting harmony of their circles; and they shall tell you of Him, whose power launched them in their courses.

Ask of the mountains, that lift their heads among and above the clouds; and the bleak summit of one shall seem to call aloud to the snow clad top of another, in proclaiming their testimony to the Agency which has laid their deep foundations.

Ask of ocean's water; and the roar of their boundless waves shall chant from shore to shore a hymn of ascription to that Being, who hath said, "Hitherto shall ye come and no further."

Ask of the rivers; as they roll onward to the sea, do they not bear along their ceaseless tribute to the ever-working Energy, which struck upon their fountains and poured them down through the valleys?

Ask of every region of the earth, from the burning equator to the icy pole, from the rock bound coast to the plain covered with luxuriant vegetation; and will you not find on them all, the record of the Creator's presence?

Ask of the countless tribes of plants and animals; and shall they not testify to the action of the great Source of Life?

Yes, from every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice: everywhere we hear Thy name, O God; everywhere we see Thy love. Creation, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of Thy Spirit, and without Thee the world were (would be) dark and dead.

The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw: God is ever present in it, for it burns with His glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy.

Monroe Sixth Reader, 1872

*Convers Francis was an American writer, Unitarian minister, and professor at Harvard

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM
Henry Kirke White*

When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! Hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once, on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

California Fifth Reader, 1917

*Mr. White was the son of butcher in Nottingham, England. He passed away at age twenty-one while studying for the ministry; but his poems were widely admired.

SECTION IV

INFLUENCE OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE UPON LITERATURE

William Hazlitt

The translation of the Bible was the chief engine in the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality, which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the visions of the prophets, and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meanest (least) of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave a mind to the people by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment; it created endless diversity and collusion of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive, in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it.

Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and embraces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in the history of this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference; or, if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching piety, a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, an habitual fervor and enthusiasm, in their method of handling almost every subject.

The debates of the schoolmen¹ were sharp and subtle enough, but they wanted (lacked) interest and grandeur, and were, besides, confined to a few; they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions "to run and read," with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelation. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night."²

I can not think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of the people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age.

Appeltons' Fifth Reader, 1878

1. Church scholars of the Middle Ages.

2. Robert Burns's poem about a poor peasant family (given a cottage on an estate in return for work) gathering around the fireside for a reading of the Bible.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY

Canning*

We believe that poetry, far from injuring¹ society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity to what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity — that is, to spiritualize our nature.

True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she can not wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions; but they are pure passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion.

It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest in life — we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom (slavery) of this earth-born prudence.

But passing over this topic, we would observe that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities (truths), and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom.

And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the highest office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser pleasures and labors of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic.

The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire, — these are all poetical.

It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal (immaterial) essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent (transient) joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachment of heartless and artificial manners, which makes civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which — being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts — requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.

National Fifth Reader, 1866

*William Ellery Channing, D. D., 1780-1820, was an eminent American preacher, theologian, philosopher, and writer. He pastored first as a Congregationalist (the Puritan church), then as a leader of the Unitarian movement. Unfortunately, Unitarian doctrine became more and more liberal and unbiblical as time went on, straying far from Channing's beginning. He became pastor of the Federal Street Church, Boston, in 1803, at a very young age for such a position.

1. It may seem strange that anyone would consider poetry injurious to society, but it was quite a controversy at the time of his writing. It was not the form of poetry, which is the oldest known form of literature, but the force of poetry, and the direction of that force. For a long time European poetry had largely confined itself to religious themes but that emphasis had changed in the so-called 'Romantic Movement'. Poetry has, from its beginning, glorified valor on the battlefield, and consequently, war. The 'Romantic poets' revived the glorification of war in a big way, with such works as Tennyson's *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, which we will look at later.

Another target of complaint was the elevation of 'romantic love' to dangerous heights. Channing rather dismisses the idea, and is generally correct. But C.S. Lewis points out that some of the poetry elevated 'romantic love' ('two souls bound together', 'never another love', 'love conquers all', 'all's fair in love and war', etc.) to the status of a god, which is idolatry, and countenanced the breaking of God's laws against infidelity, coveting thy neighbor's wife, envy, even murder, and certainly suicide of 'star-crossed lovers'. The sage advice given to the jilted Katisha in Gilbert and Sullivan's great comic operetta, *The Mikado*, should be more widely remembered even today: "There's lots of good fish in the sea."

We are entering, next, into a section that offers brief introductions to several types of literature. You have already been reading them but perhaps haven't thought about the characteristics of each. The primary division of English literature is between prose and poetry, or more properly, between prose and verse. Verse, the traditional, or classic form of poetry, is highly structured in both meter (the rhythm of accented and unaccented syllables) and rhyme. The understanding and appreciation of poetry was very important to educators of the 19th Century and poetry lessons held an important place in the old readers, and so it is well represented in this reader. The old readers delved deeply into the structure of poetry, but this reader offers only a brief introduction.

The first selections in this section are pairs of, more or less, the same stories; one told in prose, the other in verse. The famous old story of Horatio at the Bridge is first told as straight historical narrative, then in verse, or poetic form. Notice not only the forms but the differences in the emotional experience between the two forms.

Following those are a pair of stories recounting the Charge of the Light Brigade, then a pair dealing with prairie fires. Although those last two are not recounting the same event, the difference in the telling is interesting. Then we will take a closer look at various types of poetry, then dialogue, and finally allegory.

[Tarquin the Proud was the seventh and last king of Rome. Such were his acts of tyranny, and such the crimes of his son, "the false Sextus", that the people rose in rebellion, and, in the year 509 B.C., drove him and his family away from Rome and declared they would have no more kings. The Tarquins took refuge among the Etruscans, whose country bordered Rome on the north. They made a treaty of friendship with Porsena, the king of Clusium, and induced him to raise a large army for the purpose of forcing the Romans to allow them to return to power. A battle was fought, and the Romans being defeated were obliged to flee across the wooden bridge that spanned the Tiber (river) at Rome. To prevent Porsena from entering the city, the Roman Consul ordered that the bridge be destroyed.] Macaulay

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Alfred J. Church

King Porsena gathered together a great army and came up against Rome. When men heard of his coming there was such a fear as had never been before. Nevertheless they were steadfastly purposed to hold out.



All that were in the country fled to the city. Round about the city they set guards to keep it, part being defended by walls, and part, for so it seemed, being made safe by the river.

But here a great peril had well-nigh overtaken the city. There was a wooden bridge on the river by which the enemy could have crossed but for the courage of a certain Horatius. There was a hill which men called Janiculum on the opposite side of the river, and this hill King Porsena took by a sudden attack.

Horatius chanced to have been set to guard the bridge. He saw how the enemy were running at full speed to the place, and how the Romans were fleeing in confusion. He cried with a loud voice, "Men of Rome, if ye leave this bridge behind you for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that you have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break it down with ax and fire as best ye can. In the meanwhile I, so far as one man may do, will stay the enemy."

As he spoke he ran forward to the farther end of the bridge and made ready to keep the way against the enemy. There stood two with him, Lartius and Herminius by name, men of noble birth and of great renown in arms. These three stayed the first onset of the enemy; and the men of Rome broke down the bridge. When there was but a small part remaining, and they that broke it down called to the three that they should come back, Horatius bade the others return. He himself remained on the father side, crying, "Dare ye now to fight with me? Why are ye thus come up at the bidding of your master, King Porsena, to rob others of the freedom that ye care not to have for yourselves?" For a while they delayed, looking each man to his neighbor, who should first deal with this champion of the Romans.

Then for very shame they all ran forward, and raising a great shout threw their javelins at him. These all he took upon shield, nor stood less firmly in his place on the bridge. Suddenly the men of Rome raised a great shout, for the bridge was now broken down, and fell with a great crash into the river.

And as the enemy stayed awhile for fear, Horatius turned to the river and said, "O Father Tiber, I beseech thee this day that thou kindly receive this soldier and his arms." As he spake he leapt with all his arms into the river and swam across to his own people. Though many javelins of the enemy fell about him, he was not one whit hurt.

Nor did such valor fail to receive honor from the city. The citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the market place; and they gave him of the public lands so much as he could plow about in one day. Also there was this honor paid him, that each citizen took somewhat of his own store and gave it to him, for food was scarce in the city by reason of the siege.

Brooks' Readers, Sixth Year, 1906

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

T. B. Macaulay*

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."
Then out spoke brave Horatious,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can a man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight (narrow) path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spoke Spurius Lartius,
A Ramian proud was he:
Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spoke strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans, in Rome's quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,

In the brave days of old.
The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose.
But soon Etruia's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth, the bloody corpses,
In the path, the dauntless three!

Meanwhile the ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back Lartius! Back Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried the false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spoke he to Lars Porcena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus (hill)
The white porch of his home;

And he spake to the noble river
That roll by the towers of Rome;

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray!
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

"Out on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown"
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked this town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now the ground he touches,
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

Baldwin's Sixth Reader, 1897

*Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859) was a prominent British historian and writer. This poem is from his *"Lays of Ancient Rome"*. The brief introduction is also by Mr. Macaulay.



The Charge of the Light Brigade by William Simpson

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE W. H. Russell*

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed toward the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war.

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position! Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part — discretion. ("Discretion is the better part of valor.")

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain.

The first line is broken!—it is joined by the second!—they never halt, or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy. With a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's

death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but, ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewn with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses.

They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabers flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

To our delight, we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank-fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale. Demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.

At the very time they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the Eighth Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations.

The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and cannister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin! It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of the Russian guns.

Appelton's Fifth Reader, 1878

*Russell was a British journalist who covered the Crimean War, during which this event occurred. Compare the newspaper version with the famous poetic version by Tennyson, which follows.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA
Alfred Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred,
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and rider fell,

They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered!
Honor the charge they made
Honor the Light brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Appelton's Fifth Reader, 1878



Mathias Robinson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" above, illustrates a problem with poetry. It has from the beginning, with Homer, glorified courage and honor, and perhaps inadvertently, glorified war. And real war is not child's play but generations of young men went to war thinking Tennyson's war, but finding Russell's war.

In the days before the great American prairies were broken by plows, and divided by roads and cities, they were a 'sea of grass', and the greatest danger on these seas was fire; fires that could rage for many miles with nothing to stop them. George Catlin, who traveled with Plains Indians and painted many scenes of their life, gave us this vivid depiction of an Indian family preparing to flee a prairie fire. And he gave us the following first-hand description of his own experience with one.



PRAIRIE FIRES George Catlin*

The prairies burning, form some of the most beautiful scenes that are to be witnessed in this country, and also some of the most sublime¹. Every acre of these vast prairies, being covered for hundreds and hundreds of miles with a crop of grass which dies in the fall, burns over during the fall or early spring, leaving the ground of a black and doleful (mournful) color.

Over the elevated lands and prairie bluffs, where the grass is thin and short, the fire slowly creeps with a feeble flame, which one can easily step over; there the wild animals often rest in their lairs until the flames almost burn their noses, when they will reluctantly rise and leap over it, and trot off amongst the cinders where the fire has passed and left the ground as black as jet (a hard coal). These scenes at night become indescribably beautiful, when their flames are seen at many miles' distance, creeping over the sides and tops of the bluffs, appearing to be sparkling and brilliant chains of liquid fire, the hills being lost to the view, hanging suspended in graceful festoons (drapes) from the skies.

But there is yet another character of burning prairies, where the grass is seven or eight feet high, as is often the case for many miles together on the Missouri bottoms, and the flames are driven forward by the hurricanes which often sweep over the vast prairies of this denuded (treeless) country. There are many of

these meadows on the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas, of many miles in breadth, which are perfectly level, with grass so high that we are obliged to stand erect in our stirrups in order to look over its waving tops, as we are riding through it.

The fire in these, before such a wind, travels at an immense and frightful rate, and often destroys, on their fleetest horses, parties of Indians who are so unlucky as to be overtaken by it; not that it travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but that the high grass is filled with wild peavines and other impediments which render it necessary for the rider to guide his horse in the zigzag paths of the deer and buffaloes, retarding his progress, until he is overtaken by the dense column of smoke that is swept before the fire. This alarms the horse, which stops and stands terrified and immutable (unmovable), till the burning grass which is wafted in the wind falls about him, kindling up in a moment a thousand new fires, which are instantly wrapped in the swelling flood of smoke that is moving on like a black thunder cloud, rolling on the earth with its lightning's glare, and its thunder rumbling as it goes.

Ask the red savage of the wilds what is awful and sublime. Ask him what foe he has met that regarded not his frightening yells or his sinewy bow. Ask the lord of the land, who vauntingly (boastfully) challenges the thunder and lightening of Heaven, whether there is not one foe that travels over his land too swift for his feet and too mighty for his strength, at whose approach his stout heart sickens, and his strong-armed courage withers to nothing. Ask him again - "Hush! - sh! - sh! - that's medicine!"

I said to my comrades, as we were about to descend from the towering bluffs into the prairie, "We will take that buffalo trail, where the traveling herds have slashed down the high grass, and aim for that blue point, rising, as you can just discern, above this ocean of grass. A good day's work will bring us over this vast meadow before sunset." We entered the trail and slowly progressed on our way, being obliged to follow the winding paths of the buffaloes, for the grass was higher than the backs of our horses.

Soon after we entered, my Indian guide dismounted slowly from his horse, and, lying prostrate on the ground with his face to the dirt, he cried, and was talking to the Spirit of the brave: - "For," said he, "over this beautiful plain dwells the Spirit of Fire! He rides in yonder cloud - his face blackens with rage at the sound of the trampling hoofs - the fire bow is in his hand - he draws it across the path of the Indian, and, quicker than lightning, a thousand flames rise to destroy him: such is the talk of my fathers, and the ground is whitened with their bones.

"It was here that the brave son of Wahchee'ton and the strong-armed warriors of his band, just twelve moons since, licked the fire from the blazing wand of the great magician. Their pointed spears were drawn upon the backs of the treacherous Sioux, whose swifter-flying horses led them in vain to the midst of this valley of death. A circular cloud sprang up from the prairie around them! It was raised, and their doom was fixed by the Spirit of Fire! It was upon this vast plain of fire grass that waves over our heads that the swift foot of Mahto'ga was laid. It is here, also, that the fleet-bounding wild horse mingles his bones with the red man; and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over its surface. Friends! It is the season of fire; and I smell from the smell of the wind that the Spirit is awake!"

Red Thunder said no more, but mounted his wild horse, and, waving his hand, his red shoulders were seen rapidly vanishing as he glided through the thick mazes of waving grass. We were on his trail, and busily traced him until the midday sun had brought us to the ground, with our refreshments spread before us. He partook of them not, but stood like a statue, while his black eyes, in sullen silence, swept the horizon round; and then; with a deep drawn sigh, he gracefully sunk to the earth and laid with his face to the ground. Our buffalo tongues and pemmican (dried meat mixed with fat) and marrowfat were spread before us; and we were in the full enjoyment of these dainties of our western world, when, quicker than the frightened elk, our Indian friend sprang upon his feet.

Red Thunder was on his feet, his long arm was stretched over the grass, and his blazing eyeballs starting from their sockets. "White man," said he, "see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie? He rises! The hoofs of our horses have waked him! The Fire Spirit is awake - the wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way!" No more - but his swift horse darted under him, and he slid gracefully over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. Our viands (foods) were left, and we were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his horse occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank again in the waving billows of grass.

The tremulous (variable) wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the soaring eagle. His neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift, and we struggled hard; yet hope was feeble, for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted. The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow was advancing over the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve.

The roar of a distant cataract (waterfall) seemed gradually advancing on us; the winds increased, the howling tempest was maddening behind us, and the swift-winged beetle and heath

hens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare, who leaves but a shadow as he flies. Here was no time for thought, but I recollect the heavens were overcast, the distant thunder was heard, the lightning's glare was reddening the scene, and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul! The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds - his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff.

Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to the summit. We had risen from a great sea of fire! "Great God!" I exclaimed, "how sublime to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature were so strangely convulsed!" Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they can tell you not; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles, as he pronounces the lengthened "hush—sh—," his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eyeballs looking you to the very soul!

I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire; and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up the magnificent cliffs to heaven! I stood secure but trembling, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster o'er the land - I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and then I saw, behind, the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire!

The New McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901

*Catlin, 1796-1872, was an American painter, renowned for his travels in the west and portraits of Indians. This selection is taken from his book *Manners and Customs of the North American Indians*.

1. The term 'sublime' is difficult to define, and it is frequently misused. It's a term that describes a feeling in a viewer - awe of something more than physical reality, perhaps of reverence, even superstitious fear. When used to describe something, it is understood that the object, a "sublime view" perhaps, is producing a sublime feeling in the observer.

Prairie fires were also a great danger to American pioneers, and held a prominent place in the lore of Nineteenth Century frontier life, as we see from this montage of 'dime novel' illustrations. Below them is a rather fanciful tale, in verse, of a famous frontiersman's harrowing escape from a prairie fire. Kit Carson was a real frontiersman, but how much of this tale is fact, and how much fiction I can't tell. Like many stories in verse, it is in some ways more expressive than a prose account.



KIT CARSON'S RIDE
Joaquin Miller*

We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.

“Forty full miles, if a foot, to ride,
Forty full miles, if a foot, and the devils

Of red Comanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his steed,
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed—
"Pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you, if ever, for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride!
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in its ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them, cinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers¹,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold
And gold-mounted Colt's, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse -
Tossed head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and nerve till the arid earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles?...thirty miles...a dim distant speck...
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos was in sight,

And I rose in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire flickered through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then—and nose and, neck and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager eyes fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head,
With a look of delight; for neither courage nor bribe,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santa Fé
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride,
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war chief of his tribe,
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue

I should escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
And await her - and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now, as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape - a love - a desire -
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts, and a sound as of thunder -
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them, and wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died -
Till they died with a wild and desolate moan,
As a sea heartbroken on the hard brown stone...
And into the Brazos - I rode all alone -
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then, just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck the other side.

The New McGuffey Fifth Reader, 1901

* See the note following the next selection.

One of the greatest parts of this poem is the description of love, real love (which I placed in italics); compare that with *The Glove and the Lions*.

1. Macheers, tapidaros, catenas, serapes, are ornaments or articles of clothing worn or carried by the frontiersman of the Southwest.

Here we have another story in verse from Joaquin Miller. Unlike the preceding story, however, this one describes not a single event, but an epoch in the making of a nation.



ACROSS THE PLAINS Joaquin Miller*

A tale half told and hardly understood;
The talk of bearded men that chanced to meet,
That lean'd on long quaint rifles in the wood,
That look'd in fellow-faces, spoke discreet
And low, as half in doubt and in defeat
Of hope; a tale it was of lands of gold
That lay toward the sun. Wild wing'd and fleet
It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
Unbridled men, and reach'd to where Ohio roll'd.

The long chain'd lines of yoked and patient steers;
The long white trains that pointed west,
Beyond the savage west; the hopes and fears
Of blunt untutored men, who hardly guess'd
Their course; the brave and silent women, dress'd
In homely homespun attire, the boys in bands,
The cheery babes that laughed at all, and bless'd
The doubting hearts with laughing uplifted hands.

The plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll
Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
And iron chain; and lo! at last the whole
Vast line, that reach'd as if to touch its goal,
Began to stretch and stream away and wind
Toward the west, as if with one control;
Then hope loomed fair and home lay far behind;
Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their kind.

The way lay wide and green and fresh as seas,
And far away as any reach of wave:
The sunny streams went by in a belt of trees;
And here and there the tassell'd tawny brave
Swept by on horse, look'd back, stretch'd forth and gave
A yell of hell, and then did wheel and rein
Awhile, and point away, dark-brow'd and grave,
Into the far and dim and distant plain
With signs and prophecies, and then plunged on again.

Some hills at last began to lift and break;
Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
The somber plain began betime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
It stretch'd its naked breast on every side.
A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
Amid the deserts; cattle lowed and died,
And dying men went by with broken tread,
And left a long black serpent-line of wreck and dead.

Strange hunger'd birds, black-wing'd and still as death,
And crown'd of red, with hooked beaks, flew low
And close about, till we could touch their breath -
Strange unnamed birds, that seemed to come and go
In circles now, and now direct and slow,
Continual, yet never touched the earth;
Slim foxes shied and shuttled to and fro
At times across the dusty, weary dearth
Of life, look'd back, then sank like crickets in a hearth.

The dust arose, a long dim line, like smoke
From out a riven earth. The wheels went by,
The thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and fill'd the train!
It seemed to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust, alas! on the breasts that rose not up again.

They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
Their tongues and fairly call'd across the lands.
The babes, that knew not what the way through sands

Could mean, would ask if it would end to-day...
The panting wolves slid by, red eyed, in bands,
To streams beyond. The men look'd far away,
And silent saw that all a boundless desert lay.

They rose by night: they struggled on and on
As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
Beside the dusty way, before the dawn,
Men silent laid them down in their despair,
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!
May men have the strength to give to you your due;
You falter'd not, nor murmured anywhere,
You held your babes, held to your course, and you
Bore on through burning hell your double burdens through.

They stood at last, the decimated few,
Above a land of running streams, and they..?
They push'd aside the boughs, and peering through,
Beheld afar the cool, refreshing bay;
Then some did curse, and some bend hands to pray;
But some look'd back upon the desert, wide
And desolate with death, then all the day
They wept. But one, with nothing left beside
His dog to love, crept down among the ferns and died.

I stand upon the green Sierra's wall;
Toward the east, beyond the yellow grass,
I see the broken hill-tops lift and fall,
Then sands that shimmer like a sea of glass,
In the shimmering summer days that pass.
There lies the nation's great highroad of dead.
Forgotten, aye, unnumber'd, and, alas!
Unchronicled in deed or death; instead,
The stiff aristocrat lifts high a lordly head.

My brave and unremember'd heroes, rest:
You fell in silence, silent lie and sleep.
Sleep on unsung, for this, I say, were best;
The world today has hardly care to weep;
The world today will hardly care to keep
In her heart her plain and unpretending brave.
The desert winds, they whistle by and sweep
About you; brown'd and russet grasses wave
Along a thousand leagues that lie one common grave.

The proud and careless pass in palace car
Along the line you blazon'd white with bones;
Pass swift to people and possess and mar
Your lands with monuments and letter'd stones
Unto themselves. His everlasting hand has drawn
A shining line around you. Wealth bemoans
The waste your splendid grave employs. Sleep on;
No hand shall touch your dust this side of God and dawn.

Pacific Coast Series Fifth Reader, 1874

*Cincinnatus H. Miller, the "poet of the Sierras," was born in Indiana in 1841. When he was thirteen, the family crossed the country to settle in Oregon. He became famous as a poet under the name Joaquin (Wau-keen) Miller, chronicling in poetry, as an eye-witness, to the building of a nation; and remembering the heroic struggles of plain folk "Unchronicled in deed or death", crowded out of history by the "aristocrat". This selection is from the volume "Songs of the Sun-Lands."



The Falls at Lodore, Scotland.

The following can be called a 'descriptive poem', because it describes something, although as a poem it is difficult to describe; it might even be called 'nonsense verse'. It is all rhythm and rhyme, and we won't worry about the structure, just enjoy it. When students first saw this poem, they were required to read it aloud. Think of trying to read this out loud, with a straight face. Better yet, try it yourself.

HOW DOES THE WATER COME DOWN AT LODORE¹?

Robert Southey*

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.

Anon, at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.

So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
That so I should sing,
Because I was laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the turn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

And thence at departing
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it goes darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war raging
Its caverns and rocks among;

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,

Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing;

And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,

And gurgling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
and glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling;

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

*Southey (1774-1843) was a poet of the "Romantic School" and England's poet laureate for thirty years, until his death. Southey was also a prolific writer in many other genres including serious history and political works, and children's stories. He wrote *The Three Bears* that morphed into what we know today as *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*.

You can set anything to rhyme, from silly to sublime; here's a fine example, though only a small sample. It is poetry dubbed 'nonsense'; and yet, it makes some sense. Still, poems are more than rhyme, as we'll see in due time.



THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER¹
Lewis Carroll*

"The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it *would* be grand!'
'If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
That they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

'O Oysters, come and walk with us!'
The Walrus did beseech.

'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —



And whether pigs have wings."But wait a
bit,' the Oysters cried,
'Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!'

'No hurry!' said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
'Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.'

'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
'After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!'
'The night is fine,' the Walrus said.
Do you admire the view?

It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!
The Carpenter said nothing but
'Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!'

'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,
'To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!'
The Carpenter said nothing but
'The butter's spread too thick!'

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said:
'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,
'You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one."

The Heath Third Reader, 1903

*Lewis Carroll was the pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1832-1898. He is best known as the author of "children's books", although he was also a scholar, mathematician of some note, and Deacon in the Church of England.

1. From *Through the Looking Glass*, a sequel to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

We won't consider the structure of that last poem either, only the content, which consists in large part of puns and irony. Though the rhymes in every other line are obvious, the meter, that is, the rhythm of stressed and unstressed syllables, is not obvious. The meter is subordinate to the sense of the poem, but that is not always the case.

In the 19th Century, when these school books were written, the structure of poetry was very much a subject of study; in-depth study. We won't go in-depth, but just as examples, we will look at the basic structure of poetic verse in the next few selections.

They consist of two line couplets with the rhyme scheme of ABAB - the A's in the first line rhymes with the A's in the third line, likewise the B's.

Pilgrim's Song has four couplets, and is so short that it is not divided into stanzas. *Safety In God*, however, is divided into four line stanzas (which are also sentences) separated by a break. Stanzas are the versal equivalent of paragraphs, but they are not always proper sentences.

Next we will look briefly at meter. The notes with the next two poems (in italics) were in the original textbooks. These consist of the two simplest types of meter - the pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables:

Iambic - unstressed/stressed
Trochaic - stressed/unstressed

In the following two poems, the stressed syllables are in bold in the first two couplets.

PILGRIM'S SONG George Whitfield*

*Trochaic and iambic, alternately.
Three trochaic feet with a long syllable added;
three iambic.*

Rise, my **soul**, and **stretch** thy **wings**,
Thy **better** **portion** **trace**;
Rise from **transitory** things,
Towards **heaven**, thy **native** **place**.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay -
Time shall soon this earth remove -
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

The Reader's Guide, 1836

*Whitfield, 1714-1770, was a powerful evangelist, and a prominent figure in the "Awakening" that was influential in the American Revolution and Constitutional deliberations.

SAFETY IN GOD
Isaac Watts*

Iambic. Four feet. Called long meter.

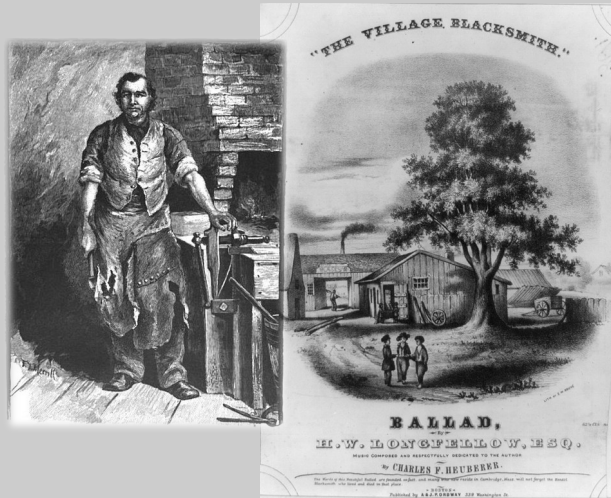
God **is** the **refuge of** his **saints**,
When **storms** of **sharp** distress **invade**;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

The Reader's Guide, 1836

*Watts, 1674-1748, was a prominent English minister and hymn writer.

The following four poems tell stories, but their chief function is 'emotive', that is to create an emotion in the reader. Often poetry is more emotive than prose. We see here a six-line stanza beginning with the ABABCB rhyme scheme, but soon varying.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH Longfellow*

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and brawny hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees the task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882, is considered one of America's greatest poets.

This poem consists of eight line stanzas with a rhyme scheme of ABCB.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

Anonymous

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I always weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left mark
On hands, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bears;
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader, Revised Edition. 1879

This poem is not divided into stanzas, but consists of rhymed couplets with the rhyme scheme AABBC.

NOT ONE CHILD TO SPARE

Mrs. E. L. Beers

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John - John looked at me,
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,
As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert Said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter: I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye be given."
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this: "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
Her auburn curls like gold a-light,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her, not her."
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave
Bid us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no,
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote, in a courteous way,
We could not drive one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1892

FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN
Anonymous

Our father's growing old, John!
His eyes are growing dim,
And years are on his shoulders laid -
A heavy weight for him.
And you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make his load as light
And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John,
At cradle and the plough,
And earned our porridge by the sweat
That trickled down his brow.
Yet never heard we him complain,
Whate'er his toil might be,
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat
Upon his solid knee.

And when our boy-strength came, John,
And sturdy grew each limb,
He brought us to the yellow field,
To share the toil with him;
But he went foremost in the swath,
Tossing aside the grain,
Just like the plough that heaves the soil,
Or ships that cleave the main.

Now we must lead the van, John,
Through weather foul and fair,
And let the old man read and doze,
And tilt his easy-chair;
And he'll not mind it, John you know,
At eve to tell us o'er
Those brave old days of British times -
Our grandsires and the war.

I heard you speak of ma'am, John;
'T is Gospel what you say,
That caring for the like of us
Has turned her hair to gray?
Yet, John, I do remember well
When neighbors called her vain,

And when her hair was long, and like
A gleaming sheaf of grain.

Her lips were cherry red, John,
Her cheeks were round and fair,
And like a ripened peach they swelled
Against her wavy hair.
Her step fell lightly as the leaf
From off the summer tree,
And all day busy at the wheel,
She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John,
That wielded well the rod,
Whene'er with willful step our feet
The path forbidden trod;
But to the heaven of her eye
We never looked in vain,
And evermore our yielding cry
Brought down her tears like rain.

But this is long ago, John,
And we are what we are,
And little heed we, day by day,
Her fading cheek and hair:
And when beneath her faithful breast
The tides no longer stir,
'T is then John, we the most shall feel
We had no friend like her!

Yes, father's growing old, John,
His eyes are getting dim,
And mother's treading softly down
The deep descent with him;
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make their path as smooth
And level as we can.

Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

What we call 'poetry' does not always consist in rhyming sounds. In the Hebrew of the Old Testament, poetry consists of 'parallel verses', or what we might call 'rhyming thoughts'; expressing the same thought in two slightly different ways. We can see that in the following Psalm where the lines of couplets compliment, or emphasize each other.

THE KING OF GLORY
Psalm XXIV, A Psalm of David

First Voice

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,
The world and they that dwell therein;
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Second Voice

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?

Third Voice

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart,
Who hath not lifted up his heart in vanity,
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

All

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Fourth Voice

Who is the King of Glory?

Fifth Voice

The Lord strong and mighty;
The Lord mighty in battle.

All

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Sixth Voice

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

All

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1872

We will now move on to another literary form – the dialogue. In this selection, Ben Franklin has a humorous dialogue with himself (as the gout).

DIALOGUE WITH THE GOUT¹

Benjamin Franklin

Franklin – Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout – Many things: you have eaten and drunk too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin – Who is it that accuses me?

Gout – It is I, even I, the Gout.

Franklin – What! my enemy in person?

Gout – No; not your enemy.

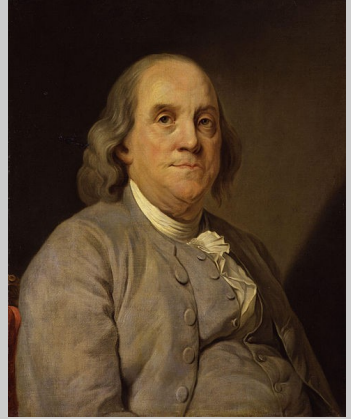
Franklin – I repeat it, my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name. You reproach me as a glutton and a tippler: now, all the world that knows me will allow that I am neither one nor the other.

Gout – The world may think as it pleases: it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another who never takes any.

Franklin – I take – eh! oh! – as much exercise – eh! – as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

Gout – Not a jot. Your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. you ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at something.

But let us examine the course of your life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of getting an appetite for breakfast by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which are commonly not worth the reading.



You eat an inordinate breakfast; four dishes of tea, with cream, one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef - which, I fancy, are not things the most easily digested.

Immediately afterward, you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes until one, without any kind of bodily exercise.

But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition; but what of your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined would be the choice of men of sense; yours is, to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours.

This is your perpetual recreation: the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapped in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution.

What can be expected from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humors, and so purifying or dissipating them?

Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But, amid my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge - and that!

Franklin - Oh! eh! oh! oh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, madam, a truce with your corrections!

Gout - No, sir - no! I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good: therefore -

Franklin - It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often go out to dine and return in my carriage.

Gout - That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs.

By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all other; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hour's round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire.

Flatter yourself then no longer that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while He has given all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make proper use of yours.

Appleton's Fifth Reader, 1878

*Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790, American extraordinaire; writer, printer, statesman, scientist, philosopher, patriot who signed both the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution. Franklin was an exceptional genius, excelling in everything he turned his hand to, including, as we see here, humor.

1. Gout, a painful condition affecting joints, especially in the feet. It is exacerbated by overweight and rich foods.



The above image is of an ancient mosaic glorifying Alexander "the Great". But what is 'greatness', or should we ask 'What is true greatness?' That is the question at the center of the two following selections, though asked in two different ways, one in a contrived dialogue, and the other in plain declarative prose.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE ROBBER

Dr. John Aiken*

Alexander: What! art thou that Thracian robber of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber: I am a Thracian¹, and a soldier.

Alexander: A soldier! - a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Robber: What have I done of which you can complain?

Alexander: Hast thou not set at defiance of my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects?

Robber: Alexander, I am your captive. I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered, and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alexander: Speak freely, far be it from me to take advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Robber: I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

Alexander: Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

Robber: And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever - but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alexander: Still, what are you but a robber - a base, dishonest robber?

Robber: And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a few hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is, then, the difference, but that, as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alexander: But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Robber: I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischief we have done it.

Alexander: Leave me; take off his chains, and use him well. Are we, then, so much alike? Alexander like a robber? Let me reflect.

California State Series Third Reader, 1886

*Aiken, 1747-1822, was an English doctor and writer.

1. Thrace was an area east of Macedonia, and north east of Greece.

To depart from dialogue for a moment and put the question of greatness another way:

TRUE GREATNESS

Charles Sumner*

God only is great! is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Masillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased monarch of France, called in his own age 'Louis the Great'. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness. Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, benevolence, knowledge, and power. And as justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only.

Should all these qualities auspiciously combine in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal, supremely endowed, reflecting the image of his maker. But even knowledge and power, without those higher attributes, cannot constitute true greatness. It is by his goodness that God is most truly known; so, also, is the great man. When Moses said unto the lord: "Show me thy glory," the Lord said: "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are only memorable in the world's annals and those who are truly great. If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery or a false appreciation (understanding) of character has expressly awarded this title, we shall find its grievous inaptitude.

Alexander, drunk with victory and wine, whose remains after death, at the early age of thirty-two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great. Caesar, the ravager of distant lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great. Peter of Russia, the organizer of the material prosperity of his country, the murder of his own son—despotic, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great. Frederic of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous art of war, who played the game of robbery with "human lives for dice," was not truly great.

Surely there is no Christian grandeur in their careers. None of the beatitudes showered upon them a blessed influence. They were not poor in spirit, or meek, or merciful, or pure in heart. They did not hunger and thirst after justice. They were not peacemakers. They did not suffer persecution for justice's sake.

It is men like these that the good Abbé St. Pierre of France, in works that deserve well of mankind, has termed *illustrious* in contradistinction to *great*. Their influence has been extensive, their power mighty, their names have been famous: but they were

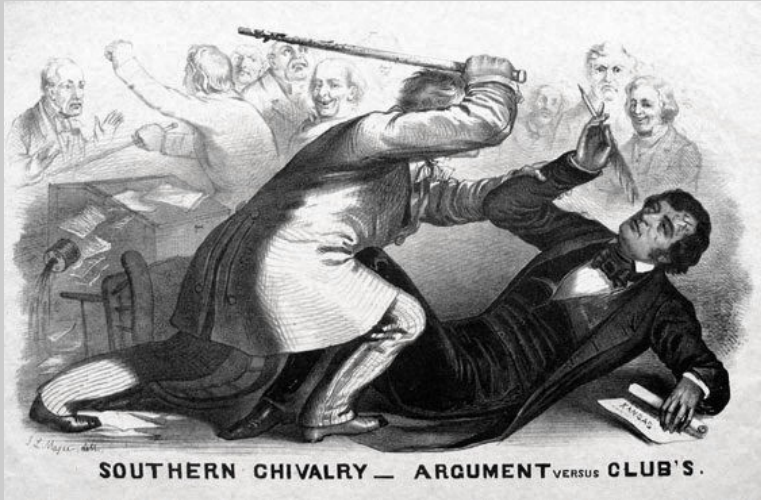
groveling, selfish, and inhuman in their aims, with little of love to God, and less to man.

...

Pacific Coast Series, Fifth Reader, 1874

An excerpt only.

*Sumner was an American lawyer, orator, writer, and politician of the Civil War era. As a Senator, he was a leader of the Republican anti-slavery movement. He was severely beaten, on the floor of the Senate by Democrat Rep. Preston Brooks, after a speech insulting Brooks' uncle, a pro-slavery Democrat Senator.



Now, we embark upon the literary form known as 'Allegory' with two of the most famous allegorical tales in the English language: John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle.

Many hardships, temptations and dangers lie in the pilgrim's path to the Celestial City, both in real life, and in John Bunyan's great allegorical story. In this episode, Pilgrim faces the Giant Despair; which in real life we might call 'depression', an enemy that has conquered many pilgrims.



DOUBTING CASTLE John Bunyan*

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep on his grounds.

Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bade them awake and asked them whence they were and what they did on his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any person to ask how they did. In this place Christian had double sorrow because it was through his counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence (self-doubt). So he told his wife what he had done, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further with them? So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound? And he told her. Then she counseled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crabtree cudgel, and goeth down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to

berating them as if they were dogs. Then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully in such sort that they were not able to help themselves or to turn upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress.

The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves.

So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?

But they desired him to let them go. With that, he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew and left them as before to consider what to do.

Towards evening the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive, and truly, alive was all. For now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they had received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

But, I say, he found them alive, at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether they had best take it or no.

Now the Giant's wife asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

The said she, "Take them into the castle yard tomorrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already dispatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard and shows them as his wife has bidden him.

"These," said he, "were once pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed on my grounds as you have done, and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do to you. Go, get down to your den again!" And with that, he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day Saturday in lamentable case as before.

Now, when night was come, Mistress Diffidence and her husband the Giant began to renew their discourse of the prisoners; and the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that, his wife replied:

"I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have pick-locks about them, by means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed broke out into this passionate speech: -

"What a fool," quoth he, "am I to lie in a dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That's good news; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt as he turned the lock gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went hard, yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but the gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe.

Now when they were gone over the stile (steps over a wall), they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at the stile to prevent those who should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this

stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the king of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many therefore that followed after read what was written and escaped the danger.

The Heath Fifth Reader, 1903

*Bunyan, 1628-1688, was an English Puritan preacher and writer beginning his career during Puritan leader Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate. With the Restoration of the Stuart Monarchy after Cromwell's death, Bunyan was imprisoned for refusing to conform to the Church of England doctrines. After twelve years, during which time he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, he was released; then arrested again for six months, then released shortly before the Glorious Revolution of 1688 again toppled the Stuart Monarchy and restored freedom of religion.

Doubting Castle is a very short section of the lengthy allegorical story *Pilgrim's Progress*. The story is set as a dream about a Christian's journey from the "City of Destruction" to the "Celestial City", during which the pilgrim has to face many difficulties, temptations and dangers. Like 'Christian', all the multitude of characters are personifications of these obstacles, and aides, along the king's highway - Giant Despair, Diffidence, Giant Grim, Mrs. Inconsiderate, Innocent, Envy, Faithful, Goodwill, Great Heart, etc.

In this selection, Christian has come a long way on his journey, but like any Christian, is apt to get off the King's road and get into trouble, even to fall under the power of despair, which we might more commonly call 'depression'. Despair is usually married to 'diffidence', a term meaning loss of confidence, of hope - in one's self, in the future, perhaps in God. Despair often, all too often, leads to suicide; but as in *Pilgrim's Progress*, God does provide a way out. Christian and Hopeful got on their knees before God, remembered His promises, and made their way back to the King's road. Today, people may regard this allegory as little more than children's fantasy, but it has been, for centuries, one of the most widely read books ever written, and selections were included in many of the old readers.

That continuing popularity, until the last two or three generations, underscores that the dangers of the journey today are very much like those of Bunyan's day, and the allegorical representations of Christian's battles are very relevant to our lives.

Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* has the distinction of being one of America's great contribution to allegory, being both an amusing fairy tale, and an allegorical account of alcoholism, a failed marriage, a suffering family, and a wasted life. Like John Bunyan, Washington Irving was of the Puritan persuasion, though of a more modern American version.



RIP VAN WINKLE Washington Irving*

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Katskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. At the foot of these mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.

In that same village, there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village. The children would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. He was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled away life in perfect contentment; but his wife kept dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on the family.

Rip had but one way of replying to all her lectures. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master. Times grew worse and worse with Rip as years rolled on. Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet (knapsack) with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Katskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a logging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time, Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from the distance hallowing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but

supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square built fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion; a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore a stout keg that seemed to be full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.

Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks toward which their rugged path conducted.

He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud.

During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly at what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high heeled shoes with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companions approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth countenances that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs for him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eyes were fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from which he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes - it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor - the mountain ravine - the wild retreat among the rocks - the woe-begone party at nine-pins - the flagon - "Oh! That wicked flagon!" thought Rip - what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked about for his gun, but instead of his clean, well oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling of, and the stock worm eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me,"

thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made a shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He was grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve in the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found that his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the outskirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered, it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors - strange faces at the windows - everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day

before. There stood the Katskill Mountains - there ran the silver Hudson at a distance - there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been.

Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay - the roof fallen in, the windows shuttered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children - the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn - but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the little Dutch inn of yore, there reared a tall naked pole, with something that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag of stars and stripes. All this was strange. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, but the red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, 'General Washington'.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Brummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious looking fellow, with pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens - election - members of Congress - liberty - Bunker's Hill - heroes of seventy-six - and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and

children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right or left with his elbows as he passed.

Planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! Gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of this place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders - "A Tory! - a Tory! - a spy! - a refugee! - hustle him! Away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for and whom he was seeking. The poor man assured them that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors. "Well, - who are they? - name them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! Why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point¹ - others say that he was drowned in a squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know - he never came back again."

"Where's Van Brummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war - Congress - Stony Point! - he hadn't courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else; that's me, yonder, - no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed; and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peek at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" he asked.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it is twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and has never been heard of since, - his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too has died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in fit of passion at a New England peddler."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he - "Young Rip Van Winkle once - old Rip Van Winkle now! - Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle - it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor."

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as but one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head - upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of his story, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point in which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Katskill but that they say Hendrick Hudson² and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

Howe's Fifth Reader. 1909

*Irving was one of the great early American novelists and essayists. He styled these stories of old New York as "A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIETRICH KNICKERBOCKER".

1. A bloody battle of the Revolutionary War.

2. Henry Hudson, an English explorer in pay of the Dutch East India Company to explore the Hudson River and Hudson's Bay area. After wintering in the wilderness, his determination to continue the exploration led crew members to mutiny and put Hudson, his son and several loyal crew members into a small boat and abandon them. Their fate is unknown to history.

Rip Van Winkle may have been the most ubiquitous story in all the readers, perhaps because it is not only an amusing fable, but, in the true Puritan spirit, an allegorical morality play. It's a tale of two people in a failed marriage, neither of whom abide by Biblical instruction - the husband to love his wife and support his family, the wife to honor her husband. That combination drives Rip to drink and bad companions that rob him of much of his life, including his opportunity to serve his country, subject the family to hardships, and pass on that bad character to the next generation.

The two illustrations are a popular children's illustration, and to the right, a painting of the famous actor Joseph Jefferson portraying Rip in a stage play that ran for many years. He's hoisting a glass to "Dis von don't count".

Does Irving's well turned phrase that Rip would "rather starve on a penny than work for a pound" have any relevance in today's world?

SECTION V

This section consists of an introduction to three of the great British writers of the Nineteenth Century, beginning with Sir Walter Scott, the oldest of the trio, and arguably the most influential.

The first selection, best known as 'Locinvar', is from "Marmion" by Scott - a story within a story. It is a song sung by Lady Heron as an act of defiance to her coming forced marriage.



LOCHINVAR or LADY HERON'S SONG Sir Walter Scott*

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best:
And, save his good broadsword, his weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war.
There never was knight like young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River, where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented - the gallant came too late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among tribesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword.
(For the poor craven bride groom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war.
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter - my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway (river), but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar -
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard (dance) did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the brides maidens whispered, "Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her head, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
near;
So light was the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgroves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

California Third Reader, 1886

*Sir Walter Scott was born in Scotland in 1771. He was trained for a profession in the law, and for much of his life practiced as a lawyer, and served as a deputy sheriff, but he was most interested in literature. He spent the latter part of his life writing ballads, poems and historical tales. He is considered the originator of the historical novel genre of literature.



Ivanhoe was one of the most important stories of the 19th Century "Romantic" period. It was popular as a novel, and made into stage plays, operettas, and later, into movies. *Ivanhoe* could be said to have been a trend setter in literature for a full century, and more. The following is a short excerpt from *Ivanhoe*.

THE TOURNAMENT AT TEMPLESTOWE¹

Sir Walter Scott

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of St. Michael of Templestowe broke short their argument. One by one the sullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo, ere the air was again filled by repetition of the iron knell (bell toll). These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Preceptory², expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights, two and two, the grand master coming last, mounted on a stately horse. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-à-pie (head to foot) in bright armor, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, yet reined his pawing warhorse with the ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the temple.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fichet and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other companions of the temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honor of being one of the knights of the order. After these came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans

might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. A coarse white dress of the simplest form had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tiltyard, and, entering the lists, marched around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile (wood pile where she was to be burned). On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for her, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying doubtless, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the grand master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his Order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud flourish of the trumpets announced that the court was seated for judgment. Malvoisin then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

“Valorous lord and reverend father,” said he, “here standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence’s feet, hath become bound to do his *devoir* (duty) in combat this day, to maintain that the Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a chapter of this most Holy order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress - here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honorable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure.”

“Hath he made oath,” said the Grand Master, “that his quarrel is just and honorable?”

“Sir and most reverend father,” answered Malvoisin, readily, “our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his

accusation in the hand of the good night Conrade de Mont-Fitchet.”

The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud: Oyez, oyez, oyez. - Here standeth the good night, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of the free blood who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca.” The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

“No champion appears for the appellant,” said the Grand Master. “Go, herald, ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause.”

The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated; and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse’s head toward that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca’s chair as soon as the herald.

“Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?” said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

“Albert de Malvoisin, it is,” answered Beaumanoir: “for in this appeal to the judgment of God we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel.”

In the meantime, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms: “Damsel, the honorable and reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day on thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?”

“Say to the Grand Master,” replied Rebecca, “that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of my own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delays as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man’s extremity, will raise up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space has passed, may His holy will be done!”

The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

“God forbid,” said Beaumanoir, “that a Jew or pagan should impeach us of injustice! Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so passed, let her prepare for death.”

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up toward heaven, seemed to expect that aid from

above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear; it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

“Rebecca,” said the Templar, “hear me, Rebecca,” he said, proceeding with animation: “a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed – on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. Mount, I say, behind me: in one short hour are pursuit and inquiry far behind.”

“Tempter,” said Rebecca, “begone! Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair’s breadth from my resting-place. Surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy.”

Albert Malvoisin now advanced to interrupt the conference.

“Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?” he demanded of Bois-Guilbert: “or is she resolute in her denial?”

“She is indeed resolute,” said Bois-Guilbert.

“Then,” said Malvoisin, “must thou, noble brother, resume thy place to attend the issue. The shades are changing on the circle of the dial.”

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight’s bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

It was the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess accused for sorcery; and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing toward the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, “A champion! – a champion!” And despite the prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly: “I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance

and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, Our Lady, and St. George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is a good knight, and of honorable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre, remember the passage of arms at Ashby, remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honor thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court of Europe, in every Preceptory of thine Order, unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe: "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honorably met with."

"Thus, thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God - to his keeping I commend myself. Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said, "I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce: "I do accept thee as the champion whom heaven hath sent me. Yet, no, no, thy wounds

are uncured. Meet not that proud man; why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice: "*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!*" After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on pain of instant death, should dare by word, cry, or action to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller* (go to it).

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charge each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and the vigorous steed of the Templar. The issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master "unshriven and unabsolved (not given sacraments) - kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed; the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened; but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he died the victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards.

Howe Fifth Reader, 1907

1. A selection from Ivanhoe.
2. The headquarters of a community of Knights Templars.

TRUE PATRIOTISM
Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand¹?
If such there breathes, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell.

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, powers, and pelf²
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897

1. Shore, strand line of the tide.
2. An archaic slang term for wealth.



This selection is taken from another of Scott's novels, but of a different sort. It is included here to illustrate a little known side of early American history - the connection of the English Civil War and the settlement of America.

AN INDIAN FIGHT¹

Sir Walter Scott

Among my wanderings, the transatlantic settlements have not escaped me; more especially the country of New England, into which our native land has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings from him his treasures so much that is precious in the eyes of God and of his children. There thousands of our best and most godly men - such as whose righteousness might come between the Almighty and his wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities - are content to be the inhabitants of the desert, rather encountering the unenlightened savages than stooping to extinguish, under the oppression practiced in Britain, the light that is within their own minds. There I remained for a time, during the wars which the colony maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem, as they were called, who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great, his dissimulation (deceit) profound, and the skill and promptness with which he maintained a destructive and desultory (scattered) warfare inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement.

I was, by chance, at a small village in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets. Nevertheless, there was no idea of any danger from the Indians at that time, for men trusted to the protection of a considerable body of troops, who had taken the field for the protection of the frontiers, and who lay, or were supposed to lie, betwixt the hamlet and the enemy's country. But they had to do with a foe whom the evil one himself had inspired at once with cunning and cruelty.

It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was constructed of wooden logs; but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes² amid the aisles of a minister, arise so sweetly to heaven as did the psalm in which we united at once our voices and our hearts! An excellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Nehemiah Solsgrace, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered looks and disheveled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted (hysterical) manner, screaming incessantly, "The Indians! The Indians!"

In that land, no man dares separate himself from his means of defense, and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the rebuilding of the Temple. So we sallied forth with our guns and pikes (spear-like weapons), and heard the whoop of these incarnate demons, already in possession of a great part of the town, and exercising their cruelty on the few whom weighty causes or indisposition had withheld from public worship; and it was remarked as a judgment, that, upon that bloody Sabbath, Adrian Hanson, a Dutchman, a man well enough disposed towards man, but whose mind was altogether given to worldly gain, was shot and scalped as he was summing his weekly gains in his warehouse. In fine (sum), there was much damage done; and although our arrival and entrance into combat did in some sort put them back, yet being surprised, and confused, and having no appointed leader of our band, the cruel enemy shot hard at us, and had some advantage.

It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children amid the report of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages, which they term their war whoop. Several houses in the upper part of the village were soon on fire; and the roaring of the flames, and crackling of the great beams as they blazed, added to the horrible confusion; while the smoke which the wind drove against us gave further advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were, invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire.

In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and, placing the women and children in the center, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased Heaven to send us unexpected assistance.

A tall man, of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore a sword and carried a gun. I never saw anything more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same

color. "Men and brethren," he said, in a voice like that which turns back the flight, "why sink your hearts? and why are you disquieted? Fear ye that the God whom we serve will give you up to yonder heathen dogs? Follow me, and you shall see this day that there is a captain in Israel."

He uttered a few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; such was the influence of his appearance, his mein (bearing), his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were hastily divided, by his orders, into two bodies; one of which maintained the defense of the village with more courage than ever, convinced that the unknown was sent by God to our rescue. At his command they assumed the best and most sheltered positions for exchanging their deadly fire with the Indians; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied from the town at the head of the other division of the New England men and, making a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear.

The surprise, as is usual amongst savages, had complete effect; for they doubted not that they were assailed in their turn, and placed between two hostile parties by the return of a detachment from the provincial army. The heathens fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of their warriors, that the tribe hath never recovered its loss.

Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and not they only, but the women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping knife, stood crowded around him, yet scarce venturing to approach his person, and more minded, perhaps, to worship him as a descended angel than to thank him as a fellow mortal.

"Not unto me be the glory," he said; "I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver. Bring me a cup of water, that I may allay my parched throat ere I assay the task of offering thanks where they are most due." I was nearest to him as he spoke, and I gave into his hand the water he requested. At that moment we exchanged glances, and it seemed to me that I recognized a noble friend whom I had long since deemed to be in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his knees, and signing us to obey him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice loud and clear as a war trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrow of the hearers.

I have heard many an act of devotion in my life, had Heaven vouchsafed me grace to profit by them; but such a prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled

triumph and adoration, was beyond them all; it was like the song of the inspired prophetess who dwelt beneath the palm tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent; and for a brief space we remained with our faces bent to the earth, no man daring to lift his head. At length we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer among us; nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued.

Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855

1. [This account of the attack upon a New England village by a band of Indians, and of their repulse, is taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Pevekil of the Peak*, and is there given by Major Bridgeworth, a Puritan soldier and gentleman, to Julian Pevekil, the hero of the story and the lover of Bridgeworth's daughter. The incident is substantially true, and took place at the town of Hadley, in Massachusetts, in 1675. William Goffe was the person whose opportune and unexpected appearance turned the tide of battle. He was one of the 'regicides', as they were popularly called; that is, one of the judges, by whom Charles I, King of England, was condemned to death.

Upon the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660, Goffe, together with Edward Whalley, his father-in-law (also one of King Charles' judges) fled to New England; and here they lived for many years, in strict seclusion, though more than one effort was made by the English government to arrest them. Whalley died in 1678, and Goffe about two years afterwards; both at Hadley. Here they had lived, since 1664, under the roof of Mr. Russel, the minister, who had two concealed rooms built in his house for their accommodation. They were both brave men and tried soldiers.

John Dixwell, another of the regicides, came also to New England, some time after Whalley and Goffe, and remained here till his death.]

The preceding explanation accompanied the story in Hilliard's Reader. The claim that the story is "substantially true" may be somewhat exaggerated, the details are lost in the fog of time, but it is certainly based upon actual events.

2. These are references to the ceremony of the Church of England, modeled on Roman Catholic ceremony, and the prevalence of foreign mercenaries and ministers at the Anglican services; as opposed to the simple services of the Puritan worshippers.

Perhaps with the exception of "The Charge of the Light Brigade", the "Idylls of the King" is the best known of Tennyson's works, which is depicted in this 19th Century painting by John Garrick.



THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR Alfred Lord Tennyson

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his nights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
There stood on a dark straight of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spoke King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of today unshoulders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep - the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,
Tho' Merlin swore that I should come again
To rule once more; but let what will be, be.
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I can not last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword - and how I row'd across

And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In after time, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;
Watch what thou seest and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere;
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet, I thy hest(order) will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it that thou hast seen? Or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the craig."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:

“Thou hast betray’d thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.”
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere, Counting
the dewy pebbled, fix’d in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud;

“And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Such a precious thing, one worthy of note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good shall follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to after time, but empty breath
And rumors of doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, ‘King Arthur’s sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.’
So might some old man speak in after time
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost.”

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, –
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

The spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily;
“What is it thou hast seen? Or what hast heard?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the craig,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel's and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arc,
Shot like a streamer of the northern moon,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern Sea.
So flash's and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now I see by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him:
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times and drew him under the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, and with pain, reclining on his arm,
And Looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swifter strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on jets of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels -
And on a sudden, lo! The level lake,
And the glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending as they ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms

Black stoled, black hooded, like a dream - by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold - and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a wasteland, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me on the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept....

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! My Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
and every chance brought out a noble knight....
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest - if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with doubt) -
To the island valley of Avilion

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor wind blows loudly: but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea'
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Resolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Baldwin's Sixth Reader, 1897

Those grand last words of Arthur have taken on a literary life of their own and appear separately without reference to the original use, as they did in this California school book.

PRAYER
Alfred Lord Tennyson

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not their hands in prayer
Both for themselves and for those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

California State Series, Eighth Literature Reader, 1917

LADY CLARE
Alfred Lord Tennyson

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow (promise) they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betrothed were they:
They two shall wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can,"
She said, "Not so: but I will know,

If there be any faith in man."
"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear?
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother! she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown -
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest (dressed) like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood:

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed tomorrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

Monroe's Sixth Reader, 1872.

Wee Willie Winkie, not the nursery rhyme, but the short story by Kipling about the British in India, is sometimes said to be a "children's story". That, I suppose, is because the hero of the story is, in some ways, a child, "who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright." But the point of the story is that the definition of 'man' and 'boy' is not just about age and size.

The story was very popular as we see from the cover of this copy of "Child Stories" sold in India. Today, however, it would scandalize many people who would accuse it of every politically incorrect crime; but judge that for yourself. It would be hard to understand Kipling, without taking into consideration his "Recessional", the following selection.



WEE WILLIE WINKIE: An Officer and a Gentleman Rudyard Kipling*

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's ayah (maid) called him Willie-Baba, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the ayah said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the Colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what Military Discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he, slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you mind being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the Commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the Station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Corry," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess (officers) and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummit's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis--henceforward to be called "Corry" for the sake of brevity - Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Corry returned his liking with interest. Corry had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword - just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Corry had promised him a terrier puppy; and Corry had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more - Corry had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it.

Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Corry with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Corry be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing--vehemently kissing - a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Corry so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Corry ought first to be consulted.

"Coppo," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—"I want to see you, Coppo!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppo, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a tea-cup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked:—"I say, Coppo, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppo's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight (two weeks). There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. "But ve groom didn't see. I said, 'Hut jao (go away).'"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppo, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppo, enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days - hang it, how can I make you see it! - I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppo, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble." said Coppo, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie, briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink you'd do vat, Cobby."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Cobby, gravely. "But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I must vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie,

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Cobby?"

"Awfully!" said Cobby.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha - or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Cobby. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the Regiment and - all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Cobby rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like - tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Cobby, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Cobby should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Cobby's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Cobby's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Cobby kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little

hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment--deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days confinement to barracks, the house and veranda, coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery, called by him "my quarters," Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awest," said Wee Willie Winkie, mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house - that was not forbidden - and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.
"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river - dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy - the almost almighty Coppy - had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins - a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men.

Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then, broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all

others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mould of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of Humanity, He turned into the road, leaned forward; and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the Police-post when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her over night, that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce, ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are you doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody - not even Coppy - must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and - I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belong to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie, disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming--one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must always look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the Princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto (corrupted dialect) that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically "Jao!" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong, Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you - I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These were the Bad Men-worse than Goblins-and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's ayah, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future Colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little Sahib Bahadur," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly, - "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular - and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three - was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying:-"O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. Our villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their God, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the Color Sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each Room Corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e couldn't fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy, "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river-sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a look-out fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The pulton (infantry regiment) are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwyl!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap. And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a

lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Copsy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I knew she didn't ought to go across ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Copsy--"a pukka (genuine) hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any no more, I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

California State Series, Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917

*Kipling, 1865-1936, was a prominent British author, whose stories are still widely read, and formed the basis of many Hollywood movies in times past. He was born in British India and most of his work dealt with the British Empire in India. That era is long gone, for better and for worse - the white man is no longer the dominant race, British India split apart in civil war, social relationships have changed greatly; but, contrary to what some may think, there is much to admire in young Percival.

Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, 1897



RECESSIONAL¹
Rudyard Kipling

God of our fathers, known of old -
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine -
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget - lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies -
 The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart -
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget - lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away -
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget - lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe -
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds, without the law -
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget - lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts its trust
 In reeking tube, and iron shard -
All valiant dust, that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard -
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

California State Series: Eight Year Literature Reader, 1917

1. Following is the original introduction to the selection above:

[This poem was written in 1897 for the close of the great festival held to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria. The world had never before seen such pomp and parade. From every portion of the great British Empire - the homeland, India, Australia, Canada, the island possessions - and from the other countries of the world, came thousands of people to the great celebration in London. Britain's soldiers and battleships were called home to take part in the great parade. Naturally Britain's glory and power were uppermost in the thoughts of the people. Then, at the close of the jubilee, Kipling wrote this poem to bring people down from the heights of pride and arrogance. The poem is really a prayer, and its title singularly appropriate; for the recessional hymn in church services is the hymn that concludes the services. The poem appeared just at the close of the great festival. Its effect was instant and tremendous. Soon everybody was repeating it. It is the greatest hymn written for many years.]

The following poem by Kipling, pictured to the right, falls into the classification of 'good advice', or it should, and did at one time, but such character, unfortunately, has fallen into disrepute.



IF

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowances for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss;
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

California State Series Eighth Year Literature Reader, 1917

SECTION VI

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG

E. H. Chapin*

Young friends, in whatever pursuits you may engage, you must not forget that the lawful objects of human efforts are but means to higher results and nobler ends. Start not forward in life with the idea of becoming mere seekers of pleasure, - sportive butterflies searching for gaudy flowers. Consider and act with reference to the true ends of existence.

This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of your life touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity. These thoughts and motives within you stir the pulses of a deathless spirit. Act not, then, as mere creatures of this life, who, for a little while, are to walk the valleys and the hills, to enjoy the sunshine and to breathe the air, and then pass away and be no more; but *act* as immortals, with an *aim* and a *purpose* worthy of your high nature.

Set before you, as the chief object to be obtained, an *end* that is superior to any on earth, - *a desirable end*, A PERFECT END. Labor to accomplish a work which shall survive unchanged and beautiful, when time shall have withered the garland of youth, when thrones of power and monuments of art shall have crumbled into ashes; and finally, aim to achieve something, which, when these our mutable and perishing voices are hushed forever, shall live amid the songs and triumphs of IMMORTALITY.

Well will it be for you, if you have a *guide* within, which will aid you in every issue, which will arm you in every temptation, and comfort you in every sorrow. Consult, then, that Volume whose precepts will never fail you. Consult it with deep aspiration after the true and good, and it shall illuminate your understanding with divine realities. Open your soul, and it shall breathe into it a holy influence, and fill all its wants. Bind it close to your hearts; it will be a shield against all the assaults of evil. Read it in the lonely hour of desertion; it will be the best of companions. Open it when the voyage of life is troubled; it is a sure chart. Study it in poverty; it will unhoard (release) to you inexhaustible riches. Commune with it in sickness; it contains the medicine of the soul. Clasp it when dying, it is the charter of immortality.

Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

*Edwin Hubbell Chapin, 1814-1880, was an influential American preacher, poet, writer and editor.

To what "Volume" does this advice refer?

SELECT SENTENCES

From the *Art of Thinking*

To be angry is to punish yourself for the fault of another.

The great error in conversation is to be fonder of speaking than of hearing.

He who cannot bear a jest, ought never to make one.

Our good or bad fortune depends greatly on the choice we make of our friends.

Nothing blunts the edge of ridicule so effectually as good humor.

Scott's Lessons in Elocution, 1820

THE VENOMOUS WORM

John Russell*

Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of this country, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly that, compared with it, even the venom of a rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind is the object of this lesson.

This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch in diameter, but, as it is rarely seen except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of India to shun the deadly cobra.

Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlements, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses.

The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance; and delirium of a horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not infrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to all life, all the detestable passions that rankle the bosom of a savage; and such is the spell in which his senses are locked, that no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the destroyer for the sole purpose of being bitten again.

I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope that his son would be the "staff of his declining years," had supported him through many a sorrow.

Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the WORM OF THE STILL.

McGuffey's Fifth Reader

*An American journalist.

Condensation coils on an old fashioned moonshine still, the “venomous worm”.

This type of story on the dangers of alcohol are common in the old readers, part of the “Temperance Movement” and presaging the 18th Amendment and the Prohibition Era from 1920 to 1933.

Prohibition is ridiculed these days, but it was well intentioned to help a real problem. Its failure was a testimony of the fading influence of puritan ethics in America.

Smoking was also condemned in the old books, as seen in the next selection.



A PAPER OF TOBACCO

Alphonse Karr*

There is a family of poisonous plants, amongst which we may notice the henbane, the datura stramonium, and the tobacco plant. The tobacco plant is perhaps a little less poisonous than the datura, but it is more so than the henbane. Here is the tobacco plant, as fine a plant as you can wish to see. It grows to a height of six feet; and from the center of a tuft of leaves, of a beautiful green, shoot out elegant and graceful clusters of pink flowers.

For a long while the tobacco plant grew unknown and solitary in the wilds of America. The savages, to whom we had given brandy gave us in exchange tobacco, with the smoke of which, they used to intoxicate themselves on grand occasions. The intercourse between the two worlds began by this amiable exchange of poisons.

Those who first thought of putting tobacco dust up their noses were at first laughed at, and then persecuted more or less. James I of England wrote, against snuff takers, a book entitled *Misocapnos* (smoke hater). Some years later, Pope Urban VIII excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the penalty of excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorized the beadles (ushers) to confiscate the snuff boxes to their own use. Amurath IV (Turkish Sultan) forbade the use of snuff under pain of having the nose cut off.

No useful plant could have withstood such attacks. If, before this invention, a man had been found to say, "Let us seek the means of filling the coffers of the state by a voluntary tax; let us set about selling something which everybody will like to do without: in America there is a plant essentially poisonous; if from its leaves you extract an empyreumatic (burnt odor) oil, a single drop of it will cause an animal to die in horrible convulsions; suppose we offer this plant for sale chopped up or reduced to a powder; we will sell it very dear, and tell people to stuff the powder up their noses ..."

"That is to say," might a hearer remark, "I suppose you will force them to do so by law?"

"Not a bit of it: I spoke of a voluntary tax. As to the portion we chop up, we will tell them to inhale it, and swallow a little of the smoke from it besides."

"But it will kill them - "

"No; they will become rather pale, perhaps feel giddy, spit blood, and suffer from colics (stomach ache), or have pains in the chest,

that's all. Besides, you know, although it has been often said that habit is second nature, people are not yet aware how completely man resembles the knife of which the blade first and then the handle has been changed two or three times. In man there is sometimes no nature left; nothing but habit remains. People will become like Mithridates¹, who learnt to live on poisons.

“The first time that a man will smoke he will feel sickness, nausea, giddiness, and colics; but that will go off by degrees, and in time he will get so accustomed to it that he will feel such symptoms only now and then, - when he smokes tobacco that is particularly bad, or too strong, or when he is not well, and in five or six other cases. Those who take it in powder will sneeze, have a disagreeable odor, lose the sense of smelling, and establish in their nose a sort of perpetual blister.”

“Then I suppose it smells very nice?”

“Quite the reverse. It has an unpleasant smell; but, as I said, we'll sell it very dear, and reserve to ourselves the monopoly of it.”

“My good friend,” one would have said to anyone absurd enough to hold a similar view, “nobody will envy you the privilege of selling a weed that no one will care to buy. You might as well open a shop and write on it, Kicks sold here; or, Such-a-one sells blows, wholesale and retail. You can find as many customers as for your poisonous weed.”

Well, who would have believed that the first speaker was right, and that the tobacco speculation would answer perfectly? The King's of France have written no satires against snuff, have had no noses cut off, no snuff boxes confiscated. Far from it. They have sold tobacco, laid an impost (tax) on noses, and given snuff boxes, with their portraits on it and diamonds all round, to poets. This little trade has brought them in I don't know how many millions a year. The potato was far more difficult to popularize, and has still some adversaries.

Sargent's Fifth Reader, 1854

*Karr was a French writer, and botany enthusiast. This piece is a satirical commentary on the French government's tobacco sale monopoly.

1. A legendary king so worried about being poisoned that he accustomed himself to poisons by taking small doses.

HANDSOME IS AS THAT HANDSOME DOES

Anonymous

"Handsome is that handsome does, hold up your heads, girls," was the language of Primrose, in the play¹, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you.

Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. The mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features just as the calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

"Hold up your heads, girls," I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.

Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Segoe, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk and no wife to grind him corn."

Oh, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiseled from marble or wrought out on canvas; speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity, Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct.

And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do

we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony, --

"Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-ordered law,"

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance?

"I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding." In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the "*Journal of John Woolman*," there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow-beings: "Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a divine harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance."

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

1. Evidently a play based upon Goldsmith's novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF VIRTUE

Horace Mann

...know you not that there are forms of loftier beauty than any which ever shone in the galleries of art; souls, *souls*, created in the very likeness of God, but now faded, blackened, defiled, deformed, yet still capable of renovation, still capable of being appareled in such celestial covering, and of bearing such a divine impress, as no skill of human artist can ever emulate?

...

Each day is a tablet which is put in your hands, unmarked by a single line. Your thoughts, your resolves, your deeds, for that day, are engraven upon it; it is then taken away and deposited in the chambers of the indestructible past. There, by an irreversible law of god, it must remain forever; nor time, nor decay, nor man, nor angels, can obliterate a word of its eternal record. Let that record be your glory, and not your shame, forever.

...

Grasp, then, this conception of your high destiny. Embody it in deeds. Your power to fulfill it is the choicest boon of heaven; and ere the habits, the morals, the institutions of society, pass beyond your reach forever, redeem them from all pollution, cast out from them the seeds of death and every element of decay, and imbue them with the immortal strength of knowledge, purity, and temperance.

Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897

THE WAY TO WEALTH

Benjamin Franklin

Courteous Reader: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you.

I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short: for 'a word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering around him, he proceeded as follows: "Friends," said he, "the taxes indeed are very heavy; and, if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us.

"We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and of these taxes the commissioners can not ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. 'Heaven helps them who help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry,' and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave.

"Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough. Let us, then, be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Drive thy business, and let not that drive thee;' and 'early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So, what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting.' 'There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands.'

'He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor;' but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. Work while it is called today, for you know not how much you will be hindered tomorrow. 'One today is worth two tomorrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.'

"If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should find you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your country. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for constant dropping wears away stones,' and 'little strokes fell great oaks.'

"I think I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell you, my friends, what Poor Richard says: "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.'

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.'; and again, 'The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands;' and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.'

"A man's own care is profitable, for 'if you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.' 'A little neglect may breed great mischief.' 'For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse, the rider was lost,' being overtaken and slain by the enemy - all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone all his life, and die not worth a groat (small coin) at last. 'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting.' "The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and changeable families; for 'what maintains one vice would bring up

two children.’ Beware of little expenses. ‘Many a little makes a mickle (much);’ ‘A small leak will sink a great ship.’ Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them goods, but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you.

“You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may be, for less than cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: ‘Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.’ ‘Silks, satins, scarlet, and velvets put out the kitchen fire.’ These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them!

“By these and other extravagances, the greatest are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing. ‘If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a-sorrowing;’ and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again.

“It is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox. After all, this pride of appearance can not promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortunes.

“But what madness it must be to run in debt for superfluities! Think what you do when you run in debt; you give another power over your liberty. If you can not pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for ‘the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,’ as Poor Richard says; and again, ‘Lying rides upon debt’s back.’

“When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but ‘creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times.’ If you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. ‘Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.’

“This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but industry and frugality, and prudence may all be blasted without the blessing of heaven. Therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them.”

The old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary,

just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanac, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired anyone else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations.

However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, although I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. - I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

Appleton's School Reader, Fifth Reader, 1878

From "Poor Richard's Almanac" for the year 1758. Dr. Franklin write under the *nom de plume* (pen name) of "Richard Saunders," called also "Poor Richard." In this piece he makes a sort of collection of his rules of economy. The maxims contained in it are the key to thrift, and perhaps exercised more influence upon the American people belonging to the two generations succeeding the Revolution than any other writing.

RICHES AND POVERTY

Henry Ward Beecher*

When justly obtained, and rationally used, riches are called a gift of God, an evidence of His favor, and a great reward. When gathered unjustly, and corruptly used, wealth is pronounced as a canker, a rust, a fire, a curse. There is no contradiction, then, when the Bible persuades to industry and integrity, by a promise of riches; and then dissuades from wealth, as a terrible thing destroying soul and body. Blessings are vindictive to abusers, and kind to rightful users; they serve us or rule us. Fire warms our dwellings, or consumes them. Steam serves man, and also destroys him. Iron in the plough, the sickle, the house, the ship, is indispensable. The dirk, the assassin's knife, the cruel sword, and the spear are iron also.

The constitution of man, and of society alike, evinces the design of God. Both are made happier by the possession of riches; their full development and perfection are dependent, to a large extent, upon wealth. Without it, there can be neither books nor implements, neither commerce nor arts, neither towns nor cities. It is a folly to denounce that, a love of which God has placed in man by a constitutional faculty; that with which he has associated high grades of happiness; that which has motives touching every faculty of the mind. Wealth is an *Artist* - by its patronage men are encouraged to paint, to carve, to design, to build and adorn; a *Master Mechanic* - it inspires man to invent, to discover, to forge, and to fashion; a *Husbandman* - under its influence men rear the flock, till the earth, plant the vineyard, the field, the orchard, and the garden; a *Manufacturer* - it teaches men to card, to spin, to weave, to color and dress all useful fabrics; a *Merchant* - it sends forth ships, and fills warehouses with their returning cargoes gathered from every zone. It is the scholar's *Patron*; sustains his leisure, rewards his labor, builds the college, and gathers the library.

Is a man weak? he can buy the strong. Is he ignorant? the learned will serve his wealth. Is he rude of speech? he may procure the advocacy of the eloquent. The rich cannot buy honor, but honorable places that can; they cannot buy nobility, but they may its titles. Money cannot buy freshness of heart, but it can purchase every luxury which tempts to enjoyment. Laws are its bodyguard, and no earthly power may safely defy it, either while running in the swift channels of commerce or reposing in the reservoirs of ancient families. Here is a wonderful thing, that an inert metal, which neither thinks, nor feels, nor stirs, can set the whole world to thinking, planning, running, digging, fashioning, and drives on the sweaty mass with never ending labors!

Avarice seeks gold; not to build or buy therewith; not to clothe or feed itself, not to make it an instrument of wisdom, of skill, of friendship, or of religion. Avarice seeks to heap it up; to walk

around the pile, and gloat upon it; to fondle and court, to kiss and hug to the end of life, with the homage of idolatry.

Pride seeks it; for it gives power and place and titles, and exalts its possessor above his fellows. To be a thread in the fabric of life, just like any other thread, hoisted up and down by the treadle, played across by the shuttle, and woven tightly into the piece - this may suit humility, but not pride.

Vanity seeks it; what else can give it costly clothing, and rare ornaments, and stately dwellings, and showy equipage, and attract the admiring eyes to its gaudy colors and costly jewels?

Taste seeks it; because by it may be had whatever is beautiful, or refining, or instructive. What poverty has leisure for study, and how can it collect books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, coins or curiosities?

Love seeks it; to build a home full of delights for father, wife, or child. And, wisest of all, religion seeks it; to make it the messenger and servant of benevolence, to want, to suffering, and to ignorance.

What a sight does the busy world present, as of a great workshop, when hope and fear, love and pride, pleasure and avarice, separately or in partnership, drive on the universal race for wealth; delving into the mine, digging in the earth, sweltering at the forge, plying the shuttle, ploughing the waters - in houses, in shops, in stores, on the mountainside, or in the valley - by skill, by labor, by thought, by craft, by force, by traffic - all men, in all places, by all labors, fair and unfair, the world around, busy, busy, - ever searching for wealth, that wealth may supply their pleasures! ...

But I warn you against thinking that riches *necessarily* confer happiness; or that poverty confers unhappiness. Do not begin life supposing that you shall be heart-rich when you are purse-rich. A man's happiness depends primarily upon his *disposition*. If that be good, riches will bring pleasure, but only vexation if that be evil. To lavish money upon shining trifles, to make an idol of one's self for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond one's wants, to garnish them for display and not for use, to chatter through the heartless rounds of pleasure, to lounge, to gape, to simper and giggle - can wealth make *vanity* happy by such folly?

...

But riches indeed bless the heart whose almoner (worker of good deeds) is *benevolence*. If the taste is refined, if the affections are pure, if the conscience is honest, if charity listens to the needy, and generosity relieves them; if the public-spirited hand fosters all that embellishes and all that ennobles society - then is the rich man happy.

On the other hand, do not suppose that poverty is a waste and howling wilderness. There is a poverty of vice - mean, loathsome, covered with all the sores of depravity. There is a poverty of indolence - where virtues sleep and passions fret and bicker. There is a poverty which despondency (depression) makes a deep dungeon in which the victim wears hopeless chains. May God save you from that! ...But there is a contented poverty, in which industry and peace rule; and a joyful hope, which looks out into another world where riches shall neither fly nor fade.

This poverty may possess an independent mind, a heart ambitious of usefulness, a hand quick to sow the seed of other men's happiness and find its own joy in their enjoyment. ...If God open to your feet the way to wealth, enter it cheerfully; but remember that riches bless or curse you, as your own heart determines. But if circumscribed by necessity, you are still indigent, after all your industry, do not scorn poverty. There is often in the hut more dignity than in the palace - more satisfaction in the poor man's scanty fare than the rich man's satiety.

Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889

*Beecher was a prominent American Preacher.

GETTING THE RIGHT START

Anonymous

The first great lesson a young man should learn is that *he knows nothing*; and that the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind, and his success in life. A young man bred at home, and growing up in the light of parental admiration and fraternal pride, cannot really understand how it is that everyone else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. If bred in the country, and he seek the life of the town, he will very early obtain an idea of his insignificance.

This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning will decide his fate. If, at this time, he thoroughly comprehends, and in his soul admits and accepts the fact, that he knows nothing and is nothing; if he bow to the conviction that his mind and his person are but ciphers, and that whatever he is to be, and is to win, must be achieved by hard work, there is abundant hope for him.

If, on the contrary, a huge self-conceit still hold possession of him, and he straightens stiffly up to the assertion of his old and valueless self, or he sinks discouraged upon the threshold of a life of fierce competition, and more manly emulations, he might as well be a dead man. The world has no use for such a man, and he has only to retire (get out of the way) or be trodden upon.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended that he knows nothing, and that, intrinsically, he is of but little value, the next thing for him to learn is that the world cares nothing for him; that he is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration and esteem; that he must take care of himself.

...

When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, is he ready for work, and not before.

...

Beginning at the very foot of the hill, and working slowly to the top, seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwrecks of their lives.

...

So, day by day, and week by week; so month after month, and year by year, work on, and in that process gain strength, and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked for, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it, and keep it.

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

SECTION VII

SCENE WITH A PANTHER

C. B. Brown*

As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. While thus occupied, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle.

At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibers by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another, would be experienced myself.

I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition (speed) with which I should cross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in place by one or two fibers which were already stretched to breaking. To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak.

Just as I had disposed of this encumbrance, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly present itself. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry, which he, at that moment uttered, and which, by its its resemblance to the human voice, is particularly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untameable of that detested race.

The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastness (remoteness) of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely, that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod, without caution, the ruggedest and most solitary haunts.

Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defense.

The infrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provisions, made me neglect, on this occasion to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity (judgment) was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed.

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum (hiding place).

Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibers of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently, the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was lenient in comparison with being rent into pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose a portion of my existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length, he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me, the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrible visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit in which I

had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

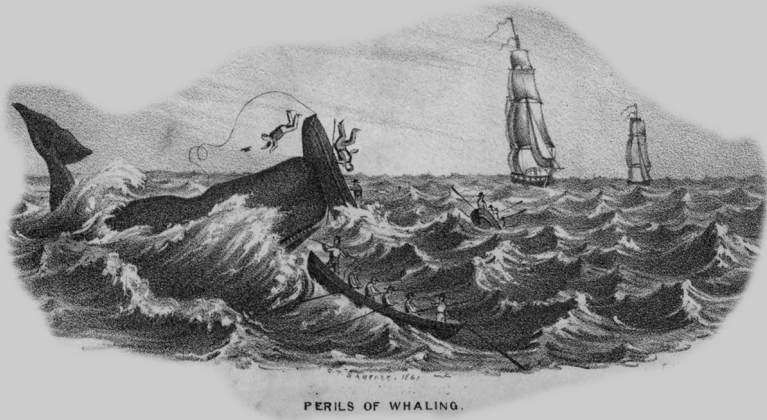
My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder at my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had it been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens, the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind-legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed, at first, as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

Still, there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his forelegs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

National Fifth Reader, 1866

*Charles Brockden Brown, 1771-1810, is known as the first American to make literature a paying career. The above selection is from his early mystery/murder novel, "*Edgar Huntley, the Memoirs of a Somnabulist*" (sleep walker). In this scene he has followed a murder suspect deep into the wilderness, and found himself enmeshed in an entirely new set of adventures.



A WHALING ADVENTURE¹

Frank T. Bullen

Through all the vicissitudes (changing events) of this strange voyage, I had hitherto felt pretty safe, and as the last thing a man anticipates is the possibility of coming to grief himself, while fully prepared to see everybody else go under, so I had come to think that, whoever got killed, I was safe from harm. This kind of feeling is a very pleasant one, and enables a man to face dangers with a light heart, which otherwise would make a nerveless animal of him.

In this optimistic mood, then, I gaily flung myself into my place in the mate's boat one morning, as we were departing in chase of a magnificent cachalot, or sperm whale, that had been discovered just after breakfast. There were no other vessels in sight, much to our satisfaction, the wind was light, with a cloudless sky, and the whale was dead (straight) to leeward of us. We sped along at a good rate toward our prospective victim, who was, in his leisurely enjoyment of life, calmly lolling on the surface, occasionally lifting his enormous tail out of water and letting it fall flat upon the surface with a boom audible for miles.

We were, as usual, the first boat; but, much to our mate's annoyance, when we were a short half mile from the whale, our mainsheet parted. It became immediately necessary to roll the sail up, lest its flapping should alarm the watchful monster, and this delayed us sufficiently to allow the other boats to shoot ahead of us. Thus, the second mate got fast (hooked on with a harpoon) some seconds before we arrived on the scene, and seeing this we furled sail, unshipped the mast, and went in on him with oars only.

At first the proceedings were quite of the usual character, our chief wielding his lance in most brilliant fashion, while not being fast to the animal allowed us much greater freedom in our

evolutions (movements); but that fatal habit of the mate's - of allowing his boat to take care of herself so long as he was getting in some good home thrusts - once more asserted itself. Although the whale was exceedingly vigorous, churning the sea into yeasty foam over an enormous area, there we wallowed close to him, right in the middle of the turmoil, actually courting disaster.

He had just settled down for a moment when, glancing over the gunwale, I saw his tail, like a vast shadow, sweeping away from us toward the second mate, who was lying off the other side of him. Before I had time to think, the mighty mass of gristle leaped into the sunshine, curved back from us like a huge bow. Then with a roar it came at us, released from its tension. Full on the broadside it struck us, sending every soul but me flying out of the wreckage as if fired from catapults. I did not go because my foot was jammed somehow in the well of the boat, but the wrench nearly pulled my thigh bone out of its socket.

I had hardly released my foot, when, towering above me, came the colossal head of the great creature, as he plowed through the bundle of debris that had just been a boat. There was an appalling roar of water in my ears, and darkness that might be felt all around. Yet, in the midst of it all, one thought predominated as clearly as if I had been turning it over in my mind in the quiet of my bunk aboard. "What if he should swallow me?" Nor to this day can I understand how I escaped the portals of his gullet, which of course gaped wide as a church door. But the agony of holding my breath soon overpowered every other feeling and thought, till just as something was going to snap inside my head, I rose to the surface. I was surrounded by a welter of bloody froth, which made it impossible for me to see; but oh, the air was sweet!

I struck out blindly, instinctively, although I could feel so strong an eddy that voluntary progress was out of the question. My hand touched and clung to a rope, which immediately towed me in some direction - I neither knew nor cared whither. Soon the motion ceased, and, with a seaman's instinct, I began to haul myself along by the rope I grasped, although no definite idea was in my mind as to where it was attached. Presently I came square up against something solid, the feel of which gathered all my scattered wits into one thought of dread. It was the whale! "Any port in a storm," I murmured, beginning to haul away again on my friendly line.

By dint of hard work I pulled myself right up the sloping, slippery bank of blubber, until I reached the iron, which, as luck would have it, was planted in that side of the carcass now uppermost. Carcass I said - well, certainly I had no idea of there being any life remaining within the vast mass beneath me; yet I had hardly time to take a couple of turns round myself with the rope (or whale line, as I had proved it to be), when I felt the great animal

quiver all over, and begin to forge ahead. I was now composed enough to remember that help could not be far away, and that my rescue, providing that I could keep above water, was but a question of a few minutes.

But I was hardly prepared for the whale's next move. His death being near at hand, the boats had drawn off a bit, and I could see nothing of them. Then I remembered the death struggles of the whale. Almost at the same moment they began; and there was I, who with fearful admiration had so often watched the titanic convulsions of a dying cachalot, actually involved in them. The turns were off my body, but I was able to twist a couple of turns round my arms, which, in case of his sounding (diving), I could readily let go.

Then all was lost in roar and rush, as of the heart of some mighty cataract, during which I was sometimes above, sometimes beneath, the water, but always clinging, with every ounce of energy still left, to the line. Now one thought was uppermost - "What if he should breach?" I had seen them do so when in the last struggles, leaping full twenty feet in the air. Then I prayed.

Quickly as all the preceding changes had passed, came perfect peace. There I lay, still alive, but so weak that although I could feel the turns slipping off my arms, and knew that I should slide off the slope of the whale's side into the sea if they did, I could make no effort to secure myself. Everything then passed away from me, just as if I had gone to sleep.

I do not at all understand how I kept my position, nor how long, but I awoke to the blessed sound of voices, and saw the second mate's boat alongside. Very gently and tenderly they lifted me into the boat, although I could hardly help screaming with agony when they touched me, so bruised and broken up did I feel. My arms must have been nearly torn from their sockets, for the strands of the whale line had cut deep into their flesh with the strain upon it, while my thigh was swollen enormously from the blow I received at the onset.

Mr. Cruce was the most surprised man I ever saw. For full ten minutes he stared at me with wide-open eyes. When at last he spoke, it was with difficulty, as if wanting words to express his astonishment. Then, in his broad sailor's brogue, he blurted out: "Where have you been all the time, anyhow? 'Cause if you've been hanging on that whale ever since your boat was smashed, why aren't you all to bits, hey?" I smiled feebly, but was too weak to talk, and presently went off again into a dead faint.

When I recovered, I was snug in my bunk aboard, but aching in every joint, and as sore as if I had been pounded with a club until I was bruised all over. During the day the first mate was kind enough to pay me a visit. With his usual luck, he had escaped

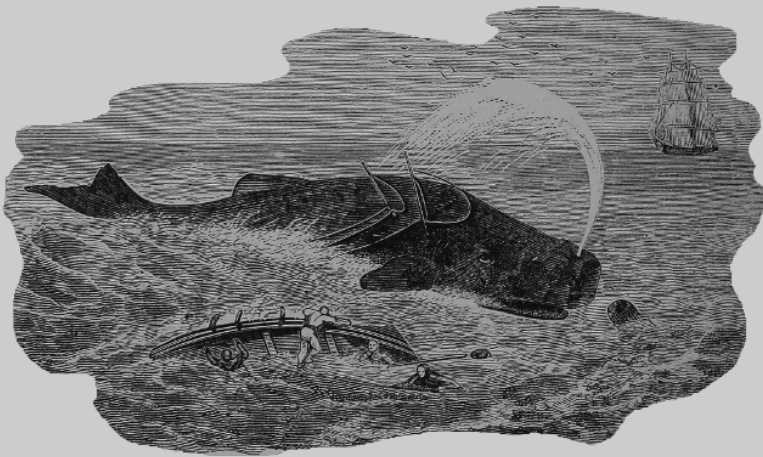
without the slightest injury; neither was any other member of the boat's crew the worse for the ducking but myself. He told me that the whale was one of the largest he had ever seen, and as fat as butter. The boat was an entire loss, so completely smashed to pieces that nothing of her or her gear had been recovered.

When my poor, weary shipmates came below from their heavy toil of cutting in, they were almost inclined to be envious of my comfort - small blame to them - though I would gladly have taken my place among them again could I have got rid of my hurts. But I was condemned to lie there for nearly three weeks before I was able to get about once more.

At last I managed to get on deck, quite a different looking man from what I was when I went below, and feeling about ten years older. I found the same sullen quiet reigning that I had noticed several times before when we had been unfortunate, and was told that although three whales had been taken, all were small and comparatively worthless.

The New McGuffey Firth Reader, Kentucky Series, 1901.

1. This extract is from *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, one of the most interesting of all books on whaling.





THE BIBLE IN A COAL MINE

Anonymous

Some years ago, I was on a visit to a friend who lived near a large colliery, or cluster of coal mines, where a great number of workmen were constantly employed. They had been very much neglected, having no church within a reasonable distance; and, except when some pious man came among them, they scarcely heard the name of the Lord otherwise than in the blasphemies which were too frequently uttered by themselves. My friend had been a very short time in that neighborhood; and, feeling for their miserable condition, he had taken the greatest pains, since his arrival, to do them good, but was often treated very rudely; for their way of life, and absence of all that can soften the character of a man, must, as you may suppose, make them very rough in their manners. My friend, however, was one who knew how to make allowance, and would not be discouraged, by the ill-behavior of a few, from seeking the salvation of all.

One morning he received a parcel from a distant town. He told me that it contained some Bibles which he had sent for, as two or three of the miners had expressed a willingness to subscribe for the word of God. And he hoped that the good effect would be seen, and that the Holy Spirit would cause the truth to take root and to flourish among them. He added, "There is one poor fellow, who is so anxious for his book that I must take it to him at once; for he wants to read it at his resting hours. Will you come with me, and visit what I can truly call 'regions of darkness' and of the 'shadow of death'?"

I had never gone into a mine, and wished to see one; and I hope that a better feeling than curiosity led me to agree readily with his proposal. He put a few Bibles into a small bag, and we set forth on our journey.

Dressed in our most ordinary clothes, we proceeded to the colliery where Tom Willis, the individual just mentioned, was at work. Having reached the shaft, or opening, my friend desired the men to let us down - which they did, by making us, in turn, seat ourselves in a large basket, and lowering it by ropes to the bottom. My friend went first; and wondering at the length of rope that they continued to unwind, I asked how far it was to the bottom. "A good leap, Master," answered one with a rather mischievous grin, - "about three hundred feet or so."

I had observed the sort of look with which these men had regarded the bag so carefully carried by my friend; and as the form of books could be easily seen, I had no doubt that their ill-will was excited by them. So sad is the enmity of the carnal mind against God, so unwelcome the message of love, and peace, and reconciliation.

Committing myself to the care of the Lord, I got into the basket as soon as it was drawn up; and I felt very giddy while swinging from side to side, and losing rapidly the cheerful light of day. It certainly appeared a long journey; but I found myself, at last, on my feet, and on solid ground. Taking the arm of my friend, we went on by the light of a lantern which was carried by the guide. After walking down a very slanting place, we came to the top of another, but much shallower shaft, and on reaching the bottom, had but a little way to walk before we came to the party among whom Tom Willis was at work.

There were, perhaps, six or seven employed in breaking the masses of coal from the sides of the pit, and the noise was terrible. So, indeed, was the appearance of the place, illuminated by candles stuck here and there in lanterns or lamps, and throwing a feeble light on the coarse black faces of the men close by them, while the farther part of the cavern was lost in total darkness.

We had chosen the time when the men would leave off work to get their noontide meal, and the clang of the iron implements soon ceased. They trimmed their lamps, got their baskets of provisions and sat down, each by his own heap of coal, to refresh themselves. My friend saluted them, and was civilly answered by all, while Willis expressed great delight on seeing him, and hearing what he had brought. Nothing, he said, could be more welcome, for he found the word of God so precious, whenever he could have an opportunity to hear it above ground, that he longed to possess it down in the pit, to read it at resting times, and to think on it when at work.

Do you then, said I, think much on what you hear, or read, out of that book?

"Indeed, Sir," he answered, "I've been used to think of very

different things; but since I saw my own state made out so plainly in the Bible, I can't think but the whole book concerns me, and therefore, I cannot tire of it."

"And do you pray too?", said my friend.

"It's poor praying, Sir, in the midst of such a clatter as we are obliged to keep up; but I lift my heart to God, through Christ, as well as I can; and at night, when above ground, I think I can affirm that I don't neglect to pray."

He took the Bible most thankfully, and my friend, showing the rest, asked if any man wished to secure one. Most of them gave a civil answer, declining it; but one, in a very surly way, said he did not pass all his days in that black hole of a place to earn a little money, and then lay it out for books.

"For Bibles, you mean," said one of his companions; "for you've an odd sixpence any day, when a songbook or jestbook comes across you."

"And what then?" said the surly miner; "if I please myself, who's to contradict me?" Other things he uttered, to the same purpose, showing his contempt for God's word, his defiance of God's law, and his determination to live in sin. We tried to reason with him, but to no purpose. Some of the rest, however, appeared to listen attentively; and, on a remark being made that their lives were exposed to more dangers than most men's, one of these said to the stubborn sinner, "You mark that, Dick, for you are always taking your candle out in the damp, and will be blown up some day or other."

"I'll trust to my luck for that," answered the bold transgressor - "I'll lay a wager on it that I live the longest of you all."

The conversation ended by Willis's saying to him, "Believe me, Dick Jones, you will be forced yet to give up trusting in luck, and glad to throw yourself on the mercy of a Savior whom you despise." We added a few words on the power and love of that Savior to whom every knee shall bow, either in willing duty, or in helpless despair; and we left the mine, rejoicing to have carried thither the word of life, and praying that we might not have spoken altogether in vain to the poor thoughtless creatures there employed. Of Tom Willis we agreed in thinking very favorably, as of one who had indeed found rest in Christ, and who was bearing a faithful testimony among his ungodly companions.

But how shall I tell you what followed? That very evening, while I sat conversing with my friend, admiring the beautiful appearance of the sky at sunset, and praying that the Sun of Righteousness might arise to shine upon those who were shut out the golden beams of day, a terrible noise was suddenly heard, followed by

shouts, and cries, and the running of people from all quarters to the spot whence the sound had proceeded. I asked my friend what it could be; and never shall I forget his pale and solemn countenance as he faintly answered, "An explosion of firedamp."

Firedamp is a vapor which often gathers in the coal pits, and is so inflammable that it will go off like gunpowder when touched by fire; and many a life is lost by it through the carelessness of the men in exposing their candles to this combustible air.

The noise, which was like the firing of a great canon, came from the very place we had visited in the morning; and, on hurrying thither, we found the people gathered about the same shaft. Alas, it was on the very party whom we had so lately warned, that the awful visitation had fallen; taking Willis with his Bible, Jones with his jestbook, and their companions just as the hour found them - all, all were dead. I saw the mangled remains when they had been dug out; and I saw the long train of weeping followers - the widows, orphans, childless parents, and mourning sisters - who attended them to their common grave on the next Sunday. My friend wept too, but there was joy in his tears when he looked on the coffin of Tom Willis, and reflected that his last day had been marked by a faithful confession of Christ as his only Savior.

The Readers Manual, 1839

Though this is an American school reader, the story appears to be British. It may well be taken from Sunday School literature; that is, the literature produced for people who could not attend regular school for work. Much literature was produced for these Sunday Schools in the 19th Century. It gives an idea of the hardships and dangers of coal mining in the old days.

We can also glean from this and several of the other selections, that life in general was harder in past centuries, at least in some ways; and that mankind's sin nature still makes life unnecessarily difficult and cruel even today.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

Hans Cristian Anderson*

Its was terribly cold; it snowed and was already almost dark, and evening come on, the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a poor little girl, bare-headed and barefoot, was walking through the streets.

When she left her own house she certainly had had slippers on; but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them till then, so big were they. The little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other, and run away with it. He thought he could use it very well as a cradle, some day when he had children of his own.

So now the little girl went with her little naked feet which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.

Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! The snow-flakes covered her long fair hair, which fell in pretty curls over her neck; but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining, and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare go home, for she had sold no matches, and did not bring a farthing of money. From her father she would certainly receive a beating and besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof through which the wind whistled, though the largest rents had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with the cold. Ah! a match might do her good, if she could only draw one from the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her hands at it. She drew one out. Sc-r-atch! how it sputtered and burned! It was a warm bright flame, like a little candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she sat before a great polished stove, with bright brass feet and a brass cover. How the fire burned! how comfortable it was! but the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the burned match in her hand.

A second was rubbed against the wall. It burned up, and when the light fell upon the wall it became transparent like a thin veil,

and she could see through it into the room. On the table a snow-white cloth was spread; upon it stood a shining dinner service; the roast goose smoked gloriously, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more splendid to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl.

Then the match went out, and only the thick, damp, cold wall was before. She lighted another match. Then she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas Tree; it was greater and more ornamented than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of candles burned upon the green branches, and colored pictures like those in the print shops looked down upon them. The little girl stretched forth her hand toward them; then the match went out. The Christmas lights mounted higher. She saw them now as stars in the sky; one of them fell down, forming a long line of fire.

"Now some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down a soul mounted up to God.

She rubbed another match against the wall; it became bright again, and in the brightness the old grandmother stood clear and shining, mild and lovely. "Grandmother!" cried the child, "O! take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will vanish like the warm fire, the warm food, and the great, glorious Christmas Tree!"

And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day; grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew in brightness and joy above the earth, very, very high, and up there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care - they were with God.

But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year. The New Year's sun rose upon a little corpse! The child sat there, stiff and cold, with the matches, of which one bundle was burned. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen, and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother to the New Year's Day.

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

*Anderson, 1805-1875, was a Danish writer, particularly remembered for children's fairy tales. Sadly, there was a time when poor children had to eke out a living as best they could, like selling matches on the street.

Now a story in a lighter vein.

AN ADVENTURE IN CALABRIA

Paul Louis Courier*

I was once traveling in Calabria (southern Italy), a land of wicked people, who, I believe, do not love anybody overmuch, and least of all a Frenchman. To tell you the why and the wherefore would take too long; suffice it to say, that they hate us with a deadly hatred, and that one of our countrymen who falls into their hands is not likely to fare very well. In these mountains the roads are precipices. It was with difficulty that my horse made his way over them. I had for a companion a young man who took the lead. Thinking that he had hit upon a shorter and more practical route, he led us astray. It served me right. What business had I to trust a head of only twenty years?

We sought, while the day lasted, our way through these woods; but the more we sought the more we were baffled; and it was black night when drew near to a very black looking house. We entered, - not without suspicion, - but what could we do? There we found a whole family of charcoal-burners (makers of charcoal) seated round a table, at which they forthwith invited us to take places. My young man did not wait for a second invitation. We soon made ourselves at home and began to eat and drink; or rather my companion did. As for myself, I was occupied in examining the place and the aspects of our hosts. That they were charcoal-burners, their faces gave ample pledge; but as for the house - you would have taken it for an arsenal.

What an assortment of guns, pistols, sabers, knives, and cutlasses! Everything displeased me, and I saw that I also displeased everybody. My comrade, on the contrary, made himself quite one of the family; laughed and chatted with them, and, with an imprudence that I ought to have foreseen (but, alas! fate would have it so), informed them whence we came, where we were going, who we were. He told them, in short, that we were Frenchmen! Conceive of it! We, all the while, poor bewildered travelers, far from all human succor, and in the power of our mortal enemies!

And then, as if to omit nothing that might contribute to our destruction, he played the rich man; promised to pay these people whatever they might ask for our entertainment, and for guides the next day. Then he spoke of his valise, requested that they would take particular care of it, and put it at the head of his bed, remarking that he wanted no better bolster. Ah! youth, youth, you are to be pitied. Cousin, one would have thought we had charge of the crown diamonds! All that there was in my companion's valise to occasion this amount of solicitude was a bundle of his sweetheart's letters!

Supper being ended, our hosts left us. They slept below, we in the room above that where we had supped. A loft, to which we had to mount seven or eight feet by a ladder, was our destined place of repose. It was a sort of nest, into which one had to insinuate himself by creeping under cross-beams, hung with provisions for the whole year. My comrade made his way up alone, and threw himself down, already half asleep, with his head on the precious valise. As for myself, I determined to watch; and making a good fire, I sat down near it.

The night wore away tranquilly enough, and was at length near its end. I was beginning to be reassured, when, just before the break of day, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing down stairs. Listening intently at the chimney, which communicated with that below, I distinctly heard the husband utter these words: "Well, come, must we kill them both?" To which the woman replied, "Yes:" and I heard nothing more. How shall I describe my emotions? I remained almost breathless, my whole body frigid as marble. To have seen me, you would not have known whether I was dead or alive. Ah! when I think of it, even now!

Two of us, almost without weapons, against twelve or fifteen, so remarkably well provided! And my comrade half-dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him - to make a noise - I did not dare; escape by myself I could not; the window was not very high from the ground, but beneath it were two savage bull-dogs, howling like wolves. Imagine, if you can, in what a dilemma I found myself. At the end of a long quarter of an hour I heard someone on the stairs, and through the cracks of the door, I saw the father, with a lamp in one hand, and one of his big knives in the other. Up he came, his wife after him, I behind the door: he opened it; but, before entering, he put down the lamp, which his wife took; then he entered barefoot, and she, outside, said, in a low tone, shading the light with her hand, "Softly, go softly!"

When he got to the ladder he mounted, holding the knife between the teeth. Approaching the head of the bed, where my poor young companion, with throat uncovered, was lying, with one hand the monster grasped his knife, and with the other - Ah! cousin - with the other - he seized a ham, which hung from the the ceiling, cut a slice, and retired as he had entered. The door closed, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone to my reflections.

As soon as the day dawned, all the family came bustling to waken us, as we had requested. They brought us something to eat, and spread, I assure you, a very clean and nice breakfast. Two chickens formed part of it, of which, our hostess told us, we were to eat one and take away the other. Seeing these, I at length comprehended the meaning of those terrible words, "*Must we kill them both?*"

Cousin, I have a favor to ask, do not tell this story. In the first place, as you cannot fail to perceive, I do not play a very enviable part in it. In the next place, you will spoil it. Indeed, I do not flatter: it is that face of yours which will ruin the effect of the recital. As for myself, without vanity I may say, I have just the countenance one ought to have in telling a tale of horror.

Sargent's Fifth Reader, 1854

*Courier was "a witty French writer, born 1773, assassinated 1825." This is from a "letter to the author's cousin". The story appears to be a parody of *The Adventures of Count Fathom*, an early crime-thriller with a similar (but not so amusing) scenario that appears in some of the old readers.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY

Jean Ingelow*

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it, and looks about him.

They soon leave the chimney pots behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedgerow, and he wishes he was down among the hazel bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts; then he sees a great wain (wagon) piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it; then they go through a little wood, and he likes to see the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the white road; and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he can not forbear to whoop and halloo, though he can't chase it to its nest.

The other passengers are delighted with his simplicity and childlike glee; and they encourage him to talk to them about the sea and ships, especially Her Majesty's ship "The Asp", wherein he has the honor to sail. In the jargon of the sea, he describes her many perfections, and enlarges on her peculiar advantages; he then confides to them how a certain middy (midshipman), having been ordered to the masthead as a punishment, had seen, while sitting on the topmast crosstrees, something uncommonly like the sea serpent - but, finding this hint received with incredulous smiles, he begins to tell them how he hopes that, some day, he shall be promoted to have that honor; they have no doubt he deserves it. His checks flush with pleasure to hear them say so, and he little thinks that they have no notion in what "that honor" may happen to consist.

The coach stops: the little midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money, and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for, in the spring, her husband went up to the city to seek for work. He got work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when alas! a fellow-workman wrote her word how he had met with an accident, how he was very ill and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But she has two young children, and is destitute; she must walk up all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him.

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her she makes him a curtsy, and he withdraws his hand and throws her down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the

railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick husband. The midshipman knows nothing about that; and he never will know.

The passengers go on talking - the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going; but there is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark-looking and restless; he sits apart; he has seen the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more narrowly than before.

He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy with the pockets full of money will be no match for him. The midshipman has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y___; the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run over to his home, through the great wood.

The man decides to get down too, and go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

No. There seems indeed little chance of escape; the half-fledged bird just fluttering down from its nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little light-hearted sailor boy will have against him - at least so thinks the man as he makes his plans.

The coach reaches the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "good evening," and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has got down also, and is following.

The path lies through the village churchyard; there is evening service, and door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman stops by the door, looks in, and listens. The clergyman has just risen, and is giving out his text. Thirteen months have past since the boy was within a house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure and awe induces him to stand still and listen.

"Are not two sparrows (he hears) sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father's (will). But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." (Mat. 10: 29-31)

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of a calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is now filled with the echoes of

his voice and of his prayers. He thinks on what the clergyman said, of the care of our heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful that he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, which he supposes he shall be some day - he hopes, that then the providence of God will watch over him, and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.

The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy club; he suffers (allows) the boy to go on before, and then he comes out and follows him. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear, for he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly, with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he can not keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he startles a young white owl that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along, close to the ground, before him. He gains upon it; another moment, and it will be his. Now it gets the start again; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted; he knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the path he has left; if only he runs a little faster, he shall be at home nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right; the man takes the left, and the faster they both run the farther they are asunder.

The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed it altogether, and his feet are on the soft ground. He flounders about among the trees, vexed with himself, and panting after his race. At last he finds another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. He has lost his way - but he keeps bearing to the left; and, though it is now dark, he thinks that he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on. O, little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept in the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you

might have outrun him; or if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running on straight to your death, for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. O, that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds; and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stone, stumbles and falls. Two minutes more and he will roll into the black water.

"Heyday!" cries the boy, "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thorn bush! Oh, my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; I shouldn't have cared for rolling down if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray in a wood at night again. There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn off my back!"

With a good deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which arrested his progress, when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble up the bank, and makes the best of his way through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water; and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snowdrift. But the boy is deep in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes, it is too true; the boy is in the cross track. He will pass the cottage in the wood directly, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but, as he passes the cottage, he is so thirsty that he thinks he must ask the people if they will sell him a cup of tea.

He enters without ceremony. "Tea?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper. "No, we have no tea; but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in, and shuts the door; and, while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on with the club in his hand, and is angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave.

Fast and faster the man runs on, and, as fast as he can, the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is plowing up a furrowed mass of gray cloud, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with his weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears the joyish whoop - not before, but behind him. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his club to strike when the boy shall pass.

On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a little gig (buggy).

"Halloa?" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What! benighted, youngster?"

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Davis?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the wood."

The man draws farther back among the shrubs, "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way. The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lonely place to be in this time o' night."

"Lonely!" says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarterdeck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of reach of the pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing the robbery. He determines still to make the attempt, and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings

his club into the hedge, and goes back. His evil purposes have all been frustrated - the thoughtless boy, without knowing anything about it, has baffled him at every turn.

And now the little midshipman is at home - the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and measured his height on the window frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.

"Adventures!" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa. "Why, mother, I wrote you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day - at least nothing particular."

"Did you come by the coach we told you of?" asks his father.

"Oh, yes, papa; and when we had got about twenty miles, there came up a beggar, while we changed horses, and I threw down, as I thought, a shilling, but as it fell, I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest, and showed me what it was, but I didn't take it back, for you know, it's a long time since I gave anything to anybody."

"Very true, my boy," his mother answers; "but you should not be careless with your money.

"I suppose you got down at the crossroads?" says his elder brother.

"Yes, and went through the wood. I should have been here sooner if I hadn't lost my way there."

"Lost your way!" says his mother, alarmed, "My dear boy, you should not have left the path at dusk."

"Oh, mother," says the little midshipman, with a smile, "you're always thinking we're in danger. If you could see me sometimes sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main topmast crosstrees, you *would* be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"

"Well my boy," she answers, "I don't wish to be overanxious, and to make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray from the path for?"

"Only to chase a little owl, mother; but I didn't catch her after all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thorn bush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrabbled up again, and got into the path, and stopped at the cottage for some milk. What a time the woman

kept me, to be sure! But very soon Mr. Davis drove up in his gig, and he brought me on to the gate."

"And so this story being brought to a close," his father says, "we find that you had no adventures at all!"

"No, papa, nothing happened; nothing particular, I mean."

Nothing particular! If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of "the jib-boom end, and the main topmast crosstrees." But they did not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to provide against them; but, for the greater portion, "our eyes are held that we can not see." We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground!" and when we have had escapes that the angels have wondered at, we come home and say, perhaps, that "nothing has happened; at least nothing particular."

Baldwin's Readers, Sixth Year, 1897.

*Ingelow, 1820-1897, was an English poet and author, and very popular in her day.

A BRAVE RESCUE AND A ROUGH RIDE¹

Richard Blackmore*

It happened upon a November evening when I was about fifteen years old, and outgrowing my strength very rapidly, and my sister Annie being turned thirteen (a deal of rain having fallen, and all the troughs in the yard being flooded, and bark from the wood ricks washed down the gutter, and even our watershoot growing brown) that the ducks in the barnyard made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another.

Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, and ten lily-white (as the fashion of ducks then was), not, I mean, twenty-three in all, but ten white and three brown-striped ones; and without being nice about their color, they all quacked very movingly. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there (yet dirty, as gold is apt to be), and they jumped on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the over-excited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, and the roof of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry "dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the national ducks' anthem; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard, and ran round till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again.

Now, I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether roosting (crowing), roosting, or roasted; and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, paddling one after another, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, and their little eyes cocked all ways at once, and the way that they dib with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it. Therefore, I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie perceived it, too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them like a good duck wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard where the two great ash trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the urgency and melancholy of the duck birds. Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal, and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly.

For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for water newts, and tadpoles, and caddice worms, and other game, this brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, and sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise, and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down, like the wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters, which our ducks never had been.

There is always a hurdle six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. And the use of this hurdle is to keep our kine at milking time from straying away there drinking (for in truth they are very dainty) and to fence strange cattle, or Farmer Snowe's horses, from coming along the bed of the brook unknown, to steal our substance.

But now this hurdle, which hung in the summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more than two feet deep but for the power against it. For the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains in full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle buffeted almost flat, and thatched (so to say), with the drift stuff, was going seesaw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the waters.

But saddest to see was between two bars, where a fog was of of rushes, and flood wood, and wild celery, and dead crow's-foot. For there was our venerable mallard jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose land fell, with his topknot full of water, unable to comprehend it, with his tail washed far away from him, but often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly against his will by the choking fall to of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing; because, being borne high up and dry by a tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in fight with a turkey cock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water, as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again; and left small doubt, by the way he spluttered, failed to quack, and hung down his poor crest, but what he must drown in another minute - and the frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there," he cried, "get thee back, boy! The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward, and spoke to his mare - she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful - and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job; yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty fore legs sloped further and further in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush, by the pressure of his knee on her.

Then she looked back, and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking.

Then, as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand, and set him between his hostlers, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried down stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden, where the winter cabbage was; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

"Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it," he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her; "but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly on his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was.

Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail feathers; and then away into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together, to thank God for his great deliverance.

Having taken all this trouble, and watched the end of that adventure, the gentleman turned round to us with a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were lightly amused with himself; and we came up and looked at him. He was rather short, about John

Fry's height, or maybe a little taller, but very strongly built, although his legs were bowed with much riding, and he looked as if he lived on horseback.

To a boy like me he seemed very old, being over twenty, and well found in beard; but he was not more than four and twenty, fresh and ruddy looking, with a short nose and keen blue eyes, and a merry, waggish jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything disliked him; and we knew (for children see such things) that it was safer to tickle than buffet him.

"Well, young ones, what be gaping at?" He gave pretty Annie a chuck on the chin, and took me all in without winking.

"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now; "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride on her?"

"Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her! Tut! I would be loath (unwilling) to kill thee.

"Ride her!" I cried, with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; "there never was horse upon Exmoor but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take those leathers off of her."

He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed, and approved her for doing so. And the worst of all was - he said nothing.

"Get away, Annie. Do you think I'm a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not override her."

"For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. And the mellow straw bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am they mother's cousin, boy, and I'm going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows, and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood mare, the strawberry. Already her fame was noised abroad, nearly as much as her master's, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse trickery, but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me;

especially as there were rumors abroad that she was not a mare, after all, but a witch.

However, she looked like a filly all over, and wonderfully beautiful with her supple stride, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water, and prominent eyes full of docile fire.

Whether this came from her Eastern blood of the Arabs newly imported, and whether the cream color, mixed with our bay, led to that bright strawberry tint, is certainly more than I can decide, being chiefly acquaint with farm horses. And these are of any color and form; you never can count what they will be, and are lucky to get four legs to them.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one, and led by love to anything, as the manner is of such creatures, when they know what is the best for them. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie so that she might enter into it, and she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

"Good tumble off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know the substance of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing worth, for reasons I can not tell you, because they are too manifold; "take of your saddlebag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud speech of mine, and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dabbs, and half a dozen others. Tom Faggus gave one glance around, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance, and stupid ways, here was I in a duel, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarce subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. "Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on, being then at the leaving-off time; "gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou be'est made of." With that I plugged my heels into her, and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro with her strong forelegs rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill, clear whistle, when her ears were best toward him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air, and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled worse than Robin Snell made me; and then down with her fore feet deep in the straw, and with her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stuck to her still like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before, or since, I trow.

She drove full head at the cob wall - "Oh, Jack, slip off!" screamed Annie - then she turned like lightning, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. "Dear me!" I cried, for my breeches were broken, and short words went the farthest - "if you kill me, you shall die with me." Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child and wished I had never been born.

Straight away, all in the front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her, all I know of the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaping the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me to hard in the face, and the tall dogbriers got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like

crimping a fish, till I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses.

But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet, then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently, I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent, and graceful, and ambient, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lighting.

I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the soft mud.

"Well done, lad," Mr. Faggus said, good-naturedly; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground, somewhat tottering, and miry, and crest-fallen, but otherwise none the worse (having fallen upon my head, which is of uncommon substance); "not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stick on so long -"

"I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery -"

"Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha! Ha! Vex not, Jack, that I laugh at thee. She is like a sweetheart to me, and better than any of them be. It would have gone to my heart if thou hadst conquered. None but I can ride my Winnie mare."

"Foul shame to thee, then Tom Faggus," cried mother, coming up suddenly, and speaking so that all were amazed, having never seen her wrathful, "to put my boy, my boy, across her, as if his life were no more than thine! A man would have taken thy mad horse and thee, and flung them both into a horse pond - ay, and what's more, I'll have it done now, if a hair of his head is injured. Oh, my boy, my boy! Put up the other arm, Johnny." All the time mother was scolding so, she was feeling me and wiping me; while Faggus tried to look greatly ashamed, having sense of the ways of women.

"Only look at his jacket, mother! cried Annie; "and a shilling's worth gone from his small clothes!"

"What care I for his clothes, thou goose? Take that, and heed thine own a bit." And mother gave Annie a slap which sent her swinging up against Mr. Faggus, and he caught her, and kissed and protected her; and she looked at him very nicely, with great tears in her soft blue eyes.

"Oh, fie upon thee, fie upon thee," cried mother (being yet more vexed with him, because she had beaten Annie); "after all we have done for thee, and saved thy worthless neck - and to try to

kill my son for me! Never more shall horse of thine enter stable here, since these be thy returns to me. Small thanks to you, John Fry, I say; much you care for your master's son!"

"Well, missus, what could we do?" began John; "Jan wudd goo, now wudd't he, Jem? And how was we - "

"Jan, indeed! Master John, if you please, to a lad of his years and stature. And now, Tom Faggus, be off, if you please, and think yourself lucky to go so."

Everybody looked at mother, to hear her talk like that, knowing how quiet she was day by day, and how pleasant to be cheated. And the men began to shoulder their shovels, both so as to be away from her, and to go and tell their wives of it. Winnie, too, was looking at her, being pointed at so much, and wondering if she had done amiss. And then she came to me, and trembled, and stooped her head, and asked my pardon, if she had been too proud with me.

"Winnie shall stop here tonight." said I, for Tom Faggus still said never a word all the while, but began to buckle his things on. "Mother, I tell you Winnie shall stop; else I will go away with her. I never knew what it was, till now, to ride a horse worth riding."

"Young man," said Tom Faggus, still preparing sternly to depart, "you know more about a horse than any man on Exmoor. Your mother may well be proud of you, but she need have had no fear. As if I, Tom Faggus, your father's cousin - and the only thing I am proud of of - would ever have let you mount my mare, which dukes and princes have vainly sought, except for the courage in your eyes, and the look of your father about you. I knew you could ride when I saw you, and rarely you have conquered. But women don't understand us."

With that he fetched a heavy sigh, and feebly got upon Winnie's back, and she came to say farewell to me. He lifted his hat to my mother with a glance of sorrow, but never a word, and to me he said: "Open the gate, Cousin John, if you please. You have beaten her so, that she cannot leap it, poor thing."

But, before he was truly gone out of our yard, my mother came softly after him, with her afternoon apron across her eyes, and one hand ready to offer him. Nevertheless, he made as if he had not seen her, though he let his horse go slowly. "Stop, Cousin Tom," my mother said, "a word with you before you go."

Baldwin's Readers, Sixth Year, 1897

*Blackmore (1825-1900), was a prominent English novelist.

1. An extract taken from the 19th Century adventure/romance novel "*Lorna Doone*", set in 1685 against the background of the English Civil War.

SELLING THE FARM

Beth Day

Well, why don't you say it, husband? I know what
you want to say;
You want to talk about selling the farm, for the
mortgage we cannot pay.
I know we cannot pay it; I have thought of it o'er
and o'er;
For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where wheat
never failed before;
And everything here's gone backward since Willie went
off to sea
To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the homestead,
for you and me.
I know it was best to give it; it was right that the debts
be paid -
The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hours of
his weakness, made;
And Will would have paid it fairly - you know it as
well as I -
If the ship had not gone down that night, when no
other ship was nigh.
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've
tried to to pray -
(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd surely
been here to-day.)
I thought that the merciful Father would somehow
for the lad,
Because he was trying to better the past, and because
he was all we had.
But now I am well-nigh hopeless, since the hope for
my boy has fled,
For selling the farm means giving him up, and knowing
for sure he's dead.
O Thomas! how can we leave it, the home we have
always known?
We won it away from the forest, and made it so much
our own.
First day we kept house together was the day that you
brought me here;
And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever
be half so dear.
Of course you remember it, Thomas - I need not ask
you, I know,
For this is the month, and this is the day - it was
twenty-six years ago.
And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter the
barn was made,
How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts
were paid?

The crops were good that summer, and everything
worked like a charm,
And we felt so rich and contented, to think we had paid
for the farm.

And now to think we must leave it, when here I was
hoping to die;
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the fount
of my tears is dry.
There's a man up there in the village that's wanting to
buy, you say;
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it; but why does he
come to-day?
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have enough
to bear,
And in all of our petty trouble, you always have borne
your share;
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish
grown:
There, there, go on to the village; let me have it out
alone.
Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary
and slow;
There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-six
years ago.
But I know that his heart is youthful as it was when we
first were wed,
And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for Willie,
our boy that's dead.
Oh, Willie, my baby Willie! I never shall
see him more;
I never shall hear his footsteps as he comes through the
open door.
"How are you, dear little mother?" were always the
words he'd say;
It seems as if I could give the world to hear it again
to-day.
I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so early
or late -
He was always a-whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as
he opened the garden gate.
and many a moment, since the night that
the ship went down,
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the
road from town;
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence, early
and late,
Have I held my breath at a footstep that seemed to
pause at the gate.
I hope that he cannot see us, wherever
his soul may be;
It would grieve him to know the trouble that's come to
father and me.
Out there is the tree he planted the day he was twelve
years old;
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its leaves
to gold;
And often, when I was lonely, and no one
near at hand,
I have talked to it hours together, as if it could
understand;

And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I spoke
of my boy,
It was waving its leaves together, life clapping its hands
for joy.
It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to
buy to-day,
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and
burning it out of the way.
And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he
helped to tend;
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as a
tried old friend.
And now we must go and leave them - but there they
come from town;
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to change
my gown.
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting
late,
And the stranger's a-whistling "Home, Sweet Home,"
as he comes up from the gate.
I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to
look on his face:
What right has he to be whistling that, unless he has
bought the place?
Why, can that be Thomas coming? He usually steps
so slow;
There's something come into his footsteps like twenty-
six years ago;
There's something that sounds like gladness, and the
man that he used to be
Before our Willie sent out from home to die on the
stormy sea.
What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and holding my
hands so tight?
And why don't you tell me quickly - must we go from
the farm to-night?
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of
wonderful joy"?
It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news
of my boy.
O, Thomas! You cannot mean it! Here, let me look
in your face;
Now tell me again - "It is Willie that's wanting to buy
the place"?

The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897



THE CHARIOT RACE, from Ben-Hur Lew Wallace*

The trumpet sounded short and sharp; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable.

Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the trampling of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men; instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well (they may) have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressibly, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited! - this, the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

This line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for - the position next the division wall on the inner line of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true -

"It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise."

All on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance - just one - in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them - Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths - in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought - in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high,

that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage-poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them - their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distant, now contracted - limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn - limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers - every muscle of the rounded bodies distinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly; and with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction of the deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable - a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove (Jupiter) with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore-leg of the Athenian's right hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will, at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn

his broken four; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds; a terrible sight, against which Ester covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii¹ on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala ! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur (arrogance) characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increases; but more - it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined - a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy!

Prize, friends, wagers, honor - everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life, even, should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune: he did not believe in Fortune - far otherwise. He had his plan, and confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall he ceased as soon to doubt; and further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction - no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity, and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the four but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvelous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches; the circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes² failed.

As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practiced hand. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus; then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love, they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea! And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy, eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only; on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face - a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared, and then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded; still Messala held the inside position, still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side, still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Caesarean period - Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened; gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beast seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bring the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest, which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent - or five talents - or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so", interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins lying loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I See! I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us! Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* (awning) over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed and howled and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Mallunch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come, and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch - sixth round - Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story:

"First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees"

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial, with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the bent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunction.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, and act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still present. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions,

and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment, Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again, and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car.

Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs: "on, Altair! On Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse - oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women - singing of the stars, of Altair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory! - and the song will never end. Well done! Home tomorrow, under the black tent-home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! steady! The work is done - so ho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction - that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all; they saw the signal given - the magnificent response - the four close outside Messala's outer wheel - Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car; all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders (splinters) flew. Down on its right side topples the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another, and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career (course). They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

Harper's Fifth Reader, 1889

(The following bio is from Harper's Fifth)

*Lewis Wallace, 1828-1905, a distinguished American military officer in the Mexican War and the Civil War, and also served as Governor of the Arizona Territory, and ambassador to the Ottoman Empire (Turkey). In later life he devoted himself almost entirely to literature. He has written "The Fair God," a story of the conquest of Mexico; "Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ"; and "The Boyhood of Christ."

The scene of the chariot race is at Antioch. There are six competitors, the names of whom are here given. As may be inferred, there was already a bitter enmity existing between the two principal characters, Ben-Hur and Messala.

1. Sestertii: Plural of sestertium, a denomination of Roman money equal at this time to about \$40.00 A hundred sestertii = \$4,000.00

Talent: A sum (weight) of money. In silver, equal to about \$1180.00, if the Attic talent is meant; if the Hebrew talent, about \$1645.00. A talent in gold was worth about \$27,000. (i.e. much more now, of course)]

2. A character in Greek Mythology.

THE THUNDER STORM

George D. Prentice

I never was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife upon which I have not looked with a brow (face) of daring. I have stood in the front of battle when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that reckoned not danger.

But there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange, that after the lapse of many years, that occurrence should be so familiar to me! I can see the bright young creature, her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow.

Her voice had the melody of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away, like a free nightingale, from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense-smoke of some burning censor of the skies.

The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxuriant sweetness that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of Peri (a Persian myth), from the afar-off garden of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay all around, in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them.

The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and

lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural stillness of the day continued until noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest became manifest.

On the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The clouds rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before; and there was not even a quiver among the sleeping waters, to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we stood, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

A few minutes, and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw there a purple light. And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, and thrown, I know not whither. How long I remained senseless I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree-tops, and the deep tones of thunder clouds came in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose, trembling and almost delirious, and looked around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasp her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness.

Her bright, disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the rose tinge upon her cheeks were as lovely as in life; and as I pressed them to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming of twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me at times, with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking upward to the sky, as if "calling to the clouds for a drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay.

A year ago I visited the spot, and the thought of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered, and O, there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlit waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897

This is the story of two remarkable young women and the terrible difficulties they each overcame: Helen Keller (L) and Anne Sullivan (r), in this 1888 photograph below.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE Helen Keller*

I was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama. I lived, up to the time of the illness that deprived me of my sight and hearing, in a tiny house consisting of a large, square room and a small one, in which the servant slept. It was completely covered with vines, climbing roses, and honeysuckles. From the garden it looked like an arbor. The little porch was hidden from view by a screen of yellow roses and southern smilax. It was the favorite haunt of hummingbirds and bees.



Even in the days before my teacher came, I used to feel along the square, stiff, boxwood hedges, and guided by the sense of smell, would find the first violets and lilies.

I am told that while I was still in long dresses (that toddlers wore) I insisted upon imitating everything that I saw other people do. At six months I could pipe out, "How d'ye," and one day I attracted everyone's attention by saying, "Tea, tea, tea," quite plainly.

They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bathtub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms.

These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then, in the dreary month of February came the illness which closed my eyes and ears.

Gradually I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me, and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came—my teacher—who was to set my spirit free.

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan¹, came to me.

The morning after my teacher came, she led me into her room and gave me a doll. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word “d-o-l-l.” I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly, I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride.

Running down stairs to my mother, I held up my hand and made the letters for *doll*. I did not know that I was spelling a word, or even that words existed. I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed, I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin, hat, cup*, and a few verbs like *sit, stand, and walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled “d-o-l-l,” and tried to make me understand that “d-o-l-l” applied to both. Earlier in the day we had a tussle over the words “m-u-g-g” and “w-a-t-e-r.” Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that “m-u-g” is *mug* and that “w-a-t-e-r” is *water*, but I had persisted in confusing the two.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Someone was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand, she spelled into the other the word “w-a-t-e-r,” first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motion of her fingers. Suddenly, I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew that “w-a-t-e-r” meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house, every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I know that *mother, father, sister, teacher*, were among them. It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my bed at the close of that eventful day, and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

*Helen Keller, 1880 - 1968, overcame her disabilities to become a world renowned writer, lecturer, and advocate for those with disabilities. The foregoing selection is a short extract from her autobiography.

1. Anne Sullivan, 1866 - 1936, had a story of difficulty, in some ways, greater than Keller. Struck with an eye disease in her youth also, she was nearly blind, her mother died of tuberculosis and her father deserted the children. They were put in a institution, where her brother died immediately, and she suffered both deprivation and cruelty. The institution was closed down by the state and she was bounced around from one institution to another until she was admitted to the Perkins School for the Deaf and Blind in Boston. There she had to be educated herself, and then learn to be a teacher to others. Fortunately, one of several surgeries restored some of her vision. After a slow start because of her backwardness, she excelled and graduated as class valedictorian. How did she accomplish all that? Her valedictory speech gives us the answer. This is not in the old textbook, but it s a good commentary on the story:

Today we are standing face to face with the great problem of life. We have spent years in the endeavor to acquire the moral and intellectual discipline, by which we are enabled to distinguish truth from falsehood, receive higher and broader views of duty, and apply general principles to the diversified details of life. And now we are going out into the busy world, to take our share in life's burdens, and do our little to make that world better, wiser and happier.

We shall be most likely to succeed in this, if we obey the great law of our being. God has placed us here to grow, to expand, to progress. To a certain extent our growth is unconscious. We receive impressions and arrive at conclusions without any effort on our part; but we also have the power of controlling the course of our lives. We can educate ourselves; we can, by thought and perseverance, develop all the powers and capacities entrusted to us, and build for ourselves true and noble characters. Because we can, we must. It is a duty we owe to ourselves, to our country and to God.

All the wondrous physical, intellectual and moral endowments, with which man is blessed, will, by inevitable law, become useless, unless he uses and improves them. The muscles must be used, or they become unserviceable. The memory, understanding and judgment must be used, or they become feeble and inactive. If a love for truth and beauty and goodness is not cultivated, the mind loses the strength which comes from truth, the refinement which comes from beauty, and the happiness which comes from goodness.

Self-culture is a benefit, not only to the individual, but also to mankind. Every man who improves himself is aiding the progress of society, and every one who stands still, holds it back. The advancement of society always has its commencement in the individual soul. It is by battling with the circumstances,

temptations and failures of the world, that the individual reaches his highest possibilities.

The search for knowledge, begun in school, must be continued through life in order to give symmetrical self-culture. For the abundant opportunities which have been afforded to us for broad self-improvement we are deeply grateful. ... Fellow-graduates: duty bids us go forth into active life. Let us go cheerfully, hopefully, and earnestly, and set ourselves to find our especial part. When we have found it, willingly and faithfully perform it; for every obstacle we overcome, every success we achieve tends to bring man closer to God and make life more as he would have it.

By Miss Anne M. Sullivan, June 1, 1886

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