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*"Books are keys to wisdom's treasure;
Books are gates to lands of pleasure.
Books are paths that upward lead;
Books are friends. Come, let us read."*

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THE NEW BARNES READERS

By

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TEACHERS' FOREWORD

WHEN a child discovers for himself the joy of reading, that moment his real education begins. Up to that moment he has been learning to use the vocabulary and other tools of reading. Like Columbus of old he has been sailing an unknown sea, when suddenly he discovers land—a beautiful Land of Imagination, full of lovely pictures, heroic deeds and great adventures.

If the child has not made this joyous discovery before reaching this book he surely will make it within its pages. The sole aim and purpose of the book is to discover to boys and girls the joy of reading, and guide them a little way into the happy Land of Books.

From early in the Primer of this series of Readers the child has encountered the printed page fully equipped with the necessary tools—a knowledge of each word on the page—its pronunciation, meaning and use. From the first grade the child has read knowing that he was expected to get *thought* from the “funny tracks” on the paper. Children trained for six years by such an organized and definite process will have at least achieved the first objective—an ability to secure thought from the printed page. They will know what they have read.

In Book Eight the emphasis is laid on the second objective—enjoyment. It has been widely recognized that the education of the last one hundred years has developed the head at the expense of the heart. This fact is strikingly illustrated by the marvelous development in Science and Industry, and the “moral slump” in which the whole world finds itself at the present moment. Unless moral education keeps pace with material advancement our boasted civilization will go the way of that of Babylon and Rome. In order to call attention to the danger, and contribute ever so little to the “national defense” we have included a

considerable number of selections of a distinctly ethical and moral quality. The titles of the section headings, themselves, hold a challenge to higher ideals and right emotional reactions. This is illustrated by such suggestive titles as "Love of Country," "The Common Good," "Stories of Achievement," and "Literature of Home Life."

To secure the right emphasis, and hold the pupil's attention, the book has been arranged in Five Parts, each Part being prefaced by a one page Introduction, presenting the general theme, as indicated below.

| | |
|----------|---------------------------------|
| Part I | Citizenship and Service |
| Part II | History in the Making |
| Part III | The Great-Out-Doors |
| Part IV | Literature of the Imagination |
| Part V | Literature that Never Grows Old |

Another device that has been used to stimulate thought is concealed within the "Aids to Understanding." These are not dry biographical sketches of authors—but real "aids" to the understanding of the selection to be read.

Perhaps the most unique feature, however, is found in the "Test and Study Activities" which are not so fearsome as they sound. Assuming that the pupil has completed his "word study," and read the selection silently and understandingly, he comes face to face at the close with a challenge that compels thought. It is easy to ask, and easier to answer, the conventional yes-and-no questions found in most school readers. These "Test and Study Activities," on the other hand, stimulate thinking and thought getting. Try them yourself and see!

The beautiful typography, the colored illustrations and the decorative headings, which give the book such a pleasing personality are part of the contribution of the publishers—but we appreciate them—and we know you will.

If you, and your pupils, get as much joy from using the book as has gone into its making—you will be fortunate indeed.

J. O. Engleman
Lawrence McTurnan



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PART ONE

CITIZENSHIP AND SERVICE

The Larger Citizenship

AMERICA, like every other nation, has definite political boundaries. In a larger sense, however, the real America is in the hearts of those men and women whose title to citizenship rests not merely on their right to vote, but in their desire to maintain and to further those ideals of education, democracy and brotherhood which were the dream of the Pilgrims in the cabin of the Mayflower. Only as we live up to those ideals can we claim citizenship in the real America. The real America does not consist of office buildings or factories, of mines or cultivated farms. Many nations have all of these and still they are not America.

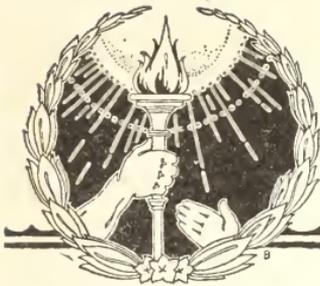
One of the things that education should give is an understanding of this larger citizenship, an appreciation of the obligation that always goes with opportunity. Every coin has two sides, an upper and a lower. So, the coin of American citizenship has two faces, one stamped with the word "opportunity"; the other with the word "obligation." Some men claim all the opportunities and refuse all the obligations. Opportunity without obligation leads to anarchy; obligation without opportunity leads to tyranny.

To be a member of this larger citizenship, one must be willing to serve the common good, and uphold education, democracy and brotherhood—the three cornerstones on which America was founded. The only way to achieve citizenship in the real America, however, is to place service above self.



"Mind, eye, muscle, all must be trained so that the boy can master himself, and thereby learn to master his fate."





THE COMMON GOOD

The Central Thought

The most necessary things in the world to each one of us are the things we have in common. Neither the richest nor the poorest could live long without the air to breathe, water to drink and sunlight to keep them warm. Yet these are the things that can be had for nothing. Another thing that we all have—or may have—is citizenship in a common country.

The kind and quality of our citizenship depend largely on how we share the common things of life with other people. Only as we share in the common good, and help to bear the common burdens are we worthy citizens of a common country. It is only by sharing with others that we can secure the most for ourselves.

PRACTICAL CITIZENSHIP

WORDS TO LEARN

Before you read this selection, be sure that you understand the meaning and pronunciation of the words that are listed below. This will make it easier for you to get the message that the selection has for you. You will find them in **Words to Learn**.

| | | |
|----------------|------------|-------------|
| essence | ethical | impart |
| clerical | devastated | spectacular |
| efficiently | carnival | corruption |
| self-indulgent | negative | vandalism |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Theodore Roosevelt will long be remembered as a great President, a great citizen and a great leader of men. It is true that we can

best judge a man's worth by his deeds rather than by his words. When a man has proved himself a good American citizen both by his deeds and his words—as did Roosevelt—it is well for us to study the ideals and principles that made him the good citizen that he was.

Theodore Roosevelt had high ideals and he never hesitated to live up to them, often under very trying circumstances. He was greatly interested in the youth of the country for he realized that they were to become the citizens of tomorrow, and that in their hands would rest the fate of the nation. He wanted them to be prepared for this great responsibility, and to enter upon their duties guided by high ideals so that each one could do his or her best for America.

This selection is taken from a letter he addressed to the Boy Scouts when he was their honorary Vice-President, but its teachings apply to girls as well as to boys.

As you read what Roosevelt says of the practical side of citizenship, remember that he was himself the best illustration of the ideal that he here sets forth for the young people of the nation. This letter also shows how carefully he followed the activities of the Boy Scouts all over the country. The energy that he devoted to studying their work characterized his every action. If he thought a thing worth doing, he tried to do it well, and studied it carefully in order to understand the situation better.

After you have read the selection, think over the things that Roosevelt says to you and consider how fully he lived up to them in his own life. Then you will see why his life would make a good example for a boy who wants to be a good citizen.

PRACTICAL CITIZENSHIP

WHILE Mr. Roosevelt was president of the United States he wrote the following letter to the head of the Boy Scout Movement in America. Mr. Roosevelt said:

MY DEAR SIR:

I quite agree with Judge Ben Lindsey that the Boy Scout Movement is of peculiar importance to the whole country. It has already done much good, and it will do far more. It is in its essence a practical scheme through which to impart a proper standard of ethical conduct, proper

standards of fair play and consideration for others, and courage and decency, to boys who have never been reached and never will be reached by the ordinary type of preaching, lay or clerical. I have been particularly interested in that extract of a letter from a scoutmaster in the Philippines, which runs as follows:

"It might interest you to know that at a recent fire in Manila, which devastated acres of ground and rendered three thousand people homeless, two patrols of the Manila scouts reached the fire almost with the fire companies, reported to the proper authorities and worked for hours under very trying conditions helping frightened natives into places of safety, removing valuables and other articles from houses that apparently were in the path of the flames, and performing cheerfully and efficiently all the tasks given to them by the firemen and scoutmaster. They were complimented in the public press, and in a kind editorial about their work.

"During the recent Carnival the services of the boys were requested by the Carnival officers, and for a period of ten days they were on duty performing all manner of service in the Carnival grounds, directing strangers to hotels, and acting as guides and helpers in a hundred ways."

What these boy scouts of the Philippines have just done I think our boy scouts in every town and country district should train themselves to be able to do. The movement is one for efficiency and patriotism. It does not try to make soldiers of boy scouts, but to make boys who will turn out as men to be fine citizens, and who will, if their country needs them, make better soldiers for having been scouts.

No one can be a good American unless he is a good citizen, and every boy ought to train himself so that as a man he will be able to do his full duty to the community.

I want to see the boy scouts not merely utter fine sentiments, but act on them; not merely sing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," but act in a way that will give them a country to be proud of. No man is a good citizen unless he so acts as to show that he actually uses the Ten Commandments, and translates the Golden Rule into his life conduct—and I don't mean by this in exceptional cases under spectacular circumstances, but I mean applying the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule in the ordinary affairs of every-day life.

I hope the boy scouts will practice truth and square dealing, and courage and honesty, so that when as young men they begin to take a part not only in earning their own livelihood, but in governing the community, they may be able to show in practical fashion their insistence upon the great truth that the eighth and ninth commandments are directly related to every-day life, not only between men as such in their private relations, but between men and the government of which they are part. Indeed the boys even while only boys can have a very real effect upon the conduct of the grown-up members of the community, for decency and square dealing are just as contagious as vice and corruption.

Every healthy boy ought to feel and will feel that in order to amount to anything, it is necessary to have a constructive, and not merely a destructive, nature; and if he can keep this feeling as he grows up he has taken his first step toward good citizenship. The man who tears down and criticizes and scolds may be a good citizen, but only in a negative sense; and if he never does anything else he is apt not to be a good citizen at all. The man who counts, and the boy who counts, are the man and boy who steadily endeavor to build up, to improve, to better living conditions everywhere and all about them.

But the boy can do an immense amount of right in the

present, entirely aside from training himself to be a good citizen in the future; and he can only do this if he associates himself with other boys. Let the boy scouts see to it that the best use is made of the parks and playgrounds in their villages and home towns. A gang of toughs may make a playground impossible; and if the boy scouts in the neighborhood of that particular playground are fit for their work, they will show that they won't permit any such gang of toughs to have its way. Moreover, let the boy scouts take the lead in seeing that the parks and playgrounds are turned to a really good account. I hope, by the way, that one of the prime teachings among the boy scouts will be the teaching against vandalism. Let it be a point of honor to protect birds, trees, and flowers, and so to make our country more beautiful and not more ugly, because we have lived in it.

The same qualities that mean success or failure to the nation as a whole, mean success or failure in men and boys individually. The boy scouts must war against the same foes and vices that most hurt the nation; and they must try to develop the same virtues that the nation most needs. To be helpless, self-indulgent, or wasteful, will turn the boy into a mighty poor kind of a man, just as the indulgence in such vices by the men of a nation means the ruin of the nation. Let the boy stand stoutly against his enemies both from without and from within, let him show courage in confronting fearlessly one set of enemies, and in controlling and mastering the others. Any boy is worth nothing if he has not got the courage, courage to stand up against the forces of evil, and courage to stand up in the right path.

Let him be unselfish and gentle, as well as strong and brave. It should be a matter of pride to him that he is not afraid of any one, and that he scorns not to be gentle and considerate to every one, and especially to those who are

weaker than he is. If he doesn't treat his mother and sisters well, then he is a poor creature no matter what else he does; just as a man who doesn't treat his wife well is a poor kind of citizen no matter what his other qualities may be. And, by the way, don't ever forget to let the boy know that courtesy, politeness, and good manners must not be neglected. They are not little things, because they are used at every turn in daily life.

Let the boy remember also that in addition to courage, unselfishness, and fair dealing, he must have efficiency, he must have knowledge, he must cultivate a sound body and a good mind, and train himself so that he can act with quick decision in any crisis that may arise. Mind, eye, muscle, all must be trained so that the boy can master himself, and thereby learn to master his fate. I heartily wish all good luck to the movement.

Very sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you do exercise one without referring to the book?

1. List ten things which Mr. Roosevelt says every Boy Scout should know and do.
2. Refer to his letter and see if you have selected the most important points.
3. Classify the important points under each of the following headings:
 1. The qualities which will enable a boy to be a good citizen.
 2. The things which the Boy Scout can do at present to make the country better.
 3. Faculties which must be trained in order that a boy may master his fate.

THE LIVING FLAME OF AMERICANISM

WORDS TO LEARN

A man is often rated in life by his choice of words. Many words have different meanings when used under different circumstances. Study each word listed below carefully, and observe how it is used in this selection. This will help you to develop accuracy in the use of words, and may some day turn failure into success for you. See **Words to Learn**.

| | | |
|------------|------------|----------------|
| preferment | arrogant | ego |
| ratio | reclaimed | sentimentality |
| millennial | succumb | epic |
| optimism | benison | mettle |
| invokes | immortal | cultural |
| stintless | Everglades | chaos |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

One of the great problems which our nation is called upon to face today, and one which is present at all times, is the problem of the immigrant and what our attitude toward him is to be. Every year thousands of immigrants, coming from almost all the countries in the world, throng our shores to gain admittance into our land and become citizens of our republic. It is a difficult task to mould these various peoples into American citizens who will uphold the traditions that have come to be identified with our country, and advance her along the path which our forefathers laid out for her.

In teaching these immigrants how to become good citizens, we all have our part to play and it is our duty to do this part gladly and well. In no way can we serve our country better than by helping these various peoples to become American citizens who will live up to the ideals of the best in Americanism.

In this selection Mr. Lane, who for some years was associated with the immigration work of our government, tells us what he feels our attitude toward the immigrant should be and how we can help him.

THE LIVING FLAME OF AMERICANISM

WE HAVE made stintless sacrifices during this war; sacrifices of money, and blood sacrifices; sacrifices in our industries! sacrifices of time, and effort, and preferment, and prejudice. Much of that sacrifice shall

be found vain if we do not prepare to draw to ourselves those later comers who are at once our opportunity and our responsibility—a responsibility which invokes and fortifies the noblest qualities of national character.

There is in every one of us, however educated and polished, a secret, selfish, arrogant ego, and there is in every one of us also a real nobility. In this war I could see that there came out immediately a finer man—a better self. That better self we must keep alive. We expect that man to seek out his immigrant neighbor and say,

“I am your friend. Be mine as well. Let me share in the wisdom, and instruct me in the arts and crafts you have brought from other lands, and I shall help you to succeed here.”

There is no difficulty in this, if our attitude is right. Americanism is entirely an attitude of mind; it is the way we look at things that makes us Americans.

What is America? There is a physical America and there is a spiritual America. And they are so interwoven that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins.

Some time ago I met a man who is one of the advisors of the President of China, and he told me of a novel suggestion which he thought might be adopted in that new republic—that they should have a qualifying examination for members of Congress; that every man who announced himself as a candidate should prove that he knew what his country was, who its people were, what resources it had, what its prospects were and what its relations with foreign countries had been.

If I could have my way I would say to the man in New York: “Come with me and I will show you America,” or I would say to the man in San Francisco, “Come with me and I will show you America.” I would give to this man whom I wished to Americanize (after he had learned the language of this land) a knowledge of the physical

America, not only to gain his admiration for its strength, for its resources, and for what it could do against the world, but to awaken his pride in this as a land of hope, as a land in which men had won out.

I would take this man across the continent. I would show him the eight million farms which went to feed Europe in her hour of need. I would take him out to Utah, and show him that mountain of copper they are tearing down at the rate of thirty-eight thousand tons per day. I would take him to the highest dam in the world, in Idaho, and I would let him see the water come tumbling down and being transformed into power, and that power being used to pump water again that spreads over the fields and makes great gardens out of what, ten years ago, was the driest of deserts.

I would take this man down South and I would show him some of its schools. I would take him up North and I would show him the cut-over lands of Wisconsin and Michigan, which are waste and idle. I would take him into New York and show him the slums and the tenements. I would show him the kind of sanitation that exists in some of our cities.

I would show him the good and the bad. I would show him the struggle that we are making to improve the bad conditions. I would tell him, not that America is perfect, not that America is a finished country, but I would say to him, "America is an unfinished land. Its possibilities will never end, and your chance here, and the chances of your children, will always be in ratio to your zeal and ambition."

I would tell him that we dare believe that America will ever remain unfinished; that no one can say when we shall have reclaimed all our lands, or found all our minerals, or made all our people as happy as they might be. But—I would add—out of our beneficent, political institutions, out of the warmth of our hearts, out of our yearning for

higher intellectual accomplishment, there shall be ample space and means for the fulfillment of dreams for further growth, for constant improvement. That is our ambition.

I would have that man see America from the reindeer ranches of Alaska to the Everglades of Florida. I would make him realize that we have within our soil every raw product essential to the conduct of any industry. I would take him three thousand miles from New York (where stands the greatest university in the world) to the second greatest university, where seventy years ago there was nothing but a deer pasture. I would try to show to him the great things that have been accomplished by the United States—two hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad, two hundred and forty thousand schools and colleges, water powers, mines, furnaces, factories, the industrial life of America, the club life of America, the sports of America, the baseball game in all its glory.

And I would give to that man a knowledge of America that would make him ask the question "How did this come to be?" And then he would discover that there was something more to our country than its material strength.

It has a history. It has a tradition. I would take that man to Plymouth Rock and I would ask, "What does that rock say to you?" I would take him down on the James River, to its ruined church, and I would ask, "What does that little church say to you?" And I would take him to Valley Forge, and point out the huts in which Washington's men lived, three thousand of them struggling for the independence of our country. And I would ask, "What do they mean to you? What caused these colonists to suffer as they did—willingly?"

And then I would take him to the field of Gettysburg and lead him to the spot where Lincoln delivered his immortal address, and I would ask him, "What does that speech mean to you? Not how beautiful it is, but what

word does it speak to your heart? How much of it do you believe?"

And then I would take him to Santiago de Cuba and I would ask, "What does that bay mean to you?" And I would take him over to the Philippines, where ten thousand native teachers every day teach six hundred thousand native children the English language, and I would bring him back from the Philippines to the Hawaiian Islands.

In Honolulu during the war a procession of school children passed before me and presented me with the flags of their countries. Every race was represented, from New Zealand clear along the whole western side of the Pacific. They laid at my feet twenty-six flags.

I went from there to Mauna Loa, where I visited a school, a typical school, in which there were Filipinos, Javanese, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Samoans, Australians, Americans, Koreans. I said to the pupils, "Can anyone tell me why we are at war?"

A little girl thirteen years old, half Chinese and half Hawaiian, rose and said:

"I think I can, sir."

We were upon the side of the mountain, looking out over the Pacific, and the only communication with the civilized world was across that ocean.

"We are in this war," the child said, "because we want to keep the seas free—because we want to help those who need help." And I have yet to hear a better answer given.

I would show this man whom I wished to Americanize, finally, how these children, whether Japanese or American, no matter what their origin, stood every morning before the American flag, and raised their little hands, and pledged themselves to one language, one country, and one God now and forever.

And then I would bring him back to this country and say, "Grasp the meaning of what I have shown you and

you will know then what Americanism is. It is not one hundred and ten million people alone, it is one hundred and ten million people who have lived through struggle, and who have arrived through struggle, and who have won through work." Let us never forget that!

There is a sentimentality which would make it appear that in some millennial day man will not work. If some such calamity ever blights us, then man will fail, and fall back. God is wise. His first and His greatest gift to man was the obligation cast upon him to labor. When he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, it was the finest, the most helpful thing that could have happened to the race. For when man passed that gate, he met a world in chaos, a world that challenged his every resource; a world that, alike, beckoned him on and sought to daunt him, a world that said,

"If you will think, if you will plan, if you can persist, then I will yield to you. If you are without fibre, if you are content with your ignorance, if you surrender to fear, if you succumb to doubt, I shall overwhelm you."

The march of civilization is the epic of man as a *workingman*, and that is the reason why labor must always be held high. We have nothing previous to now that does not represent struggle. We have nothing of lasting value that does not represent determination. We have nothing admirable which does not represent self-sacrifice. We have no philosophy except the philosophy of confidence, of optimism, of faith in the righteousness of the contest we have made against nature.

We are to conquer this land in that spirit, and in that spirit we are to conquer other lands, for this our spirit is one that, like a living flame, goes abroad. Or I might compare it to some blessed wind—some soft, sweet wind that carried a benison across the Pacific and the Atlantic. We must keep alive in ourselves the thought that this

spirit is Americanism—that it is robust, dauntless, kindly, hearty, fertile and irresistible, and that through it men win out against all adversity. That is what has made us great.

This spirit is sympathetic. It is compelling. It is revealing. It is, above all, just. The one peculiar quality in our institutions is, that not alone in our hearts, but out of our hearts, has grown a means by which man can acquire justice for himself.

That is the reason, my Russian friend, my Armenian friend, why this country is a home to you. Bring your music, bring your art, bring all your soulfulness, your ancient experience, to the melting pot, and let it enrich our mettle. We welcome every spiritual influence, every cultural urge, and in turn we want you to love America as we love it, because it is holy ground—because it serves the world.

Our boys went across the water—never let us hesitate to speak their glorious names in pride—our boys went across the water, because they were filled with the spirit that has made America; a spirit that meets challenge; a spirit that wants to help. Combine these two qualities and you have the essence of Americanism—a spirit symbolized by the Washington Monument; that clean, straight arm lifted to Heaven in eternal pledge that our land shall always be independent and free.

—*Franklin K. Lane*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first five questions without referring to the story.

1. Make a list of all the places the author says he would show the new citizen in order to make him understand the meaning of America.

2. Make a list of three reasons why the strength of a nation lies in its army and navy.

3. Make a list of three reasons why the strength of a nation lies in the loyalty of its citizens.
4. Which do you think adds the greater strength?
5. According to this selection what was the greatest gift of God to man?
6. Summarize in a single paragraph the various qualities which the author says make up the spirit of America.

PUTTING YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

WORDS TO LEARN

Every new word that you add to your vocabulary makes it easier for you to express your ideas. Make the words listed below a part of your vocabulary before you leave this story. You will find them in **Words to Learn**.

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| placidly | persecution | contacts |
| belligerent | conformist | conventionality |
| cosmopolitan | divested | calculating |
| virile | resultants | projects |
| currency | tacit | generated |
| derogatory | retorts | petulant |
| intrusive | repudiates | infusing |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

It is sometimes hard for us to accept advice given to us by others who are older and more experienced. We all like to work things out for ourselves. We are very willing to accept advice from a man who has been over a road or trail with which we are not familiar, but we find it hard to accept advice from those who have been over the Road of Life and are better acquainted with it than we are. It would save us a great deal of sorrow and wasted effort if we could only accept some of this advice.

Emerson once said: "The only way to have a friend is to be one." The author of this selection adds that the only way to understand the people around you, and why they act as they do, is to put yourself in their places. This, he goes on to say, requires only a little active imagination on our part, yet it will make our lives much happier.

As you read this selection, note the two pictures that the author draws of each incident—one the helpful, understanding attitude; the other the persecuting, destructive attitude. Remember that this selection contains advice from a man who knows the right and the wrong way of living our lives, because he has watched many young people plan their lives, and knows what the result of the wrong attitude is sure to be.

PUTTING YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

THE water is so cold this morning that the boys standing on the float shiver and squeal as they peer down into its depths. In the group there is one boy who has just learned to swim, and to him the distance between the float and the shore looks much too great. There is another boy who knows that the first boy cannot swim well and as he shouts and jostles in the group he watches his friend who, as the old hymn puts it, “lingers trembling on the brink and fears to launch away.”

What shall he do? He can attract attention to his companion’s embarrassed hesitation and say, “Hi! Look at him! He’s scared to try it.”

Or he can quietly shoulder up to him and say, “Let’s swim in together. It’s not so far. Pretty soon you’ll get your confidence.”

One act would be an example of a thick-skinned persecution all too common with thoughtless youth; the other would be an instance of putting yourself in his place.

The railway station is crowded this afternoon; everyone is scurrying, intent on catching a train. In the waiting room are two figures, a nervous old lady and some distance away a high school boy. It is painfully clear that the old lady is nervous, for she asks questions of every man in uniform: of soldiers and sailors as well as of porters. She looks through her little bag to find her ticket; then she peers at the clock, asks more questions and then bur-

rows into her bag for her ticket again. No wonder the high school boy, confident that his train for the suburbs leaves at nineteen minutes past four on track number twenty-two, permits himself to be amused.

Young people can never understand how or why old people fidget so. The young believe that old age is serene, unruffled, placidly content in the chimney corner. They fail to realize that "that hoped serenity called age" seldom comes and that three score and ten is just the time when the grasshopper is a burden—which means that tiny details seem big.

If youth could only know how easily old people are bothered, would they not show a more active courtesy, a more sympathetic imagination? Instead of being amused our boy of fifteen might say to himself:

"That dear old lady over there is older than my grandmother. Why is she traveling alone? Perhaps she has had bad news and is obliged to go off in a hurry. She seems nervous about getting her train. I wonder if I can help her, because she is all alone. At any rate I can carry her bag."

That act of sympathetic imagination whereby our boy performs the always-possible feat of putting himself in another's place forces him toward her, and the next moment he finds himself assuring her that he can easily put her aboard the ten-minutes-past-four train, that he knows her train goes from track number nineteen, and moreover that he is sure he can find track nineteen. In short, he has given himself the luxury of courtesy and is doing a useful kindness just because he has put himself in her place.

Putting yourself in another person's place is essential in this world of human contacts if those contacts are to be friendly. Putting yourself in another's place is the basis of courtesy, for courtesy has this twofold mission: it seeks

not to hurt, and it does seek to help. That means that in our fleeting and casual contacts—for we are like “ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing”—the courteous boy or girl must be as sensitive to outside conditions as a photographic plate. Supposing first of all before we go further into courtesy, that we dwell on the art of sympathetic imagination and discover together how in our daily associations we shall not hurt, and how we can help.

None of my readers will need to be convinced of the value of courtesy, its beauty and its use. Surely you need no converting in respect to the necessity of being thoughtful. Our difficulty in that matter will be one not of principle but of method, not of why but of how. Perhaps it has not always been so; perhaps once we were social rebels priding ourselves on how we could trample down conventionality. We would be no smooth-spoken pleasers of men, but, far honester folk. We would blurt out just what we thought and bang and slam our way through the family and shove and contend our way through the world.

But we found that that would not do. Early we found that being a person meant doing as we insisted on being done by. The only place for the rebel against this natural law is on an island all to himself where he can fight things out with giant oaks or boulders on the shore.

We all agree that the desirable opposite of the belligerent and selfish rebel who spurns courtesy is not the spic-and-span perfumed man of the world. Earnestly we choose not to be that! The “parlor snake,” the sleek little conformist, the calculating young cosmopolitan who maps out his own pleasure by trying to please everybody—none of them is the ideal of my readers who believe in courtesy. What we do revere and crave is a character divested of that self-consciousness which holds us back from freely giving and doing, a heart warmed to service by gratitude

for mercies received, a mind intent on unselfish projects and a hand stretched out to help without intruding.

Those virile graces any downright straight-thinking boy or girl is glad to try for. They will not come of themselves; they are resultants. They are the graces generated by the gradual nourishment of grace. They are the marks of that person whom Wordsworth calls "the happy warrior"—the character that we thoughtlessly describe by the grand old names of gentleman and gentlewoman.

To define the word "gentleman" would prove a stimulating topic for discussion. What is the heart of gentlemanliness and of gentlewomanliness? It centers, I feel sure, on the quality of consolation, the tonic, tacit assurance of readiness to serve. A gentleman, it has been humorously declared, is one who never unconsciously inflicts pain. Rather would you not say he is one who never consciously inflicts pain? There is an automatic subconscious sympathy at work that prevents the real gentleman from inflicting pain. Do you not recall certain men and women who never by word or look or attitude have given you anything except a sense of consolation and of upholding comradeship? Such is the gentleman, the embodiment of that courtesy by studying which we hope to gain the more.

Putting yourself in another's place, we now must see, is too delicate and sensitive a set of activities to be reduced to rules. Courtesy is love appropriate to the occasion. Starting with a positive desire to hurt no one and to help all we can, we shall find that the persistent use of sympathetic imagination, however much it may cut against our own little plans, will in time produce the gentleman.

Words, first of all, are the currency between man and man. What we say to one another is the obvious gauge of what we think about ourselves or others. The boy who wills to be a gentleman will never let his tongue rule him. The gentleman is ever the master of his speech. Sharp,

petulant criticisms, therefore, thrown out into the unknown, directed toward some salesman or conductor or accountant whom we may never see again, will perhaps lodge in the mind of the hearer and help to produce in him a slumbering distrust of mankind in general. That is not an overstatement. We should be as gentle toward the person whom we shall never see again as toward the brother or sister of daily household contacts.

Vague derogatory statements as well as sharp personal retorts should also be avoided. After all we are not judges of the world; but, obvious though the fact is, what we carelessly say may hurt the feelings of members of the group. Two people standing in an assembly look out on the crowd. One, like Sir Oracle, passes judgment on the group.

"What an ugly woman that is over there!" he says, pointing forward.

"That," says his companion, grieved and troubled, "is my mother."

"Oh! I don't mean her!" Sir Oracle screamingly protests. "I mean the one to the left just by the pillar."

"That," the other rejoins, "is my sister."

It is of no use! Whoever "slings mud" hurts feelings. The courteous boy or girl by a rigid suppression of hasty judgments takes pains not to give pain. "I never ask questions," protests a wise friend. By that of course she means personal questions. That rule will prove the surest guide in courtesy. "Fools rush in," the proverb says, "where angels fear to tread."

Often foolhardy questioners are propelled by malice. "How," asks the old lady, drawing up her chair to the distracted mother who is bowed down under the weight of a son's wanderings and willfulness, "how is Alfred? Is he getting on nicely? You hear from him often, I hope." All of which she is morally sure isn't so. She knows that

Alfred is a burden and never writes. Her questions, therefore, are social cruelty. Avoid the inquisitive intrusion involved in pushing your mind where it has no business to be. Never ask questions. Remember that.

"I hope that Mary is doing well at the high school," says the neighbor. "I thought I saw her working in the house. Isn't she well?" That means that the mother must drag out an explanation that, to the shame of the family, Mary has been dropped a class, and won't return to school. Whoever started the theory that the only sins are theft and murder? Hurting feelings is evil too; it is a highway robbery of secrets. Intrusive parlor prying is first-class high-grade wickedness. So shall we not resolve, students of courtesy, never to ask questions?

The fountain of courtesy is the Golden Rule. That superb principle of conduct should be bound as a frontlet to our foreheads or, better still, should be written in living letters on our hearts. "Whatsoever ye would that men would do unto you, do ye even so unto them"—or in simpler form, "Do as you would be done by."

Let us now test that truly golden principle in positive efforts of helpfulness, for courtesy means more than not causing pain; it goes further even than greasing the social wheels and by politeness making things run smoothly. Courtesy is charity in action. It is that hidden form of loving kindness which effects noble things without seeming effort.

A mark of the gentleman is that he smiles under burdens. Though his shoulder may be aching beneath the load that he bears, with a fine flourish he stands up straight and repudiates the suggestion that he is carrying much. Thus courtesy gives to morals an essential glory infusing the right action with a certain graciousness that adds charm to righteousness.

—*Samuel S. Drury*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first four questions without rereading the selection?

1. Why are words so very important?
2. Give the author's definition of courtesy.
3. What is the two-fold mission of courtesy?
4. What is meant by "sympathetic imagination"?
5. Make five simple statements which will bring out the five main points of this selection.

THE STORY OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Nowhere in the literature of the whole world is the question "Who is my neighbor?" so wisely and so beautifully answered as in the parable of the good Samaritan.

You will appreciate the lesson of this story better if you remember that when this parable was told by Jesus, the priests of the synagogue and the Levites, who were the scholars and learned men, were honored and respected, while the Samaritans were looked down upon with scorn. By choosing the Samaritan as the hero of this story, Jesus pointed out that wealth, learning and rank do not necessarily make for kindness and thoughtfulness. Even the poorest and weakest of us can be a "good neighbor" if we have the neighborly spirit.

THE STORY OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

ONE day two thousand years ago, when Jesus was out walking and talking with his disciples on the hills about Jerusalem, he was met by a group of men, one of whom began to ask him questions.

Finally the man, who wanted to catch Jesus in saying something unfriendly to Caesar, asked him the question "Who is my neighbor?"

Jesus replied: "That reminds me of a story of a certain man who was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. On the way down he fell among thieves who robbed him of

everything he had. They even took away his clothes. Then they left him naked, wounded and half dead, lying beside the road.

“It happened soon after that a certain devout priest came along that way, and seeing the poor man by the side of the road, he passed by on the other side, saying to himself that he did not know the man, and anyway he had to go to the synagogue to preach and pray.

“Soon after this a very well educated man called a Levite came down the road to Jericho. When he came to where the robbed and wounded man lay by the roadside, he stopped and looked at him, out of curiosity. Then he also went by on the other side, keeping as far from the poor man as he could.

“Later in the day another man came down the road on his way to Jericho. He was a poor Samaritan without much education or wealth or social position. He owned a small grove of olive trees and was on his way to market with his goat-skin bag of olive oil strapped on the back of his little donkey.

“When he came to the spot where the poor man lay in the dust by the road his heart was moved to pity. ‘Surely, here is a man who has need of a friend,’ he said, and leaving his donkey to graze beside the road, he went over to the man and lifting up his head he found that he was still alive.

“Then he washed his wounds with olive oil and wine, and bound them up with cloth torn from his own clothes. With great difficulty he got the poor man on his little donkey behind his bag of olive oil, and brought him safely to a little hotel a short distance away.

“All the rest of that day the Samaritan stayed with the stranger taking care of him, and the next morning as he departed he said to the hotel keeper, ‘I have to go to market to sell my olive oil. Take good care of the man. Here

are two pence but if you spend more than that I will repay you when I come back this way.'

"Now," said Jesus to the man who had asked the question, "Which of these three men, the priest, the Levite or the Samaritan, do you think was neighbor to the man who fell among thieves?"

And the only answer the man who asked the question dared to make was, "He that showed mercy."

Jesus said, "Go, and do thou likewise."

—*Bible, Retold by Edwin O. Grover*

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE

WORDS TO LEARN

Look up these words in **Words to Learn** before reading this poem.

feuds

spleen

purge

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Almost from the time of its discovery, America has been made up of people of different races, different religions and different beliefs. It has long been recognized by the great men of our nation that only by adopting an attitude of toleration in discussing and settling all questions that may arise, can justice be done or American ideals preserved.

America is a noble experiment to test whether or not all races and creeds can live together in peace and friendship. If we want this experiment to be successful, we should do everything we can to make its success possible. Mr. McCarthy tells us in this poem that one of the most important things we can do to make the experiment successful is to banish all hate, and help to develop a spirit of brotherhood in our nation.

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE

THIS is the land where hate should die—
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.

Lo! every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Respect the creeds that are not mine.
He little loves the land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die—
This is the land where strife should cease,
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before the light of love and peace.
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live!

—*Denis A. McCarthy*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first two questions without rereading the poem.

1. Why is our country, more than any other, the "Land Where Hate Should Die"?
2. What is meant by the statement, "I serve my country well when I respect the creeds that are not mine"?
3. Give in a simple statement the main thought of each stanza.



STORIES OF ACHIEVEMENT

The Central Thought

“Achievement” is only another name for “making good.” Every time we do our work well, every time we accomplish what we undertake, whether it is on the football field, in the class-room or at home, we are preparing ourselves for some greater achievement when the opportunity offers. Every great achievement is made possible by the doing of many little things well.

WHY DRAYTON WAS SAFE

WORDS TO LEARN

The following words must be known before you can enjoy this story. Look them up in **Words to Learn**, and observe how they are used in this selection.

composedly
elation
deplorable
devotee

maelstrom
furtively
pandemonium
bedlam

tempestuous
adherents
apprised
hazardous

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

You have probably often played in, or watched a contest between two teams on the baseball diamond, and felt the keen spirit of rivalry that makes each team play as hard as it can to win. You can then appreciate how all the Prescott players felt on the day of this game. See how the author makes you feel the excitement and the interest on the part of the players and spectators.

WHY DRAYTON WAS SAFE

IT was the day before the semi-annual baseball game between Prescott and Cole, and the Prescott nine was one man short. Saunders, the captain, and seven of the team, gathered on the library steps, were discussing the possibilities of Drayton, a new student.

"Where'd you say he came from, Saunders?"

"Oh, some mountain place—Pine Grove, I think he called it."

"How do you know he can do anything?" asked another. "Did he tell you himself?"

"Saw him. The first day I met him we were passing the football grounds and the ball rolled out in front of us. Drayton caught it, and sent a drop-kick straight over the goal, forty yards away. It nearly paralyzed the fellows who were playing. The next moment Brooking was asking him to show up for practice with the "try out" squad. And yesterday Drayton took the hammer and threw it within two inches of the school record. The wonderful part of it is that he seems to be in first-class training, although he came here apparently fresh from the mountains."

"There he is now!" said Dayle, Prescott's pitcher. "And look! What has he in his arms? Somebody drowned?"

The boys set off at a run to meet a tall, stalwart youth who bore in his arms a limp little body in a bathing-suit.

"Professor Taylor's boy!" cried Saunders, catching sight of the little one's face.

"What's happened, Drayton?" Saunders shouted.

One of the youngsters at Drayton's heels replied, 'Roddy, fell into the big tank by mistake. He was in swimming in our tank, where it's shallow, and he got into the big boy's tank, where the water's over your head, you know, and he got scared and went down. We all screamed

and yelled out of the windows, and Drayton heard us and jumped right through the window and into the water and pulled Roddy out."

A crowd of the larger boys was around the rescuer and his burden now, and the professor came running to meet them, pale but thankful.

"He isn't hurt any, sir," said Drayton, delivering the child into the professor's arms. "He hadn't been down more than once, I think. Here, boy, open your eyes and let a fellow see that you're alive."

The child opened his eyes and slowly wiped the water out of one of them with a chubby fist. Then he began to cry. The crowd set up a tumult of cheers.

"He's all right!"

"Good for you, Roddy!"

"Three cheers for the professor!"

"Where's Drayton?"

The shout went round the crowd on a hundred tongues, and a hundred shoulders surged toward a central maelstrom which represented the tempestuous desire of the moment.

"Drayton!" "Drayton!" "Here he is!" "Up with him!" "Here we go!" "Hurrah for the new boy!"

"Hurrah!" shrieked Saunders, throwing his cap into the air. "What did I tell you, fellows? Didn't I say he could do anything?"

The eight members of the Prescott baseball nine followed the crowd which carried Drayton in triumph to his lodgings.

"We'll give you time to change your clothes," said Saunders, when the hero was set down at his door and stood with his cap off, thanking the boys for their "joshing" as he blushing called their admiring cheers. "After that, we want to see you."

"All right. Where shall it be?"

"We'll be out in the field, practising. Come out there, will you?"

"Yes," said Drayton, and the door closed, while the crowd cheered again.

"Wonder if he can play ball?" said Dayle, the Prescott pitcher, as the baseball party moved away to the gymnasium to don their uniforms for practice. "Is that what you're going to ask him, Saunders?"

"Yes."

"The chances are that he can," said Browne. "He seems to have had a good lot of experience somewhere. Are you sure he came from the mountains, Saunders?"

"Yes, but don't let that deceive you. They do a few things in the mountains, you know. And I have a notion that Drayton plays baseball as he does everything else—with a speed that will make most of us hustle to keep up with him. It's tremendous energy that's the matter with him," concluded Saunders wisely. "A fellow that goes right at a thing with confidence and energy is bound to excel in it if he has ordinary sense to begin with."

Soon after, Drayton sauntered out to the field, as composedly as if he had not saved a life less than an hour before and did not know that the whole school was watching him furtively to see what a real live hero looked like, and how he might act in his leisure moments.

"Do you play baseball, old man?" asked Saunders, while the others held their breath.

"Yes," said Drayton. The team drew a sigh of relief.

"We're short a man for to-morrow's game against Cole," Saunders went on, hopefully. "Kingsley's sprained his wrist, and three other subs have been injured and can't play. Will you play third in Kingsley's place?"

Drayton shook his head. "I don't altogether like baseball," he said, "nor any other game where there's a chance for cheating."

“Cheating?”

“Yes.”

“But, my dear fellow,” cried Saunders in surprise, while the others stared, “we don’t cheat! Whatever put that into your head?”

“I have played baseball myself!” retorted Drayton. “Of course there’s nothing personal in my remark. If you are assuring me that you fellows don’t cheat when you get a chance, I’ll take your word for it.”

“We play nothing but a square game,” said Saunders, with a frown. “No other kind would be allowed at Prescott. We wanted you because we imagined you would help us beat Cole tomorrow, as you seem to be good at almost everything. But if you think we—”

Drayton walked up and patted Saunders’ sleeve with a friendly laugh.

“I think nothing,” he said lightly, “and if you still want me to play tomorrow, just give me a Prescott uniform and put your trust in luck. Sorry I can’t stay to practice with you now, but Taylor is sending ‘immediate delivery’ messages after me to compel my presence before him, so you’ll have to excuse me,” and he was off over the grass toward the professor’s cottage.

When the team lined up against Cole on the following afternoon, everybody in the immense crowd behind the diamond knew that the man in Kingsley’s uniform was “the new chap from the mountains who saved the boy’s life.”

The excitement began in the fourth inning, with the score tied and the adherents of each college standing on tiptoe to watch Cole’s star base-runner trying to get in with the run that should place the visiting team a point ahead.

This base-runner, whose name was Conner, had made a fine drive of the ball into deep center field for two bases,

and was now playing far off, in a desperate attempt to "steal" third. There were two Cole men out in this inning, and one more would retire the side. A good batter was up, and Conner might score if he could get a long start from second base before the ball should be hit.

The Prescott pitcher drew back his arm. Conner took a generous lead, and started madly for third base the moment the ball was pitched. Drayton ran to the bag, the catcher caught the ball, and whisked it down to third and into Drayton's hands like a shot.

Twenty feet from the bag, Conner took the only chance left him to reach there safely. He dropped face downward, gave a terrific plunge, and by the space of a hair slid under Drayton's hands as the latter whirled with the ball to touch him out.

The crowd broke into a roar of conflicting cheers and clamors for the umpire's decision. The noise was so great that nobody could hear what it was. Was Conner out or safe?

Drayton stood with the ball in his hand, looking at the umpire. Conner lay sprawled at full length on the ground, one hand clutching the bag. The umpire waved his hand toward him.

"You're out!"

The words came to the ears of the crowd at last. Instantly the roaring was redoubled, for now Prescott was cheering while Cole was indignantly shouting its protests against the decision.

"Safe! Safe! He's safe!" cried a thousand voices.

"Play ball!" called the umpire, motioning for the Cole men to take the field. Prescott's men were walking in to their bench, counting the other side out—all except Drayton. He still stood at his station. Conner still held to the bag.

"Come in, Drayton!" called Saunders, elation in his

voice. "You made a good play there, old man!"

"But you are mistaken," was the astonishing reply, while the crowd suddenly fell into a deep hush. "He isn't out. I didn't touch him."

"What!" gasped Saunders.

The seven other players of Prescott, and most of those of the Cole team, stared at the tall, freckle-faced youth in a daze of consternation, which quickly rumbled into a growl of disgust on the one side and surged into a yell of triumph on the other.

Saunders and all Prescott in unison rose up and denounced Drayton for the biggest dunce that had ever appeared on a Prescott diamond. They even insisted that his admission should pass as untechnical and out of order, on the ground that the umpire had already decided the play beyond recall before Drayton had spoken.

But the umpire shook his head. He declared that the testimony of one of Prescott's own men was sufficient to change his decision, as it was obvious that the runner had reached the base safely if the opponent guarding the base said so. It might be untechnical, but his notion of the game was that both colleges wanted the play decided on its merits and not on the mistakes of eyesight by one who was not playing. Therefore he would reverse his decision, glad to have been apprised of his error, and thankful that he had been spared the deplorable accident of giving the game to Prescott unjustly.

Nothing much could be said to this. What little was said, Drayton himself uttered.

"I was told yesterday," he said to Saunders, "that nothing but a square game was allowed at Prescott. There is only one way to play any game squarely. If a man is out he is out, and I don't want him called safe just because he is on my side. Neither do I want an opponent called out if he isn't out. That might be a triumph of deception,

but it wouldn't be a triumph of skill, and I believe the game is intended to be one of skill rather than one of deception."

"Don't argue with him," advised Dayle. "Fire the umpire, and let Drayton do the whole thing. I don't imagine the other side would object."

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire again, and the game proceeded.

Conner scored on the next pitched ball, which was batted out safely. A moment later the side was retired. The score now stood:

Cole, 2; Prescott, 1.

So it remained to the last inning. Then something happened.

Cole had had its turn at the bat and had failed to increase its lead. It was now Prescott's final chance to tie the score or win.

Dayle came to the plate and struck out. Browne followed with a lucky hit over second, and reached first base in safety. By a hazardous slide he advanced a base a moment later. Saunders came up and went out on a slow grounder to shortstop. Drayton was the next man up. There were two out.

"Has he made a hit during the game?" asked a glum Prescott devotee of his neighbor.

"One," replied the neighbor, shortly.

At that moment Drayton made another. The ball left the bat with a sharp crack that somehow told those who heard it that it was to be a lone, safe hit. When it landed, the center fielder was chasing it away into the corner of the field, and Browne was cantering home with the tally that tied the score!

On round the bases, sped Drayton, now past first, now over second, now coming down to third with a speed that made the eyebrows of the college crack sprinter rise.

"Come home! Come home!" shouted the Prescott coaches and the Prescott audience, while the other Prescott players danced from their bench and threw their caps into the air.

Would he be able to make it? The ball was recovered and thrown toward the diamond just as Drayton tore around the third corner and started for the plate. Cole's second baseman caught and sent the ball whizzing across the diamond to the Cole catcher, who stood quivering to receive it and block the oncoming Drayton before he should reach the rubber plate.

Down came the runner, slap came the ball into the catcher's big glove. It was a great and true throw from the Cole second baseman. But it^e was also a great slide which carried Drayton around behind his waiting foe and brought his outstretched hand to the plate a quarter of a second before the catcher could reach him with the ball!

If there had been a pandemonium of noise from the crowd before, there was a bedlam now. The umpire had been unable to see Drayton touch the plate, owing to the cloud of dust raised by the slide, and was hesitating whether to call him out or safe. "Safe" meant the game for Prescott. "Out" meant that the score was merely tied.

The crowd suddenly realized that the umpire was hesitating, and fell silent.

The umpire looked Drayton full in the face.

"Did you touch the plate or not?" he asked sharply.

"I touched the plate," came the reply, with equal distinctness.

And then the crowd knew in a flash that the game was won. Drayton would be believed.

"You are safe," said the umpire and not one of the Cole nine dissented, while the Prescott contingent swept down with the cheers of victory thrilling across the field.

At dinner, that evening, Saunders said, "Drayton's

scheme worked better than ours would have, after all. We should have had those Cole chaps squabbling over that decision for the next six months, whereas now they are satisfied and cheerful."

And Drayton remarked quietly, "Most fellows are satisfied to be beaten fairly."

—*Carroll Carrington*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test whether you have read the story comprehendingly by answering the first five questions without reference to the story.

1. In what lines of athletics had Drayton proved his skill before he was asked to play in the baseball game against Cole?

2. How did Saunders explain Drayton's success in athletics, in spite of the fact that he was "fresh from the mountains"?

3. What reason did Drayton give for not liking baseball?

4. Why could the umpire depend on Drayton's answer when he asked him whether he touched the plate or not?

5. Do you think that Drayton's honesty in admitting that he had not touched the Cole player added to or lessened the excitement of the game? Why?

6. Select the most exciting portion of the story and read it aloud in class.

TUBAL CAIN

WORDS TO LEARN

There may be other words in this poem which you do not know. If so, look them up in your dictionary. The following words can be found in **Words to Learn**.

lust

carnage

forebore

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

“In the days when earth was young,” men spent most of their lives hunting and fighting. Their only use for iron was to fashion it into swords and spears. It was not until civilization had advanced further that a peaceful use for iron was discovered, in the construction of implements for tilling the soil and raising crops.

In this poem, Tubal Cain, who is mentioned in the Book of Genesis as an “artificer in brass and iron” is represented as the man who found this peaceful use for iron. Tubal Cain is the first blacksmith of whom we have any record.

As you read this poem, notice the contrast drawn between the making of swords and the making of plowshares. You will often hear the phrase, “beating their swords into plowshares.” Notice the picture that the author paints of Tubal Cain as he beats plowshares to plow “the willing lands.”

TUBAL CAIN

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned sword and spear.
And he sang: “Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!”

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they said, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"

And the red sparks lit the air ;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands ;
And sung: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he ;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

—*Charles Mackay*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Try to answer the first two questions without rereading the poem.

1. Why did Tubal Cain make plowshares instead of swords?
2. How did this change affect all the people?
3. Read the poem aloud so as to bring out its full significance.

HOW ABE LINCOLN PAID FOR HIS STOCKINGS

WORDS TO LEARN

If you can use a word correctly five times, it becomes a part of your speaking vocabulary. Follow this plan and see how soon you can make these words a part of your vocabulary. The next time you see them you will recognize them at once. You can find them in **Words to Learn**.

intermittently
agog
incredulous
constitutents

obscurity
counsel
manacles
irascible

client
brusquely
inquest
presumptive

waive
nonchalance
combatively
demoralized
atrocious
culminating

brogue
fracas
disconcert
fathom
perjure
retract

deteriorate
doggedly
protract
gavel
inarticulately
stentorian

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Abraham Lincoln grew up in pioneer surroundings, living in a rude cabin and enduring many hardships, but he did not lose his ambition and so he became one of our great Americans. His mother taught him to read and encouraged him to devote his spare time to studying. To this end he borrowed and read all the books that he could get, often rereading them so many times that he could almost repeat them from memory.

While he was a young man, he was given the position of clerk in the country store, and it was while he was thus engaged that he decided to study law. He borrowed the necessary textbooks and went at night to the schoolmaster to have any difficult points explained. Law and politics became young Lincoln's chief interests. He achieved great popularity in the cases that he tried, but his first ventures in politics were not so successful.

Lincoln was a firm believer in justice, and refused to take cases which he thought were not right. He was an excellent cross-examiner, and his friendliness and skill often won important evidence from difficult or unwilling witnesses. At that time it was the custom for lawyers to travel about from place to place throughout the country and try cases, as you see Lincoln doing in this story.

This selection, founded upon a true incident, is taken from "The Graysons," a novel by Edward Eggleston. The case it describes was one of Lincoln's most famous cases. This story gives an insight into Lincoln's love of justice and great power as a lawyer.

HOW ABE LINCOLN PAID FOR HIS STOCKINGS

TO the City Hotel in the little village of Moscow, Illinois, there came, on the first day after Tom's arrest, one of those solitary horsemen who gave life to nearly every landscape and mystery to nearly every novel of that generation. This horseman, after the fashion

of the age, carried his luggage in a pair of saddle-bags, which kept time to his horse's trot by rapping against the flaps of his saddle.

"Howdy, Cap'n Biggs," said the traveler to the landlord, who was leaning solidly against the door-jamb and showing no sign of animation, except by slowly and intermittently working his jaws in the manner of a ruminating cow.

"Howdy, Abe," was the answer. The rider alighted and stretched the kinks out of his long, lank limbs, the horse meanwhile putting his head half-way to the ground and moving farther into the cool shade. Then the horseman proceeded to disengage his saddle-bags from the stirrup-straps, now on one side of the horse and then on the other.

"Have yer hoss fed some corn?" In asking this question Captain Biggs with some difficulty succeeded in detaching himself from the door-post, bringing his weight perpendicularly upon his legs; this accomplished he sluggishly descended the three door-steps to the ground and took hold of the bridle.

"What's this I hear about Tom Grayson, Cap'n?" said the new-comer, as he tried to pull and wriggle his trousers-legs down to their normal place.

"Oh, he's gone'n' shot Lockwood, like the blasted fool he is. He wuz blowin' about it afore he lef' town las' month, but nobody reckoned it wuz anything but blow. Some trouble about k-yards an' a purty gal. I s'pose Tom's got to swing fer it, 'nless you kin kinder bewilder the jury like, an' git him off. Ole Mis' Grayson's in the settin'-room now a-waitin' to see you about it."

Captain Biggs lifted his face, on which was a week's growth of stubby beard, to see how his guest would take this information. The tall, awkward young lawyer only drew his brow to a frown and said nothing; but turned and went into the tavern with his saddle-bags on his arm,

and walking stiffly from being so long cramped in riding. Passing through the cool bar-room with its moist odors of mixed drinks, he crossed the hall into the rag-carpeted sitting-room beyond.

"Oh, Abra'm, I'm that glad to see you!" But here the old lady's feelings overcame her and she could not go on.

"Howdy, Mrs. Grayson. It's too bad about Tom. How did he come to do it?"

"Lawsy, honey, he didn't do it."

"You think he didn't?"

"I know he didn't. He says so himself. I've been a-waitin' here all the mornin' to see you, an' git you to defend him."

The lawyer sat down on the wooden settee by Mrs. Grayson, and after a little time of silence said:

"You'd better get some older man, like Blackman."

"Tom won't have Blackman; he won't have nobody but Abe Lincoln, he says."

"But—they say the evidence is all against him; and if that's the case, an inexperienced man like me couldn't do any good."

Mrs. Grayson looked at him piteously as she detected his reluctance.

"Abra'm, he's all the boy I've got left. Ef you'll defend him I'll give you my farm an' make out the deed before you begin. An' that's all I've got."

"Farm be hanged!" said Lincoln. "Do you think I don't remember your goodness to me when I was a little wretch with my toes sticking out of my ragged shoes! I wouldn't take a copper from you. But you're Tom's mother, and of course you think he didn't do it. Now what if the evidence proves that he did?"

Barbara had been sitting in one corner of the room, and Lincoln had not observed her in the obscurity produced by the shade of the green slat curtains. She got

up and came forward. "Abra'm, do you remember me?"

"Is this little Barby?" he said, scanning her face. "You're a young woman now, I declare."

There was a simple tenderness in his voice that showed how deeply he felt the trouble that had befallen the Graysons.

"Well, I want to say, Abra'm," Barbara went on, "that after talking to Tom we believe that he doesn't know anything about the shooting. Now you'd better go and see him for yourself."

"Well I'll tell you what, Aunt Marthy," he said, relapsing into the familiar form of address he had been accustomed to use toward Mrs. Grayson in his boyhood; "I'll go over and see Tom, and if he is innocent, as you and Barby think, we'll manage to save him or know the reason why. But I must see him alone, and he mustn't know about my talk with you."

Lincoln got up, and laying his saddle-bags down in one corner of the room went out immediately. First he went to inquire of Sheriff Plunkett what was the nature of the evidence likely to be brought against Tom. Then he got the sheriff to let him into the jail and leave him alone with his client. Tom had been allowed to remain in the lighter apartment since there was no fear of his escape on this day, when all the town was agog about the murder, and people were continually coming to peer into the jail to get a glimpse of the monster who in the darkness had shot down one that had helped him out of a gambling scrape.

Lincoln sat down on the only stool there was in the room, while Tom sat on a bench.

"Now, Tom," said the lawyer, fixing his penetrating gaze on the young man's face, "you want to remember that I'm your friend and your counsel. However proper it may be to keep your own secret in such a situation as you are,

you must tell me the whole truth, or else I cannot do you any good. How did you come to shoot Lockwood?"

"I didn't shoot Lockwood," said Tom brusquely; "and if you don't believe that it's no use to go on."

"Well, say I believe it then, and let's proceed. Tell me all that happened between you and that young man."

Tom began and told all about the gambling in Wooden & Snyder's store and how he was led into it, and about his visit to Hubbard Township to get money to pay Lockwood. Then he told of his anger and his threats, his uncle's break with him, and his talk with Barbara the evening before the murder; and finally he gave a circumstantial account of all that happened to him on the camp ground, and of his flight and arrest.

"But," said Lincoln, who had looked closely and sometimes incredulously at Tom's face while he spoke, "why did you take a pistol with you to the camp-meeting?"

"I did not. I hadn't had a pistol in my hands for a week before the shooting."

"But Plunkett says that there's a man ready to swear that he saw you do the shooting. They've got a pistol out of one of your drawers, and this witness will swear that you used just such an old-fashioned weapon as that."

"Good Lord, Abe! Who would tell such an infernal lie on a fellow in my fix? That makes my situation bad." Tom got up and walked the stone-paved floor in excitement. "But the bullet will show that I didn't do it. Get hold of the bullet, and if it fits the bore of that old-fashioned pistol I won't ask you to defend me."

"But there wasn't any bullet." Lincoln was now watching Tom's countenance with the closest scrutiny.

"No bullet! How in creation did they kill him, then?"

"Can't you think?" He was still studying Tom's face.

"I don't know any way of killing a fellow with a pistol

that's got no bullet unless you beat his brains out with the butt of it, and I thought they said George was shot."

"So he was."

"But how was he killed?" demanded Tom.

"With buck-shot."

Tom stood and mused a minute.

"Now tell me who says I did the shooting."

"I never heard of him before. Sovine, I believe his name is."

"Dave Sovine? W'y, he's the son of old Bill Sovine; he's the boy that ran off four years ago, don't you remember? He's the blackleg that won all my money. What does he want to get me hanged for? I paid him all I owed him."

Lincoln hardly appeared to hear what Tom was saying. He sat now with his eyes fixed on the grating, lost in thought.

"Tom, I've made up my mind that you're innocent but it's going to be dreadful hard to prove it," he said at last. "Who was that strapping big knock-down fellow that used to be about your place—hunter, fisherman, fist-fighter and all that?"

"Do you mean Bob McCord?"

"That must be the man. Big Bob, they called him. He's friendly to you isn't he?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, you have Big Bob come to see me next Tuesday at the tavern, as I go back. I'll be there to dinner. And if you are called to the inquest, you have only to tell the truth. We won't make any fight before the coroner. You'll be bound over anyhow, and it's not best to show our hand too soon."

With that he took his leave. When he got out of the prison he found Mrs. Grayson and Barbara waiting to see him.

“Well Aunt Marthy,” he said, “it doesn’t seem to me that your boy killed that fellow. It’s going to be hard to clear him, but he didn’t do it. I’ll do my best. You must get all Tom’s relations to come to the trial. And have Big Bob McCord come to see me next Tuesday.”

The influence of Tom’s uncle, judiciously directed by Hiram Mason, secured for the accused permission to remain in the light room of the prison in the day-time with manacles on, and to sleep in the dungeon at night without manacles. And the influence of Janet secured from Tom’s aunt the loan of the clean though ancient and well-worn bedding and bed-linen that had been afforded him during his stay in his uncle’s house. This was set up in the dark room of the jail in place of the bed that had been a resting-place for villains almost ever since the town was founded.

Understanding that Tom was to be taken to the coroner’s inquest that afternoon, Hiram tried to persuade the sheriff to take him to Perrysburg jail at night for safety. But Plunkett refused this. He knew that such a change might offend Broad Run in case it should take a notion to enforce law in its own way, and Broad Run was an important factor in an election for county officers. Plunkett felt himself to be a representative sheriff. The voters of Broad Run and others of their kind had given him his majority, and he was in his place to do their will. Elevation to office had not spoiled him; he recognized in himself a humble servant of the people, whose duty it was to enforce the law whenever it did not conflict with the wishes of any considerable number of his “constituents.” To his mind it did not appear to be of much consequence that a man who deserved hanging should receive his merited punishment at the hands of a mob, instead of suffering death according to the forms of law, after a few weeks or months of delay. But he was too cautious to

reveal to Mason the true state of his mind; he only urged that the removal of Tom to Perrysburg would be an act of timidity that might promote the formation of a mob while it would not put Tom out of their reach. This Mason could not deny.

The Coroner's Inquest

The coroner's inquest was held in a barn where the corpse was taken and where the people of the whole country-side gathered.

David Sovine swore that he saw Tom Grayson shoot and kill George Lockwood. This testimony so angered the crowd that had it not been for the strategy of the officers in moving Tom away in secret he would have suffered death at the hands of the unreasonable mob. Tom Grayson was bound over to the circuit court.

The Trial

On the date set for the trial in court, the people gathered in large numbers and those who had seats in the courtroom were, for the most part, too wise to vacate them during the noon recess. Jake Hogan clambered down from his uncomfortable window-roost for a little while, and Bob McCord took a plunge into the grateful fresh air, but both got back in time to secure their old points of observation. The lawyers came back early, and long before the judge returned, the ruddy-faced Magill was seated behind his little desk, facing the crowd and pretending to write. He was ill at ease; the heart of the man had gone out to Tom. He never for a moment doubted that Tom killed Lockwood, but then a sneak like Lockwood "richly deserved it," in Magill's estimation. Judge Watkin's austere face assumed a yet more severe expression; for though pity never interfered with justice in his

nature, it often rendered the old man unhappy, and therefore more than usually irascible.

There was a painful pause after the judge had taken his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. It was like a wait before a funeral service, but rendered ten times more distressing by the element of suspense. The judge's quill pen could be heard scratching on the paper as he noted points for his charge to the jury.

To Hiram Mason the whole trial was unendurable. The law had the aspect of a relentless boa-constrictor, slowly winding itself about Tom, while all these spectators, with merely a curious interest in the horrible, watched the process. The deadly creature had now to make but one more coil, and then, in its cruel and deliberate fashion, it would proceed to tighten its twists until the poor boy should be done to death. Barbara and the mother were entwined by this fate as well, while Hiram had not a little finger of help for them. He watched Lincoln as he took his seat in moody silence. Why had the lawyer not done anything to help Tom? Any other lawyer with a desperate case would have had a stack of law-books in front of him, as a sort of dam against the flood. But Lincoln had neither law-books nor so much as a scrap of paper.

The prosecuting attorney, with a taste for climaxes, reserved his chief witness to the last. Even now he was not ready to call Sovine. He would add one more stone to the pyramid of presumptive proof before he capped it all with certainty. Markham was therefore put up to identify the old pistol which he had found in Tom's room. Lincoln again waived cross-examination. Blackman felt certain that he himself could have done better. He mentally constructed the questions that should have been put to the deputy sheriff. Was the pistol hot when you found it? Did it smell of powder? Did the family make any

objection to your search?—Even if the judge had ruled out such questions the jury would have heard the questions, and a question often has weight in spite of rulings from the bench. The prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case; he had come to his last witness and his great stroke.

“Call David Sovine,” he said, wiping his brow and looking relieved.

“David Sovine! David Sovine! David Sovine!” cried the sheriff in due and ancient form, though David sat almost within whispering distance of him.

The witness stood up.

“Howld up your right hand,” said the clerk.

Then when Dave’s right hand was up Magill rattled off the form of oath in the most approved and clerkly style, only adding to its effect by the mild brogue of his pronunciation.

“Do sol’m swear’t yu’ll tell th’ truth, th’ole truth, en nuthin’ b’ th’ truth, s’ yilpye God?” said the clerk, without once pausing for breath.

Sovine ducked his head and dropped his hand, and the solemnity was over.

Dave, who was evidently not accustomed to stand before such a crowd, appeared embarrassed. He had deteriorated in appearance lately. His patent-leather shoes were bright as ever, his trousers were trimly held down by straps, his hair was well kept in place by bear’s oil or what was sold for bear’s oil, but there was a nervousness in his expression and carriage that gave him the air of a man who had been drinking to excess. Tom looked at him with defiance, but Dave was standing at the right of the judge, while the prisoner’s dock was on the left, and the witness did not regard Tom at all, but told his story with clearness. Something of the bold assurance which he displayed at the inquest was lacking. His coarse face

twitched and quivered, and this appeared to annoy him. He sought to hide it by an affectation of nonchalance, as he rested his weight now on one foot and now on the other.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the prosecutor, with a motion of his head toward the dock.

"Yes, well enough"; but in saying this Dave did not look toward Tom, but out of the window.

"You've played cards with him, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Tell his Honor and the jury when and where you played with him."

"We played one night last July, in Wooden & Snyder's store."

"Who proposed to Tom to play with you?"

"George Lockwood. He hollered up the stove-pipe for Tom to come down an' take a game or two with me."

"What did you win that night from Tom?"

"Thirteen dollars, an' his hat an' coat an' boots, an' his han'ke'chi'f an' knife."

"Who, if anybody, lent him money to get back his things which you had won?"

"George Lockwood."

Here the counsel paused a moment, laid down a memorandum he had been using, and looked about his table until he found another; then he resumed his questions.

"Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the ninth of August."

"Yes; I was."

"What did you see there? Tell about the shooting."

Dave told the story, with a little prompting in the way of questions from the lawyer, substantially as he told it at the coroner's inquest. He related from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty to Tom not to shoot him, and then Tom's shooting. In making these statements Dave looked at the

stairway in the corner of the court-room with an air of entire indifference, and he even made one or two efforts to yawn, as though the case was a rather dull affair to him.

“How far away from Grayson and Lockwood were you when the shooting took place?” asked the prosecutor.

“Twenty foot or more.”

“What did Tom shoot with?”

“A pistol.”

“What kind of a pistol?”

“One of the ole-fashion’ sort—flint-lock, weth a ruther long barrel.”

The prosecuting lawyer now beckoned to the sheriff, who handed down to him, from off his high desk, Tom’s pistol.

“Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol.”

“’Twas just such a one as that. I can’t say it was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an’ about as long in the barrel.”

“What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?”

“Tom run off as fast as his feet could carry him, an’ I went up towards George, who’d fell over. He was dead afore I could get there. Then purty soon the crowd come a-runnin’ up to see what the fracas was.”

After bringing out some further details Allen turned to his opponent with an air of confidence and said:

“You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln.”

There was a brief pause, during which the jurymen changed their positions on the hard seats, making a little rustle as they took their right legs from off their left and hung their left legs over their right knees, or vice versa. In making these changes they looked inquiringly at one another, and it was clear that their minds were so well made up that even a judge’s charge in favor of the prisoner, if such a thing had been conceivable, would have

gone for nothing. Lincoln at length rose slowly from his chair, and stood awhile in silence, regarding Sovine, who seemed excited and nervous, and who visibly paled a little as his eyes sought to escape from the lawyer's gaze.

"You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?" the counsel asked.

"Yes." Dave was all alert and answered promptly.

"Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?"

"No, I wasn't," said Dave, his suspicions excited by this mode of attack. It appeared that the lawyer, for some reason, wanted to make him confess to having been nearer to the scene and perhaps implicated, and he therefore resolved to fight off.

"Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?"

"I was more than twenty," said Dave, huskily.

"What had you and George Lockwood been doing together?"

"We'd been—talking." Manifestly Dave took fresh alarm at this line of questioning.

"Oh, you had?"

"Yes."

"In a friendly way?"

"Yes, tubby sure; we never had any fuss."

"You parted from him as a friend?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the time Tom came up you'd got—how far away? Be careful now."

"I've told you twiste. More than twenty feet."

"You might have been mistaken about its being Tom, then?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Did you know it was Tom before he fired?"

"Tubby shore, I did."

"What time of night was it?"

"Long towards ten, I sh'd think."

"It might have been eleven?"

"No, 't wustn't later'n about ten." This was said doggedly.

"Nor before nine?"

"No, 't wus nigh onto ten, I said." And the witness showed some irritation, and spoke louder than before.

"How far away were you from the pulpit and meeting-place?"

"Twixt a half a mile an' a mile."

"Not over a mile?"

"No, skiercely a mile."

"But don't you think it might have been a little less than half a mile?"

"No, it's nigh onto a mile. I didn't measure it, but it's a mighty big three-quarters."

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood he made a better impression than he did on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved. Tom listened with an attention painful to see, his eyes moving anxiously from Lincoln to Dave as he wondered what point in Dave's armor the lawyer could be driving at. He saw plainly that his salvation was staked on some last throw.

"You didn't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?"

"No!" said Dave, positively. For some reason this questioning disconcerted him and awakened his suspicion. "What should we have a candle for?" he added.

"Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?"

"No, of course not! What'd they have candles for?"

"Where were the lights on the camp-ground?"

"Clost by the preacher's tent."

"More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?"

"Anyway as much as three-quarters," said Dave, who

began to wish that he could modify his previous statement of the distance.

"How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?"

"Twenty feet."

"You said 'or more' awhile ago."

"Well, 't wusn't no less, p'r'aps," said Dave, showing signs of worry. "You don't think I measured it, do yeh?"

"There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?"

"No," said the witness, the cold perspiration beading on his face as he saw Lincoln's trap opening to receive him.

"You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the preacher's tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away and in the woods?"

"No, of course not."

"How could you see Tom and know that it was he that fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?"

"Saw by moonlight," said Sovine, snappishly, disposed to dash at any gap that offered a possible way of escape.

"What sort of trees were there on the ground?"

"Beech."

"Beech-leaves are pretty thick in August?" asked Lincoln.

"Ye-es, ruther," gasped the witness, seeing a new pitfall yawning just ahead of him.

"And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And you full twenty feet away?"

"Well, about that; nearly twenty, anyhow," Dave shifted his weight to his right foot.

"And you pretend to say to this court that by the moonlight that you got through the beech-trees in August you

could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?" This was said with a little laugh very exasperating to the witness.

"Yes, I could," answered Dave, with dogged resolution not to be faced down.

"And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?" There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.

"Yes." This was spoken feebly.

"And you twenty feet or more away?"

"I've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see," whined the witness, apologetically.

Here Lincoln paused and looked at Sovine, whose extreme distress was only made the more apparent by his feeble endeavor to conceal his agitation. The counsel, after regarding his uneasy victim for a quarter of a minute, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat, and after a little needless fumbling drew forth a small pamphlet in green covers. He turned the leaves of this with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was utterly silent. The members of the bar had as by general consent put their chairs down on all-fours, and were intently watching the struggle between the counsel and the witness. The sallow-faced judge had stopped the scratching of his quill, and had lowered his spectacles on his nose, that he might study the distressed face of the tormented Sovine. Mrs. Grayson's hands were on her lap, palms downward; her eyes were fixed on Abra'm, and her mouth was half open, as though she were going to speak.

Barbara found it hard to keep her seat, she was so eager for Lincoln to go on, and Tom was leaning forward breathlessly in the dock; his throat felt dry, and he choked when he tried to swallow. It seemed to him that he would smother with the beating of his heart.

Lincoln appeared to be the only perfectly deliberate per-

son in the room. He seemed disposed to protract the situation as long as possible. He held his victim on the rack and he let him suffer. He would turn a leaf or two in his pamphlet and then look up at the demoralized witness, as though to fathom the depth of his torture and to measure the result. At last he fixed his thumb firmly at a certain place on a page and turned his eyes to the judge.

“Now, your Honor,” he said to the court, “this witness,” with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine, “has sworn over and over that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood, near the Union camp-meeting on the night of the ninth of August, and that he, the witness, was standing at the time twenty feet or more away, while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile distant from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are this witness’ eyes that he even saw what kind of pistol the prisoner held in his hands, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson’s as precisely like and probably the identical weapon.” Here Lincoln paused and scrutinized Sovine. “All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot—saw and observed them at ten o’clock at night, by means of moonlight shining through the trees—beech-trees in full leaf. That is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in a beech woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods.”

Lincoln paused here, that the words he had spoken might have time to produce their due effect on the judge, and especially on the slower wits of some of the jury. Meanwhile he turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began once more:

“But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the

witness I would like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will here see that on the night of the ninth of last August, when this extraordinary witness"—with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down in a chair in exhaustion—"saw the shape of a pistol at twenty feet away, at ten o'clock, by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past one in the morning."

Sovine had been gasping like a fish newly taken from the water while Lincoln uttered these words, and he now began to mutter something.

"You may have a chance to explain when the jury get done looking at the almanac," said the lawyer to him. "For the present you'd better keep silent."

There was a rustle of excitement in the court-room, but at a word from the judge the sheriff's gavel fell and all was still. Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman, an intelligent farmer. Countrymen in that day were used to consulting almanacs, and one group after another of the jurymen satisfied themselves that on the night of the ninth, that is, on the morning of the tenth the moon came up at half-past one o'clock. When all had examined the page, the counsel recovered his little book.

"Will you let me look at it?" asked the judge.

"Certainly, your Honor"; and the little witness was handed up to the judge, who with habitual caution looked it all over, outside and in, even examining the title-page to make sure that the book was genuine and belonged to the current year. Then he took note on a slip of paper of moon's rising on the night of August ninth and tenth, and handed back the almanac to Lincoln, who slowly laid it face down on the table in front of him, open at the place of its testimony. The audience in the court-room was utterly silent and expectant. The prosecuting attorney got

half-way to his feet to object to Lincoln's course, but he thought better of it and sat down again.

"Now, may it please the court," Lincoln went on, "I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional—a matter of life and death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to perjure himself? Why does he wish to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?" Lincoln stood still a moment, and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale about the lips. Then he went on, very slowly. "Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move your Honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder."

These words, spoken with extreme deliberation and careful emphasis, shook the audience like an explosion.

The prosecutor got to his feet, probably to suggest that the motion was not in order, since he had yet a right to a re-direct examination of Sovine, but, as the attorney for the State, his duty was now a divided one as regarded two men charged with the same crime. So he waved his hand irresolutely, stammered inarticulately, and sat down.

"This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury," said the judge. "Sheriff, arrest David Sovine! This matter will have to be looked into."

The sheriff came down from his seat, and went up to the now stunned and bewildered Sovine.

"I arrest you," he said, taking him by the arm.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had

lived for all these weeks had wrecked his self-control at last.

He muttered, dropping his head with a sort of shudder. "Taint any use keepin' it back any longer. I—didn't mean to shoot him, an' I wouldn't 'a' come here ag'inst Tom if I could 'a' got away."

The words appeared to be wrung from him by some internal agony too strong for him to master. They were the involuntary result of the breaking down of his forces under prolonged suffering and terror, culminating in the slow torture inflicted by his cross-examination. A minute later, when his spasm of irresolution had passed off, he would have retracted his confession if he could. But the sheriff's deputy, with the assistance of a constable, was already leading him through the swaying crowd in the aisle, while many people got up and stood on the benches to watch the exit of the new prisoner.

When at length Sovine had disappeared out of the door the spectators turned and looked at Tom, sitting yet in the dock, but with the certainty of speedy release before him. The whole result of Lincoln's masterful stroke was now for the first time realized, and the excitement bade fair to break over bounds. McCord doubled himself up once or twice in an effort to repress his feelings out of respect for the court, but his emotions were too much for him; his big fist, grasping his ragged hat, appeared above his head.

"Hooray!" he burst out with a stentorian voice, stamping his foot as he waved his hat.

At this the whole court-roomful of people burst into cheers, laughter, cries and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in spite of the sheriff's sharp rapping and shouts of "Order in court!"

The lawyers presently congratulated Lincoln, Barbara tried to thank him and Judge Watkins felt that Impartial Justice herself, as represented in his own person, could

afford to praise the young man for his conduct of the case.

“Abr’am,” said Mrs. Grayson, “d’yeh know I kind uv lost confidence in you when you sot there so long without doin’ anything.” Then, after a moment of pause: “Abr’am, I’m thinkin’ I’d ort to deed you my farm. You’ve ’arned it, my son; the good Lord A’mighty knows you have.”

“I’ll never take one cent, Aunt Marthy—not a single red cent,” and the lawyer turned away to grasp Tom’s hand. But the poor fellow who had so recently felt the halter about his neck could not speak his gratitude. “Tom here,” said Lincoln, “will be a help in your old days, Aunt Marthy, and then I’ll be paid a hundred times. You see it’ll tickle me to think that when you talk about this you’ll say: ‘That’s the same Abe Lincoln that I used to knit stockings for when he was a poor little fellow with his toes sticking out of ragged shoes in the snow.’ No—I wouldn’t take a copper—not a copper.”

—*Edward Eggleston*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Check up on how accurately you have read this story by answering these questions without referring to the story.

1. In what town was the trial held?
2. Where was the inquest held?
3. What were the names of the judge and the prisoner?
4. Who had really killed Lockwood?
5. Tell in your own words the progress of the trial after Lincoln began questioning the prisoner.
6. What in your opinion was the turning point in the trial?
7. What was the date of the murder?
8. Tell the class what you learned about Lincoln’s own character from this story.

THE DEATH OF THE DOCTOR

WORDS TO LEARN

If there are any unfamiliar words in this selection look them up in your dictionary.

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

One of the figures that stands out like a tower of strength and service in the writings of all authors who have written of the early days of our country—before the days of better roads and the automobile—is the figure of the country doctor. No community was without one and many were the perils and hardships they suffered to help others.

No matter what the weather, no matter what the condition of the roads or the obstacles that stood between him and his patient, the doctor always answered all calls to attend the sick or the hurt. Sometimes he drove in his buggy as does the doctor in this selection, or, when the roads were impassable for a buggy, he saddled his horse and rode across the fields.

Against this background, picture the doctor in this story—a doctor whom the whole countryside loved and honored for his services to them and his forgetfulness of self in helping those who needed his care. This doctor was only one of the many who died in the path of duty after a life of service for others. Irving Bacheller, in this short selection, has drawn a never-fading portrait of this noble life, whose last words were of others, whose last effort was made to get to his patient.

THE DEATH OF THE DOCTOR

IT WAS a bitter day of one of the coldest winters we have ever known. A shrieking wind came over the hills, driving a scud of snow before it. The stock in the stables, we all came in, soon after dinner, and sat comfortably by the fire with cider, checkers and old sledge. The dismal roar of the trees and the wind-wail in the chimney served only to increase our pleasure. It was growing dusk when mother, peering through the sheath of frost on a window pane, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

“Why! who is this at the door?” said she. “Why! It’s a man in a cutter.”

Father was near the door and he swung it open quickly.

There stood a horse and cutter, a man sitting in it,

heavily muffled. The horse was shivering and the man sat motionless.

"Hello!" said David Brower in a loud voice.

He got no answer and ran bareheaded to the sleigh.

"Come quick, Holden," he called, "it's Doctor Bidsby."

We all ran out then, while David lifted the still figure in his arms.

"In here, quick!" said Elizabeth, opening the door to the parlor. "Mustn't take him near the stove."

We carried him into the cold room and laid him down, and David and I tore his wraps open while the others ran quickly after snow.

I rubbed it vigorously upon his face and ears, the others meantime applying it to his feet and arms, that had been quickly stripped. The doctor stared at us curiously and tried to speak.

"Get-ap, Dobbin!" he called presently, and clucked as if urging his horse. "Get-ap, Dobbin! Man'll die 'fore ever we git there."

We worked upon him with might and main. The white went slowly out of his face. We lifted him to a sitting posture, Mother and Hope and Uncle Eb rubbing his hands and feet.

"Where am I?" he inquired, his face now badly swollen.

"At David Brower's," said I.

"Huh?" he asked, with that kindly and familiar grunt of interrogation.

"At David Brower's," I repeated.

"Well, I'll have t' hurry," said he, trying feebly to rise. "Man's dyin' over—" he hesitated thoughtfully, "on the Plains," he added, looking around at us.

Grandma Bisnette brought a lamp and held it so that the light fell on his face. He looked from one to another. He drew one of his hands away and stared at it.

"Somebody froze?" he asked.

"Yes-s," said I.

"H'm! Too bad. How'd it happen?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"How's the pulse?" he inquired, feeling for my wrist.

I let him hold it in his hand.

"Will you bring me some water in a glass?" he inquired, turning to Mrs. Brower just as I had seen him do many a time in Gerald's illness. Before she came with the water his head fell forward upon his breast, while he muttered feebly. I thought then he was dead, but presently he aroused himself with mighty effort.

"David Brower!" he called loudly, and trying hard to rise, "bring the horse, bring the horse! Mus' be goin', I tell ye. Man's dyin' over—on the Plains."

He went limp as a rag then. I could feel his heart leap and struggle feebly.

"There's a man dyin' *here*," said David Brower, in a low tone. "Ye needn't rub no more."

—*Irving Bacheller*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

After reading this story once you should be able to answer the following questions.

1. How did the doctor happen to stop at the door of David Brower's house?
2. Describe the proper treatment for a person who has been frozen.
3. How does the doctor's conversation show the kind of life he led?
4. Retell the story, in your own words, putting in as much conversation as possible.

THE RED CROSS FLAG

EMBLEM of the greatest union,
Symbol of the highest good,
Hail! The promise of the ages—
Wondrous Flag of Brotherhood!

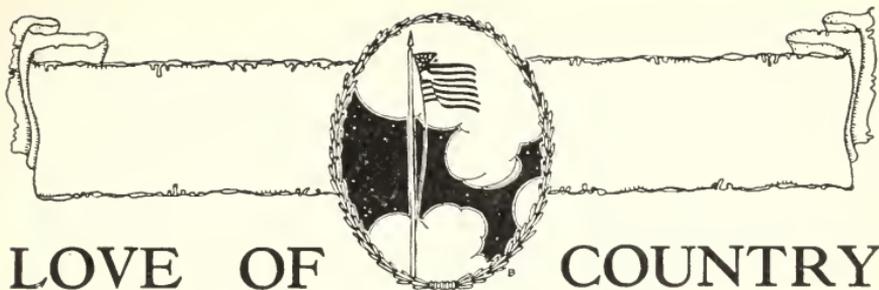
Borne by mercy through war's horrors,
Raised by faith, by love unfurled,
Flag that serves no single country,
Splendid Red Cross of the World!

Raise the Flag, oh mighty Nations!
For the stricken world to see;
Bear it proudly through the future
In the crusades that must be.
As the Herald and the Token
Of the wonders of the Dawn,
It shall be the inspiration
Of the Nations yet unborn.

It shall stand for work with knowledge,
Lab'ring for the common good—
For unselfish single effort
That shall raise the multitude.
Stain it not with blood, oh, Nations!
Drench it not with bitter tears,
This the Flag above all others
That has bridged the hemispheres.

Guard it, serve it, bear it, love it,
Dare to follow in its light—
Immortal rainbow of the day,
Star of Hope in darkest night.
Underneath its rays all peoples
Meet as brothers, neutral, free,
All mankind shall hold it sacred—
Red Cross of Humanity.

—*Mary Martin Harrison*



The Central Thought

No country is so worthy of being loved as America. In every other country in the world the people have had to struggle century after century for the liberty which they have obtained. Kings and Czars and Emperors have made the laws and enforced obedience.

From the earliest settlers in New England to the latest immigrant who landed yesterday at Ellis Island, people have come to America to better their conditions of living. They have come to secure liberty for themselves and education and opportunity for their children. They have found all of these things—and many others. Surely, such a country deserves the loyalty and love of every citizen.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WORDS TO LEARN

Before reading this selection be sure you know the meaning of all the words in this list. You will find them defined in **Words to Learn**.

ribbing

rampant

Montezumas

effulgent

legacies

luminous

emblazonry

despondency

weal

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Henry Ward Beecher, the author of this selection, came from a very distinguished New England family, noted for its patriotism and its devotion to American ideals. Mr. Beecher thought of a flag as the symbol of a nation's purpose, and an outline of its life. It was to him a living picture of the nation's history, its past, its great men, its government and what it stands for.

The sight of the American flag floating in the breeze, beautiful though it may be to all of us, is too common a sight to awaken a very deep feeling. It is not until we see that flag flying in some foreign land—among flags of another hue and pattern—on an American consulate, embassy or ship, that we see its beauty and significance, and realize how much we love it. When you look at the flag of your country again, think of what Mr. Beecher has told you about it—of the deeper meaning behind it.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars come first, and then it grows light, and then the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only LIGHT, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of

every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

—Henry Ward Beecher

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

After a careful reading of this selection you should be able to answer these questions without referring to the book.

1. Select a word picture from this selection, and describe it orally in as nearly the words of the author as possible.
2. List four reasons why our flag has meant so much to the people of the world.
3. Name three incidents in American history, not mentioned by the author, that every American should think of when he looks upon the Stars and Stripes.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

WORDS TO LEARN

Before you read this story, be sure you are familiar with the words listed below. Pay special attention to the foreign phrases used in this story, as you cannot fully understand the story unless you know what they mean. Look them up in **Words to Learn**. If there are any other words in the story which are not familiar to you, look them up in the dictionary.

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|--------------|
| corvette | court-martial | cotillion |
| Levant | etiquette | legion |
| stubble | indulgences | libel |
| esprit de corps | custody | frigate |
| archives | Hesiod | Nukahiva |
| non mi ricordo | Border chivalry | embrasure |
| Massac | braggadocio | ravelin |
| unrequited | Fléchier | Lepidoptera |
| Monongahela | farce | Steptopotera |
| Bourbon | rendezvous | Linnaeus |

| | | |
|-------------|---------------|-----------------|
| euchre | contretemps | chaplain |
| provincial | contra-dances | Deuteronomy |
| voluble | expiated | patois |
| barracoon | collect | Beledeljereed |
| ben trovato | Kroomen | deus ex machina |
| triced up | Mackinac | expedients |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The author of this story, Edward Everett Hale, was a grand-nephew of Nathan Hale of Revolutionary fame, the martyr-spy who regretted that he had but one life to give for his country. You can easily understand why Edward Everett Hale was himself a great patriot and why he could write such a stirring story as this to waken in the hearts of all Americans a deeper sense of loyalty.

To understand the background of the story, you should know something of the life of Aaron Burr and his "Conspiracy." Burr was gifted with a remarkable mind and a pleasing manner, which gained him friends and followers wherever he went. During the Revolutionary War he served his country well and loyally, but afterward he became involved in rivalry with Alexander Hamilton which led to a duel between the two men. Hamilton, disapproving of duels, fired into the air, but Burr shot Hamilton, who died the following day. Everyone condemned Burr for this act and he lost the popular favor which he had gained.

It was brought out in the trial of the officers, who were accused of aiding Aaron Burr in his plot, that after the duel with Hamilton he conceived a plan to establish a new nation west of the Mississippi River, with himself as emperor. The trial is referred to in this story. This conspiracy was put down by the United States government, however, and Burr and his associates were seized and tried for treason. Burr was acquitted and lived abroad for the rest of his life. Some of his followers were not so fortunate.

Philip Nolan, "The Man Without a Country" was an imaginary character, placed by the author in the setting of this conspiracy, helpless in the hands of circumstances and Burr as a fly caught in a spider's web. The rashness of poor Nolan and his curse against his country shocked the author as well as Colonel Morgan. But that the author sympathized with him in his terrible punishment and suffering there can be no doubt. He says: "My own tears blotted the paper of the original manuscript."

As you read the story think what a wonderful thing it is to have a country like America and how dreadful it would be to be without one. Note particularly what Nolan says to the young sailor as they row back from the interview with the Kroomen. You will find this excellent advice to follow if you wish to be a true American.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

I SUPPOSE very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement—

"NOLAN. Died on board U. S. corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan.

There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for

very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington.

One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *non mi ricordo*, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him.

For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown.

But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses*, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for

spectacles, a string of courts-martial on the officers there.

One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heavens knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him had the order only been signed, “By command of His Exc. A. Burr.” The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he always had been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy—

“D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!”

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness.

He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of “Spanish plot,” “Orleans plot,” and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation.

He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him “United States” was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by “United States” for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to “United States.” It was “United States” which

gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added—

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will

receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without delay."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of his country.

We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was entrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

“WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807)

Sir—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the per-

son of Philip Nolan, late lieutenant in the United States army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is entrusted by the President to this Department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,

W. SOUTHARD,

For the Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his

successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met the man without a country was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospects of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites; I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone.

Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the

Brandywine, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message.

I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed

in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* from Shakespere before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day."

So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,

This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing

there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to tell that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's brag-gadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy it, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk and meant to have turtle soup before they came home.

But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison.

And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence."

So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adven-

tured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*.

Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of “American dances,” an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contradances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what “American dances” were, and started off with “Virginia Reel,” which they followed with “Money-Musk,” which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by “The Old Thirteen.” But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, “‘The Old Thirteen,’ gentleman and ladies!” as he had said “‘Virginy Reel,’ if you please!” and “‘Money-Musk,’ if you please!” the captain’s boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,

“I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?”

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,

“I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same,” just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to

the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after,

“And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?”

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

“Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again”—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the “Iron Mask”; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of “Junius,” who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy

entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see.

But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,

“I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir.”

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree—that Commodore said,

“I see you do, and I thank you, sir, and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir.”

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said,

“Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here.”

And when Nolan came, the captain said,

“Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches.”

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards on occasions of ceremony he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiva Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the old *Essex* Porter, not this *Essex*. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good-will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life,

from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he.

“You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was.” He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he read just five hours a day. “Then,” he said, “I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours, from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks.”

These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called “Odds and Ends.” But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan’s scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day.

“Then,” said he, “every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion.” That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they

are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera*; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them—why Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked.

Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the book of *Deuteronomy*, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country"

one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board.

An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished that we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and anklecuffs knocked off, and, for convenience's sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

“For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll

be hanged if they understand that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'No Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor

to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now.

“And for your country, boy,” and the words rattled in his throat, “and for that flag,” and he pointed to the ship, “never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!”

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say—“Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!”

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told his story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling.

When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended

there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be “without a country.” But it is clear from Burr’s life that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan’s handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded.

So it was from no fault of Nolan’s that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of

Buenos Aires. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously :

“Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years.”

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California—the virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, Texas had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain’s chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay—he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say—

“Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back’s curious account of Sir Thomas Roe’s Welcome?”

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote me. The

other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or not I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817, the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge?

I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "if you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now,

though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

Levant, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.

“Dear Fred: I try to find heart and life to tell that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before.

He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance around, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile:

“Here, you see, I have a country!”

And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: “Indiana Territory,” “Mississippi

Territory," and "Louisiana Territory," as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"O Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make

twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?"

Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs."

Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wish it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked me who was in command of the Legion of the West. I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, "Where was Vicksburg?" I worked that out on the map; it was about

a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. "It must be at old Vick's plantation," said he; "well, that is a change!"

I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it, of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, of inventions, and books, and literature, of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks.

"Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families."

Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this rebellion!

And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent; yet I never thought he was

tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian Book of Public Prayer which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me: “For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou has continued to us Thy marvelous kindness”—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: “Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority”—and the rest of the Episcopal collect.

“Danforth,” said he, “I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.”

And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, “Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.”

And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father’s badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

“They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city.”

On this slip of paper he had written:

“Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it.

But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of

PHILIP NOLAN

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

—*Edward Everett Hale*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

With books closed answer the first five questions.

1. What do you think was the real reason why Nolan was led to do wrong to his country?
2. Who was the worse offender, Burr or Nolan? Why?
3. Were you sorry for Nolan when he was first sentenced? Why?
4. Did your feeling toward him change as time went on?
5. Tell in your own words the incident of the Kroomen.
6. Do you think that Nolan would have made a good citizen after he had fully realized his mistake?
7. Select that part of the story in which Nolan gives advice to young men. Read it aloud and discuss it in class.
8. The author of this story wept as he wrote it. Why did he do so?

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

WORDS TO LEARN

Some of these words have meanings with which you may not be familiar, and you should look them up in **Words to Learn** before reading the selection.

behest

unscathed

lists

portcullis

rowels

pitch

Tantallon

gauntlet

unmeet

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Sir Walter Scott delighted in writing of thrilling incidents, heroic battles and great adventures of Scotch history. He saved many of

these historic incidents from obscurity by his skillful pen, and painted lasting pictures of some of the brave heroes of Scotland.

Scott was the son of wealthy parents but being an invalid during his childhood he was left to follow his own plan of education, which came to mean that he read as many books as he could find. He spent much of his time with his grandmother who delighted him with songs and tales of adventure on the Scottish border. These so aroused his imagination that he decided to write stories about them, and traveled all over Scotland in search of legends, songs and traditions for his novels and poems.

Scott was the creator of the historical novel, and although he sometimes colored his history to suit his stories, he has had a powerful influence on the development of the historical novel in almost every country in the world. Our own James Fenimore Cooper was deeply influenced by Scott's writings.

When the publishing company in which Scott was interested failed, he wrote enough novels in four years to repay most of the creditors, although he could have escaped this obligation. At last his health began to break under the strain and he died in the prime of his literary life.

"Marmion" is one of the most famous narrative poems of Sir Walter Scott. It tells the story of Marmion, an English lord sent by Henry VIII of England to Scotland to prevent war between the two countries. At that time England was at war with France and wished to avoid war with Scotland. Douglas, the Earl of Angus, was a Scottish earl who was requested by King James to entertain Lord Marmion at his castle while the question of peace between the two countries was being discussed. Douglas hated the English intensely, and it was only his patriotic devotion to his king and country that made him entertain Marmion.

It was one of Scott's greatest delights to create a character, place him in dangerous and unusual situations, surrounded by perils of all kinds, and then let him escape as best he could. He does this at his best in the character of Marmion.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,

Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu;
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said.
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword),
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
 On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth,—“And dar'st thou, then,
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall.”

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed;
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous gate behind him rung;
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, grazed his plume.
 The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

—*Sir Walter Scott*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Why did Douglas refuse to accept Marmion's hand?

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"The things we remember are the only things we can use."

If you are to get the largest benefit from your reading of Part I, you should check yourself to see how much you remember of what you have read. For example, do you remember the two words that represent the two sides of the "coin of citizenship"?

In the section on "The Common Good," do you recall the advice of Theodore Roosevelt to the Boy Scouts as to what makes practical citizenship? Is there any danger of our losing the living flame of Americanism which Franklin Lane told about? "The Story of the Good Samaritan" was first told two thousand years ago, but the one who told it was talking about the same kind of "Common Good" as were Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Lane.

You surely enjoyed the section devoted to "Stories of Achievement," but do you remember what it was that Drayton "achieved" when he refused to accept victory through deceit? Do you think Lincoln's refusal to take a fee was an "achievement"? Is there any service comparable to that of the country doctor, as described by Mr. Bacheller?

In the last section on "Love of Country," have you forgotten the tribute to the Stars and Stripes by Beecher, and the tragic fate of the man who had neither flag nor country to love?

Try to fix in your mind these three thoughts from Part I. 1. That our common good depends on how we share the things we have in common. 2. That great achievement is usually the result of doing little things well. 3. That America offers its citizens more than any other country in the world—and is more worthy of our love.

More about "Citizenship and Service"

You will want to read some of these books that tell about great citizens who have rendered a great service to America and the world. 1. "Twice-Thirty," by Edward Bok. 2. "The Autobiography of Michael Pupin." 3. "Letters to His Children," by Theodore Roosevelt. 4. "The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller. 5. "The Boy Lincoln," by W. O. Stoddard. 6. "Heroes of Today," by Mary R. Parkman. 7. "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin. 8. "The Joy in Work," by Mary A. Laselle. 9. "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," by George Herbert Palmer. 10. "More Than Conquerors," by Ariadne Gilbert.

PART TWO

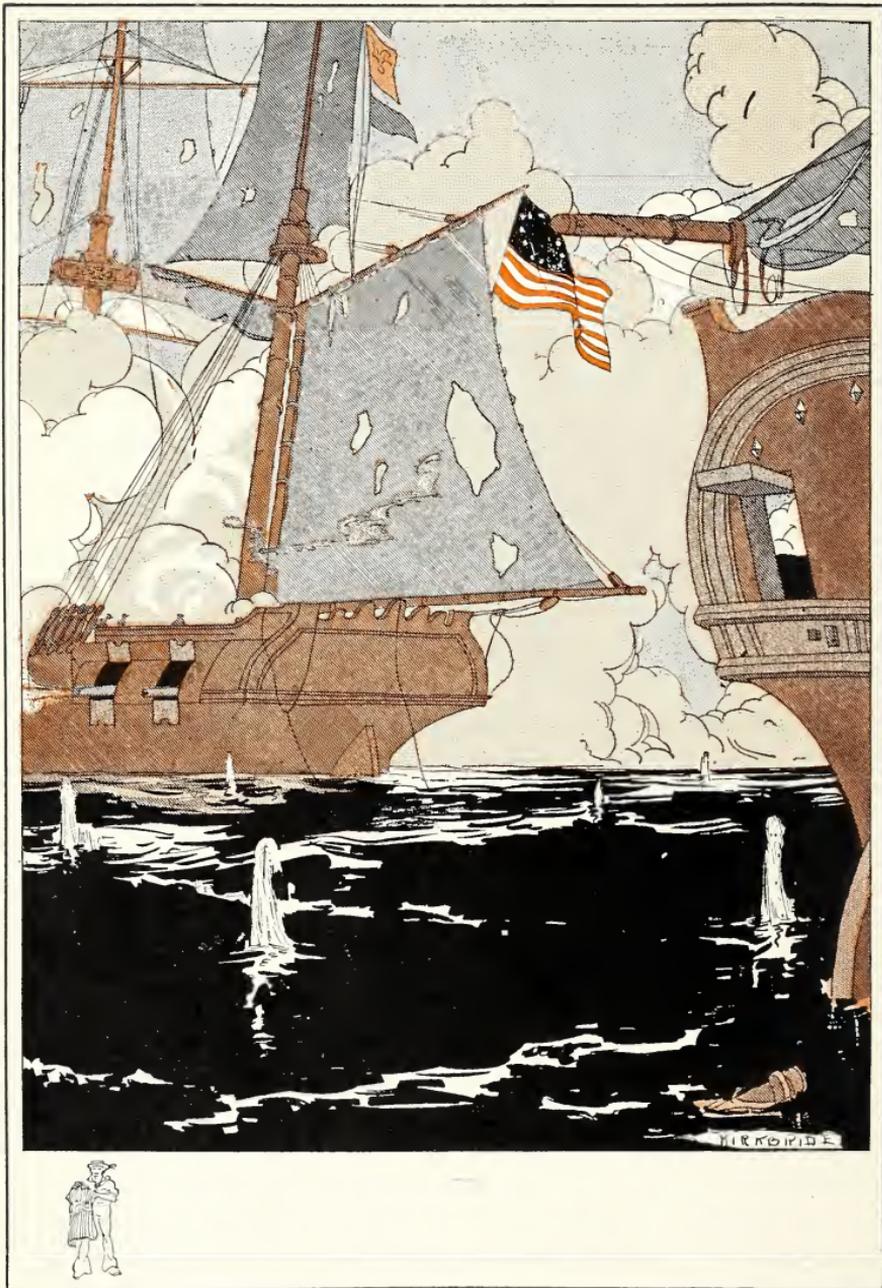
HISTORY IN THE MAKING

The History of Tomorrow

NO ONE knows when History began—the first page was lost somewhere in the dim past. The history of tomorrow, however, begins with today.

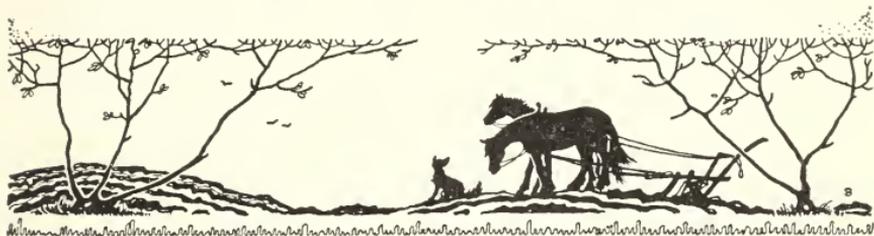
What the history of America is to be for many years to come is in the hands of the boys and girls who are now in school. It will be only a few years before you will be casting your vote at the ballot box, and the way you vote will largely determine the future of America. What kind of history will you make? Will you support the ideals and laws of the country, or will you be one of those who help to break down respect for government by disobeying laws that you do not like? Your attitude will help to determine whether the history of tomorrow is to be as glorious as the history of the past. It may even be your good fortune to render some great service to America, the story of which will be worthy of a place beside those you are to read here.

The history of the past is the story of man's long climb from savagery to civilization, from ignorance to wisdom, from individual selfishness to a recognition of our common weal whose motto is "All for each and each for all." The history of today is in the making—every day contributes a page to the record. The history of tomorrow is still unwritten. When the time comes for you to help write it remember the story of America's glorious past and help to make the history of tomorrow still more glorious.



"We have met the enemy and they are ours!"

HERO STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY



The Central Thought

American history, from the time of Columbus to the present day, is full of hero stories. To tell them all would fill a large library. This section tells only three of them.

American history in the future is going to give an opportunity for hero stories as in the past. It is the boys and girls of today and tomorrow who are going to write these new hero stories by their deeds of unselfish devotion.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE

WORDS TO LEARN

There are a number of words in this selection, mostly words used by sailors, which you will have to look up in **Words to Learn** before attempting to understand the selection.

windlass

trimming ship

canister

pulping

leeward

belches

herculean

davits

nankeen

bulwarks

cockpit

boarding-pike

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

As soon as the War of 1812 began, the British and the Americans became anxious to get control of the Great Lakes—the Americans to open the way to Canada; the British to bar the Americans from

Canada. Neither side, however, had a navy on the Great Lakes, and so each started to build one on the shores of Lake Erie.

By the second year of the war these navies were completed and they met in a hard-fought battle in Put-in-Bay. Captain Perry, who was in command of the American forces, had never been in action before, but he adopted the dying words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" as his watchword and he and his brave men battled the British fleet under the command of Captain Barclay. The outcome of the battle is best expressed in Perry's now famous report to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

This story of the battle on Lake Erie was written by Irving Bacheller, one of our great novelists. To add to the interest of the story, the author has told it as the experience of two of the sailors on the *Lawrence*, Perry's flagship. These men, though wounded, were able to watch the battle from the shot-torn decks of their ship. Note the vividness of the picture that the author paints for you, sketching in each detail to make the scene complete.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE

THE cry of "Sail ho!" woke me early one morning. It was the tenth of September. The enemy was coming. Sails were sticking out of the misty dawn a few miles away. In a moment our decks were black and noisy with the hundred and two that manned the vessel. It was every hand to rope and windlass then. Sails went up with a snap all around us, and the creak of blocks sounded far and near. In twelve minutes we were under way, leading the van to battle. The sun came up, lighting the great towers of canvas. Every vessel was now feeling for the wind, some with oars and sweeps to aid them. A light breeze came out of the southwest. Perry stood near me, his hat in his hand. He was looking back at the *Niagara*.

"Run to the leeward of the islands," said he to the sailing-master.

"Then you'll have to fight to the leeward," said the latter.

“Don’t care, so long as we fight,” said Perry. “Windward or leeward, we want to fight.”

Then came the signal to change our course. The wind shifting to the southeast, we were all able to clear the islands and keep the weather-gage. A cloud came over the sun; far away the mist thickened. The enemy wallowed to the topsails, and went out of sight. We had lost the wind. Our sails went limp; flag and pennant hung lifeless. A light rain drizzled down, breaking the smooth plane of water into crowding rings and bubbles.

Perry stood out in the drizzle as we lay waiting. All eyes were turning to the sky and to Perry. He had a look of worry and disgust. He was out for a quarrel, though the surgeon said he was in more need of medicine, having the fever of malaria as well as that of war. He stood there, tall and handsome, in a loose jacket of blue nankeen, with no sign of weakness in him, his eyes flashing as he looked up at the sky.

D’ri and I stood in the squad at the bow gun. D’ri was wearing an old straw hat; his flannel shirt was open at the collar.

“Ship stan’s luk an ol’ cow chawin’ ’er cud,” said he, looking off at the weather. “They’s a win’ comin’ over there. It’ll give ’er a slap ’n th’ side purty soon, mebbe. Then she’ll switch ’er tail ’n’ go on ’bout ’er business.”

In a moment we heard a roaring cheer back amidships. Perry had come up the companionway with his blue battle-flag. He held it before him at arm’s-length. I could see a part of its legend, in white letters, “Don’t give up the ship.”

“My brave lads,” he shouted, “shall we hoist it?”

Our “Ay, ay, sir!” could have been heard a mile away, and the flag rose, above tossing hats and howling voices, to the mainroyal masthead.

The wind came; we could hear the sails snap and stiffen

as it overhauled the fleet behind us. In a jiffy it bunted our own hull and canvas, and again we began to plough the water. It grew into a smart breeze, and scattered the fleet of clouds that hovered over us. The rain passed; sunlight sparkled on the rippling plane of water. We could now see the enemy; he had hove to, and was waiting for us in a line.

A crowd was gathering on the high shores we had left to see the battle. We were well in advance, crowding our canvas in a good breeze. I could hear only the roaring furrows of water on each side of the prow. Every man of us held his tongue, mentally trimming ship, as they say, for whatever might come. Three men scuffled by, sanding the decks. D'ri was leaning placidly over the gig gun. He looked off at the white line, squinted knowingly, and spat over the bulwarks. Then he straightened up, tilting his hat to his right ear.

"They're p'intin' their guns," said a swabber.

"Fust they know they'll git spit on," said D'ri, calmly.

Well, for two hours it was all creeping and talking under the breath, and here and there a yell as some nervous chap tightened the ropes of his resolution. Then suddenly, as we swung about, a murmur went up and down the deck. We could see with our naked eyes the men who were to give us battle. Perry shouted sternly to some gunners who thought it high time to fire. Then word came: there would be no firing until we got close. Little gusts of music came chasing over the water faint-footed to our decks—a band playing "Rule Britannia."

I was looking at a brig in the line of the enemy when a bolt of fire leaped out of her and thick belches of smoke rushed to her topsails. Then something hit the sea near by with a great hissing slap, and we turned quickly to see chunks of the shattered lake surface fly up in nets of spray and fall roaring on our deck. We were all drenched there

at the bow gun. I remember some of those water-drops had the sting of hard-flung pebbles, but we only bent our heads, waiting eagerly for the word to fire.

"We was th' ones 'at got spit on," said a gunner, looking at D'ri.

"Wish they'd let us holler back," said the latter, placidly. "Sick o' holdin' in."

We kept fanning down upon the enemy, now little more than a mile away, signalling the fleet to follow.

"Look! See there!" a gunner shouted.

The British line had turned into a reeling, whirling ridge of smoke lifting over spurts of flame at the bottom. We knew what was coming. Untried in the perils of shot and shell, some of my gunners stooped to cover under the bulwarks.

"Pull 'em out o' there," I called, turning to D'ri, who stood beside me.

The storm of iron hit us. A heavy ball crashed into the after bulwarks, tearing them away and slamming over gun and carriage, that slid a space, grinding the gunners under it. One end of a bowline whipped over us; a jib dropped; a brace fell crawling over my shoulders like a big snake; the foremast went into splinters a few feet above the deck, its top falling over, its canvas sagging in great folds. It was all the work of a second. That hasty flight of iron, coming out of the air, thick as a flock of pigeons, had gone through hull and rigging in a wink of the eye. And a fine mess it had made. Men lay scattered along the deck, bleeding, yelling, struggling. There were two lying near us with blood spurting out of their necks. One rose upon a knee, choking horribly, shaken with the last throes of his flooded heart, and reeled over. The *Scorpion* of our fleet had got her guns in action; the little *Ariel* was also firing. D'ri leaned over, shouting in my ear.

“Don’t like th’ way they’re whalin’ uv us,” he said, his cheeks red with anger.

“Nor I,” was my answer.

“Don’t like t’ stan’ here an’ dew nuthin’ but git licked,” he went on. “‘T ain’ no way nat’ral.”

Perry came hurrying forward.

“Fire!” he commanded, with a quick gesture, and we began to warm up our big twenty-pounder there in the bow. But the deadly sends of iron kept flying over and upon our deck, bursting into awful showers of bolt and chain and spike and hammer heads. We saw shortly that our brig was badly out of gear. She began to drift to leeward, and being unable to aim at the enemy, we could make no use of the bow gun. Every brace and bowline cut away, her canvas torn to rags, her hull shot through, and half her men dead or wounded, she was, indeed, a sorry sight.

The *Niagara* went by on the safe side of us, heedless of our plight. Perry stood near, with clenched fists as he looked off at her. Two of my gunners had been hurt by bursting canister. D’ri and I picked them up, and made for the cockpit. D’ri’s man kept howling and kicking. As we hurried over the bloody deck, there came a mighty crash beside us and a burst of old iron that tumbled me to my knees.

A cloud of smoke covered us. I felt the man I bore struggle and then go limp in my arms; I felt my knees getting warm and wet. The smoke rose; the tall, herculean back of D’ri was just ahead of me. His sleeve had been ripped away from shoulder to elbow, and a spray of blood from his upper arm was flying back upon me. His hat crown had been torn off, and there was a big rent in his trousers, but he kept going. I saw my man had been killed in my arms by a piece of chain, buried to its last link in his breast. I was so confused by the shock of it all that

I had not the sense to lay him down, but followed D'ri to the cockpit. He stumbled on the stairs, falling heavily with his burden. Then I dropped my poor gunner and helped them carry D'ri to a table, where they bade me lie down beside him.

"It is no time for jesting," said I, with some dignity.

"My dear fellow," the surgeon answered, "your wound is no jest. You are not fit for duty."

I looked down at the big hole in my trousers and the cut in my thigh, of which I had known nothing until then. I had no sooner seen it and the blood than I saw that I also was in some need of repair, and lay down with a quick sense of faintness. My wound was no pretty thing to see, but was of little consequence, a missile having torn the surface only. I was able to help Surgeon Usher as he caught the severed veins and bathed the bloody strands of muscle in D'ri's arm, while another dressed my thigh.

That room was full of the wounded, some lying on the floor, some standing, some stretched upon cots and tables. Every moment they were crowding down the companion-way with others. The cannonading was now so close and heavy that it gave me an ache in the ears, but above its quaking thunder I could hear the shrill cries of men sinking to hasty death in the grip of pain. The brig was in sore distress, her timbers creaking, snapping, quivering, like one being beaten to death, his bones cracking, his muscles pulping under heavy blows.

We were above water-line there in the cockpit; we could feel her flinch and stagger. On her side there came suddenly a crushing blow, as if some great hammer, swung far in the sky had come down upon her. I could hear the split and break of heavy timbers; I could see splinters flying over me in a rush of smoke, and the legs of a man go bumping on the beams above. Then came another crash of timbers on the port side. I leaped off the table and ran,

limping, to the deck, I do not know why; I was driven by some quick and irresistible impulse. I was near out of my head, anyway, with the rage of battle in me and no chance to fight.

Well, suddenly, I found myself stumbling, with drawn sabre, over heaps of the hurt and dead there on our reeking deck. It was a horrible place; everything tipped over, man and gun and mast and bulwark. The air was full of smoke, but near me I could see a topsail of the enemy. Balls were now plunging in the water alongside, the spray drenching our deck. Some poor man lying low among the dead caught me by the boot-leg with an appealing gesture. I took hold of his collar, dragging him to the cockpit. The surgeon had just finished with D'ri. His arm was now in a sling and bandages. He was lying on his back, the good arm over his face. There was a lull in the cannonading. I went quickly to his side.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, giving his hand a good grip.

"Nuthin' t' brag uv," he answered. "Never see nobody git lightnin' rose with 'em 's quick es we did—never."

Just then we heard the voice of Perry. He stood on the stairs calling into the cockpit.

"Can any wounded man below there pull a rope?" he shouted.

D'ri was on his feet in a jiffy, and we were both clambering to the deck as another scud of junk went over us. Perry was trying, with block and tackle, to mount a caronade. A handful of men were helping him. D'ri rushed to the ropes, I following, and we both pulled with a will. A sailor who had been hit in the legs hobbled up, asking for room on the rope. I told him he could be of no use, but he spat an oath, and pointing at my leg, which was now bleeding, swore he was sounder than I, and put up his fists to prove it. I have seen no better show of pluck in all my

fighting, nor any that ever gave me a greater pride of my own people and my country. War is a great evil, I begin to think, but there is nothing finer than the sight of a man who, forgetting himself, rushes into the shadow of death for the sake of something that is better. At every heave on the rope our blood came out of us, until a ball shattered a pulley, and the gun fell.

Perry had then a fierce look, but his words were cool, his manner dauntless. He peered through lifting clouds of smoke at our line. He stood near me, and his head was bare. He crossed the littered deck, his battleflag and broad pennant that an orderly had brought him trailing from his shoulder. He halted by a boat swung at the davits on the port side—the only one that had not gone to splinters. There he called a crew about him, and all got quickly aboard the boat—seven besides the younger brother of Captain Perry—and lowered it. Word flew that he was leaving to take command of the sister brig, the *Niagara*, which lay off a quarter of a mile or so from where we stood. We all wished to go, but he would have only sound men; there was not a dozen on the ship who had all their blood in them. As they pulled away, Perry standing in the stern, D’ri lifted a bloody, tattered flag, and leaning from the bulwarks, shook it over them, cheering loudly.

“Give it to ’em!” he shouted. “We’ll tek care ’o the ol’ brig.”

We were all crying, we poor fellows that were left behind. One, a mere boy, stood near me swinging his hat above his head, cheering. Hat and hand fell to the deck as I turned to him. He was reeling, when D’ri caught him quickly with his good arm and bore him to the cockpit.

The little boat was barely a length off when heavy shot fell splashing in her wake. Soon they were dropping all around her. One crossed her bow, ripping a long furrow in the sea. A chip flew off her stern; a lift of splinters

from an oar scattered behind her. Plunging missiles marked her course with a plait of foam, but she rode on bravely. We saw her groping under the smoke clouds; we saw her nearing the other brig, and were all on tiptoe. The air cleared a little, and we could see them ship oars and go up the side. Then we set our blood dripping with cheers again, we who were wounded there on the deck of the *Lawrence*. Lieutenant Yarnell ordered her one flag down. As it sank fluttering, we groaned. Our dismay went quickly from man to man. Presently we could hear the cries of the wounded there below. A man came staggering out of the cockpit, and fell to his hands and knees, creeping toward us and protesting fiercely, the blood dripping from his mouth.

“Another shot would sink her,” Yarnell shouted.

“Let ’er sink,” said D’ri. “Wish t’ heavens I c’u’d put my foot through ’er bottem. When the flag goes down I wan’ t’ go tew.”

The British turned their guns; we were no longer in the smoky paths of thundering canister. The *Niagara* was now under fire. We could see the dogs of war rushing at her in leashes of flame and smoke. Our little gunboats, urged by oar and sweep, were hastening to the battle front. We could see their men, waist-high above bulwarks, firing as they came.

The *Detroit* and the *Queen Charlotte*, two heavy brigs of the British line, had run afoul of each other. The *Niagara*, signalling for close action, bore down upon them. Crossing the bow of one ship and the stern of the other, she raked them with broadsides. We saw braces fly and masts fall in the volley. The *Niagara* sheered off, pouring shoals of metal on a British schooner, stripping her bare. Our little boats had come up, and were boring into the brigs.

In a brief time—it was then near three o’clock—a white

flag, at the end of a boarding-pike, fluttered over a British deck. D'ri, who had been sitting awhile, was now up and cheering as he waved his crownless hat. He had lent his flag, and, in the flurry, some one dropped it overboard. D'ri saw it fall, and before we could stop him he had leaped into the sea. I hastened to his help, tossing a rope's end as he came up, swimming with one arm, the flag in his teeth. I towed him to the landing-stair and helped him over. Leaning on my shoulder, he shook out the tattered flag, its white laced with his own blood.

Each grabbed a tatter of the good flag, pressing hard upon D'ri, and put it to his lips and kissed it proudly. Then we marched up and down, D'ri waving it above us—as bloody a squad as ever walked, shouting loudly. D'ri had begun to weaken with loss of blood, so I coaxed him to go below with me.

The battle was over; a Yankee band was playing near by.

“Perry is coming! Perry is coming!” we heard them shouting above.

A feeble cry that had in it pride and joy and inextinguishable devotion passed many a fevered lip in the cockpit.

There were those near who had won a better peace, and they lay as a man that listens to what was now the merest vanity.

Perry came, when the sun was low, with a number of British officers, and received their surrender on his own bloody deck. I remember, as they stood by the ruined bulwarks and looked down upon tokens of wreck and slaughter, a dog began howling dismally in the cockpit.

—*Irving Bacheller*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first three questions without rereading the selection.

1. Why were the men who fought under Perry at the battle of Lake Erie so devoted to him?

2. Why did Perry command that there be no firing until they were close to the enemy?

3. Describe impromptu the scene when the wounded men on the deck of the *Lawrence* saw the white flag, indicating the surrender of the British.

4. Write a paragraph describing Perry, as you think he looked standing on the deck of the *Lawrence* before the battle began.

THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF COLUMBUS

WORDS TO LEARN

Always try to find out the exact meaning of every word in the connection in which it is used in the selection. This will help you to develop accuracy in the use of words. Find the exact meaning of the words listed below in *Words to Learn*.

| | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| prodigious | Palos | chimerical |
| despondency | credulity | signal |
| execrations | Don | acquisition |
| hidalgos | concourse | viceroi |
| sublimity | dispensation | cavalcade |
| buoyancy | Castile | Valencia |
| Catalonia | Aragon | vassalage |
| punctilious | harbingers | incalculable |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Washington Irving was the first American author whose works were widely read for pleasure and not for their historical or educational value. His "Sketch Book," written one hundred years ago, won fame on both sides of the ocean, and he became known as America's greatest author. Englishmen visiting this country often expressed a desire to see its two wonders—Niagara Falls and Washington Irving.

As a child, Irving read as many books on travel as he could find. This course of reading influenced him in after life and greatly added to his unusual power of surrounding his subjects with the proper atmosphere and background. Like a great landscape painter he sketched in every detail to make all of his stories complete and perfect. This skill is shown in his two famous short stories "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

This selection is taken from "The Life and Voyages of Columbus," a work which won Irving a high honorary degree from Oxford University. It preserves in a fresh and interesting style of writing the history of the times when Columbus lived. To gain the facts for the story, Irving searched through the old Spanish records, and then, remembering that Columbus was a human being, he presented Columbus the discoverer as a man with a vision who dared to try what others had feared to attempt.

As you read about the triumph in which Columbus returned to Spain after his successful voyage, contrast it in your mind with the ridicule with which he had met as he started on his voyage. Notice the style in which this narrative-history is written. It is interesting and holds your attention through the introduction of personal incidents.

THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF COLUMBUS

THE triumphant return of Columbus was a prodigious event in the history of the little port of Palos where everybody was more or less interested in the fate of his expedition. The most important and wealthy sea captains of the place had engaged in it, and scarcely a family but had some relative or friend among the voyagers.

The departure of the ships upon what appeared a chimerical and desperate cruise had spread gloom and dismay over the place; and the storms which had raged throughout the winter had heightened the public despondency. Many lamented their friends as lost, while the imagination lent mysterious horrors to their fate; picturing them as driven about over wild and desert wastes of water without a shore; or as perishing amidst rocks, and quicksands, and whirlpools; or a prey to those monsters of the deep with which credulity, in those days, peopled every distant and unfrequented sea. There was something more awful in such a mysterious fate than in death itself, under any defined and ordinary form.

When the news arrived, therefore, that one of the adventurous ships was standing up the river, the inhabitants

were thrown into great agitation; but when they heard that she returned in triumph from the discovery of a world, and beheld her furling her sails in their harbor, the whole community burst forth into a transport of joy. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended: for a time there was nothing but the hurry and tumult of sudden exultation and breathless curiosity. Some were anxious to know the fate of a relative, others of a friend; and all to learn particulars of so wonderful a voyage.

When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged to see and welcome him, and a grand procession was formed to the principal church to return thanks to God for so signal a discovery made by the people of that place; the shallow populace forgetting, in their exultation, the thousand difficulties which they had thrown in the way of the enterprise. Wherever Columbus passed, the streets resounded with shouts and acclamations; he received such honors as are paid to sovereigns, but to him they were rendered with tenfold warmth and sincerity. What a contrast was this to his departure a few months before, followed by murmurs and execrations! Or rather, what a contrast to his first arrival at Palos, a poor pedestrian, craving bread and water for his child at the gate of a convent!

Understanding that the court was at Barcelona, Columbus felt disposed to proceed thither immediately in his caravel. Reflecting, however, on the dangers and disasters he had already experienced on the seas, he resolved to proceed by land. He dispatched a letter to the king and queen, informing them of his arrival, and soon after departed for Seville to await their orders, taking with him six of the natives whom he had brought from the new world. One had died at sea, and three were left ill at Palos.

The letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensa-

tion at court. The event it communicated was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign; and following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of question or competition.

Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As the summer was already advancing, the time favorable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville, or elsewhere, that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them by the return of the courier what was necessary to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the Ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indias." At the same time he was promised still further rewards.

Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite; and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions which he had brought from the new world.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this

memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.

First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion and decorated with tropical feathers and with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After these followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprises, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and

splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation.

At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

As Columbus approached the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest, since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he

had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties.

—*Washington Irving*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

If you have read this selection carefully, you will be able to answer the first five questions without referring to the story.

1. To what port did Columbus return?
2. Why was everyone there so interested in his return?
3. How did the king and queen regard the success of Columbus' voyage?
4. Why was Columbus anxious to impress the people of Spain with the wealth of the newly discovered regions?
5. Describe impromptu Columbus' reception by the king and queen.
6. Select a paragraph or section of the story which gives an especially vivid or impressive picture, and list the descriptive words which help most in presenting that picture.

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM

WORDS TO LEARN

Before reading this story be sure that you know the meaning of each of these words. You will find them in **Words to Learn**.

treacherous

countersign

Tories

Royalists

Ticonderoga

dragoons

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

General Israel Putnam was a brave and very industrious soldier rather than a great general, but his fame in the Indian wars, and his personal courage and good fellowship made him the idol of the rank and file of the Revolutionary army. He was one of the most popular leaders in all American history.

He took an active part in the opposition to the Stamp Act. History tells us that he was plowing in the field when the news of the battles at Concord and Lexington reached him and that he left his plow in the furrow and hastened to join the patriot forces in the struggle for independence.

Notice the courage that he displayed in crawling into the wolf's den and also in the incidents told of the Indian wars. It was such brave men as Putnam that made the struggle for independence successful, and laid the corner stones of our republic.

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM

ISRAEL PUTNAM'S name will always be revered by the people of our country because he was one of the bravest generals that Washington had in his Revolutionary army. His exciting experiences both in private life, in the French and Indian War, and in the War of the Revolution, make him one of the most interesting characters of our history.

He was born on the seventh day of January, 1718, near Salem, Massachusetts, and he was the eleventh child in a family of twelve children. His great grandfather came from England to this country in 1634, only fourteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

Israel was a country boy. Since the country was new and thinly settled, there were very few schools, and he had a poor chance to get an education. Indians inhabited the country about his home and nothing suited young Putnam better than to take his chances hunting wild game where the Indians were numerous and often treacherous. He never seemed to entertain fear. That is the main reason he made his life useful to his country, and interesting to all lovers of heroes.

The first time he visited Boston, which was about fourteen miles from his home, he wore homespun clothing his mother had made for him. A boy in the city much larger than Israel followed and taunted the country lad about his rough clothes and his awkward ways. A crowd of boys collected and were all enjoying the fun. At last Israel could stand it no longer. He turned suddenly and gave the cowardly sneerer a good trouncing. Then the crowd turned the laugh on the city bully.

In 1739 he married Miss Hannah Pope, and the year following he moved from Salem to Pomfret, Connecticut, where he reared his family of four sons and six daughters. He was an industrious farmer and he grew prosperous while engaged chiefly in sheep raising. He was known as one of the largest wool growers in the country.

It is because of his interest in his large herd of sheep that the story of his thrilling experience with a wolf became historic. For a number of years a wild animal had visited the sheep farms and killed off many sheep. Seventy sheep had been killed in one day on Putnam's farm. It was generally believed that a she-wolf was doing the damage. The wolf lived much farther north in the summer but in the winter she would hide her young near Pomfret and feed them with the farmers' mutton. The hunters often found her cubs and killed them, but the mother always managed to get away. They set a trap for her which caught her by the foot but, rather than let her enemies find her, she tore off a toe and left it in the trap when she limped away.

Putnam called a few of his neighbors together and laid a plan before them to discover the old wolf's den. The plan was to take turns two at a time and follow her night and day until they discovered her den. The hunters started early in winter soon after a light snowfall. They soon found her track which they knew from other animals because of the lost toe. After chasing her long distances over the hills and through the swamps the hunters came upon her den, hidden deep in a rocky ledge about three miles north of Putnam's home. One man watched the den while his companion went to notify the neighborhood.

In a short time the den was encircled by a great number of excited boys and men from Pomfret and the surrounding country. They brought guns, clubs, stones, straw and

sulphur. They were determined to put an end to the sheep killing. The cave proved to be a good hiding place. Stones were thrown into the den but they could not strike her. Dogs were sent in but soon came out howling with scratched and bleeding noses, and they could not be persuaded to go in again. A pile of straw sprinkled with sulphur was pushed into the mouth of the cave and set on fire. The smoke rolled into the cave but it did not reach the wolf, or if it did reach her she would not let it drive her out.

The men and boys standing about began to fear that the chase was lost but Putnam never gave up. He asked a negro servant to go into the cave to see how deep it was and to locate the wolf if possible. The man refused to attempt it. Putnam then asked if any one in the crowd would volunteer but no one came forward. At last he declared he would go down into the cave himself.

The farmers opposed his action. They were afraid he might be killed. It was, indeed, a rash thing to do, but he would go. He knew that all wild animals are afraid of fire; he, therefore, carried a large number of dry thin pieces of birch bark that he could light. Such light would show the structure of the cave and the location of the prey. The cave was in solid rock and about three feet square. It slanted downward for fifteen feet, then it ran horizontally for ten feet, when it slanted upward for sixteen feet to the end.

Putnam took off his coat and waistcoat, lighted one of his pieces of bark, and without a gun or weapon went down into the cave. His friends tied a rope around one of his ankles as a precaution in case he should encounter the wild beast and have trouble. About midnight he entered the cave, groping his way along, creeping slowly, and lighting pieces of bark one after another as they would burn down lest he should be left in pitch darkness. At the end of the

cave sat the wolf. She showed her teeth and gave a low growl. Putnam gave a jerk at the rope and the men fearing trouble pulled him out so hastily that they tore his clothes and scratched his body.

He at once loaded his gun, and entered again with torches. He found the wolf in the same place but more vicious than before. She growled, showed her teeth, and was preparing to spring upon him when he leveled his piece and shot her. His friends pulled him out again, but they were more careful this time. After allowing time for the smoke to escape he went in again to bring out the wolf. He applied a lighted torch to her nose but she did not flinch. This proved that she was stone dead. He seized her by the ears and gave the rope a jerk. His friends pulled him and his prize from the cave. The crowd cheered and Putnam was praised and congratulated on every side. From that time on Putnam was a hero, and all over the country he was called "The Old Wolf."

The wolf den is visited to this day by many people, and it is the same as when Putnam went into it, except for a tablet on one of the rocks at the entrance.

Putnam served in the French and Indian War in almost every capacity. The military tactics which he thus learned proved valuable to him as an aid to Washington in the Revolutionary War.

While he was serving as a guard with another soldier in the French and Indian War, his companion was attacked by an enemy sentinel. They had clinched and Putnam's comrade gave the signal for help. Putnam ran up to the men and with one swing of his gun felled the enemy with a death blow. It was said of him that no man in the army was more impetuous or more daring and reckless and yet more self-controlled than he in times of danger.

At another time in the French and Indian War, he and a comrade were spying on the enemy when they found they

had gone too far and were within the enemy's lines. They were discovered and both ran. A hail of bullets was sent flying after them. The comrade was wounded and fell. Putnam ran on when suddenly he fell over a high cliff. Soon another man fell at the same place. Putnam raised his gun to kill the supposed enemy when a voice spoke and revealed his friend who had been wounded. They both reached their camp in safety. Next morning Putnam discovered that his canteen had been shot through, and he found fourteen bullet holes in the blanket he had carried.

At one of the camps where Putnam and his men were stationed, the night sentinels one after another were carried off and never heard of again. When no one else would go Putnam offered to serve as sentinel himself. As an officer he did not have to go, and could have sent some one else, but he preferred danger to safety and went to the post. If he heard a noise he was to ask three times, "Who goes there?" and if no answer came he was to fire. Everything was quiet in the early hours of the night but a little after midnight a wild hog appeared in the high grass. It was ambling about cracking nuts and grunting.

Putnam saw the animal and decided at once that not even a hog should be permitted to pass the lines without giving the countersign. He raised his musket and called out three times, "Who goes there?" and fired. The hog fell over on its side and with a deep groan stretched out in death. When Putnam went up to examine it he found that he had shot a sneaking Indian who had disguised himself with a bear skin. The clever ruse had enabled the Indian to pick off the sentinels night after night. The secret of the mystery was thus discovered and the soldiers no longer stood in fear of this post of duty.

In the winter of 1757 Fort Edward caught fire. The fire was within twelve feet of the magazine which contained three hundred barrels of powder. The flames were

spreading when Putnam reached the fort, but he climbed on the roof of the barracks and went close to the blaze. He ordered the soldiers to form a line to the river from which water was passed along to him. The heat was so intense that the mittens were burned from his hands, but he took another pair that were water-soaked and remained at his post.

Colonel Haviland saw him and, regarding his position as too perilous, urged him to descend. Putnam grimly answered that it would be fatal to leave his post, and asked permission to remain.

Finally the barracks began to give way. Putnam descended and placed himself between the burning building and the magazine. There only remained a wall of timber between the powder and the flames; but he desperately kept on throwing water until the fire was conquered.

For an hour and a half he had fought the fire unmindful of his blistered face, hands and body. When he removed the mittens the skin from his hands came off with them. He suffered several weeks from the effects of the strain and the fire. He was rewarded by the hearty thanks of his commander and the soldiers for his bravery in saving the fortress from complete destruction.

In the campaign of 1758 while fighting against the French and Indians near Lake Champlain, Putnam and his forces were attacked from ambush by the Indians. The Indians had stationed themselves on the hillside at a narrow pass and when Putnam's men began to go through, the Indians fired upon them and killed many of the men. Putnam gave hasty orders but before they could organize for a regular battle it became a hand to hand fight. Putnam was himself attacked by one of the largest Indians. He pressed his gun to the Indian's breast but the gun missed fire and the Indian made him a prisoner, tied him firmly to a tree and then went on fighting. The tree to which

Putnam was tied was struck often and many bullet holes were made in his clothes. The Indians were finally driven away but unfortunately for Putnam they took time to unbind him and force him to go with them. They abused him in various ways until he became faint and weak. They tied his hands behind him so tightly that they were soon swollen and most painful. They removed his shoes and tied heavy bundles on his back, forcing him to carry them until his feet bled. The pain was almost beyond endurance and Putnam at last begged the Indians to kill him outright and release him from the terrible misery.

In the deep wilderness the Indians held a consultation and decided to bind the prisoner to a tree and burn him alive. They stripped off his clothes, tied him to a tree and piled dry branches about his feet. Then they began to dance and yell as was their custom at such times. The fire was started and the flames began to creep up about his feet and ankles. He writhed in agony while the Indians danced and yelled in their wild delight. He thought of his home and his loved ones and prepared himself for death. Just in the nick of time, however, a French officer by the name of Marin dashed into the circle, kicked away the burning sticks and unbound him. Marin had heard of the inhuman treatment accorded to the distinguished captive and hastened to save him. If he had arrived a few minutes later the prisoner would have been dead. He severely rebuked the Indians for their cruel treatment of an honorable enemy, and took charge of the prisoner for the rest of the journey. Putnam was treated with great kindness by the French officers at Ticonderoga and at Montreal where he was sent later. He was not held prisoner long, however, but was released through an exchange of prisoners.

In 1764 the British Parliament resolved to impose certain stamp duties, and the next year the famous Stamp Act

was passed. From the beginning Putnam opposed this tax because the colonies were not consulted when the levy was made. He was one of a committee to confer with the Governor of the colony on the subject. Governor Fitch asked him what he, as governor, was to do if the stamped paper should be sent to him by orders from the king.

"Lock it up," replied Putnam, "and give us the key. Then, if you think proper, to screen yourself from responsibility, prohibit us from entering the room where it is deposited. We will send it safely back."

"But, should I refuse you admission?" inquired the Governor.

"In that event," replied Putnam, "your house will be leveled to the dust in five minutes."

When the Revolutionary War broke out Putnam at once offered himself for his country's services. On the nineteenth of April, 1775, Colonel Putnam was plowing in a field, when the news of the battle of Lexington was brought to him. He left his plow and team standing in the furrow and without waiting to change clothes he rode away in his old checkered shirt with the utmost speed to the scene of action.

He was one of the officers at the battle of Bunker Hill, and when Washington took command of the army, he at once made Putnam a Major-General. He was one of the leaders in the battle of Long Island and, when the American army was forced to retreat to a place near Philadelphia, Washington entrusted Putnam with that important command.

The Tories in and near Philadelphia were giving the colonies much concern by the constant aid and comfort which they gave to the enemy. Franklin and other leaders had tried to shame the Tories into patriotic conduct but they did not accomplish much. Putnam dealt severely with them. Washington had said, "Upon the salvation of Phila-

delphia our cause almost depends." General Putnam was fighting bravely against the open foe and he had but little patience with the Royalists who were natives of this country. Before the close of the winter he had taken nearly a thousand Tory prisoners and had accomplished the more important object of keeping the traitors in constant fear.

The British officers recognized Putnam as a brave man of ability and they tried to bribe him to leave the American army and join the English forces. They offered him a high office and large sums of money but Putnam, unlike Benedict Arnold, spurned the offer. He loved his country and was true to her.

Washington intended to use General Putnam in the battles of Trenton and Princeton but the Royalists were giving so much trouble in Philadelphia that he decided not to call on him for fear of an uprising of the Tories there. Later, however, he stationed Putnam at Princeton.

An amusing story is told of a scheme of Putnam's to deceive the enemy. Captain McPherson, a Scotch officer of a British regiment, had been severely wounded in the battle of Princeton. He thought he was about to die and requested General Putnam to send for a friend in the British army at New Brunswick to aid him in making his will. General Putnam's good nature prevailed and a flag of truce was dispatched with orders not to return with the captain's friend until after dark.

When they arrived the College Hall and all the vacant houses in town were lighted. The army consisting of only fifty men was marched around frequently, sometimes in detachments, with great noise and display near the quarters of the captain. The friend left camp before daylight and when he reached the British lines he told the officers that Putnam had at least five thousand men.

In May, 1777, General Putnam assumed the chief command of the army of the Highlands on the Hudson. Wash-

ington wished to defend Ticonderoga, Philadelphia and the Highlands as strongly as possible. While at the Highlands, Putnam's army had captured Edmund Palmer, a lieutenant of a Tory regiment, who had been caught in the American camp. General Clinton claimed Palmer as an officer in the British service and he sent a flag of truce to General Putnam to inform him of this fact. The following was the reply sent back by Putnam :

"Headquarters, August 7, 1777.

Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy and shall be executed as a spy. The flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S. He has been accordingly executed."

In the winter of 1778 Putnam was stationed at Danbury, Connecticut. While there, Governor Tryon with about fifteen hundred men made life miserable for the patriots. He came to West Greenwich where Putnam, with only one hundred and fifty men, was at the time. Putnam only had two small cannon and all he could do was to harass the enemy. When he saw that they had ordered a charge of dragoons and infantry he knew it was useless to stand and fight. He accordingly told his soldiers to retreat with all speed to the swamps where the cavalry could not follow them. He waited till all his men were safe and then as the dragoons were almost within sword's length, he wheeled his horse and made a plunge down a steep and dangerous precipice. The dragoons were afraid to risk their lives going down the steep hill-side and contented themselves by sending a hail of bullets after him as he rode away to safety. It was a feat of great daring especially for a man of his age, but it was worthy of one who went down into the dark cave alone at midnight to hunt a vicious wolf.

When the army went into winter quarters at Morristown, General Putnam left camp for a few weeks to visit his family in Connecticut. While returning to the army after his visit he suffered a paralytic stroke which caused a numbness on his right side, and he was forced against his will to give up his work in the army.

He improved in health and became hopeful that he might once more visit General Washington and the army as the following letters show :

“Pomfret, May 29, 1780.

Dear Sir:—I cannot forbear informing your Excellency, by the return of Major Humphreys to camp, of the state of my health from the first of my illness to the present time. After I was prevented from coming on to the army by a stroke of the paralytic kind, which deprived me, in a great measure, of the use of my right leg and arm, I retired to my plantation and have been gradually growing better ever since. I have now so far gained the use of my limbs, especially of my leg, as to be able to walk with very little impediment, and to ride on horseback tolerably well. In other respects I am in perfect health, and enjoy the comforts and pleasures of life with as good relish as most of my neighbors.

Although I should not be able to resume a command in the army, I propose to myself the happiness of making a visit, and seeing my friends there some time in the course of the campaign. And, however incapable I may be of serving my country to my latest hour, my wishes and prayers will always be most ardent and sincere for its happiness and freedom.

As a principal instrument in the hand of Providence for affecting this, may Heaven long preserve your Excellency's most important and valuable life.

Not being able to hold the pen in my own hand, I am

obliged to make use of another to express with how much regard and esteem, I am, your Excellency's

Most obedient and very humble servant,

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S. I am making a great effort to use my hand to make the initials of my name for the first time.

I. P."

General Washington's reply was as follows:

"Headquarters, July 5, 1780.

Dear Sir:—I am very happy to learn from your letter handed me by Major Humphreys, that the present state of your health is so flattering and that it promises you the prospect of being in condition to make a visit to your old associates some time this campaign. I wish it were in my power to congratulate you on a complete recovery. I should feel a sincere satisfaction in such an event, and I hope for it heartily, with the rest of your friends in this quarter.

I am, dear Sir, etc.,

G. WASHINGTON."

He never fully recovered and died on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1790. His neighbors bore him to the grave with heavy hearts and the news of his death brought grief to the entire country.

Putnam's friend, Doctor Dwight, President of Yale College, wrote the epitaph carved on the monument at his grave which reads:

"Passenger
if thou art a soldier,
drop a tear over the dust of a Hero,
who
ever attentive
to the lives and happiness of his men,
dared to lead
where any dared to follow.

If a patriot,
remember the distinguished and gallant
services rendered thy country
by a patriot who sleeps beneath this marble;
If thou art honest, generous and worthy,
render a cheerful tribute of respect
to a man
whose generosity was singular
whose honesty was proverbial,
who
raised himself to universal esteem
and offices of eminent distinction
by personal worth
and a
useful life."

—*Lawrence McTurnan*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first five questions without referring to the story.

1. Name at least five battles in which General Putnam fought.
2. Describe impromptu one of Putnam's thrilling escapes.
3. Why was Putnam called "The Old Wolf"?
4. Who was Marin?
5. What prompted him to save Putnam from the hands of the Indians?
6. Name the outstanding characteristics of Putnam's life expressed in his epitaph.
7. Select the paragraphs concerning the capture of the wolf and read them aloud.
8. Make a list of the incidents in the selection which impressed you most.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The Revolutionary War, which began in 1775, ended in October of the year 1781. For some years after this time, however, many of

the English people held a bitter resentment against America for having broken away from England. In this poem Tennyson tells what the attitude of the English should have been. In asserting her freedom, America was only repeating the lesson she had been taught by England. It was the logical thing for her to do, and England should have been proud rather than embittered.

Hampden here referred to was the celebrated English statesman and patriot, John Hampden, who lived in the first part of the seventeenth century. Hampden refused to pay a tax which had been imposed by the king without the authority of Parliament. Since that time Hampden was looked upon as one of the most ardent advocates of freedom.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.

O THOU that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

—*Alfred Lord Tennyson*



HERO STORIES FROM WORLD HISTORY

The Central Thought

The history of the world is the story of heroic deeds done by devoted men and women who believed in themselves and in some great cause, and were willing to make sacrifices for it. This section tells the heroic story of a great English Admiral, of a high-born English lady, and a poor American boy born in the mountains of Tennessee. Every nation has many hero stories equally interesting.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

WORDS TO LEARN

The following words must be looked up in **Words to Learn**, for pronunciation and meaning.

| | | |
|-------------|-----------|------------|
| Kaiserwerth | cholera | Marmora |
| Scutari | typhus | Sebastopol |
| Boulogne | Crimea | Balmoral |
| Balaklava | Bosphorus | recluse |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Every great movement for the betterment of the world has to have its pioneers—those brave men and women who go before to prepare the way for the improvement that is to come. No movement ever makes much headway unless there are those interested in it who have enough faith in its mission, and who have enough strength of character and purpose, to overcome all the obstacles that stand in the way of its final success. Such pioneers must forget all thoughts of self—must make their personal desires and thoughts of only secondary importance as compared with the welfare

of the movement to which they are giving the best they have,—often even their lives.

Such a pioneer was Florence Nightingale, the little Derbyshire girl who won the love of the whole world. Cultured English lady though she was, she could forget her personal comfort and leave her pleasant home in England to nurse the wounded soldiers in the Crimean War.

As you read of the hardships she endured, of the days and nights she toiled on without rest or comfort, try to picture the “Lady of the Lamp” as she moved about the hospitals doing what she could to ease the suffering of the soldiers. And, as you think of the great work that she did as the “mother of modern nursing,” think of the great movement which she started and how wonderfully it has developed to its present high state of efficiency. This will give you a better idea of the great service that she did for humanity.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

THE story of Florence Nightingale is the story of a little English girl who made her name known and honored the world round.

It is a story of long and patient preparation for service, of doing little things in a great way, of a real desire to make one’s life useful to the world.

Florence Nightingale’s father and mother were English people, but they were staying in Florence, Italy, when their first girl was born and they named her Florence in honor of the beautiful city. Every girl bearing this name is a “namesake” of Florence Nightingale, to whom it was first given, on the twelfth of May, 1820.

Mr. Nightingale was an English squire with large estates, and a beautiful manor house in Derbyshire. It was here that Florence spent her childhood, in the big stone house overlooking a beautiful valley through which flowed the silvery Derwent. On Sundays she went with her mother to the little parish church on her father’s estate. “Lea Hurst,” as her father’s place was called, was surrounded with shrubbery and flowers; there with a

younger sister, Frances, among pets and playmates she spent her happy childhood. Her favorite pastime was playing with her dolls, who were always "delicate" and required careful nursing.

The first real, live patient that Florence Nightingale ever had was a Scotch shepherd dog whose leg had been broken by boys throwing stones at him. Finding the poor dog in a barn where he had been left to die, Florence bandaged his wound, and nursed him so carefully that he was soon back tending his master's sheep.

The two sisters rode their ponies over the countryside, learned how to sew and embroider from their mother, while their father supervised their education daily in the large library at Lea Hurst. They studied Latin, Greek and mathematics as well as the best literature, and this training, combined with travel through Europe, gave them cultivated minds and charming personalities. As Florence grew to womanhood she interested herself in the welfare of the sick and needy in the neighborhood, and organized a Sunday afternoon Bible class for girls which she taught for several years. Once when she went up to London with her father and mother, Florence and her sister were presented to Queen Victoria who had just been crowned Queen of England.

But all the time Florence was eager for more definite work and a wider field of activity than could be found in her home surroundings. It happened that at this time two members of her family were very ill. This gave Florence an opportunity for real nursing which she did with enthusiasm and skill. When her patients had recovered she decided to take up the study of nursing in a systematic way. She realized that she could not hope to accomplish much without training, but she found that there was no place in all England where she could study to become a nurse.

About this time she met a very wonderful woman named Elizabeth Fry, who had done a great work in establishing schools for poor children, hospitals for the sick, and later in relieving the terrible condition then existing in English prisons. Elizabeth Fry told her of a school for training nurses which had been established by a Lutheran minister at Kaiserwerth, Germany. After visiting the leading hospitals in London, Edinburgh and Dublin, Florence went to France, Germany and Italy, where she found the nurses educated, refined and well trained. This was in great contrast to the English nurses of that time, who were coarse, untrained and often very intemperate.

The nurses studying at Kaiserwerth were all from the peasant class and the coming of Florence Nightingale, an high-born English lady, with her charming personality and evident culture, created a flutter of excitement.

Upon completing the course in nursing, Florence Nightingale returned home and devoted herself to church and charity work. It was not long before she was back in London in charge of a Home for Sick Governesses, which was more a sanatorium than a home. Her health finally compelled her to give up this position. It was while recovering her strength at her old home in Derbyshire that the call came to her for the greatest task of her life—a task for which she had unconsciously been preparing herself—and which she did so lovingly and so well that her name became known throughout the civilized world as a symbol of charity and devotion to duty.

In the spring of 1854 war broke out between Russia and Turkey. England and France both went to Turkey's assistance against the aggression of Russia. In a few days the battle of Alma brought thousands of wounded soldiers to the military hospital at Scutari, Italy. In the midst of the rejoicing over the victory came the news of thousands of wounded English soldiers lying uncared for because of

lack of nurses and medical stores. The war correspondent of the *London Times* wrote a pathetic account of the suffering and neglect of wounded who were left to die without the least effort to save them. He asked, "Are there no devoted women in England, able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals in Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England, at this extreme hour of need, ready for such work of mercy?"

The appeal roused the country to action. Hundreds of women volunteered to go as nurses, but they were untrained. There was no organization and no leader. The Secretary of War turned to Florence Nightingale as the one woman in all England fitted by knowledge, training and character to organize a group of nurses and take them out to the seat of war. He wrote her a long letter, describing the suffering among the soldiers and pointing out the difficulties and dangers. He said he hardly dared hope for a favorable answer, but assured her that if she consented, she would have the support and backing of the English government and the medical staff, and have supreme authority over all the other nurses. The same day that the Secretary of War wrote Florence Nightingale offering her this great opportunity for service, she wrote him offering to go to Scutari as a simple nurse. Their letters crossed in the mails. Florence Nightingale's willingness to serve as a nurse made her all the better fitted for the high position and honor which the British Government conferred upon her.

Within six days Florence Nightingale had her first group of nurses organized, equipped and ready to leave for the front. She developed wonderful executive ability which, combined with her remarkable tact and charming personality, made her a commanding genius. The group of nurses under her leadership left London quietly at night

with only a few friends to see them off. At Boulogne, France, they were given a great welcome, the fish-wives and other women carrying their baggage on their shoulders and refusing pay. At Paris a similar welcome awaited them.

They arrived at Scutari, Italy, the fourth of November, just after the great battle of Balaklava at which the "Light Brigade" made its famous charge, and the day before the battle of Inkerman.

The hospitals were already crowded to the doors with sick and wounded soldiers, with rough, profane and untrained men in charge of all the nursing. Still, shipload after shipload of suffering and dying English soldiers came pouring in, demanding immediate attention. The hospitals were unclean and reeking with infection. Vermin and rats attacked the helpless soldiers as they lay dying on the floor. The kitchen and cooking equipment was wholly inadequate. Yet all the while there were medical stores, provisions and equipment on the docks in the harbor, buried under cases of ammunition. No one knew how, or was willing to cut the red tape which would release these hospital supplies for use.

Into this seemingly hopeless situation came Florence Nightingale and her thirty-eight nurses. Everyone from the hospital authorities down to the wounded men immediately felt the pressure of a new spirit. Day after day the nurses worked twenty hours at a time without sleep, and every day the situation became a little better. Florence Nightingale almost immediately won the respect and support of all the hospital authorities and even of the military leaders themselves. The wounded men welcomed her as the soldiers' friend and gave her the loving title of "The Lady of the Lamp."

Soon another group of fifty nurses arrived from England to help care for the more than six thousand wounded

which now filled the hospital at Scutari to overflowing. No sooner were the wounded men made a little more comfortable than cholera broke out. Day after day and week after week the awful disease did its deadly work. Not once did Florence Nightingale falter, but night after night when the others had been worn out with the day's work, she could be seen going from cot to cot giving sympathy and help to the dying men.

Meanwhile back in England there were those who criticised her bitterly, making all kinds of false charges. But there were thousands of others who, under the leadership of Queen Victoria, were preparing bandages, knitting socks and sewing shirts for the wounded English soldiers.

For two long years Florence Nightingale carried on this heroic work, fighting cholera, typhus, wounds and death in an effort to bring comfort and life to the poor soldiers. Finally the doctors and nurses themselves became victims of typhus. At one time eight of the doctors were stricken with fever and seven of them died. Several of her own nurses died or were invalided home, but she went about her work unafraid.

In the spring of 1855 it was arranged for Miss Nightingale to go to the front to inspect the hospitals in the Crimea. The trip was made by steamer through the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, beneath the shadow of Constantinople out into the Black Sea. As they neared the besieged city of Sebastopol they could hear the booming of cannon and see the Russian pickets mounting guard on the high-peaked mountains overlooking the city. While they were landing in the harbor of Balaklava the roar of cannon pounding at the walls of Sebastopol, as they had been pounding for two long years, could be plainly heard. On horseback Miss Nightingale rode over the battlefield of Balaklava, from field hospital to field hospital, to the camps of the English and French troops, and finally to the front-

line trenches where a mortar battery was throwing shells over the walls of the city. It was a new and thrilling experience for the little English girl who had bandaged the broken leg of the Scotch collie back in Derbyshire. Wherever she went, she was cheered as the friend of the soldiers.

She spent several days inspecting hospitals and installing nurses in their new tasks. Suddenly she was seized with a violent illness, which the doctors quickly diagnosed as Crimean fever in its worst form. She was removed to a private home on the hills above the town and given the most loving and skilled care possible. After a month she was removed to a steamer and taken back to Scutari where, with careful nursing, she gradually recovered her health.

Not until September 9, 1855, did the great fortress of Sebastopol yield to the combined attack of the English, French and Turkish troops. The Russians retreated, leaving the city in flames.

The war was ended, but the thousands of victims still remained in huts and hospitals needing the care of Florence Nightingale and her faithful nurses. England and the civilized world rang with the praise of the heroic "Lady of the Lamp," who had all but given her life for the sick and wounded English soldiers. A committee was organized in London to raise a large sum of money to present to her on her return to England. On hearing of this, she asked that the money be used to found a hospital in London for the training of women nurses.

Month after month went by and Miss Nightingale continued at her post, going again to the Crimea to improve the condition of the hospitals there. Not until the last English soldier had been sent home and the hospitals closed, would she leave her great task. Meanwhile, Queen Victoria had sent her a beautiful jewel in appreciation of her services. The Sultan of Turkey presented her with a

diamond bracelet and the whole world honored her in numberless ways.

In order to avoid a demonstration which she very much disliked, Miss Nightingale declined the government's offer of a British man-of-war to carry her home. Instead, she took the assumed name of "Miss Smith" and sailed on a French vessel for Marseilles. She crossed France at night, and sailed from Boulogne for England which she had not seen for two and one-half years. She came unannounced to the little railroad station in Derbyshire and, dressed in black and wearing a heavy veil, she walked unrecognized down the beautiful English lane leading to her old home "Lea Hurst." Entering the back door, she was discovered by the old family butler. The news quickly spread through the village that "Miss Florence has come back from the wars!"

No demonstration, not even a bonfire was permitted, for the "Lady of the Lamp" let it be known that she wished to rest in the quiet of her old home. After a few weeks Queen Victoria invited her to visit her at Balmoral Castle, which she did.

Unfortunately, as the months passed, it became apparent that her health had been permanently injured by the hardships which she had endured in the service of the soldiers of the Crimea. Although she lived for fifty years after her return to England, she was compelled to live as a recluse in the quiet of her own home. Yet she never missed an opportunity to be of service to any one in need, if it lay within her power to do so. She died in London on the thirteenth of August, 1910, ninety years of age, and loved and honored the world around. They wished to bury her in Westminster Abbey, but the honor was declined and, instead, she lies buried in a quaint village churchyard near her old country home in Hampshire, England.

In every civilized land Florence Nightingale is still honored not only for what she did for the soldiers in the Crimea and for the poor and sick in England, but as "the mother of modern nursing." So, whenever you see a nurse going about her quiet duty, remember the story of Florence Nightingale, whose work and spirit live after her in many lands.

—*Edwin Osgood Grover*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

After reading this story once, test yourself by answering the following questions:

1. Tell the story of Miss Nightingale's girlhood.
2. Where did she receive her training for nursing?
3. Why was she asked to take charge of the English nurses?
4. What were four of the difficulties she encountered in her work in Italy?
5. How did she accept the admiration of the world? See if you can answer this with one word.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

WORDS TO LEARN

Be sure you know all the words in this story before attempting to read it. Those given here will be found in **Words to Learn**.

| | | |
|-------------|---------------------|-------------|
| acclamation | Téméraire | Bucentaure |
| remonstrate | Santissima Trinidad | rove |
| Villeneuve | maritime | frustrated |
| posthumous | translation | prematurely |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Horatio Nelson made his first voyage with the English Navy when he was a boy of twelve. By the time he was twenty years old he was captain of a ship. Later he became one of the greatest naval officers and most famous naval heroes in English history. His rapid rise to fame made him vain and boastful, but his deeds

were heroic and his service to his country great. Great Britain has honored him with a magnificent monument in Trafalgar Square, London. His last signal to his men, "England expects every man to do his duty" has become the watchword of the British Empire.

Robert Southey, who wrote this account of the great battle of Trafalgar Bay, was an English poet and writer of Nelson's time. His "Life of Nelson" is considered his best work. He wrote an immense amount of both prose and verse but it is his biographies of great men that have given him a permanent place in English Literature. As you read this selection notice how the author makes the scene more graphic by the introduction of interesting details.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

I

NELSON, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured.

Nelson replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

Soon afterward he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal: "England expects every man to do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed.

"Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of

our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him.

"In honor I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them."

This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of his noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders.

A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz. Our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line with their

numerous three-deckers made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendor of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy were advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships, immediately ahead of the *Victory* and across her bows, fired single guns at her to ascertain whether she was yet within their range.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main topgallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*.

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main topmast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew

on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve, she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked which he would prefer.

Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much."

The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable* just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower deck ports for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterward fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which can never decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side; another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed the guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire*; and because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard

guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santisima Trinidad*.

II

It had been a part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he.

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through!"

Yet, even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes which had been shot away were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth.

It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound

was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily in his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful.

“For,” said he, “you can do nothing for me.”

All that could be done was to fan him with paper and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried:

“Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!”

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

“Well, Hardy,” said Nelson, “how goes the day with us?”

“Very well,” replied Hardy; “ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.”

“I hope,” said Nelson, “none of our ships have struck.”

Hardy answered, “There was no fear of them.”

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon."

Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life.

"Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least.

"That's well!" cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor."

Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs.

"Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor." Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard," and he desired that he might be buried by his parents unless it should please the king to order otherwise.

"Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty!"

Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and

said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief.

So perfectly indeed had he performed his part that the maritime war after the battle of Trafalgar was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character.

The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies and public monuments and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their

sports to gaze on him, and old men from the chimney corner, to look upon Nelson ere they died.

The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength, for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

He cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youths of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live, and to act after them.

—*Robert Southey*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you can answer the first four questions without rereading the story.

1. What was Nelson's last signal to his men?
2. Why has it become the watchword of the British Empire?

3. Why did Nelson twice order the *Victory* to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*?
4. What was the result of his action?
5. Select suitable sub-headings for the two parts of the story.
6. Tell how the victory of Trafalgar was celebrated in England.
7. Write a short paragraph telling the kind of a man you think Nelson was.

THE MAKING OF A HERO

The Story of Alvin York

WORDS TO LEARN

It would be well to look up the following words in *Words to Learn* to get the correct pronunciation:

| | | |
|-----------|---------|-----------------|
| Alamo | Meuse | Croix-de-Guerre |
| Pall Mall | Kamerad | Foch |
| Argonne | ambush | Croca di Guerra |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The making of a hero does not depend upon wealth, education, or social opportunity. It depends on the character of the individual,—and character is developed by living,—by making the most of every situation.

Alvin York did not have wealth, nor education, nor opportunity, but he **did** have character,—a character that had been developed by the careful training received from his mother and by his strenuous mountaineer life. His calmness in the face of danger, his ability to meet a difficult situation, his wonderful self-control, and his marvelous skill with a gun, had all become part of the character that he had been building up all his life. When the crisis came—when Alvin York was called upon to show the “stuff he was made of,” he was ready and equal to the task.

You have often heard it said that it is harder to be a good winner than a good loser. Public admiration and praise often lead to snobbishness on the part of the one to whom they are given. Notice how Alvin York received the homage of the world and how, by so doing, he again proved himself a hero.

THE MAKING OF A HERO

THE making of this particular hero began in the latter part of the seventeenth century, when Conrad Pile, or "Coonrod" as he was called by his neighbors, went over the mountain from the Virginia settlements in search of game and adventure. The men who went into the wilderness on these long hunts were pioneers of the pioneers. They were trained back-woodsmen and could live for months at a time without returning to civilization. The most famous of these "long hunters," as they were called, were Daniel Boone, whose very name has become a symbol of adventure, and David Crockett, the "Hero of the Alamo."

Coonrod Pile was all his life a "long hunter." On one of his journeys over the crest of the Cumberland mountains into Tennessee, he came upon a group of seven mountains enclosing a little valley, through which flowed a mountain stream, now known as the Wolfe River, on its way to join the Cumberland and Ohio on their journey to the sea. At a point where three forks of the stream flowing from three mountain valleys, joined to make the Wolfe River, Coonrod Pile stopped to rest. Sitting on a lofty ledge with his muzzle-loading flint-lock rifle beside him, he looked for miles over the mountain wilderness. Below him in the valley he could see the mountain stream tumbling over its rock bed. It was a picture of peace and beauty. Descending into the valley he found a spring of cool water flowing from a cave in the hillside. There were level stretches covered with groves of walnut trees. Here he camped for the night.

One hundred and twenty-five years have passed since then but the descendants of Coonrod Pile, the daring "long hunter," still live in the "Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolfe." The little hamlet of log cabins which has grown

up about Coonrod Pile's first campfire is known by the English name of Pall Mall.

Not far from Pall Mall is a great walnut tree with this legend carved on its side:

"D Boon cilled a BAR On Tree in ThE yEAR 1760."

It was down this valley in 1760 that Daniel Boone, the most famous of the "long hunters," came in search of "Bar" and adventure. This tree tells us that he found both.

Today Pall Mall is a cluster of log cabins along a single mountain street. There is a store, a blacksmith's shop, a church and a tiny log school-house where they "keep school" three months each summer, some of the pupils going as far as the third and fourth grades. The nearest railroad station is forty-eight miles away.

Into this mountain hamlet peopled by the descendants of the sturdy "long hunters" and English pioneers from Virginia, was born on December 13, 1887, a boy named Alvin York. Coonrod Pile was Alvin York's grandfather. His father, William York, was a farmer, a blacksmith, and a hunter—always a hunter. He loved the forest and often spent weeks hunting for the pure joy of being in the woods with his rifle and his faithful hounds.

Alvin York was a "red head,"—a typical boy of the mountains, tall, agile, with an eye trained in woodcraft, and an ability to look out for himself under all circumstances. As a boy he often accompanied his father on his hunting expeditions and attended the "shooting matches" that were held regularly near the "York Spring" on Saturday mornings during the summer. The target was a piece of white paper nailed to a charred board. The bull's eye was a point where two knife-blade marks crossed. It was at these shooting matches as well as while hunting that Alvin York trained his eye and steadied his nerve until he became one of the best marksmen in the mountains.

At fifteen years of age Alvin had developed into a strong, self-reliant boy who could do a man's work. He could swing the big sledge at his father's blacksmith's shop for hours with either hand, and shoe any mule that might be brought to the shop. It was about this time that the one-room log cabin in which Alvin was born was remodelled into a two-room cabin. Here with his ten brothers and sisters and his father and mother, Alvin lived until he was twenty-one years old. That year his father died and left Alvin as the support and protector of his widowed mother and the younger children.

In 1917 when America entered the World War, Alvin York was working ten hours a day blasting rock for a new road that was being built through the Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolfe. His wages were the best he had ever earned, twenty-five dollars a month and his noon-day meal. He was an elder in the little church in the valley and he and Gracie Williams were "keeping company."

It was the middle of November that he received his "little blue card" as he called it, summoning him to the army. He had only twenty-four hours notice. The next morning he met Gracie Williams under the beech trees by the side of the road, and secured her promise to marry him—if he came back!

After several months' training at Camp Gordon, where he said he was the "homesickest boy you ever saw," his company was sent overseas with the "All America" division made up of young men from every state and nearly every race in the Union. In competition with them all Alvin York, the mountaineer boy with only a third grade education, stood out as a natural leader. His lack of education in schools was offset by his knowledge of life, and his remarkable poise and self-control. Like his father and grandfather he was uneducated, but wise in the art of

living, and able to do his work with wonderful skill. He promptly qualified as a sharpshooter and became conspicuous for his physical strength and his moral courage.

The "All America" division landed in England. Its first fighting was in the St. Mihiel Salient. Its second engagement was the battle of the Argonne Forest, which was more of a campaign than a battle, lasting forty-two days. Alvin York's division was on the firing line for twenty-six days and nights without a chance for rest. It took forty-two days and nearly five hundred thousand men to force the enemy back twenty-five miles from Verdun to Sedan. The Argonne Forest is a rocky region of gulched hills, dense woods and stone-walled farms, with the river Meuse flowing northward.

On a foggy morning just before daylight, early in October, 1918, the "All America" division went over the crest of "Hill No. 223" in an effort to drive the Germans from the ridges across the valley. Down the wooded slope they went under a rain of German shells that swept the hillside. Through the trees came a fierce hail of bullets from the machine gun nests that were entrenched along the crest of the opposite ridge. Gradually daylight came and the fog lifted.

In order to drive the Germans from their machine gun nests a detachment consisting of Sergeant Early and sixteen sharpshooters was sent down the valley. Climbing the hillside they discovered an old trench and dropped into it. Walking in Indian file they followed the trench around the shoulder of the hill to the rear. Meanwhile the Germans on the hill-top kept up their ceaseless fire across the valley.

After going a little distance Sergeant Early and his men left the trench and crept into the dense bushes crawling along in Indian file and Indian fashion. They soon came to a well-worn path. Below them in plain view were

two Germans carrying a stretcher. Seeing the Americans they dropped the stretcher and fled around the side of the hill. Shooting as they ran, Sergeant Early and his men pursued the two fleeing Germans through underbrush and over fallen trees. As they leapt across a little brook, they came into a clearing where sat a group of Germans beside a rough shack. It was an officer's headquarters. A conference was evidently in progress. Several officers were talking together and a group of private soldiers were eating and talking.

Into the midst of these astonished Germans rushed the seventeen American soldiers. It is difficult to say which were more surprised, the Germans or the Americans. Taken completely by surprise and not knowing how many American soldiers there were, the Germans threw up their hands and shouted, "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Sergeant Early ordered the Germans to hold up their hands while they were being searched and disarmed. The American soldiers formed a semicircle about them. The man at the left end of the semicircle was Alvin York, the red-headed boy from the Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolfe. As he stepped into place at the end of the semicircle York looked out of the clearing where the German major's headquarters had been, and up to the top of the hill. There on the crest of the ridge and not one hundred and fifty feet away was a whole battalion of German machine guns peppering away at the Americans down the valley. Apparently they had heard the shots at the foot of the hill and discovered that they were being attacked in the rear. Turning their machine guns around they began firing at the little group of Americans. Alvin York gave a startled cry of "Look out!" and began firing up the hill. The German prisoners immediately fell flat on the ground to escape the deadly fire of their own machine guns and the bullets passed over them. The first

volley however, killed six of the seventeen Americans and wounded two. Sergeant Early fell, shot through the body. Soon the entire battalion of German machine guns was sweeping the rear of the hillside, the bullets passing about four feet above the ground. Evidently the Germans were trying to avoid hitting their own captured men whom they could see squirming in the grass.

Lying in a clump of bushes, York heard someone say, "Let's get out of here, we're in the German lines!" Slowly he crawled around until he could get a clear view of the machine gunpits above him. After a little the gun fire ceased and several Germans rose out of their gunpits and started down the hillside to see the result of the skirmish. York fired and one of the men fell forward, while the rest of them dodged back into their gunpits, and the clatter of the machine gun fire began again. There was no reply from the Americans. Of the nine Americans left, eight were guarding the German prisoners, and all were lying on the ground with the flying bullets above them.

Alvin York waited. One by one venturesome German heads began to appear above the gunpits. One by one York picked them off before they could sight their machine guns. Single-handed York fought the whole battalion of machine guns before him. Once he saw the captured German major with a pistol in his hand, and he ordered him to throw the pistol to him, which he did.

Finally when the Germans found that they could not reach York with their bullets they tried other tactics. On the left York saw a German lieutenant and six men crawling through the brush to ambush him. When only sixty feet away they ran for him with fixed bayonets. York's rifle was almost empty. He calmly laid it down and took his automatic pistol. Taking aim at the man in the rear he stopped them one after another until the last

man was down and none of them had covered half of the sixty feet.

The captured German major had watched the duel between Alvin York, the Tennessee mountaineer and the famous Prussian Guards who manned the machine guns. Slowly he crawled over to where York lay and told him that if he would stop shooting he would order the surrender of the machine gunners.

"Do it," was York's only reply.

Just at that moment a German who had crawled up on the right threw a hand grenade. It missed York but wounded one of the prisoners. Almost before the grenade exploded the thrower fell in his tracks. Immediately there came a shrill whistle from the captured German major. Without a moment's delay the machine gunners began to crawl out of their gunpits. They appeared from behind trees and brush heaps. As they came they unbuckled their cartridge belts and threw away their side-arms.

York sat perfectly still watching the men, and also the gunpits where other Germans might be hiding. When they were half way down the hillside York called "Halt!" and ninety German prisoners stood before him holding up their hands and calling "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Convinced that the surrender was genuine, and that the men were disarmed, York stood up and called to his comrades who had been guarding the other prisoners on the right. Eight of them responded. Together they lined the prisoners up in a column by twos.

York ordered the Germans to carry Sergeant Early, who had been severely wounded, and the other wounded American, at the rear of the column. York had then only the rank of a corporal, but all turned to him as the natural leader in this desperate adventure.

Here was a new situation for the Tennessee mountaineer. He had captured more than a hundred German

prisoners but they were *behind* the German lines and actually under fire from a hill in the rear.

York's only order to his men was "Let's get 'em out of here!"

The German major, who spoke English, stepped out of the long line of prisoners and saluting York asked,

"How many men have you got?"

"I got a-plenty!" said York as he stuck an automatic pistol in the major's face and marched him back to his place at the head of the column.

York told the prisoners that at the first sign of treachery they would pay with their lives. With the eight American soldiers guarding either side of the column York ordered the prisoners to march up the hill. As they passed the gunpits a few additional gunners took their places in the line of prisoners. All but one, who refused to throw down his gun, and who paid the penalty with his life. One by one they cleaned out the gunpits on the crest of the hill and started down into the valley. Suddenly they discovered four more gunpits and more prisoners were added to the long column. Slowly they marched through the underbrush and forest fearful that their own troops seeing so large a body of Germans might open fire on them.

Once in the dense woods they came to a fork in the path. York apparently was undecided which one to take. The German major suggested the one on the left. York at once took the path to the right. Many times it took a jab from York's pistol in the ribs of the German major to make him obey orders. At the foot of the hill York heard the challenge to "Halt!" He stepped out in full view and called that he was "bringing in prisoners."

A great cheer went up along the American line as York led his column of prisoners down to an old dug-out where he turned them over to Lieutenant Joseph A. Woods, Assistant Division Inspector. They were officially counted

and York given a "receipt" for one hundred and thirty-two prisoners including three officers, one of whom was a major.

It was only ten o'clock in the morning when York turned over his prisoners. His detachment had gone out at six o'clock. During those four hours Alvin York, the Tennessee mountaineer, had performed one of the great deeds of the World War. Most people would have called it a day's work—but not Alvin York. The battle was still on and somewhere out in the Argonne Forest York's company of the 328th Infantry was fighting. Hunting up an American officer York reported "Ready for duty!"

Instead, he was sent in command of the one hundred and thirty-two prisoners back of the lines to a detention camp. Wherever he went, the story of what he had done had preceded him. It flashed up and down the whole American line, and added new courage and determination to all who heard it.

Standing before the officers of York's regiment Major-General Summerall said to him:

"Your division commander has reported to me your exceedingly gallant conduct during the operations of your division in the Meuse-Argonne Battle. I desire to express to you my pleasure and commendation for the courage, skill, and gallantry which you displayed on that occasion. It is an honor to command such soldiers as you. Your conduct reflects great credit not only upon the American army, but upon the American people. Your deeds will be recorded in the history of this great war and they will live as an inspiration not only to your comrades but to the generations that will come after us."

General Pershing, as he pinned the Congressional Medal of Honor on Sergeant York's breast, called him "the greatest civilian soldier of the war."

In decorating him with the French Croix-de-Guerre with a Palm, Marshal Foch said:

"What you did was the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe."

The United States gave him the Distinguished Service Cross; Italy the Croca di Guerra; Montenegro her War Medal; France elected him to the Legion of Honor founded by Napoleon, and named "Hill No. 223," "York's Hill."

On his return to America in May, 1919, he was given a welcome in New York such as is given to only the world's most distinguished men. The members of the New York Stock Exchange carried him on their shoulders to the floor of the Exchange and all business was ceased. When he walked into the Gallery of the House of Representatives the members rose to cheer him.

Financial offers poured in upon him, one for seventy-five thousand dollars to go on the stage; another for fifty thousand dollars, but he smilingly declined them all to go back to his widowed mother and his boyhood friends in the Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolfe.

His mother in her calico sunbonnet was among the hundreds that met him at the railroad station. They rode together at the head of a growing procession of automobiles, mountain wagons, and men on horseback as they started on the forty-eight mile journey up into the Tennessee mountains.

It was a great home-coming! For miles around, the people flocked to Pall Mall to see the uneducated mountaineer who had performed one of the greatest deeds of personal heroism of modern times, who had dined with generals and millionaires and statesmen and been honored by the whole world. They wished to see and honor the young man who had borne himself so bravely in the Forest of the Argonne and who, in the face of all the honors showered upon him, had not once lost his head or done

an inappropriate thing, and who now asked nothing but to be allowed to "go back home." The whole world recognized that Alvin York was a greater hero in the way he accepted the honors bestowed upon him than he was on that foggy morning in October, 1918, in the Argonne Forest.

A few weeks after his return he was married to Miss Gracie Williams. The people of Tennessee insisted on a "Welcome Home" for Sergeant York. With his wife and mother he was invited to Nashville to receive the honors of the State. He was presented with a state medal bearing the motto "Service Above Self," and appointed a member of the Governor's staff with the rank of Colonel. Gifts and offers of all kinds continued to pour in upon him. Finally he asked that no other gifts be made to him, but that the money be placed in a fund to build primary schools in the mountain regions of Tennessee. Thus was established the York Foundation whose board of trustees includes Bishops, Governors, bankers and business men who are glad to help perpetuate in this way the heroism, the unselfishness and sterling manhood of Alvin York, who did his duty so bravely and efficiently, who bore himself with such manly dignity in the face of the world's applause, and whose thought was not of self but of his country, his mother, and the children of the mountains.

It is out of such boys as Alvin York that heroes are made when the time and the opportunity offer.

—*Edwin Osgood Grover*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

You should be able to answer the following questions without referring to the story.

1. Describe York's boyhood life and home.
2. How had Alvin York developed such skill with his gun?
3. Describe impromptu York's capture of the Germans.
4. What were the tributes paid to York?
5. In what ways did York prove himself a hero?

BANNOCKBURN

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

—*Robert Burns*



HISTORY IN ORATIONS AND ESSAYS

The Central Thought

History is written in many forms, in narrative prose, in oration, essay and poem. In the spoken oration, delivered by a great orator in the heat of some great crises we have History presented in its most dramatic form. The time and the occasion combine to emphasize the spectacular.

Historical essays, on the other hand, usually present a calm and reasoned judgment on historical facts. They avoid the dramatic and carry conviction by their logic rather than by their appeal to the emotion. Notice the difference in style between Burke's oration "Defense of American Rights" and the essay "An English View of Abraham Lincoln."

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

WORDS TO LEARN

Abraham Lincoln will long be remembered for his ability to use just the right word in the right place. Look up these words in **Words to Learn**, and use them in sentences of your own. Then observe how Lincoln uses them in this Address.

expiration
deprecated
inaugural
constituted
scourge

engrosses
discern
perpetuate
malice
ascribe

negotiation
unrequited
insurgent
bondsmen
phase

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Abraham Lincoln perhaps more than any other man has given us an example of how one may rise from obscurity to fame through his own efforts and his own strength of character. Although handicapped by poverty and lack of education, he managed by his uncon-

querable will and steadfastness of purpose to make a place for himself among the great men of all times.

Man of the people though he was, Lincoln commands a place not only in the history of our country, but also in our literature. While he was helping to make history as our President, he delivered addresses in such plain, sincere and strong English that they will forever be classed among the great literature of the world.

It seems almost impossible that with less than a year's schooling Lincoln could have gained so complete a control of the English language. Early in life, however, he realized that to succeed he would have to talk and write so plainly that everyone would understand him. To that end he read good books and used them as his guides in his speech and writing. Three of the books that served as his guides were "Pilgrim's Progress," Weem's "Life of Washington," and the "Bible."

Everyone knows the Gettysburg Address, but the Second Inaugural Address, delivered on March 4, 1865, also commands our admiration. It has the dignity and the brevity of the Gettysburg Address and the other qualities which have made the latter so famous. It is perhaps one of the ablest speeches ever delivered to the public.

As you read this Address, note the feeling of mingled hopefulness and determination it shows, even though the war was still going on. And between the lines, read the sincerity, the simplicity and the absence of all sectional bitterness which helped to make Lincoln the great man that he was.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and

it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population was colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the

world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

—*Abraham Lincoln*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Discuss this address under the following topics:
 - a. The condition four years earlier.
 - b. The progress of the war.
 - c. The object of the war.
 - d. "Punishment of offenses."
 - e. What we should strive to do.
2. Memorize the last paragraph.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WORDS TO LEARN

Words, when well chosen, are a great asset to every one when he has an occasion to express himself either orally or in writing. Many of these words will be assets to you if you use them accurately. Make them a part of your vocabulary now. You can find their meaning and pronunciation in **Words to Learn**.

| | | |
|---------------|---------------|--------------|
| zealous | purblindness | cynicism |
| tolerance | disillusioned | trumpery |
| transgression | apologist | incensed |
| retribution | satirist | caricaturist |
| sensuous | context | rhetoric |
| compression | memoranda | intrigues |
| predominant | demerits | pedestrian |
| legitimate | suffusing | follies |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Abraham Lincoln is now admired and loved by the English people almost as much as by the American people, although for a time the English were more or less divided in their opinion of him. But the lessons of Lincoln's life are universal and appeal to all mankind. A closer study of Lincoln's life and character has made the English people admire him almost as much as we do.

This selection is taken from **The Spectator**, an English magazine-newspaper. It is one of the finest tributes ever paid to Lincoln by a foreign writer and is worthy of our careful study as representative of the view of our great martyr-President that the English people have come to accept. When Lloyd George, one of England's great prime ministers, came to this country, he visited Lincoln's tomb at Springfield, Illinois. He counted the privilege of standing at the tomb of Lincoln one of the greatest honors that he received while in this country.

Note the careful analysis which the author makes of the character of Lincoln, the use of examples which he cites to illustrate the characteristics he wishes to point out, and the fair, unbiased way in which he treats his subject. The admiration of the English people for Lincoln was recently shown by the erection, in London, of a bronze statue to him.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IT IS one of the greatest of Lincoln's claims to admiration, that though he sympathized with the fervor and enthusiasm of his countrymen, he was not carried away by it. He was one of those rare men who can at once be zealous and moderate, who are kindled by great ideas, and who yet retain complete control of the critical faculty. And more than this, Lincoln was a man who could be reserved without the chill of reserve.

Again, he could make allowance for demerits in a principle or a human instrument, without ever falling into the purblindness of cynicism. He often acted in his dealings with men much as a professed cynic might have acted; but his conduct was due, not to any disbelief in virtue, but to a wide tolerance and a clear knowledge of human nature. He saw things as a disillusioned man sees them, and yet in the bad sense he never suffered any disillusionment. For suffusing and combining his other qualities was a serenity of mind which affected the whole man. He viewed the world too much as a whole to be greatly troubled or perplexed over its accidents.

To this serenity of mind was due an almost total absence of indignation in the ordinary sense. Generals might half-ruin the cause for the sake of some trumpery quarrel, or in order to gain some petty personal advantage; office-seekers might worry at the very crisis of the nation's fate; but none of the pettiness, the spites or the follies could rouse in Lincoln the impatience or the indignation that would have been wakened in ordinary men. Pity, and nothing else, was the feeling such exhibitions occasioned him.

Lincoln seems to have felt the excuse that tempers the guilt of every mortal transgression. His largeness and tenderness of nature made him at heart a universal apologist. He was, of course, too practical and too great

a statesman to let this sensibility to the excuses that can be made for human conduct induce him to allow misdeeds to go unpunished or uncorrected. He acted as firmly and as severely as if he had experienced the most burning indignation; but the moment we come to Lincoln's real feelings, we see that he was never incensed, and that, even in its most legitimate form the desire for retribution was absent from his mind. To know all is to forgive all, was the secret of his attitude towards human affairs. That is not the highest wisdom; but it errs on the right, and also on the rare, side.

So much for the intellectual side of Lincoln's nature. Behind it was a personality of singular charm. Tenderness and humor were its main characteristics. As he rode through a forest in spring-time, he would keep on dismounting to put back the young birds that had fallen from their nests. There was not a situation in life which could not afford him the subject for a kindly smile. It needed a character so full of gentleness and good temper to sustain the intolerable weight of responsibility which the war threw upon the shoulders of the President. Most men would have been crushed by the burden. His serenity of temper saved Lincoln. Except when the miserable necessity of having to sign the order for a military execution took away his sleep, he carried on his work without any visible sign of over-strain.

Not the least of Lincoln's achievements is to be found in the fact that though for four years he wielded a power and a personal authority greater than that exercised by any monarch on earth, he never gave satirist or caricaturist the slightest real ground for declaring that his sudden rise to world-wide fame had turned the head of the backwoodsman. Under the circumstances, there would have been every excuse for Lincoln, had he assumed toward his subordinates somewhat of the bearing of the autocrat

he was. It is a sign of the absolute sincerity and good sense of the President that he was under no sort of a temptation to do so.

Lincoln was before all things a gentleman, and the good taste inseparable from that character made it impossible for him to be spoiled by power and position. This grace and strength of character is never better shown than in the letters to his generals, victorious or defeated. When they were beaten, he was anxious to share the blame; when victorious, he was instant to deny by anticipation any rumor that he had inspired the strategy of the campaign.

If a general had to be reprimanded, he did it as only the most perfect of gentlemen could do it. He could convey the severest censure without inflicting any wound that would not heal, and this not by using roundabout expressions, but in the plainest language. "He writes to me like a father," were the heart-felt words of a commander who had been reproved by the President. Throughout these communications, the manner in which he not only conceals but altogether sinks all sense that the men to whom they were addressed were, in effect, his subordinates, is worthy of special note. "A breath could make them, as a breath had made," and yet Lincoln writes as if his generals were absolutely independent.

We have said something of Lincoln as a man and as the leader of a great cause. We desire now to dwell upon a point which is often neglected in considering the career of the hero of the Union, but which, from the point of view of letters, is of absorbing interest. No criticism of Mr. Lincoln can be in any sense adequate which does not deal with his astonishing power over words. It is not too much to say of him that he is among the greatest masters of prose ever produced by the English race.

Self-educated, or rather not educated at all in the ordi-

nary sense, as he was, he contrived to obtain an insight and power in the handling of the mechanism of letters such as has been given to few men in his, or, indeed, in any age. That the gift of oratory should be a natural gift, is understandable enough, for the methods of the orator, like those of the poet, are primarily sensuous, and may well be instinctive.

Mr. Lincoln's achievement seems to show that no less is the writing of prose an endowment of Nature. Mr. Lincoln did not get his ability to handle prose through his gift of speech. That these are separate, though co-ordinate, faculties, is a matter beyond dispute, for many of the great orators of the world have proved themselves exceedingly inefficient in the matter of deliberate composition. Mr. Lincoln enjoyed both gifts. His letters, despatches, memoranda, and written addresses are even better than his speeches; and in speaking thus of Mr. Lincoln's prose, we are not thinking merely of certain pieces of inspired rhetoric.

We do not praise his work because, like Mr. Bright, he could exercise his power of coining illuminating phrases as effectively upon paper as on the platform. It is in his conduct of the pedestrian portions of composition that Mr. Lincoln's genius for prose style is exhibited. Mr. Bright's writing cannot claim to answer the description which Hazlitt has given of the successful prose-writer's performance. Mr. Lincoln's can. What Hazlitt says is complete and perfect in definition. He tells us that the prose-writer so uses his pen "that he loses no particle of the exact characteristic extreme impression of the thing he writes about;" and with equal significance he points out that "the prose-writer is master of his materials," as "the poet is the slave of his style."

If these words convey a true definition, then Mr. Lincoln is a master of prose. Whatever the subject he has in

hand, whether it be bald or impassioned, business-like or pathetic, we feel that we "lose no particle of the exact characteristic extreme impression" of the thing written about. We have it all, and not merely a part. Every line shows that the writer is master of his materials; that he guides the words, never the words him. This is, indeed, the predominant note throughout all Mr. Lincoln's work. We feel that he is like the engineer who controls some mighty reservoir. As he desires, he opens the various sluice-gates, but for no instant is the water not under his entire control.

We are sensible in reading Mr. Lincoln's writings, that an immense force is gathered up behind him, and that in each jet that flows, every drop is meant. Some writers only leak; others half flow through determined channels, half leak away their words like a broken lock when it is emptying. The greatest, like Mr. Lincoln, send out none but clear-shaped streams.

The "Second Inaugural"—a written composition, though read to the citizens from the steps of the Capitol—well illustrates our words. Mr. Lincoln had to tell his countrymen, that, after a four years' struggle, the war was practically ended. The four years' agony, the passion of love which he felt for his country, his joy in her salvation, his sense of tenderness for those who fell, of pity mixed with sternness for the men who had deluged the land with blood,—all the thoughts these feelings inspired were behind Lincoln pressing for expression. A writer of less power would have been overwhelmed. Lincoln remained master of the emotional and intellectual situation. In three or four hundred words that burn with the heat of their compression, he tells the history of the war and reads its lesson. No nobler thoughts were ever conceived. No man ever found words more adequate to his desire. Here is the whole tale of the nation's shame and misery, of her

heroic struggles to free herself therefrom, and of her victory. Had Lincoln written a hundred times as much more, he could not have said more fully what he desired to say. Every thought receives its complete expression, and there is no word employed which does not directly and manifestly contribute to the development of the central thought.

—“*The Spectator*”

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Select passages in this selection which bring out Lincoln's
 - a. Serenity of mind.
 - b. Tenderness.
 - c. Evenness of temper.
 - d. Good sense.
 - e. Courtesy.
 - f. Power in the choice of words, written or spoken.
2. What comparison is drawn between Lincoln and the engineer in charge of a reservoir?
3. Select the thought expressed about Lincoln that you like best and give reasons for your choice of that particular thought.

DEFENSE OF AMERICAN RIGHTS

WORDS TO LEARN

The man or woman who has a large vocabulary will find it a great help in life. Not only does it help one to understand what other people are talking about, but it helps one to express oneself clearly and effectively. Make the words listed below help you in expressing your thoughts. You can find their meaning and pronunciation in

Words to Learn.

| | | |
|--------------|---------------|------------|
| predilection | impair | chicane |
| efficacy | depreciated | bias |
| armament | utility | inheres |
| conciliation | predominating | criterion |
| impoverished | restive | parchments |
| cohesion | untractable | inculcate |
| sanctuary | dissolution | subsist |
| pervades | commodity | infused |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, Ireland, and was educated for the law. At the age of thirty-five, he was elected to the English Parliament and there gained a great reputation as a distinguished statesman. He was a member of the House of Commons throughout that important period when the question of the rights and independence of the American Colonies was being discussed. He also gained renown as the most brilliant political writer of the eighteenth century.

Few statesmen have had his breadth of vision. His constant effort was to bring the ideas which he wished to present within the experience of his hearers and readers, and his power and wealth of expression enabled him to do this. He took delight in presenting the same idea from many points of view.

Burke was a staunch supporter of the rights of the Colonies, and did everything he could to make the members of the English Parliament see that they were taking the wrong course in their administration of the colonial government. On more than one occasion he raised his voice with Pitt and other great English statesmen in open defense of America. His first great oration was delivered against the passage of the Stamp Act. Although he did not succeed in reconciling England and America, he later helped to influence Parliament to deal more justly with her other colonies. His logical reasoning did much to mould the opinions of the men of his day and he is ranked among the world's greatest orators.

In reading this portion of one of his great speeches in defense of American rights, notice the masterful way he develops his arguments and how he builds up his case step by step to the climax. See how careful he is to choose his many illustrations so they will be understood by his hearers.

DEFENSE OF AMERICAN RIGHTS

AMERICA, gentlemen say, is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them.

Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state

may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force; considering force not only as an odious, but a feeble instrument for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us.

First, Sir, permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for, conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

A further objection to force is, that you *impair the object* by your very endeavors to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover, but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest. Nothing less will content me than *whole America*. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own, because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. I do not choose to be caught by a foreign enemy at the end of this exhausting conflict; and still less in the midst of it. I may escape; but I can make no insurance against such an event. Let me add, that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit; because it is the spirit that has made the country.

Lastly, we have no sort of *experience* in favor of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies. Their growth

and their utility has been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so. But we know, if feeling is evidence, that our indulgence was more tolerable than our attempt to use force.

These, Sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce—I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth, and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which, to understand the true temper of their minds and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract

liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness.

It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues, have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usages to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons.

They went much farther; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty can subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles.

For that service—for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire—my trust is in her interest in the British Constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affec-

tion which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonists always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere—it is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain; they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This is the true Act of Navigation which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire.

These things do not make your government. It is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, per-

vades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

—*Edmund Burke*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test your understanding of this selection by answering the first three questions without rereading it.

1. Make a list of four objections Burke offered to the use of force against the American colonies.

2. Why does he say that the colonies were devoted to liberty on English principles?

3. How would Burke have dealt with the colonies?

4. Select one of Burke's arguments and list the steps in it.

5. Select the passages that you think have the strongest arguments, and read them aloud.

6. Did Burke prove his point?

THE SPEECH OF LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF

I APPEAL to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not.

During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said: "Logan is the friend of the white man."

I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan; not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance.

For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan; not one.

—*Logan*

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"The habit of remembering is an asset,—the habit of forgetting a liability."

In Part II, you have been reading a few of the hero stories and orations in which are recorded some of the great events and personalities of History.

The first section told the story of a great naval battle, the welcome home of a famous discoverer, and the story of a brave Indian-fighter and patriot. Do you remember the incidents of these three stories so you could tell them interestingly to the class?

The scenes of all three of the hero stories in the second section are laid overseas. Do you remember why Florence Nightingale is still called "the mother of modern nursing"? Do you recall the last message that Lord Nelson sent his men at the battle of Trafalgar Bay? While the story of Alvin York began in the Tennessee mountains, yet the great opportunity for showing his heroism came to him on an early foggy morning in northern France. Do you remember Alvin York's heroism after he returned to this country?

The opening selection in the next section was Lincoln's "Second Inaugural Address." The closing paragraph is one of the great passages that every American should know by heart. Were you surprised to find a great Englishman such as Edmund Burke defending the rights of America before the Revolutionary War?

Try to remember the historic incident which produced each one of these orations and essays. Remember also the central thought of each section. 1. The service of heroes in making American History. 2. The qualities that go into the making of heroes. 3. The value of orations and essays in recording history.

More about "History in the Making"

Here are the titles of a few books which you will want to read, for they contain some of the greatest stories of the world's history.

1. "Hero Tales from American History," by Roosevelt and Lodge.
2. "Historic Boyhoods," by Rupert S. Holland.
3. "When Wilderness Was King," by Randall Parrish.
4. "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton.
5. "A Man for the Ages," by Irving Bacheller.
6. "Blennerhassett," by Charles F. Pidgin.
7. "Contact," by Frances Noyes Hart.
8. "Boys' and Girls' Plutarch," edited by J. S. White.
9. "Best American Orations of Today," by Harriett Blackstone.
10. "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill.

PART THREE

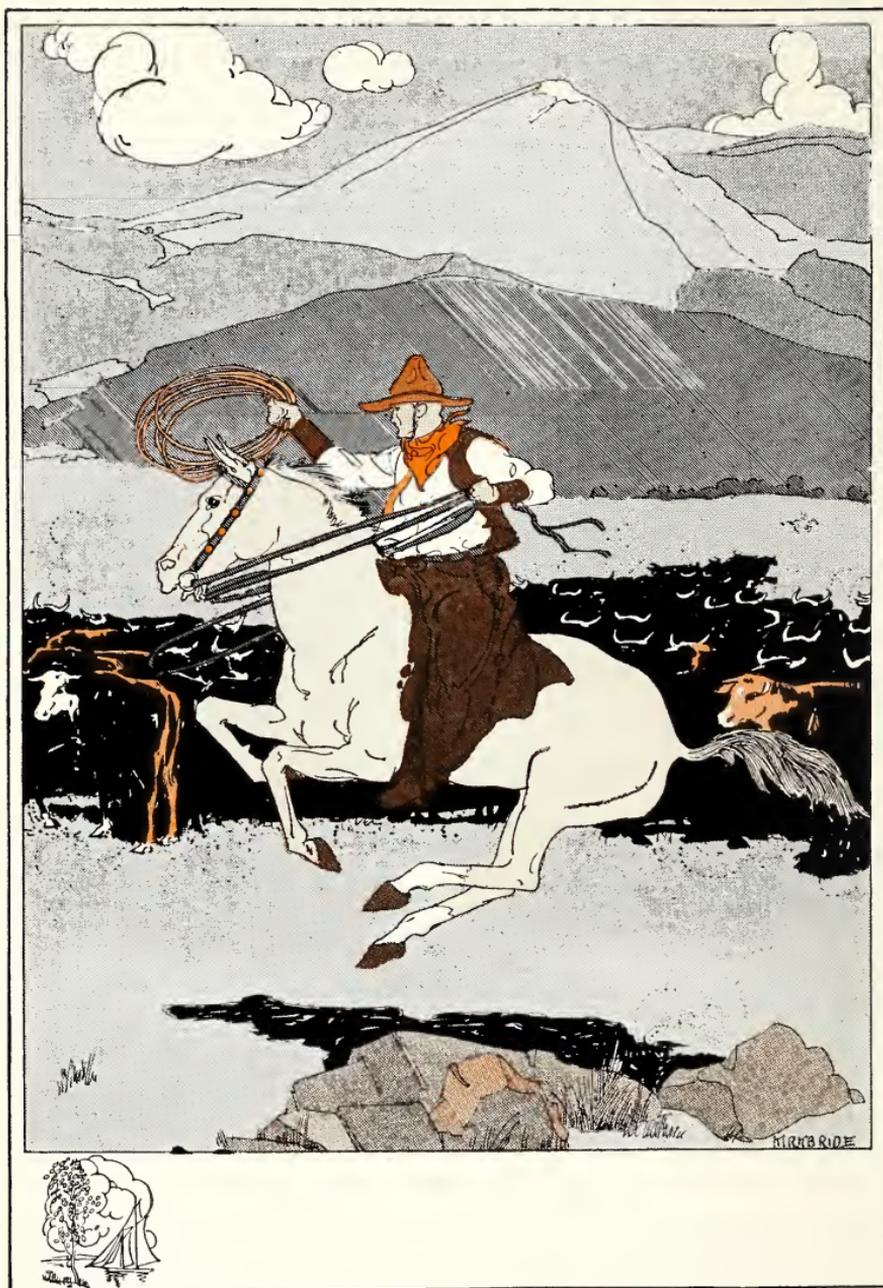
THE GREAT OUT-DOORS

Under the Open Sky

MAN was born under the open sky. For centuries the only roof over his head was the dome of the high heavens. The sun was his protector from cold and the dispeller of darkness. The wild animals were his playmates, with whom he fought for the right to live. The wind brought him messages of the coming cold and promises of returning spring. The lightning spoke to him of a Power greater than himself. The stars were his "bedtime candles" and the Milky Way his imaginary path to happiness and glory. He was an intimate part of Nature and his daily life brought him more closely in touch with the things of Nature than with other men.

With the growth of civilization, however, man built himself houses, and highways and cities in which to dwell. He came to live closer and closer to his fellows and less and less under the open sky, until now in the large cities, whole families live one above the other, in "apartment houses" ten and fifteen stories high. Such life is necessarily artificial and cannot satisfy the hunger of the human heart for contact with the things of Nature.

Deep down within the hearts of most of us is a secret longing to live once more under the open sky and close to nature. With each returning spring there comes the call of the open, the longing to go back to the simple life where we may renew our spirits by fellowship with nature, and enlarge our vision by living once more under the open sky amid all the wonders and beauties of nature.



*"The purple mountain majesties, above
the fruited plain."*

WONDERS AND BEAUTIES OF NATURE



The Central Thought

Anyone who has never wondered at the mysteries of Nature, who has never felt the beauty of an opening flower, or the majesty of a snowy mountain peak, has missed a part of his education. John Burroughs and John Muir, in fact many of our naturalists, never went to college. But they did go to school to Nature, and there they became wise in Nature's ways and Nature's secrets, which is better than a knowledge of Euclid or an understanding of ancient languages. These selections bring out the beauty, the wonder and the tremendous power that are concealed within the simplest things in Nature.

A WINDSTORM IN THE FORESTS

WORDS TO LEARN

This selection contains a great many terms and names which you will later learn more about in your study of botany, the science which deals with plant life. You can find all the words listed below in **Words to Learn**. Any others with which you are not familiar can be found in your dictionary.

attrition
alpine
ceanothus
exuberance
furrowed
algæ
Æolian
invincible
bole
Sequoias
copses
balsamic

deplore
vibrations
undulations
dulse
buttresses
exhilarating
concentric
dormant
ineffable
girth
enhanced
annihilated

fluent
deprecatingly
libocedrus
topography
compliantly
differentiation
manzanita
embodied
conifers
redolent
madroña
conforming

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

John Muir, the author of this selection, was one of our greatest naturalists. He did more than almost any other person to awaken the people of our country to the great need for preserving our natural wonders and beauties. He realized that unless some measures were taken to prevent the wholesale destruction of our forests by fires and wasteful lumbering, we would soon be robbed of one of our most beautiful natural wonders. So he tried to educate the people of the country in the preservation of our natural wealth. He wrote so effectively that he awakened in people all over the land a love for the forests and a desire to preserve them.

Today the government has set aside great tracts of land called national parks, in which the natural vegetation and animal life are protected and kept just as they have been for many hundreds of years. For these parks we are indebted to men like John Muir who started the movement for the preservation of our natural resources.

John Muir has written many interesting books on different phases of Nature and on many of his own experiences. In this selection we see the naturalist in his element—viewing the storm from the waving top of the tallest of a group of Douglas spruces. He has painted a living picture of a storm in the forest.

A WINDSTORM IN THE FORESTS

THE mountain winds, like the dew and the rain, sunshine and snow, are measured and bestowed with love on the forests to develop their strength and beauty. However restricted the scope of other forest influences, that of the winds is universal.

The snow bends and trims the upper forests every winter, the lightning strikes a single tree here and there, while avalanches mow down thousands at a swoop as a gardener trims out a bed of flowers. But the winds go to every tree, fingering every leaf and branch and furrowed bole. Not one is forgotten; the Mountain Pine towering with outstretched arms on the rugged buttresses of the icy peaks, or the lowliest and most retiring tenant of the dells; they seek and find them all, caressing them tenderly, bend-

ing them in lusty exercise, stimulating their growth, plucking off a leaf or limb as required, or removing an entire tree or grove, now whispering and cooing through the branches like a sleepy child, now roaring like the ocean; the winds blessing the forests, the forests the winds, with ineffable beauty and harmony as the sure result.

After one has seen pines six feet in diameter bending like grasses before a mountain gale, and ever and anon some giant falling with a crash that shakes the hills, it seems astonishing that any, save the lowest thickest trees, could ever have found a period sufficiently stormless to establish themselves; or since established, that they should not, sooner or later, have been blown down. But when the storm is over, and we behold the same forests tranquil again, towering fresh and unscathed in erect majesty, and consider what centuries of storms have fallen upon them since they were first planted,—hail, to break the tender seedlings; lightning, to scorch and shatter; snow, winds, and avalanches, to crush and overwhelm,—while the manifest result of all this wild storm-culture is the glorious perfection we behold; then faith in Nature's forestry is established, and we cease to deplore the violence of her most destructive gales, or of any other storm-implement whatsoever.

There are two trees in the Sierra forests that are never blown down as long as they continue in sound health. These are the Juniper and the Dwarf Pine of the summit peaks. Their stiff, crooked roots grip the storm-beaten ledges like eagles' claws, while their lithe, cord-like branches bend round compliantly, offering but slight holds for winds, however violent. The other alpine conifers—the Needle Pine, Mountain Pine, Two-leaved Pine and Hemlock Spruce—are never thinned out by this agent to any destructive extent, on account of their admirable toughness and the closeness of their growth.

In general the same is true of the giants of the lower zones. The kingly Sugar Pine, towering aloft to a height of more than two hundred feet, offers a fine mark to storm-winds, but it is not densely foliated, and its long, horizontal arms swing round compliantly in the blast, like tresses of green, fluent algæ in a brook. The Silver Firs in most places keep their ranks well together in united strength.

The Yellow or Silver Pine is more frequently overturned than any other tree on the Sierra, because its leaves and branches form a larger mass in proportion to its height, while in many places it is planted sparsely, leaving open lanes through which storms may enter with full force. Furthermore, because it is distributed along the lower portion of the range, which was the first to be left bare on the breaking up of the ice-sheet at the close of the glacial winter, the soil it is growing upon has been longer exposed to post-glacial weathering, and consequently is in a more crumbling, decayed condition than the fresher soils farther up the range, and therefore offers a less secure anchorage for the roots.

While exploring the forest zones on Mount Shasta, I discovered the path of a hurricane strewn with thousands of pines of this species. Great and small had been uprooted or wrenched off by sheer force, making a clean gap, like that made by a snow avalanche. But hurricanes capable of doing this class of work are rare in the Sierra, and when we have explored the forests from one extremity of the range to the other, we are compelled to believe that they are the most beautiful on the face of the earth, however we may regard the agents that have made them so.

There is always something deeply exciting, not only in the sounds of winds in the woods, which exert more or less influence over every mind, but in their varied water-like flow as manifested by the movements of the trees, espe-

cially those of the conifers. By no other trees are they rendered so extensively and impressively visible, not even by the lordly tropic palms or tree-ferns responsive to the gentlest breeze.

The waving of a forest of the giant Sequoias is indescribably impressive and sublime, but the pines seem to me to be the best interpreters of winds. They are mighty waving goldenrods, ever in tune, singing and writing wind-music all their long century lives. Little of this noble tree-waving and tree-music will you see or hear in the strictly alpine portion of the forests. The burly Juniper, whose girth sometimes more than equals its height, is about as rigid as the rocks on which it grows. The slender lash-like sprays of the Dwarf Pine stream out in wavering ripples, but the tallest and slenderest are far too unyielding to wave even in the heaviest gales. They only shake in quick, short vibrations. The Hemlock Spruce, however, and the Mountain Pine, and some of the tallest thickets of the two-leaved species bow in storms with considerable scope and gracefulness. But it is only in the lower and middle zones that the meeting of winds and woods is to be seen in all its grandeur.

One of the most beautiful and exhilarating storms I ever enjoyed in the Sierra occurred in December, 1874, when I happened to be exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba River. The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure, one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most bracing wind-storms conceivable. Instead of camping out, as I usually do, I then chanced to be stopping at the house of a friend. But when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For

on such occasions Nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

It was still early morning when I found myself fairly adrift. Delicious sunshine came pouring over the hills, lighting the tops of the pines, and setting free a stream of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm. The air was mottled with pine-tassels and bright green plumes, that went flashing past in the sunlight like birds pursued. But there was not the slightest dustiness, nothing less pure than leaves, and ripe pollen, and flecks of withered bracken and moss. I heard trees falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes; some uprooted, partly on account of the loose, water-soaked condition of the ground; others broken straight across, where some weakness caused by fire had determined the spot.

The gestures of the various trees made a delightful study. Young Sugar Pines, light and feathery as squirrel-tails, were bowing almost to the ground; while the grand old patriarchs, whose massive boles had been tried in a hundred storms, waved solemnly above them, their long, arching branches strewing fluently on the gale, and every needle thrilling and ringing and shedding off keen lances of light like a diamond. The Douglas Spruces, with long sprays drawn out in level stresses, and needles massed in a gray, shimmering glow, presented a most striking appearance as they stood in bold relief along the hilltops. The mandroñas in the dells, with their red bark and large glossy leaves tilted every way, reflected the sunshine in throbbing spangles like those one so often sees on the rippled surface of a glacier lake. But the Silver Pines were now the most impressively beautiful of all. Colossal spires two hundred feet in height waved like supple goldenrods

chanting and bowing low as if in worship, while the whole mass of their long, tremulous foliage was kindled into one continuous blaze of white sunfire. The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fiber of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch, I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual trees,—Spruce, Fir, Pine and leafless Oak,—and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was expressing itself in its own way,—singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,—manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen.

The coniferous woods of Canada, and the Carolinas, and Florida, are made up of trees that resemble one another about as nearly as blades of grass, and grow close together in much the same way. Coniferous trees, in general, seldom possess individual character, such as is manifest among Oaks and Elms. But the California forests are made up of a greater number of distinct species than any other forests in the world. And in them we find not only a marked differentiation into special groups, but also a marked individuality in almost every tree, giving rise to storm effects indescribably glorious.

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copses of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees

to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Æolian music of its topmost needles.

Under the circumstances, the choice of a tree was a serious matter. One whose instep was not very strong seemed in danger of being blown down, or of being struck by others in case they should fall; another was branchless to a considerable height above the ground, and at the same time too large to be grasped with arms and legs in climbing; while others were not favorably situated for clear views. After cautiously casting about, I made a choice of the tallest of a group of Douglas Spruces that were growing close together like a tuft of grass, no one of which seemed likely to fall unless all the rest fell with it. Though comparatively young, they were about one hundred feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy.

Being accustomed to climb trees in making botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one, and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firm braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

In its widest sweeps my tree-top described an arc of from twenty to thirty degrees, but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having seen others of the same species still more severely tried—bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows—without breaking a fiber. I was therefore safe, and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my superb outlook.

The view from there must be extremely beautiful in any weather. Now my eye roved over the piny hills and dales as over fields of waving grain, and felt the light running in ripples and broad swelling undulations across the valleys

from ridge to ridge, as the shining foliage was stirred by corresponding waves of air. Oftentimes these waves of reflected light would break up suddenly into a kind of beaten foam, and again, after chasing one another in regular order, they would seem to bend forward in concentric curves, and disappear on some hillside like sea-waves on a shelving shore. The quantity of light reflected from the bent needles was so great as to make whole groves appear as if covered with snow, while the black shadows beneath the trees greatly enhanced the effect of the silvery splendor.

Excepting only the shadows there was nothing somber in all this wild sea of pines. On the contrary, although this was the winter season, the colors were remarkably beautiful. The shafts of the pine and libocedrus were brown and purple, and most of the foliage was well tinged with yellow; the laurel groves, with the pale undersides of their leaves turned upward, made masses of gray; and then there was many a dash of chocolate from clumps of manzanita, and jet of vivid crimson from the bark of the madroña, while the ground of the hillsides, appearing here and there through openings between the groves, displayed masses of pale purple and brown.

The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and boles booming like waterfalls, the quick, tense vibrations of the pine-needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur, the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen metallic click of leaf on leaf—all this was heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

The varied gestures of the multitude were seen to fine advantage, so that one could recognize the different species at a distance of several miles by this means alone, as well as by their forms and colors, and the way they reflected

the light. All seemed strong and comfortable, as if really enjoying the storm, while responding to its most enthusiastic greetings. We hear much nowadays concerning the universal struggle for existence, but no struggle in the common meaning of the word was manifest here; no recognition of danger by any tree; but rather an invincible gladness as remote from exultation as from fear.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. The fragrance of the woods was less marked than that produced during warm rain, when so many balsamic buds and leaves are steeped like tea; but, from the chafing of resinous branches against each other, and the incessant attrition of myriads of needles, the gale was spiced to a very tonic degree.

And besides the fragrance from these local sources there were traces of scents brought from afar. For this wind came first from the sea, rubbing against its fresh, briny waves, then distilled through the redwoods, threading rich, ferny gulches, and spreading itself in broad undulating currents over many a flower-enameled ridge of the coast mountains, then across the golden plains, up the purple foothills, and into these piny woods with the varied incense gathered by the way.

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds far at sea, and sea-winds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers.

As an illustration of this, I may tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Firth of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then I was taken to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen

years; then, without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion, and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation about me, I suddenly recognized a sea breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettos and blooming vine-tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy again in Scotland, as if all the intervening years had been annihilated.

Most people like to look at mountain rivers, and bear them in mind, but few care to look at the winds, though far more beautiful and sublime, and though they become at times about as visible as the flowing water. When the north winds in winter are making upward sweeps over the curving summits of the High Sierra, the fact is sometimes published with flying snow-banners a mile long. Those portions of the wind thus embodied can scarce be wholly invisible, even to the darkest imagination.

When we look around over an agitated forest, we may see something of the wind that stirs it, by its effect upon the trees. Yonder it descends in a rush of water-like ripples, and sweeps over the bending pines from hill to hill. Nearer, we see detached plumes and leaves, now speeding by on level currents, now whirling in eddies, or, escaping over the edges of whirls, soaring aloft on grand, upswelling domes of air, or tossing on flame-like crests. Smooth, deep currents, cascades, falls, and swirling eddies, sing around every tree and leaf, and over all the varied topography of the region with telling changes of form, like mountain rivers conforming to the features of their channels.

After tracing the Sierra from their fountains to the plains, marking where they bloom white in falls, glide in

crystal plumes, surge gray and foam-filled in boulder-choked gorges, and slip through the woods in long, tranquil reaches—after thus learning their language and forms in detail, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one grand anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace. But even this spectacle is far less sublime and not a whit more substantial than what we may behold of these storm-streams of air in the mountain woods.

We all travel the Milky Way together, trees and men; but it never occurred to me until this storm-day, while swinging in the wind, that trees are travelers, in the ordinary sense. They make many journeys, not extensive ones, it is true; but our own little journeys, away and back again, are only little more than tree-wavings—many of them not so much.

When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and, turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, "My peace I give unto you."

As I gazed on the impressive scene, all the so-called ruin of the storm was forgotten, and never before did these noble woods appear so fresh, so joyous, so immortal.

—*John Muir*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Try to answer the first four questions after reading the selection once. Then refer to your book and check up on your answers.

1. Fill in the important points under each of the following headings:

- a. The beauty of the forest during a windstorm.
- b. The music of the wind in the trees.
- c. The fragrance of the woods.

2. In what way are winds "advertisements of all they touch"?
3. Make a list of trees which are found in the Sierra forests.
4. Has the reading of this selection made any change in your ideas about windstorms and their effects on trees?
5. John Muir was a great nature lover. Prove this by passages from this selection.
6. Select a paragraph or passage which gives an especially beautiful picture. Retell it as closely as you can in the author's words and then read it aloud.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

WORDS TO LEARN

There are several words in this poem that you will have to look up in **Words to Learn**. For any others that you do not know consult your dictionaries.

histie
wa's
stoure
bield
alane

stibble-field
Bard
maun
starr'd
snawie

card
bonnie
weet
unassuming
cauld

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Robert Burns, the greatest of the Scotch poets, was born a poor farmer's boy. Until he was twenty-eight years old, he worked as a laborer. He knew poverty and the meaning of hard work. When he was a young man plowing in the fields he had two experiences which led him to write two poems that the world will always remember. Once he plowed up the nest of a field mouse, and wrote the beautiful poem "To a Field Mouse." Another time, his plowshare turned over a little mountain daisy, and he wrote this poem to the flower as he held it in his toil-stained hands. He saw beauty even in the common things and experiences of life.

At the time that he wrote this poem, he was surrounded by difficulties. His father had been taken ill, and the young man was called upon to support the family from the poor farm on which they lived. But the crops had been a failure, and the family was in need of all the necessities of life. Yet he could forget all this—

all his poverty and his troubles, and ask pardon of a flower that he had crushed while plowing.

As you read this poem, imagine yourself in Burns' place and see the little daisy as he holds it. Then note the comparison that he draws between the daisy crushed by the plowshare and the person crushed by the force of circumstances.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckl'd breast!
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskillful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom!

—*Robert Burns*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the following questions after your first reading of the poem.

1. How does Burns compare the fate of the daisy with his own fate?
2. Describe impromptu the contrast between the mountain daisy and the garden flowers.
3. What may we learn regarding the conservation of our wild flowers from Burns' attitude toward the Mountain Daisy?

THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS

WORDS TO LEARN

This selection contains a number of words which you should look up in **Words to Learn**, in order to understand it.

| | | |
|---------------|------------|----------------|
| comprehension | Arcturus | ignite |
| Rigel | firmament | satellite |
| Uranus | Leverrier | refractor lens |
| compute | Betelgeuse | inflate |
| Orion | Sirius | helium |
| deviation | ingenuity | Sagittarius |
| spectroscope | Antares | molten |
| Galileo | Polaris | gravitation |
| orbit | Yerkes | stupendous |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The study of the "wonders of the heavens" belongs to the great science of astronomy, which includes the study of all the universe which lies outside the limit of the earth's atmosphere. We cannot, of course, experiment with these heavenly bodies, nor can we move them about at will and study them under conditions of our own choosing, so astronomy has come to be a science of observation rather than of real experiment.

The study of the heavens is most interesting and has attracted the attention of the great men of knowledge since ancient times. Men have always observed the movements of the sun and the stars with curiosity, and have recorded what facts they could discover about them. Upon these recorded facts and such additional information as they have been able to gather, modern scientists have based their knowledge of the heavenly bodies.

This selection will give you a glimpse of the wonders of the universe about us. It is only a small part of the story, however, and some day when you study astronomy you will find out much more about these wonders. As you read this article, think of the smallness of this earth, and the immensity of the universe. Note also the importance of the sun in our daily lives, and how the whole universe seems moving in accordance with some great law or directed by some divine power.

There are certain times in the year when the planets are visible for a short time. Find out from some almanac when they will be visible and then look for them. If you have an opportunity to visit

an observatory look at the stars and planets through the great telescopes. This will give you a better idea of why men of all times have been interested in and attracted to the study of astronomy.

THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS

NO ONE can look up at the sky on a clear night, without wondering at the beauty and bigness of it all. What are those twinkling spots of light? Who arranged the stars in their curious groups that we call the Big Dipper and the Seven Sisters? Who sowed the star dust along the Milky Way? When did they all start on their courses and when will it all end?

People have been asking these and other questions for thousands of years. Astronomy and the other sciences are gradually answering some of them. But the time will never come when thinking men will cease to marvel at the wonders of the heavens.

While many of the facts of astronomy are almost beyond comprehension, we all ought to know the relation of our own earth to the rest of the universe, and something about what science has revealed of other worlds than ours. Such knowledge ought to convince anyone that there is a great plan behind it all and a great and divine power directing it all.

It is a wonderful tribute to the conquering brain of man that he can stand on our earth and measure the exact distance of the stars; tell the size, weight and density of the heavenly bodies; determine, to a large extent, their composition; describe the movements of these celestial spheres and compute precisely the speed with which they travel. These facts are astounding, yet scientists believe that the future will reveal further truths not dreamed of at this time.

When Galileo invented his little telescope, which magnified only thirty times, he discovered many things which

the unaided eye could not see. He saw spots on the sun and mountains on the moon. He noticed the crescent of Venus and the satellites of Jupiter. He also discovered the peculiarity of Saturn.

Galileo was ridiculed and mocked and persecuted, but his mind and his courage won great victories in the field of astronomical science. It is true that he could not learn all that modern equipment has discovered, but his achievement was a glorious one for he discovered much and pointed the way to further advancement in learning about the wonders of the heavens.

Since Galileo's time, a great many wonderful discoveries have been made. By the laws which were discovered by Kepler, a German astronomer, and also by the more modern method discovered by Dr. Walter S. Adams and his associates at Mt. Wilson Observatory through the use of the spectroscope, the distance of heavenly bodies can be accurately measured, and by the discovery of the law of universal gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton, the density or weight of heavenly bodies can be determined.

Astounding facts have been revealed through modern scientific research, not the least of which is the immense size of some of the stars. Arcturus is found to be about 20,000,000 miles in diameter. Betelgeuse is about 250,000,000 miles in diameter, and Antares has a diameter of about 400,000,000 miles—while the earth is only about 8,000 miles in diameter.

The great star Antares is so large that the sun and its planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars with their orbits could be placed in the space it occupies, and there would still be many millions of miles in the margin.

By the use of the spectroscope, it has been discovered that a certain star is moving toward the earth at the rate of one hundred and twenty-eight miles a second. However, no alarm need be felt since it would require thousands of

years for this star to reach us even when traveling at such a high rate of speed.

By the use of the telescope and spectroscope an astronomer named Lockyer, in 1868, discovered a new gas in the sun which was later discovered in the earth. This new gas is called helium.

Helium is a gas which is non-explosive and non-inflammable. It was not until 1896, however, that it was found in the earth and then only under rare conditions and in very small quantities.

Not until after the Great World War was it known that helium was contained in the earth in sufficient quantities to be used in balloons and airships. During the Great War observation balloons and airships were shot down by inflammable bullets which would ignite the gas in the balloons and destroy them. When a balloon is inflated with helium, however, it is safe from explosion and fire. The great airship, the *Shenandoah*, which made the balloon trip across our country, was inflated with helium which was first discovered in the sun.

The Sun

Most of us go through life without stopping to think what we owe to the sun. The heat from the sun causes the grains of corn to grow and ripen. It causes the water to rise from the ocean in the form of vapor which forms the clouds. It is the sun's heat that causes the currents of air which carry the clouds of vapor over the land to refresh the earth and to fill the rivers, which carry so many of our ships in the commercial work of the world.

When we sit about the fireplace on a cold winter evening, we are enjoying the work of the sunbeams whether we burn wood, gas, coal or petroleum. The heat of the sunbeams ages and ages ago developed the giant vegetation which, in the form of coal, has lain in the earth for

thousands and thousands of years. The power of the sun stored up in coal and petroleum pulls the great trains across the continents and drives the ships across the seas.

For the power to live and work, for the great store of good things about us and for the beautiful things of nature which bless and adorn the earth we are indebted to the sun.

The sun contains 330,000 times as much matter as the earth and it occupies more than a million times as much space. The diameter of the sun is 866,000 miles while the diameter of the earth at the equator is almost exactly 8,000 miles.

It may help us to get a better idea of the relative sizes of the sun and earth if we think of the time it would require a train, traveling forty miles an hour, running night and day, to travel around them. It would take twenty-six days for the train to encircle the earth and almost eight years to encircle the sun.

The sun is nearly 93,000,000 miles away from the earth. This distance is beyond our comprehension but it might help us to think again of the train traveling it. If the train traveled night and day at the speed of forty miles an hour, it would require more than two hundred and sixty-eight years before it could reach the sun.

It is well for us that the sun is so far away for it is a great ball of raging fire as seen by the astronomers. The surface of the sun is a molten mass and the flames sometimes shoot out from it for tremendous distances and at an unimaginable speed. These flames have been seen to dart out more than three hundred thousand miles at the rate of three hundred miles a second. Often there are furious whirling storms in the gaseous molten mass which last for some time, causing sun spots to appear to observers on earth. If the earth were too close to the sun, the heat would be so intense that nothing could live on it. As

it is, the earth receives only about one two-billionth part of the sun's heat.

It is thought by many authorities that this heat may some day be utilized in ways which we have not yet discovered. In the summer of 1924, at Mt. Wilson, California, the astronomer, Dr. Charles G. Abbot, and his wife devised a solar cooker—by means of which they made the rays of the sun take the place of fuel in cooking and baking. They used the sun-beams with such success that they supplied themselves with sun-cooked food all summer. The rays which produced the heat and which were harnessed for cooking came through almost 93,000,000 miles of space.

The sun is so large and powerful that it holds by the ever-drawing tie of gravitation eight large bodies and many small bodies, which revolve around it. These bodies are called planets. The earth, which is one of the planets, swings around the sun at the rate of eighteen miles a second, which is faster than any rifle bullet ever goes.

The Moon

The moon revolves around the earth once every month. It receives its light from the sun. The moon is 240,000 miles from the earth and 2,160 miles in diameter,—about one-fourth the size of the earth.

The effect of the moon upon the earth is very slight, yet it is greater than that of any other heavenly body except the sun. The moon has no light of its own, but shines only by the reflection of the sun's light on it. The chief effect the moon has upon the earth is in relation to the tides. If the moon were suddenly to pass out of existence, the commerce of the ocean, great lakes and many rivers would be seriously crippled.

Tides could not be explained until Sir Isaac Newton's discovery disclosed the law of universal gravitation. It

was then seen that the moon attracts the whole earth and every particle of the earth. The water of the ocean being liquid can obey the attraction of the moon in a manner not at first anticipated. The moon attracts the solid body of the earth with greater intensity than it attracts the water at the other side, which lies more distant from it. The earth is thus drawn away from the water and there is, therefore, a tendency to a high tide as well on the side of the earth away from the moon as on that towards the moon. The low tides occupy intermediate positions.

Authorities, with very few exceptions, agree that the moon is without water and has no atmosphere. The surface of the moon is pitted with craters of which 30,000 have been revealed by the telescope.

The Stars

When we look into the clear sky of an evening, we see a multitude of heavenly bodies. Those that twinkle are stars.

The twinkling of stars is caused by the atmosphere about the earth. The stars are too far away to send us anything but a mere point of light and the unequal density of the waves of air sweeping over this point of light keeps it dancing before our eyes, causing the appearance of twinkling. But the planets are nearer to us, and they show a disc from every point of which comes a line of light making the total light of some volume which the waves of air do not interfere with to any extent.

While the sun is nearly 93,000,000 miles from the earth, the nearest stars to the earth are many times this distance away from us. It may help us to get an idea of these vast distances if we think of the time it requires the light to come from them to us. Light travels at the speed of 186,000 miles a second. It requires eight minutes for the light to come from the sun to the earth. Think, then, of

the vast distance to the nearest star, which requires more than four years to send its light to the earth! Stars that are most remote from the earth require many thousands of years to reach us with their light.

Rigel, a star in Orion, is five hundred "light years" away, and it is 13,000 times as bright as our sun. The sun is only red hot, while Rigel is at white heat. Astronomers have good reasons for believing that our sun was once many thousand times as bright as it now is.

There are myriads of stars, and great numbers of them cannot be seen by the naked eye. The telescope which Galileo invented in 1610 opened to view a large number of new stars in the firmament, but modern telescopes have disclosed a vast multitude of stars before unknown.

A great American astronomer, Simon Newcomb, estimated on one basis the number of stars to be 125,000,000 while on another basis his estimate of the number reached 1,000,000,000. There are about eighty different recognized constellations.

It is interesting to study the stars and the constellations of the sky. Orion, The Greater Bear, The Little Bear, The Great Dipper, and many others are most inspiring to study. The great star, Sirius, is called the Dog Star because people noticed centuries ago that when it rose with the sun it was the hottest time of the year—just the time when madness among dogs was prevalent. The Dog Star is one of the most beautiful, sparkling gems of the heavens.

The star at the end of the tail of the Little Bear is called Polaris. The Polar Star has guided ships and explorers for ages because it remains in a fixed position and the north pole of the earth points almost directly toward it; thus travelers and explorers going toward the North Star are always traveling north.

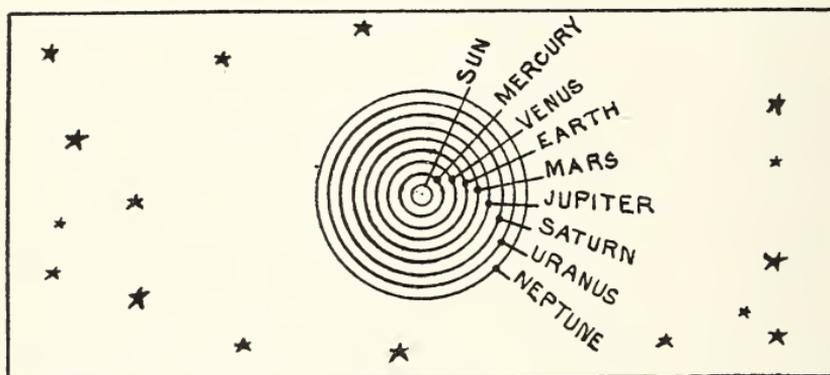
The Milky Way has been called "The River of the Sky."

It resembles a trail of spilled milk in the sky, and because of this appearance it was given the name "Milky Way."

The Solar System

The solar system is composed of the sun and all its planets with their satellites. A planet is a body which moves around the sun. A satellite is a body that revolves around a planet.

The figure below shows the solar system and some of the stars without attempting to suggest the relative distances of the stars and planets from the sun. It should be remembered that the nearest star to our solar system is trillions of miles away from the sun.



Mercury

Mercury is the planet closest to the sun. It can be seen at certain times of the year just after the sun goes down or before the sun rises. Mercury is not easily seen with the naked eye, yet records show it was observed by ancient astronomers years before the Christian Era. Mercury is the smallest of all the planets. It is only about 3000 miles in diameter.

It is not likely that any animal or vegetable life such as we have can exist on Mercury as the heat and light of the sun beat down upon this planet with an intensity many

times hotter than we have on earth even in the warmest parts.

Venus

Of all the planets Venus is the most admired. The ancients thought this planet so beautiful they named it Venus in honor of the goddess of bloom and beauty. Its average distance from the sun is 67,000,000 miles. Venus has been called a twin sister to the earth. It surpasses all the other planets in brilliancy and beauty when, as an evening star, it may be seen above the sun, which has passed below the horizon; and it is not less lovely when as a morning star it comes into view shortly before the sun rises. Venus like Mercury, which is never far from the sun, can be seen only for a comparatively short time, either early in the morning or in the evening and never very high in the skies.

It is true that of all the planets Venus most resembles the earth. There is but little difference in their sizes. The diameter of the earth as we have seen is 8000 miles, while the diameter of Venus is 7700 miles. Venus, being nearer the sun, receives almost twice as much heat as the earth, but the heavier atmosphere may protect the surface from the scorching heat and thus adapt it for habitation.

Mars

Mars is named for the Roman god of war. The reddish look of Mars was the source of its name. Its surface is about one-third as large as that of the earth, and its diameter is only 4400 miles. Its average distance from the sun is about 141,000,000 miles. Venus and Mercury are both much nearer the sun than the earth is, but Mars is farther away.

Some astronomers believe that a great network of irrigating canals can be seen on the surface of Mars. They believe that inhabitants equal or superior to our people

live there and cultivate the soil. We do know that the planet has a light atmosphere and moisture.

Mars has two little satellites or moons. They are very interesting because they are so small—neither one being ten miles in diameter—and because they revolve around Mars so frequently.

Jupiter

The name of Jupiter is a mythological name, meaning the god of the heavens. This name was no doubt given to it because of the size and brilliancy of this stupendous globe. If all the other planets were rolled into one it would not equal in size the great planet, Jupiter. Jupiter is 1300 times larger than the earth and has an average diameter of 87,000 miles.

Jupiter's mean distance from the sun is 483,000,000 miles and it requires almost twelve years to revolve around the sun. This planet has nine satellites. Four of them were the first heavenly bodies to be discovered by a telescope.

There is reason to believe that the surface of Jupiter is red hot but it does not shine by its own light. This is proved by the fact that when it gets between the sun and one of its satellites, the satellite becomes invisible. There is a heavy atmosphere surrounding Jupiter which seems to contain gases unknown to us.

Every year it appears as an evening star for about six months, and for a little less than six months each year it also appears as a morning star.

Saturn

The name Saturn comes from the ancient name of the god of seed sowing. Saturn is almost twice as far from the sun as Jupiter. Its average distance from the sun is 886,000,000 miles. It requires one hour and a half for the

light to pass from the sun to Saturn. The diameter of Saturn is 74,000 miles. Saturn is less dense than water. It is surrounded by a dense atmosphere and for this reason its surface cannot be seen, but it is believed that this planet is largely composed of matter in the liquid and gaseous states.

There are no fewer than ten satellites or moons floating around Saturn. In addition to this it is encircled by three rings which are composed of myriads of small satellites. These rings together form a band, the outer diameter of which is about 168,000 miles wide. These rings are unique as no such objects appear elsewhere in the entire solar system. They help Saturn stand out in unusual beauty.

Uranus

Uranus is a Greek name and in mythology means the father of Saturn. It was the first planet to be revealed by modern astronomy. It was discovered by the musician and astronomer, Herschel, in 1781. For ages and ages this planet was sending its beautiful pale green beams down upon us but it was not distinguished as different from the fixed stars until Herschel discovered it through a telescope which he himself had made.

Uranus has a diameter of 30,000 miles and it is 1,800,000,000 miles from the sun. It requires two and one-half hours for light from the sun to reach it. From Uranus the sun would appear only two and one-half times as large as Jupiter appears to us, and from Uranus our earth could not be seen at all.

Uranus gets very little heat from the sun and unless heat comes to it from another source its temperature would be three hundred degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. However, astronomers believe that Uranus has great internal heat. While it is surrounded by an atmosphere it is not thought the planet is inhabitable.

Uranus has four satellites, two of which were discovered by Herschel in 1781, and the other two in 1852.

Neptune

The name Neptune, too, comes from the mythological period. He was the son of Saturn and a brother of Jupiter. Neptune was not discovered until 1846, and its discovery was a great triumph for mathematics. Mathematicians had calculated the slight deviations made by Uranus in making the course of its orbit. They found that at certain times it left its normal path and they reasoned that another planet was attracting Uranus. Two astronomers, Leverrier, of France, and Adams, of England, made the discovery of Neptune really *before it was seen*: that is, they had done their work so accurately in mathematics that they told the observers almost exactly where to point the telescope to find the planet.

The diameter of Neptune is 35,000 miles and it is 2,800,000,000 miles from the sun. It requires four hours for the light to pass from the sun to Neptune. Neptune is in the process of becoming solid, though it will be ages before it is as dense as the earth.

There are many observatories throughout the world today where astronomers are constantly at work trying to make new discoveries and add to our knowledge of the universe. It is a fascinating subject to which many noble men and women are devoting their lives that they may reveal new truths of astronomy. The equipment used today is far superior to the simple instruments which Galileo had three hundred years ago.

The telescopes now used are the product of great ingenuity and skill. It is interesting to know that the three largest telescopes in the world are in the United States. The Carnegie observatory on Mt. Wilson, California, has a reflecting type of lens, one hundred inches

in diameter. The Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, California, has a refracting type of lens thirty-six inches in diameter. The Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, has the largest refractor lens ever made; it is forty inches in diameter.

You may wonder how the astronomers can keep these heavy instruments, which weigh many tons, pointing toward a star long enough to make a study of it. This is the way it is done. A huge clock at each observatory turns the 100-ton telescope west at the identical rate the earth's surface moves east so that the telescope is kept trained on the star while it is being studied.

Recently, Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the observatory of Harvard University, estimated the distance to the farthest known group of stars in the Constellation, Sagittarius (The Archer). This group is a haze of light that cannot be seen by the naked eye and shows only a pin head of light in a telescope of moderate power. It is known to be far beyond what astronomers call our universe of stars and according to Dr. Shapley's estimate it takes a million years for its light to travel to us.

When we consider the unthinkable distances between the stars and the sun, it is not surprising that astronomers call our solar system *a small island in space*.

It is no wonder that King David while looking up at the stars exclaimed:

“When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;
What is man, that Thou are mindful of him?”

—Lawrence McTurnan

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test the accuracy of your first reading of this selection, by answering the first seven questions without referring to the selection.

1. List several ways in which we are dependent upon the sun's heat and light.
2. How does the moon affect the tides?
3. What is the diameter of the earth?
4. What is the distance of the sun from the earth?
5. Can you explain the twinkling of the stars?
6. What is the difference between a planet and a satellite?
7. What is the importance of helium?
8. Look at the sky tonight, and see how many planets, stars and constellations you recognize.
9. Write a brief composition telling how this selection has altered your own ideas regarding the size and distances of the heavenly bodies.

THE DAFFODILS

WORDS TO LEARN

Poetry often demands the use of a different vocabulary than prose to express the exact idea which the poet wishes to convey to the reader. There are three words listed below which it would be well for you to look up before you read this poem. They will help you to understand the spirit in which the poem is written.

sprightly

pensive

jocund

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

William Wordsworth spent his boyhood in a region of great natural beauty, which contributed much to his education and helped to make him England's greatest nature poet. Much of the beautiful nature background found in his poetry was a part of the setting of his early life.

His sister Dorothy also helped to make him a poet. They spent a great deal of their time together walking about in the country "observing nature." Much of Wordsworth's best poetry was composed on these walks and written out when they returned home.

"The Daffodils" was written after one of these walks. It is a beautiful painting of a "host of yellow daffodils," but it is more—a description of their spirit and their feelings. He makes them alive and dancing with happiness.

THE DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Who wandered lonely as a cloud?
2. Where were the daffodils?
3. To what did he compare the daffodils in number?

THE BUGLE SONG

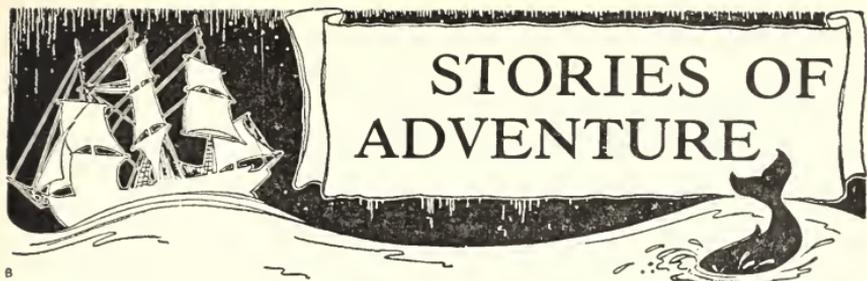
From "The Princess"

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

—*Lord Tennyson*



The Central Thought

Every heart responds to the thrill of adventure. We all like action, and admire the doing of difficult tasks. Some vocations are filled with adventure, while others offer few opportunities outside the doing of the day's work patiently and well.

In **A Fight With a Whale** we read of a most extraordinary adventure at sea—the experiences of several men marooned on a whale. **John Muir and Stickeen** shows that the devotion of a dog for his master is increased and strengthened by their braving perils and hardships together. The birling-match pictured in **The Riverman** adds a thrilling interest to the life in a Michigan lumber-camp. **The Round-Up**, written by a man who is famous for his stories of adventure, portrays the danger, the excitement and adventure of life on a western ranch.

A FIGHT WITH A WHALE

WORDS TO LEARN

In order to enjoy this selection fully, you will have to look up the following words in **Words to Learn**. They will aid you in creating a background for the story.

parabola
harpooner
microcosm
nimbi
laconically

astern
lethargy
simultaneously
meritorious
rotundity

cachalot
sperm whale
pillory
commissary
phantasmagoria

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Whale-fishing is one of the most exciting of all the industries.

Many interesting stories have been written about the experiences men have had when they were dragged through the sea by a whale in its struggle to escape from the harpoon and line. Men have often been marooned for days on the open sea far from their ship, as these men were when the whale that Samuela had speared raced off towing them and their boat along with him.

This selection is taken from the "The Cruise of the Cachalot," a most interesting story of whale-fishing. This is only one of a number of exciting adventures that the crew had on the cruise. Imagine that you are in the boat with them and try to visualize the picture and what happened when the bomb-gun was discharged into the whale.

A FIGHT WITH A WHALE

ON Christmas morning I mounted to the crow's-nest at daybreak, and stood looking with never-failing awe at the daily marvel of the sunrise. Often and often have I felt choking for words to express the tumult of thoughts aroused by this sublime spectacle. Hanging there in cloudland, the tiny microcosm at one's feet forgotten, the grandeur of the celestial outlook is overwhelming. Many and many a time I have bowed my head and wept in pure reverence at the majesty manifested around me while the glory of the dawn increased and brightened, till with one exultant bound the sun appeared.

For some time I stood gazing straight ahead of me with eyes that saw not, filled with wonder and admiration. I must have been looking directly at the same spot for quite a quarter of an hour, when suddenly, as if I had but just opened my eyes, I saw the well-known bushy spout of a sperm whale. I raised the usual yell, which rang through the stillness discordantly, startling all hands out of their lethargy like bees out of a hive. After the usual preliminaries, we were all afloat with sails set, gliding slowly over the sleeping sea towards the unconscious objects of our attention. The captain did not lower this time, as

there only appeared to be three fish, none of them seeming large. Though at any distance it is extremely difficult to assess the size of whales, the spout being very misleading. Sometimes a full-sized whale will show a small spout, while a twenty-barrel cow will exhale a volume of vapor extensive enough for two or three at once.

Now, although, according to etiquette, I kept my position in the rear of my superior officers, I had fully determined in my own mind, being puffed up with previous success, to play second fiddle to no one, if I could help it, this time. Samuela was decidedly of the same opinion; indeed, I believe he would have been delighted to tackle a whole school single-handed, while my crew were all willing and eager for the fight.

We had a long, tedious journey before we came up with them, the wind being so light that even with the occasional assistance of the paddles our progress was wretchedly slow. When at last we did get into their water, and the mate's harpooner stood up to dart, his foot slipped, and down he came with a clatter enough to scare a cachalot twenty miles away. It scattered our friends effectually, sending them flying in different directions at the top of their speed.

But being some distance astern of the other boats, one of the fish, in his headlong retreat, rose for a final blow some six or seven fathoms away, passing us in the opposite direction. His appearance was only momentary, yet in that moment Samuela hurled his harpoon into the air, where it described a beautiful parabola, coming down upon the disappearing monster's back just as the sea was closing over it. Oh, it was a splendid dart, worthy of the finest harpooner that ever lived! There was no time for congratulations, however, for we spun round as on a pivot, and away we went in the wake of that fellow at a great rate. I cast one look astern to see whether the others had

struck, but could see nothing of them; we seemed to have sprung out of their ken in an instant.

The speed of our friend was marvellous, but I comforted myself with the knowledge that these animals usually run in circles—sometimes, it is true, of enormous diameter, but seldom getting far away from their starting-point. But as the time went on, and we seemed to fly over the waves at undiminished speed, I began to think this whale might be the exception necessary to prove the rule, so I got out the compass and watched his course. Due east, not a degree to north or south of it, straight as a bee to its hive. The ship was now far out of sight astern, but I knew that keen eyes had been watching our movements from the masthead, and that every effort possible would be made to keep the run of us.

The speed of our whale was not only great, but unflagging. He was more like a machine than an animal capable of tiring; and though we did our level best, at the faintest symptom of slackening, to get up closer and lance him, it was for some time impossible. After, at a rough estimate, suddenly sounded, without having given us the ghost of a running in a direct easterly course for over two hours, he chance to "land him one where he lived." Judging from his previous exertions, though, it was hardly possible he would be able to stay down long, or get very deep, as the strain upon these vast creatures at any depth is astonishingly exhausting. After a longer stay below than usual, when they have gone extra deep, they often arise at the surface manifestly "done up" for a time. Then, if the whaler be active and daring, a few well-directed strokes may be got in which will promptly settle the business out of hand.

Now, when my whale sounded he was to all appearance as frightened a beast as one could wish—one who had run himself out endeavoring to get away from his enemies,

and as a last resource had dived into the quietness below in the vain hope to get away. So I regarded him, making up my mind to wait on him with diligence upon his arrival, and not allow him to get breath before I had settled him.

But when he did return, there was a mighty difference in him. He seemed as if he had been getting some tips on the subject from some school below where whales are trained to hunt men; for his first move was to come straight for me with a furious rush, carrying the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance. It must be remembered that I was but young, and a comparatively new hand at this sort of thing; so when I confess that I felt more than a little scared at this sudden change in the tactics of my opponent, I hope I shall be excused. Remembering, however, that all our lives depended on keeping cool, I told myself that even if I was frightened I must not go all to pieces but compel myself to think and act calmly, since I was responsible for others.

If the animal had not been in so blind a fury, I am afraid my task would have been much harder; but he was mad, and his savage rushes were, though disquieting, unsystematic and clumsy. It was essential, however, that he should not be allowed to persist too long in his evil courses; for a whale learns with amazing rapidity, developing such cunning in an hour or two that all a man's smartness may be unable to cope with his newly-acquired experience. Happily, Samuela was perfectly unmoved. Like a machine, he obeyed every gesture, every look even, swinging the boat "off" or "on" the whale with such sweeping strokes of his mighty oar that she revolved as if on a pivot, and encouraging the other chaps with his cheerful cries and odd grimaces, so that the danger was hardly felt. During a momentary lull in the storm, I took the opportunity to load my bomb-gun, much as I disliked handling the thing, keeping my eye all the time on the water around where I

expected to see mine enemy popping up murderously at any minute.

Just as I had expected, when he rose, it was very close, and on his back, with his jaw in the first biting position, looking ugly as a vision of death. Finding us a little out of reach, he rolled right over toward us, presenting as he did so the great rotundity of his belly. We were not twenty feet away, and I snatched up the gun, levelled it, and fired the bomb point-blank into his bowels. Then all was blank. I do not even remember the next moment. A rush of roaring waters, a fighting with fearful, desperate energy for air and life, all in a hurried, flurried phantasmagoria about which there was nothing clear except the primitive desire for life, life, life! Nor do I know how long this struggle lasted, except that, in the nature of things, it could not have been very long.

When I returned to a consciousness of external things, I was for some time perfectly still, looking at the sky, totally unable to realize what had happened or where I was. Presently the smiling, pleasant face of Samuela bent over me. Meeting my gratified look of recognition, he set up a perfect yell of delight. I put my hand out to help myself to a sitting posture, and touched blubber. That startled me so that I sprung up as if shot. Then I took in the situation at a glance. There were all my poor fellows with me, stranded upon the top of our late antagonist, but no sign of the boat to be seen. Bewildered at the state of affairs, I looked appealingly from one to the other for an explanation. I got it from Abner, who said, laconically:

“When you fired that old gun, I guess it must have been loaded for bear, for you just tumbled clear head over heels backwards out of the boat. He rolled over and over towards us, and before we could rightly see what was coming, we couldn’t see anything at all; we were all grabbing at nothing, somewhere underneath the whale. When

I came to the top, I lit out for the first thing I could see to lay hold of, which was old squarehead himself, deader than pork. I guess that bomb of yours kind of upset his commissary department. Anyway, I climbed up onto him, and by-and-by the rest of us hoisted themselves alongside of me. Sam Weller here, he come last, towing you along with him. I don't know where he found you, but you was very near a goner, and as full of pickle as you could hold."

I turned a grateful eye upon my dusky harpooner, who had saved my life, but was now apparently blissfully unconscious of having done anything meritorious.

Behold us, then, a half-drowned row of scarecrows perched, like some new species of dilapidated birds, upon the side of our late foe. The sun was not so furiously hot as usual, for masses of rain-laden nimbi were filling the sky, so that we were comparatively free from the awful roasting we might have expected; nor was our position as precarious for a while as would be thought. True, we had only one harpoon, with its still fast line, to hold on by; but the side of the whale was somehow hollowed, so that, in spite of the incessant movement imparted to the carcass by the swell, we sat fairly safe, with our feet in the said hollow.

We discussed the situation in all its bearings, unable to extract more than the faintest gleam of hope from any aspect of the case. The only reasonable chance we had was that the skipper had almost certainly taken our bearings, and would, we were sure, be anxiously seeking us on the course thus indicated. Meanwhile, we were ravenously hungry and thirsty. Samuela and Polly set to work with their sheath-knives, and soon excavated a space in the blubber to enable them to reach the meat. Then they cut off some good-sized junks, and divided it up. It was not half bad; and as we chewed on the tough black fiber, I

could hardly help smiling as I thought how queer a Christmas dinner we were having.

But eating soon heightened our thirst and our real sufferings then began. We could eat very little once the want of drink made itself felt. Hardly two hours had elapsed, though, before one of the big-bellied clouds which had been keeping the sun off us most considerately emptied out upon us a perfect torrent of rain. It filled the cavity in the whale's side in a twinkling; and though the water was greasy, stained with blood, and vilely flavored, it was as welcome a drink as I have ever tasted. Thus fed, and with our thirst slaked, we were able to take a more hopeful view of things, while the prospect of our being found seemed much more probable than it had done before the rain fell.

Still, we had to endure our pillory for a long while yet. The sharks and birds began to worry us, especially the former, who in their eagerness to get a portion of the blubber fought, writhed, and tore at the carcass with tireless energy. Once, one of the smaller ones actually came sliding up right into our hollow; but Samuela and Polly promptly dispatched him with a cut throat, sending him back to encourage the others. The present relieved us of most of their attentions for a short time at least, as they eagerly divided the remains of their late comrade among them.

To while away the time we spun yarns—without much point, I am afraid; and sang songs, albeit we did not feel much like singing—till after a while our poor attempts at gaiety fizzled out like a damp match, leaving us silent and depressed. The sun, which had been hidden for some time, now came out again, his slanting beams revealing to us ominously the flight of time and the near approach of night. Should darkness overtake us in our present position, we all felt that saving us would need the performance of a miracle; for in addition to the chances of the accumu-

lated gasses within the carcass bursting it asunder, the unceasing assault of the sharks made it highly doubtful whether they would not in a few hours more have devoured it piece-meal. Already they had scooped out some deep furrows in the solid blubber, making it easier to get hold and tear off more, and their numbers were increasing so fast that the surrounding sea was fairly alive with them.

Lower and lower sank the sun, deeper and darker grew the gloom upon our faces, till suddenly Samuela leaped to his feet in our midst, and emitted a yell so ear-piercing as to nearly deafen us. He saw the ship! Before two minutes had passed we all saw her—God bless her!—coming down upon us like some angelic messenger. There were no fears among us that we should be overlooked. We knew full well how anxiously and keenly many pairs of eyes had been peering over the sea in search of us, and we felt perfectly sure they had sighted us long ago. On she came, gilded by the evening glow, till she seemed glorified, moving in a halo of celestial light, all her homeliness and clumsy build forgotten in what she then represented to us.

Never before or since has a ship looked like that to me, nor can I ever forget the thankfulness, the delight, the reverence, with which I once more saw her approaching. Straight down upon us she bore, rounding to within a cable's length, and dropping a boat simultaneously with her windward sweep. They had no whale—well for us they had not. In five minutes we were on board, while our late resting-place was being hauled alongside with great glee.

—*Frank T. Bullen*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test how accurately you have read this story, by answering the first four questions without referring to the story.

1. How long were the men stranded on the whale?

2. Did they have anything to eat or drink?
3. Upon what day did this incident happen?
4. What conditions made their situation so dangerous?
5. Describe impromptu before the class this thrilling experience.
6. Select that part of the story that is the most thrilling, and read it aloud.
7. Pretend that you were one of these men, and tell what your feelings and thoughts were while waiting to be rescued after killing the whale.

JOHN MUIR AND STICKEEN

WORDS TO LEARN

Always choose words carefully for the shade of meaning that they carry. Use each of the words listed below in a sentence. Have you used the meaning of the words as given in **Words to Learn**?

| | | |
|---------------|-------------|----------------|
| gyrations | revulsion | crevasses |
| marooning | obtrusively | disintegrating |
| expostulating | calumnies | odious |
| uncanny | contours | co-ordination |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Dr. S. Hall Young, the author of this story, has spent most of his life in Alaska, and knows its beauties and perils as well as anyone can know them. He has written many books about his personal experiences in the wild beauties of Alaska's wilderness which are interesting for their wealth of information as well as for their thrilling stories. This selection is taken from "Alaska Days with John Muir" and is only one of a number of stories that he tells of the great naturalist, John Muir, and his adventures in the mountains and glaciers of Alaska.

You will like Stickeen, the little dog, whose heroism equals that of John Muir. He is a real dog, and has the same characteristics that your own dog might have.

As you read the selection, note the almost human qualities that the author gives to the little Stickeen, how he wins his way into Muir's heart, and how he leaps and dances with joy as he escapes death on the glacier.

WHEN we were about to embark I suddenly thought of my little dog Stickeen and made the resolve to take him along. My wife and Muir both protested and I almost yielded to their persuasion. I shudder now to think what the world would have lost had their arguments prevailed! That little, long-haired, brisk, beautiful, but very independent dog, in co-ordination with Muir's genius, was to give to the world one of its greatest dog-classics. Muir's story of "Stickeen" ranks with "Rab and His Friends," "Bob, Son of Battle," and far above "The Call of the Wild." Indeed, in subtle analysis of dog character, as well as beauty of description, I think it outranks all of them. All over the world men, women and children are reading with laughter, thrills and tears this exquisite little story.

I have told Muir that in his book he did not do justice to my puppy's beauty. I think that he was the handsomest dog I have ever known. His markings were very much like those of an American Shepherd dog—black, white and tan; although he was not half the size of one; but his hair was so silky and so long, his tail so heavily fringed and so beautifully curved, his eyes so deep and expressive and his shape so perfect in its graceful contours, that I have never seen another dog quite like him. Otherwise Muir's description of him is perfect.

When Stickeen was only a round ball of silky fur as big as one's fist, he was given as a wedding present to my bride, two years before this voyage. I carried him in my overcoat pocket to and from the steamer as we sailed to our new home.

Soon after we arrived a solemn delegation of Stickeen Indians came to call on the bride; but as soon as they saw the puppy they were solemn no longer. His gravely humorous antics were irresistible. It was Moses who

named him Stickeen after their tribe—an exceptional honor. Thereafter the whole tribe adopted and protected him, and woe to the Indian dog which molested him.

Once when I was passing the house of one of these Indians, a large hunting dog dashed out at Stickeen and began to worry him. The Indian rescued the little fellow, delivered him to me and walked into his house. Soon he came out with his gun, and before I knew what he was about he had shot the offending Indian dog—a valuable hunting animal.

Stickeen lacked the obtrusively affectionate manner of many of his species, and did not like to be fussed over. He would even growl when our babies enmeshed their hands in his long hair; and yet, to a degree I have never known in another dog, he attracted the attention of everybody and won all hearts.

Stickeen was a born aristocrat, dainty and scrupulously clean. From puppyhood he never cared to play with the Indian dogs, and I was often amused to see the dignified but decided way in which he repulsed all attempts at familiarity on the part of the Indian children. He admitted to his friendship only a few of the natives, choosing those who had adopted the white man's dress and mode of living, and were devoid of the rank native odors. His likes and dislikes were very strong and always evident from the moment of his meeting with a stranger. There was something almost uncanny about the accuracy of his judgment when "sizing up" a man.

It was Stickeen himself who really decided the question whether we should take him with us on this trip. He listened to the discussion, pro and con, as he stood with me on the wharf, turning his sharp, expressive eyes and sensitive ears up to me or down to Muir in the canoe. When the argument seemed to be going against the dog he suddenly turned, deliberately walked down the gang-plank

to the canoe, picked his steps carefully to the bow, where my seat with Muir was arranged, and curled himself down on my coat. The discussion ended abruptly in a general laugh and Stickeen went along.

Then the acute little fellow set about, in the wisest possible way, to conquer Muir. He was not obtrusive, never "butted in"; never offended by a too affectionate tongue. He listened silently to discussions on his merits, those first days; but when Muir's comparisons of the brilliant dogs of his acquaintance with Stickeen grew too "odious" Stickeen would rise, yawn openly and retire to a distance, not slinkingly, but with tail up, and lie down again out of earshot of such calumnies. When we landed after a day's journey Stickeen was always the first ashore, exploring for field mice and squirrels; but when we would start to the woods, the mountains or the glaciers, the dog would join us, coming mysteriously from the forest. When our paths separated, Stickeen, looking to me for permission, would follow Muir, trotting at first behind him, but gradually ranging alongside.

After a few days Muir changed his tone, saying, "There's more in that wee beastie than I thought"; and before a week passed Stickeen's victory was complete. He slept at Muir's feet, went with him on all his rambles; and even among dangerous crevasses or far up the steep slopes of granite mountains the little dog's splendid tail would be seen ahead of Muir, waving cheery signals to his new-found human companion.

"I must climb this glacier tomorrow," said Muir. "I shall have a great day of it; I wish you could come along."

I sighed, not with resignation, but with a grief that was akin to despair. The condition of my shoulders was such that it would be madness to attempt to join Muir on his longer and more perilous climbs. I should only spoil his day and endanger his life as well as my own.

That night I baked a good batch of camp bread, boiled a fresh kettle of fish ready for Muir's breakfast, fixed the coffee-pot and prepared dry kindling for the fire. I knew he would be up and off at daybreak, perhaps long before.

"Wake me up," I admonished him, "or at least take time to make hot coffee before you start." For the wind was sistent wolf across the bay soothed me to sleep again, and the call of such a morning as was promised would be to him. To traverse a great, new, living, rapidly moving glacier would be high joy, but to have a tremendous storm added to this would simply drive Muir wild with desire to be himself a part of the great drama played on the glacier-stage.

Several times during the night I was awakened by the flapping of the tent, the shrieking of the wind in the spruce-tops and the thundering of the ocean surf on the outer barrier of rocks. The tremulous howling of a persistent wolf across the bay soothed me to sleep again, and I did not wake when Muir arose. As I had feared, he was in too big a hurry to take time for breakfast, but pocketed a small cake of camp bread and hastened out into the storm-swept woods. I was aroused, however, by the controversy between him and Stickeen outside of the tent. The little dog, who always slept with one eye and ear alert for Muir's movements, had, as usual, quietly left his warm nest and followed his adopted master. Muir was scolding and expostulating with him as if he were a boy. I chuckled to myself at the futility of Muir's efforts; Stickeen would now, as always, do just as he pleased—and he would please to go along.

At intervals during this eventful day I went to the face of the glacier and even climbed the disintegrating hill that was riding on the glacier's ploughshare, in an effort to see the bold wanderers; but the jagged ice peaks of the high glacial rapids blocked my vision, and the rain driving pas-

sionately in horizontal sheets shut out the mountains and the upper plateau of ice. I could see that it was snowing on the glacier, and imagined the weariness and peril of dog and man exposed to the storm in that dangerous region. I could only hope that Muir had not ventured to face the wind on the glacier, but had contented himself with tracing its eastern side, and was somewhere in the woods bordering it, beside a big fire, studying storm and glacier in comparative safety.

When the shadows of evening were added to those of the storm I had my men gather materials for a big bonfire, and kindle it well out on the flat, where it could be seen from mountain and glacier. I placed dry clothing and blankets in the fly tent facing the camp-fire, and got ready the best supper at my command: clam chowder, fried porpoise, bacon and beans, "savory meat" made of mountain kid with potatoes, onions, rice and curry, camp biscuit and coffee, with a dessert of wild strawberries and condensed milk.

It grew pitch-dark before seven, and it was after ten when the dear wanderers staggered into camp out of the dripping forest. Stickeen did not bounce in ahead with a bark, as was his custom, but crept silently to his piece of blanket and curled down, too tired to shake himself. Billy and I laid hands on Muir without a word, and in a trice he was stripped of his wet garments, rubbed dry, clothed in dry underwear, wrapped in a blanket and set down on a bed of spruce twigs with a plate of hot chowder before him. When the chowder disappeared the other hot dishes followed in quick succession, without a question asked or a word uttered. Lot kept the fire blazing just right, Joe kept the victuals hot and baked fresh bread, while Billy and I waited on Muir.

Not till he came to the coffee and strawberries did Muir break the silence. "Yon's a brave doggie," he said.

Stickeen, who could not yet be induced to eat, responded by a glance of one eye and a feeble pounding of the blanket with his heavy tail.

Then Muir began to talk, and little by little, between sips of coffee, the story of the day was unfolded. Soon memories crowded for utterance and I listened till midnight, entranced by a succession of vivid descriptions the like of which I have never heard before or since. The fierce music and grandeur of the storm, the expanse of ice with its bewildering crevasses, its mysterious contortions, its solemn voices were made to live before me.

When Muir described his marooning on the narrow island of ice surrounded by fathomless crevasses, with a knife edge sliver curving deeply "like the cable of a suspension bridge" diagonally across it as the only means of escape, I shuddered at his peril. I held my breath as he told of the terrible risks he ran as he cut his steps down the wall of ice to the bridge's end, knocked off the sharp edge of the sliver, hitched across inch by inch and climbed the still more difficult ascent on the other side. But when he told of Stickeen's cries of despair at being left on the other side of the crevasse, of his heroic determination at last to do or die, of his careful progress across the sliver as he braced himself against the gusts and dug his little claws into the ice, and of his passionate revulsion to the heights of exultation when, intoxicated by his escape, he became a living whirlwind of joy, flashing about in mad gyrations, shouting and screaming: "Saved! saved!" my tears streamed down my face. Before the close of the story Stickeen arose, stepped slowly across to Muir and crouched down with his head on Muir's foot, gazing into his face and murmuring soft canine words of adoration to his god.

Not until 1897, seventeen years after the event, did Muir give to the public his story of Stickeen. How many times

he had written and rewritten it I know not. He told me at the time of its first publication that he had been thinking of the story all of these years and jotting down paragraphs and sentences as they occurred to him. He was never satisfied with a sentence until it balanced well. He had the keenest sense of melody, as well as of harmony, in his sentence structure, and this great dog-story of his is a remarkable instance of the growth to perfection of the great production of a great master.

The wonderful power of endurance of this man, whom Theodore Roosevelt has well called a "perfectly natural man," is instanced by the fact that, although he was gone about seventeen hours on this day of his adventure with Stickeen, with only a bite of bread to eat, and never rested a minute of that time, but was battling with the storm all day and often racing at full speed across the glacier, yet he got up at daylight the next morning, breakfasted with me and was gone all day again, with Stickeen at his heels, climbing a high mountain to get a view of the snow fountains and upper reaches of the glacier; and when he returned after nightfall he worked for two hours at his notes and sketches.

—*S. Hall Young*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first three questions without rereading the story?

1. Why did the dog adopt John Muir as his new master?
2. Describe Stickeen and tell why he received this name.
3. What were some of the hardships John Muir encountered during this day on the glacier?
4. Write a paragraph describing the glacier on the day of the storm.

THE RIVERMAN

WORDS TO LEARN

The proper use of words often helps one in getting on in life. Use each of the words listed below in sentences of your own until you are completely familiar with its meaning. You can find them in **Words to Learn**. If there are any other unfamiliar words in this selection, look them up in your dictionary.

| | | |
|------------------|---------------|---------------|
| chevaux-de-frise | inscrutable | aromatic |
| indomitable | peavies | inextricable |
| partisan | cormorants | freshet |
| initiative | birling | exchequer |
| vibrant | non-committal | quizzically |
| parries | ironical | premonitory |
| feints | askew | inexplicably |
| vociferated | gyrations | integral |
| imperturbable | abortive | correlation |
| immobility | spasmodic | disparagingly |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Stewart Edward White, the author of this selection, has written many brilliant stories of life among the lumbermen. He was born in Michigan and spent much time traveling around among the lumbering camps of his native state. He thus became well acquainted with the lumbering and logging industry, and this knowledge has given an added interest and value to his stories of lumbermen. This selection is taken from "Blazed Trail Stories." Some day you will want to read some of his other stories.

THE RIVERMAN

I FIRST met him one Fourth of July afternoon in the middle eighties. The sawdust streets and high board sidewalks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-tilted, by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy

woolen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their sashes or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey trousers "staggered" off to leave a gap between the knee and the heavily spiked "cork boots"—all these were distinctive enough of their class, but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their little round hats tilted rakishly askew. They were all subtly alike, those eyes. Some were black, some were brown, or gray, or blue, but all were steady and unabashed, all looked straight at you with a strange humorous blending of aggression and respect for your own business, and all without exception wrinkled at the corners with a suggestion of dry humor. In my half-conscious scrutiny I probably stared harder than I knew, for all at once a laughing pair of the blue eyes suddenly met mine full, and an ironical voice drawled,

"Say, bub, you look as interested as a man killing snakes. Am I your long lost friend?"

The tone of the voice matched accurately the attitude of the man, and that was quite non-committal. He stood cheerfully ready to meet the emergency. If I sought trouble, it was here to my hand; or if I needed help, he was willing to offer it.

"I guess you are," I replied, "if you can tell me what all this outfit's headed for."

He thrust back his hat and ran his hand through a mop of closely cropped light curls.

"Birling match," he explained briefly. "Come on."

I joined him, and together we followed the crowd to the river where we roosted like cormorants on adjacent piles overlooking a patch of clear water among the filled booms.

"Drive's just over," my new friend informed me. "Rear come down last night. Fourther July celebration. This little town will scratch for th' tall timber along about midnight when the boys goes in to take her apart."

A half-dozen men with peavies rolled a white pine log of about a foot and a half diameter into the clear water, where it lay rocking back and forth, three or four feet from the boom piles. Suddenly a man ran the length of the boom, leaped easily into the air, and landed with both feet square on one end of the floating log. That end disappeared in an ankle-deep swirl of white foam, the other rose suddenly, the whole timber, projected forward by the shock, drove headlong to the middle of the little pond. And the man, his arms folded, his knees just bent in the graceful nervous attitude of the circus rider, stood upright like a statue of bronze.

A roar approved this feat.

"That's Dicky Darrell," said my informant, "Roaring Dick. Watch him."

The man on the log was small, with clean, beautiful haunches and shoulders, but with hanging baboon arms. Perhaps his most striking feature was a mop of reddish brown hair that overshadowed a little triangular white face accented by two reddish brown quadrilaterals that served as eyebrows and a pair of inscrutable chipmunk eyes.

For a moment he poised erect in the great calm of the public performer. Then slowly he began to revolve the log under his feet. The lofty gaze, the folded arms, the straight supple waist budged not by a hair's breadth; only the feet stepped forward, at first deliberately, then faster and faster, until the rolling log threw a blue spray a foot into the air. Then suddenly *slap! slap!* the heavy caulks stamped a reversal. The log came instantaneously to rest, quivering exactly like some animal that had been spurred through its paces.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"That's nothing!" my companion repressed me; "Anybody can birl a log. Watch this."

Roaring Dick for the first time unfolded his arms. With some appearance of caution he balanced his unstable footing into absolute immobility. Then he turned a somersault.

This was the real thing. My friend uttered a wild yell of applause which was lost in a general roar.

A long pike pole shot out, bit the end of the timber, and towed it to the boom pile. Another man stepped on the log with Darrell. They stood facing each other, bent-kneed, alert. Suddenly with one accord they commenced to birl the log from left to right. The pace grew hot. Like squirrels treading a cage their feet twinkled. Then it became apparent that Darrell's opponent was gradually being forced from the top of the log. He could not keep up. Little by little, still moving desperately, he dropped back to the slant, then at last to the edge, and so off into the river with a mighty splash.

"Clean birked!" commented my friend.

One after another a half-dozen rivermen tackled the imperturbable Dick, but none of them possessed the agility to stay on top in the pace he set them. One boy of eighteen seemed for a moment to hold his own, and managed at least to keep out of the water even when Darrell had apparently reached his maximum speed. But that expert merely threw his entire weight into two reversing stamps of his feet, and the young fellow dove forward as abruptly as though he had been shied over a horse's head.

The crowd was by now getting uproarious and impatient of volunteer effort to humble Darrell's challenge. It wanted the best, and at once. It began with increasing insistence, to shout a name.

"Jimmy Powers!" it vociferated, "Jimmy Powers."

And then by shamefaced bashfulness, by profane protest, by muttered and comprehensive curses I knew that my companion on the other pile was indicated.

A dozen men near at hand began to shout. "Here he

is!" they cried. "Come on, Jimmy." "Don't be a high banker." "Hang his hide on the fence."

Jimmy, still red and swearing, suffered himself to be pulled from his elevation and disappeared in the throng. A moment later I caught his head and shoulders pushing toward the boom piles, and so in a moment he stepped warily aboard to face his antagonist.

This was evidently no question to be determined by the simplicity of force or the simplicity of a child's trick. The two men stood half-crouched, face to face, watching each other narrowly, sparring for an opening. Slowly the log revolved one way; then slowly the other. It was a mere courtesy of salute. All at once Dick birlled three rapid strokes from left to right as though about to roll the log, leaped into the air and landed square with both feet on the other slant of the timber. Jimmy Powers felt the jar, and acknowledged it by the spasmodic jerk with which he counterbalanced Darrell's weight. But he was not thrown.

As though this daring and hazardous maneuver had opened the combat, both men sprang to life. Sometimes the log rolled one way, sometimes the other, sometimes it jerked from side to side like a crazy thing, but always with the rapidity of light, always in a smother of spray and foam. The decided *spat, spat* of the reversing blows from the caulked boots sounded like picket firing. I could not make out the different leads, feints, parries, and counters of this strange method of boxing, nor could I distinguish to whose initiative the various evolutions of the log could be ascribed. But I retain still a vivid mental picture of two men nearly motionless above the waist, nearly vibrant below it, dominating the insane gyrations of a stick of pine.

The crowd was appreciative and partisan—for Jimmy Powers. It howled wildly, and rose thereby to ever higher

excitement. Then it forgot its manners utterly and groaned when it made out that a sudden splash represented its favorite, while the indomitable Darrell still trod the quarterdeck as champion birler for the year.

I must confess I was as sorry as anybody. I climbed down from my cormorant roost, and picked my way between the alleys of aromatic piled lumber in order to avoid the press, and cursed the little gods heartily for undue partiality in the wrong direction. In this manner I happened on Jimmy Powers himself seated dripping on a board and examining his bared foot.

"I'm sorry," said I behind him. "How did he do it?"

He whirled, and I could see that his laughing, boyish face had become suddenly grim and stern and that his eyes were shot with blood.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he growled disparagingly. "Well, that's how he did it."

He held out his foot. Across the instep and at the base of the toes ran two rows of tiny round punctures from which the blood was oozing. I looked very inquiring.

"He corked me!" Jimmy Powers explained. "Jammed his spikes into me! Stepped on my foot and tripped me, the ——" Jimmy Powers certainly could swear.

"Why didn't you make a kick?" I cried.

"That isn't how I do it," he muttered, pulling on his heavy wooden sock.

"But, no," I insisted, my indignation mounting. "It's an outrage! That crowd was with you. All you had to do was to say something——"

He cut me short. "And give myself away as a fool—sure Mike. I ought to know Dickey Darrell by this time, and I ought to be big enough to take care of myself." He stamped his foot into his driver's shoe and took me by the arm, his good humor apparently restored. "No, don't you lose any hair, bub; I'll get even with Roaring Dick."

That night, having by the advice of the proprietor moved my bureau and trunk against the bedroom door, I lay wide awake listening to the taking of the town apart. At each especially vicious crash I wondered if that might be Jimmy Powers getting even with Roaring Dick.

The following year, but earlier in the season, I again visited my little lumber town. In striking contrast to the life of that other midsummer day were the deserted streets. The landlord knew me, and after I had washed and eaten, approached me with a suggestion.

"You got all day in front of you," he said; "why don't you take a horse and buggy and make a visit to the big jam? Everybody's up there more or less."

In response to my inquiry, he replied:

"They've jammed at the upper bend, jammed bad. The crew's been picking at her for near a week now, and last night Darrell was down to see about some more dynamite. It's worth seein'. The breast of her is near thirty foot high, and lots of water in the river."

"Darrell?" said I, catching at the name.

"Yes. He's rear boss this year. Do you think you'd like to take a look at her?"

"I think I should," I assented.

The horse and I jogged slowly along a deep sand road, through wastes of pine stumps and belts of hardwood beautiful with the early spring, until finally we arrived at a clearing in which stood two huge tents, a mammoth kettle slung over a fire of logs, and drying racks about the timbers of another fire. A fat cook in the inevitable battered derby hat, two bare-armed cookees, and a chore "boy" of seventy-odd summers were the only human beings in sight. One of the cookees agreed to keep an eye on my horse. I picked my way down a well-worn trail toward the regular *clank, clank, clink* of the peavies.

I emerged finally on a plateau elevated some fifty or

sixty feet above the river. A half-dozen spectators were already gathered. Among them I could not but notice a tall, spare, broad-shouldered young fellow dressed in a quiet business suit, somewhat wrinkled, whose square, strong, clean-cut face and muscular hands were tanned by the weather to a dark umber-brown. In another moment I looked down on the jam.

The breast, as my landlord had told me, rose sheer from the water to the height of at least twenty-five feet, bristling and formidable. Back of it pressed the volume of logs packed closely in an apparently inextricable tangle as far as the eye could reach. A man near informed me that the tail was a good three miles up stream. From beneath this wonderful *chevaux-de-frise* foamed the current of the river, irresistible to any force less mighty than the statics of such a mass.

The crew of forty or fifty men was at work. They clamped their peavies to the reluctant timbers, heaved, pushed, slid, and rolled them one by one into the current, where they were caught and borne away. They had been doing this for a week. As yet their efforts had made but slight impression on the bulk of the jam, but sometime, with patience, they would reach the key-logs. Then the tangle would melt like sugar in the freshet, and these imperturbable workers would have to escape suddenly over the plunging logs to shore.

My eye ranged over the men, and finally rested on Dickey Darrell. He was standing on the slanting end of an upheaved log dominating the scene. His little triangular face with the accents of the quadrilateral eyebrows was pale with the blaze of his energy and his chipmunk eyes seemed to flame with a dynamic vehemence that caused those on whom their glance fell to jump as though they had been touched with a hot poker. I had heard more of Dickey Darrell since my last visit, and was glad

of the chance to observe Morrison & Daly's best "driver" at work.

The jam seemed on the very edge of breaking. So I sat down on a stump. Then for the first time I noticed another acquaintance, handling his peavie near the very person of the rear boss.

"Hullo," said I to myself, "that's funny. I wonder if Jimmy Powers got even; and if so, why he is working so amicably and so near Roaring Dick."

At noon the men came ashore for dinner. I paid a quarter into the cook's private exchequer and so was fed. After the meal I approached my acquaintance of the year before.

"Hello, Powers," I greeted him, "I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Sure," he responded heartily. "Ain't you a little early this year?"

"No," I disclaimed, "this is a better sight than a birling match."

I offered him a cigar, which he immediately substituted for his corncob pipe. We sat at the root of a tree.

"It'll be a great sight when that jam pulls," said I.

"You bet," he replied, "but she's a teaser. Even old Tim Shearer would have a picnic to make out just where the key-logs are. We've started her three times, but she's plugged tight every trip. Likely to pull almost any time."

We discussed various topics. Finally I ventured:

"I see your old friend Darrell is rear boss."

"Yes," said Jimmy Powers, dryly.

"By the way, did you fellows ever square up on the birling match?"

"No," said Jimmy Powers; then after an instant, "Not yet."

I glanced at him to recognize the square set to the jaw that had impressed me so formidably the year before.

And again his face relaxed almost quizzically as he caught sight of mine.

"Bub," said he, getting to his feet, "those little marks are on my foot yet. And just you tie into one idea: Dickey Darrell's got it coming." His face darkened with a swift anger, and in its very deliberation I glimpsed the flare of an undying hatred.

About three o'clock that afternoon Jimmy's prediction was fulfilled. Without the slightest warning the jam "pulled." Usually certain premonitory *cracks*, certain sinkings down, groanings forward, grumblings, shruggings, and sullen, reluctant shifting of the logs give opportunity for the men to assure their safety. This jam after inexplicably hanging fire for a week, as inexplicably started like a sprinter almost into its full gait. The first few tiers toppled smash into the current, raising a water-spout like that made by a dynamite explosion; the mass behind plunged forward blindly, rising and falling as the integral logs were up-ended, turned over, thrust to one side, or forced bodily into the air by the mighty power playing jackstraws with them.

The rivermen, though caught unaware, reached either bank. They held their peavies across their bodies as balancing-poles, and zigzagged ashore with a calmness and lack of haste that were in reality only an indication of the keenness with which they fore-estimated each chance. Long experience with the ways of saw logs brought them out. They knew the correlation of these many forces just as the expert billiard-player knows instinctively the various angles of incident and reflection between his cue-ball and its mark. Consequently they avoided the centers of eruption, paused on the spots steadied for the moment, dodged moving logs, trod those not yet under way, and so arrived on solid ground. The jam itself started with every indication of meaning business, gained momentum for a hun-

dred feet, and then plugged to a standstill. The "break" was abortive.

Now we all had leisure to notice two things. First, the movement had not been of the whole jam, as we had at first supposed, but only of a block or section of it twenty rods or so in extent. Thus between the part that had moved and the greater bulk that had not stirred lay a hundred feet of open water in which floated a number of loose logs. The second fact was, that Dickey Darrell had fallen into that open stretch of water and was in the act of swimming toward one of the floating logs. That much we were given just time to appreciate thoroughly. Then the other section of the jam rumbled and began to break. Roaring Dick was caught between two gigantic millstones moving to crush him out of sight.

An active figure darted down the tail of the first section, out over the floating logs, seized Darrell by the coat-collar, and so burdened began desperately to scale the very face of the breaking jam.

Never was a more magnificent rescue. The logs were rolling, falling, diving against the laden man. He climbed as over a treadmill, a treadmill whose speed was constantly increasing. And when he finally gained the top, it was as the gap closed splinteringly beneath him and the man he had saved.

It is not in the woodsman to be demonstrative at any time, but here was work demanding attention. Without a pause for breath or congratulation they turned to the necessity of the moment. The jam, the whole jam, was moving at last. Jimmy Powers ran ashore for his peavie. Roaring Dick, like a demon incarnate, threw himself into the work. Forty men attacked the jam at a dozen places, encouraging the movement, twisting aside the timbers that threatened to lock anew, directing pigmy-like the titanic forces into the channel of their efficiency. Roaring like

wild cattle the logs swept by, at first slowly, then with the railroad rush of the curbed freshet. Men were everywhere, taking chances, like cowboys before the stampeded herd. And so, out of sight around the lower bend swept the front of the jam in a swirl of glory, the rivermen riding the great boom back of the creature they subdued, until at last, with a slackening current, the logs floated by, free, cannoning with hollow sound one against the other. The half-dozen watchers, leaning statuesquely on the shafts of their peavies, watched the ordered ranks pass by.

One by one the spectators departed. At last only myself and the brown-faced young man remained. He sat on a stump, staring with sightless eyes into vacancy. I did not disturb his thoughts.

The sun dipped. A cool breeze of evening sucked up the river. Over near the cook-camp a big fire commenced to crackle by the drying frames. At dusk the rivermen straggled in from the down-river trail.

The brown-faced young man arose and went to meet them. I saw him return in close conversation with Jimmy Powers. Before they reached us he had turned away with a gesture of farewell.

Jimmy Powers stood looking after him long after his form had disappeared, and indeed even after the sound of his wheels had died toward town. As I approached, the riverman turned to me a face from which the reckless, contained self-reliance of the woods-worker had faded. It was wide-eyed with an almost awe-stricken wonder and adoration.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked me in a hushed voice. "That's Thorpe, Harry Thorpe. And do you know what he said to me just now, *me*? He told me he wanted me to work in Camp One next winter, Thorpe's One. And he told me I was the first man he ever hired straight into One."

His breath caught with something like a sob.

I had heard of the man and of his methods. I knew he had made it a practice of recruiting for his prize camp only from the employees of his other camps, that, as Jimmy said, he never "hired straight into One." I had heard, too, of his reputation among his own and other woodsmen. But this was the first time I had ever come into personal contact with his influence. It impressed me the more in that I had come to know Jimmy Powers and his kind.

"You deserve it, every bit," said I. "I'm not going to call you a hero, because that would make you tired. What you did this afternoon showed nerve. It was a brave act. But it was a better act because you rescued your enemy, because you forgot everything but your common humanity when danger—"

I broke off. Jimmy was again looking at me with his ironically quizzical grin.

"Bub," said he, "if you're going to hang any stars of Bethlehem on my Christmas tree, just call a halt right here. I didn't rescue that scalawag because I had any Christian sentiments, nary bit. I was just naturally savin' him for the birling match next Fourther July."

—*Stewart Edward White*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you can answer the first five questions without referring to the story.

1. Give an oral description of a birling match so that the class will get as clear a picture of it as Mr. White gives.
2. Discuss fully the question of whether or not Jimmy Powers would have been justified in **not** attempting to rescue Dickey Darrell.
3. Describe the conditions around the lumber camp and the habits of the rivermen.
4. Why wouldn't Jimmy Powers tell the crowd that Roaring Dick had "corked" him?

5. How does this affect your opinion of Jimmy Powers?
6. Write a description of the log jam and the rescue of Roaring Dick.

THE ROUND-UP

WORDS TO LEARN

Before you read this story look up the following words in Words to Learn.

vaqueros

disconcerted

maverick

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Zane Grey, the author of this selection, is himself a descendant of a famous frontier family. He always preferred outdoor life, and much of the material which he uses for his many interesting stories has been supplied by his extensive travels throughout the West. He knows the West from his personal experiences, and he understands it as have but few writers. His stories are full of its freedom, its dangers, its heroism and its beauties.

This selection is taken from his novel "The Light of Western Stars," which tells of the experiences of Madeline, a girl from New York accustomed to every luxury, who goes out to visit a big cattle ranch she had bought in the West. Although she is unaccustomed to the roughness of the life on the ranch, she is very anxious to learn all she can about the West and its people. Florence, one of the Western girls, offers to take her around and show her the interesting life of the West, and Madeline eagerly accepts this offer. One of the things that Florence takes her to see is the big round-up, and this selection tells you what she saw there.

THE ROUND-UP

"**W**E'RE up at the edge of the foothills," Florence said. "And there—see that cloud of dust down in the valley? It's the round-up. The boys are there, and the cattle. Wait, I'll give you the glasses."

By their aid Madeline saw in the foreground a great, dense herd of cattle with dark, thick streams and dotted

lines of cattle leading in every direction. She saw streaks and clouds of dust, running horses and a band of horses grazing; and she descried horsemen standing still like sentinels, and others in action.

"The round-up! I want to know all about it—to see it," declared Madeline. "Please tell me what it means, what it's for and then take me down there."

"It's sure a sight, Miss Hammond. I'll be glad to take you down, but I fancy you'll not want to go close. Few Eastern people who regularly eat their choice cuts of roast beef and porterhouse have any idea of the open range and the struggle cattle have to live and the hard life of cowboys."

"Tell me, please, all about the round-up," replied Madeline.

"Well, in the first place, every cattleman has to have a brand to identify his stock. Without it no cattleman, nor half a hundred cowboys if he had so many, could ever recognize all the cattle in a big herd. There are no fences on our ranges. They are all open to everybody. Some day I hope we'll be rich enough to fence a range. Now the different herds graze together. Every calf has to be caught, if possible, and branded with the mark of its mother. That's no easy job. A maverick is an unbranded calf that has been weaned and shifts for itself. The maverick then belongs to the man who finds it and brands it.

"These little calves that lose their mothers have a cruel time of it. Many of them die. Then the coyotes and wolves and lions prey on them. Every year we have two big round-ups, but the boys do some branding all the year. A calf should be branded as soon as it's found. This is a safeguard against cattle-thieves. We don't have the rustling of herds and bunches of cattle like we used to. But there's always the calf-thief, and always will be as long as there's cattle raising. The thieves have a good

many cunning tricks. They kill the calf's mother or steal and hide a calf and watch it till it's big enough to fare for itself. Then they brand it. They make imperfect brands and finish them at a later time.

"We have our big round-up in the fall, when there's plenty of grass and water, and all the riding-stock as well as the cattle are in fine shape. The cattlemen in the valley meet with their cowboys and drive in all the cattle they can find. Then they brand and cut out each man's herd and drive it toward home. Then they go on up or down the valley, make another camp, and drive in more cattle. It takes weeks."

"And the horses? I want to know about them," said Madeline, when Florence paused.

"Oh, the cow-ponies! Well, they sure are interesting. Broncos, the boys call them. Wild! they're wilder than the steers they have to chase. Bill's got broncos here that never have been broken and never will be. And not every boy can ride them either. But the *vaqueros* have the finest horses."

While they rode down the slope Madeline made good use of her eyes. Gradually the black dots she had seen enlarged and assumed shapes of cattle and horses moving around in a great dusty patch. In another half-hour Madeline rode behind Florence to the outskirts of the scene of action. They drew rein near a huge wagon in the neighborhood of which were more than a hundred horses grazing and whistling and trotting about and lifting their heads to watch the new-comers. A roar of tramping hoofs filled Madeline's ears. The lines of marching cattle had merged into a great, moving herd half obscured by dust.

"I can make out little of what is going on," said Madeline. "I want to go closer."

They trotted across half the intervening distance, and

when Florence halted again Madeline was still not satisfied and asked to be taken nearer. Then Al Hammond, Madeline's brother, saw them and wheeled his horse in their direction.

"Close enough," he called; and in the din his voice was not very clear. "It's not safe. Wild steers! I'm glad you came, girls. What do you think of that bunch of cattle?"

Madeline could scarcely reply what she thought, for the noise and dust and ceaseless action confused her.

"They're milling, Al," said Florence.

"We just rounded them up. Yes, they're milling, and that's bad. The *vaqueros* are hard drivers. They beat us all hollow, and we drove some, too." He was wet with sweat, black with dust, and out of breath. "I'm off now. Florence, my sister will have enough of this in about two minutes. Take her back to the wagon. I'll run in whenever I get a minute."

The bawling and bellowing, the crackling of horns and pounding of hoofs, the dusty whirl of cattle and the flying cowboys disconcerted Madeline and frightened her a little; but she was intensely interested and meant to stay there until she saw for herself what that strife of sound and action meant. She determined to see it little by little.

"Will you stay longer?" asked Florence; and, receiving an affirmative reply, she warned Madeline: "If a run-away steer or angry cow comes this way let your horse go. He'll get out of the way."

That lent the situation excitement, and Madeline became absorbed. The great mass of cattle seemed to be eddying like a whirlpool, and from that Madeline understood the significance of the range word "milling." But when Madeline looked at one end of the herd she saw cattle standing still, facing outward, and calves cringing close

in fear. The motion of the cattle slowed from the inside of the herd to the outside and gradually ceased. The roar and tramp of hoofs, and the crack of horns and thump of heads also ceased in some degree, but the bawling and bellowing continued. While she watched, the herd spread, grew less dense, and stragglers appeared to be about to bolt through the line of mounted cowboys.

From that moment so many things happened, and so swiftly, that Madeline could not see a tenth of what was going on within eyesight. It seemed horsemen darted into the herd and drove out cattle. Madeline pinned her gaze on one cowboy who rode a white horse and was chasing a steer. He whirled a lasso around his head and threw it; the rope streaked out and the loop caught the leg of the steer. The white horse stopped with wonderful suddenness, and the steer slid in the dust. Quick as a flash the cowboy was out of the saddle, and, grasping the legs of the steer before it could rise, he tied them with a rope. It had all been done almost as quickly as thought.

Another man came with what Madeline divined was a branding-iron. He applied it to the flank of the steer. Then it seemed the steer was up with a jump, wildly looking for some way to run, and the cowboy was circling his lasso. Madeline saw fires in the background, with a man in charge, evidently heating the irons. Then this same cowboy roped a heifer which bawled lustily when the hot iron seared its hide. Madeline saw the smoke rising from the touch of the iron, and the sight made her shrink and want to turn away, but she resolutely fought her sensitiveness. She had never been able to bear the sight of any animal suffering.

One of the men, Stillwell, rode up to the girls then and greeted them in his big voice.

“Right in the thick of it, hey? Wal, thet’s sure fine.

I'm glad to see that you ain't afraid of a little dust or the smell of burnin' hide an' hair."

"Couldn't you brand the calves without hurting them?" asked Madeline.

"Haw, Haw! Why, they ain't hurt none. They jest bawl for their mammas. Sometimes, though, we hev to hurt one jest to find which is his mamma."

"I want to know how you tell what brand to put on those calves that are separated from their mothers," asked Madeline.

"Thet's decided by the round-up bosses. They decide everything, an' they hev to be obeyed. There's Nick Steele, my boss. Watch him! He's ridin' a bay in among the cattle there. He orders the calves an' steers to be cut out. Then the cowboys do the cuttin' out an' the brandin'. We try to divide up the mavericks as near as possible."

At this juncture Madeline's brother joined the group.

"Wal, wal. Say, Al, your sister is sure takin' to the round-up," Stillwell said to him as he rode up.

The lithe, dark *vaqueros* fascinated Madeline. They were here, there, everywhere, with lariats flying, horses plunging back, jerking calves and yearlings to the grass. These *vaqueros* were the most superb horsemen Madeline had ever seen, and she had seen the Cossacks and Tartars of the Russian steppes. They were swift, graceful, daring; they never failed to catch a running steer, and the lassoes always went true. What sharp dashes the horses made, what wheelings here and there, what sudden stops, and how they braced themselves to withstand the shock!

The cowboys, likewise, showed wonderful horsemanship, and, reckless as they were, Madeline imagined she saw consideration for steed and cattle that was wanting in the *vaqueros*. They changed mounts oftener than the

Mexican riders, and the horses they unsaddled for fresh ones were not so spent, so wet, so covered with lather.

It was only after an hour or more of observation that Madeline began to realize the exceedingly toilsome and dangerous work the cowboys had to perform. There was little or no rest for them. They were continually among wild, vicious and wide-horned steers. In many instances they owed their lives to their horses. The danger came mostly when the cowboy leaped off to tie and brand a calf he had thrown. Some of the cows charged with lowered, twisting horns. Time and again Madeline's heart leaped to her throat for fear a man would be gored.

One cowboy roped a calf that bawled loudly. Its mother dashed in and just missed the kneeling cowboy as he rolled over. Then he had to run, and he could not run very fast. He was bow-legged and appeared awkward. Madeline saw another cowboy thrown and nearly run over by a plunging steer. His horse bolted as if it intended to leave the range.

Then close by Madeline a big steer went down at the end of a lasso. The cowboy who had thrown it nimbly jumped down, and at that moment his horse began to rear and prance and suddenly to lower his head close to the ground and kick high. He ran round in a circle, the fallen steer on the taut lasso acting as a pivot. The cowboy loosed the rope from the steer, and then was dragged about on the grass. Then two horses came into collision on the run. One horse went down; the rider of the other was unseated and was kicked before he could get up. This fellow limped to his mount and struck at him, while the horse showed his teeth in a vicious attempt to bite.

All the while this ceaseless activity was going on there was a strange uproar—bawl and bellow, the shock of heavy bodies meeting and falling, the shrill jabbering of the *vaqueros*, and the shouts and banterings of the cow-

boys. They took sharp orders and replied in jest. They went about this stern toil as if it were a game to be played in good humor. One sang a rollicking song, another whistled. The sun was hot and they, like their horses, were dripping with sweat. The characteristic red faces had taken on so much dust that cowboys could not be distinguished from *vaqueros* except by the difference in dress. Blood was not wanting on tireless hands. The air was thick, oppressive, rank with the smell of cattle and of burning hide.

Madeline began to sicken. She was choked with dust, and was almost stifled by the odor. But that made her all the more determined to stay there. Florence urged her to come away or at least move back out of the worst of it. Madeline, however, smilingly replied that she intended to stay until the day's work ended. Then Stillwell began to talk.

"You're seein' the life of the cattleman an' cowboy—the real thing—same as it was in the early days. The ranchers in Texas an' some in Arizona hev took on style, new-fangled idees that are good, an' I wish we could follow them. But we've got to stick to the old-fashioned, open-range round-up. It looks cruel to you, I can see that. Wal, mebbe so, mebbe so. I reckon all the strenuous work you've seen today ain't any tougher than most any day of a cowboy's life. Long hours on hossback, poor grub, sleepin' on the ground, lonesome watches, dust an' sun an' wind an' thirst, day in an' day out all the year round—that's what a cowboy has.

"Look at the cowboy there. See what little hair he has is snow-white. He's red an' thin an' hard—burned up. You notice that hump of his shoulders. An' his hands, when he gets close—jest take a peep at his hands. He can't pick up a pin. He can't hardly button his shirt or untie a knot in his rope. He looks sixty years old—

an old man. Wal, he ain't seen forty. He's a young man, but he's seen a lifetime fer every year. It was Arizona thet made him what he is, the Arizona desert an' the work of a cowman. He's seen some life, he has. He's a man, Miss, a wonderful man. Rough he'll seem to you. Wal, I'll show you pieces of quartz from the mountains back of my ranch an' they're thet rough they'd cut your hands. But there's pure gold in them. An' so it is with him an' many of these cowboys."

Madeline had never before seen the cowboys in their round-up. She wished to stay until the day's work was done and when she was ready to leave it was almost sunset. The day had been one of great interest and excitement for her.

She greatly admired the courage and skill of the cowboys in riding the bucking broncos and in lassoing the wild cattle. It was clear to her that the rough life out on the great plains made men strong and brave. She seemed to understand the open spirit of the ranges and of western people generally better than she could have if she had not witnessed the frontier life on the plains.

As Madeline rode away with Florence and her brother she said: "Stillwell is right in his praise of cowboys. They lead a hard, rough and dangerous life. They are, indeed, rough pieces of quartz but I can see that there is pure gold in them."

—Zane Grey

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Imagine yourself to be one of those looking on, and describe orally the round-up according to this outline:
 - a. The purpose of the round-up.
 - b. When it is held.
 - c. How it is carried on.
2. What did Florence mean when she said that the cattle were "milling"?
3. Select the part of this story that you enjoyed most and read it aloud.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"Since we cannot remember everything, we should choose to remember those things that are worth while."

In Part Three you have been reading about life in the Great Out-Doors. Test yourself to see how well you have remembered what you have read.

In the first section do you remember how John Muir climbed a pine tree to watch a windstorm as it raced through a mountain forest,—how human he made the trees in their self-reliant strength, and how helpful and friendly the wind seemed to him? In contrast with the bigness of the forest do you recall Robert Burns' tribute to a tiny daisy and how he drew a lesson for himself from the fate of the little flower?

You probably remember how the article on "The Wonders of the Heavens" made you feel the bigness of the universe and the littleness of this earth of ours—how it took the pompousness and conceit and pride out of man's claim to greatness, and helped to answer the question as to there being "a divinity that shapes our ends."

In the second section you will probably remember the thrill you got from the fight with a whale; the resourcefulness of John Muir and his dog "Stickeen"; the bravery of the riverman, and the courage and skill of the cowboys at the round-up.

Here are three thoughts that ought to remain with you after reading Part Three. 1. The wonder and beauty of Nature. 2. The smallness of our earth in comparison with the universe. 3. The opportunity for heroism and adventure that are all about us.

More about "The Great Out-Doors"

There are many books of the out-of-doors, but here are the titles of a few that you surely ought to read. 1. "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London. 2. "Story of My Boyhood and Youth," by John Muir. 3. "Indian Scout Talks," by Charles A. Eastman. 4. "Story of a Thousand Year Pine," by Enos Mills. 5. "Dr. Luke of Labrador," by Norman Duncan. 6. "The Blazed Trail," by Stewart Edward White. 7. "Roof and Meadow," by Dallas Lore Sharp. 8. "Sigurd, Our Golden Collie," by Katharine Lee Bates. 9. "The Virginian," by Owen Wister. 10. "Treasure Island," by R. L. Stevenson.

PART FOUR

LITERATURE THAT INSPIRES

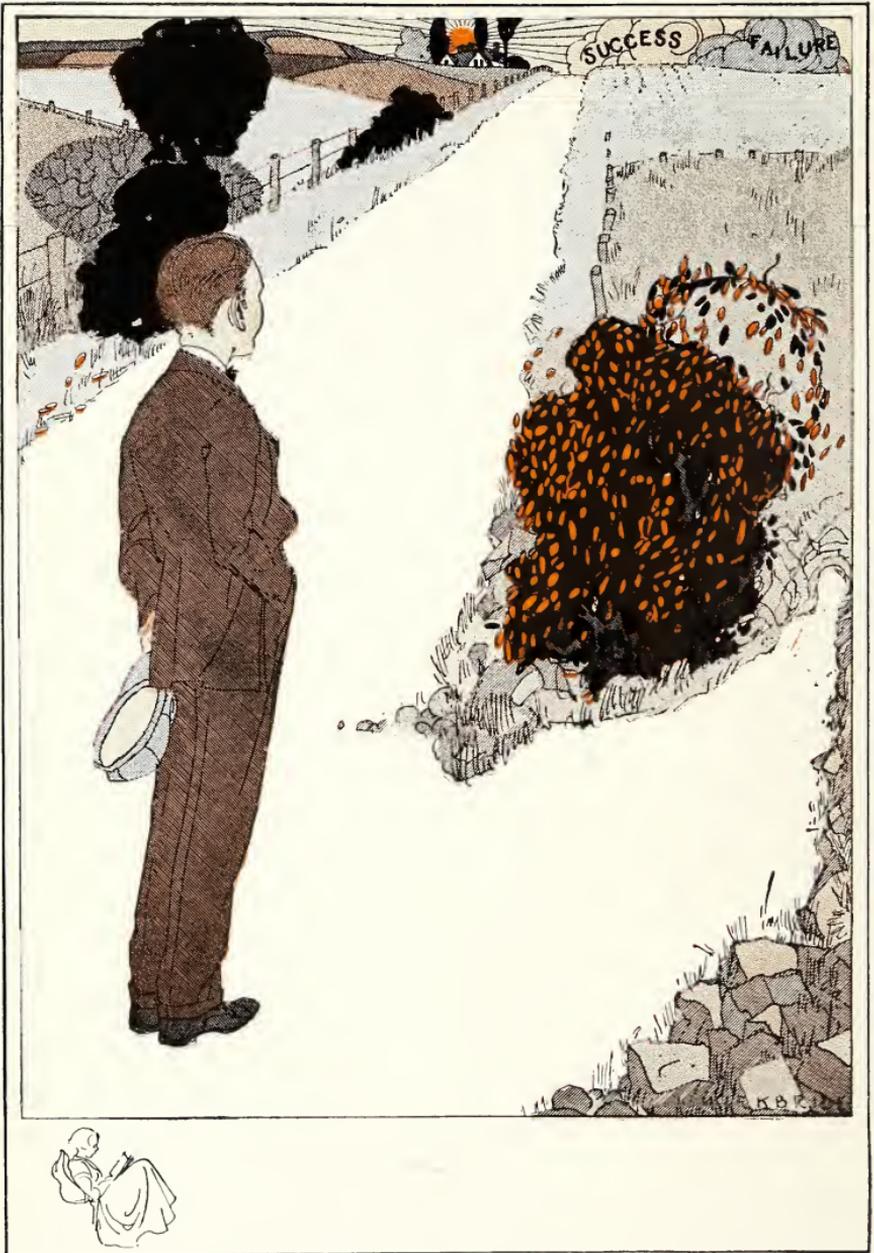
Making Friends with Books

ALL great literature is touched with inspiration. For this reason it has the power to inspire others. Next to the inspiration that comes from our association one with another, from friendship, from the meeting of great men, the greatest source of inspiration is found in great literature.

In books are preserved the minds of men long since dead. From between the covers of a book the great Shakespeare speaks to us again. Robert Burns has been dead many years, but open a volume of his wonderful love lyrics and he will sing his songs for us as he sang them of old. Every library is full of thousands of books that are so permeated with the spirit and life of the authors that they have the power to teach the art of living and inspire us to noble deeds.

Many books on the other hand are written for a day's pleasure. They entertain, they give relaxation from the burdens and stress of life, they serve a temporary purpose, but they are soon forgotten. In choosing our reading, we should choose those books that have the power to teach us the ideals of life, the secrets of success, and how to get on in the world.

The way we choose our friends among books is just as important as the way we choose our human friends. They may be an inspiration or a waste of time,—friends to go with us through life, or merely passing acquaintances. To have made friends with many good books is to have enriched your life beyond the wealth of Croesus.



*"Once to every man and nation comes the moment
to decide."*

IDEALS OF LIVING



The Central Thought

Ideals are the guide posts that determine the direction of our lives. Low ideals lead us down the easy path to the valleys and low levels of living. High ideals point the way upward. The road sometimes is rough and hard, but always there is the mountain top to lure us on, and as we climb upward our view becomes wider and more inspiring. One way to set up guide posts of high ideals is to read the best literature.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE WORLD

WORDS TO LEARN

There is one habit which will hasten success that the author does not mention in his article. It is the habit of adding new words to your vocabulary daily. The following list gives a number of words which you should make your own. Be sure to look them up in **Words to Learn** before you read this selection.

| | | |
|-------------|---------------|---------------|
| verity | prudence | sinister |
| affectation | simulations | attitudinizes |
| gravity | desolation | counterpart |
| jehu | remorseless | elimination |
| delta | versatilities | paraphrase |
| tangible | subtle | felicity |
| deferential | venerable | defer |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Albert J. Beveridge, the author of this selection, was for a number of years United States Senator from Indiana, in which position

he achieved fame as an orator and statesman. He achieved fame, however, not so much by luck and good fortune, as by his own efforts. His parents were poor, and when a boy, he had to make his living by working on a farm. He worked his way through college and made a brilliant record as a student. In the following selection Mr. Beveridge gives, from the wealth of his own experience, his advice to young men.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE WORLD

BE honest with the world and the world will be honest with you. This is the fundamental truth of all real prosperity and happiness. For the purposes of every man's daily affairs, all other maxims are to this central verity as the branches of a tree to its rooted trunk.

The world will be honest with you whether you are honest with it or not. You cannot trick it—remember that. If you try it, the world will punish you when it discovers your fraud. But be honest with the world from nobler motives than prudence.

Prudence will not make you *be* honest—it will only make you *act* honest. And you must *be* honest.

I do not mean that lowest form of honesty which bids you keep your hands clean of another's goods or money; I do not mean that you shall not be a "grafter," to use the foul and sinister word which certain base practices have recently compelled us to coin. Of course you will be honest in a money sense.

But that is only the beginning; you must go farther in your dealings with the world. You must be intellectually honest. Do not pretend to be what you are not—no affectations, no simulations, no falsehoods either of speech or thought, or conduct or attitude. Let truth abide in the very heart of you.

"I take no stock in that man; he poses his face, he attitudinizes his features. The man who tries to impress

me by his countenance is constitutionally false," said the editor of a powerful publication, in commenting on a certain personage then somewhat in the public eye.

You see how important honesty is even in facial expression. I emphasize this veracity of character because it is elemental. You may have all the gifts and graces, but if you have not this essential you are bankrupt. Be honest to the bone. Be clean of blood as well as of tongue.

Never try to create a deeper impression than Nature creates for you, and that means never attempt to create any impression at all. For example, never try to look wise. Many a front of gravity and weight conceals an intellectual desolation. In Moscow, Russia, you will find the exact external counterpart of Tolstoy. It is said that it is difficult to distinguish the philosopher from his double. Yet this duplicate in appearance of the greatest of modern writers is a cab driver without even the brightness of the jehu.

Be what you are, therefore, and no more; yes, and no less—which is equally important. In a word, start right. Be honest with yourself, too. If you have started wrong, go back and start over again. But don't change more than once. Some men never finish because they are always beginning. Be careful how you choose and then stick to your second choice. A poor claim steadily worked may be better than a good one half developed. The man who makes too many starts seldom makes anything else.

Don't pretend that you have a thousand dollars in the bank when you hold in your hands the bank's statement of your overdraft. Face your account with Nature like a man. For Nature is a generous, though a remorseless financier, delivering you your just due and exacting the uttermost of your debt. Also Nature renders you a daily accounting.

And, at the very beginning, Nature writes upon the

tablet of your inner consciousness an inventory of your strengths and of your weaknesses, and lists there those tasks which you are best fitted to perform—those tasks which Nature meant you to perform. For Nature put you here to do something; you were not born to be an ornament.

First, then, learn your limitations. Take time enough to think out just what you can not do. This process of elimination will soon reduce life's possibilities for you to a few things. Of these things select the one which is nearest you, and, having selected it, put all other loves from you.

Of course, you may be fitted for more than one thing. Caesar could have equaled if not surpassed Cicero in mere oratory had he not preferred to find, in war and government, a fame more enduring. But, if you try all things for which you may be equipped by Nature, you will so scatter your energies through the delta of your aptitudes that your very wealth and variety of gifts neutralizes them all. No. Pick out one of the things you can do well and let the others go. A tree is pruned on the same principle. Stick to one thing. Beware of your versatilities.

Your life's work chosen, give wing to your imagination. Behold yourself preëminent in your field of effort. Dream of yourself as the best civil engineer of your time, or the soundest banker or ablest merchant. If you are a farmer, fancy yourself the master of all the secrets science is daily discovering in this most engaging of occupations; picture yourself as the man who has accomplished most in the realm of agriculture.

Set for yourself the ideal of perfection in your calling—being sure that it is Nature's calling. Then let your dreams become beliefs; let your imaginings develop into faith. Complete the process of resolving to make that

belief come true. Then go ahead and make it come true. Keep your resolution bright. Never let it rust. Burnish it with work—untiring, unhasting, unyielding work.

Work—that is the magic word. In these four letters all possibilities are wrapped up. “Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.” Or let us paraphrase the sacred page and say—work and you will win. Work to your ideal. If you never reach it—and who can achieve perfection?—you surely will approach it.

Do not be impatient of your progress. If, to your own measurement, you seem to be moving slowly, remember that to the observation of your fellow men, you are making substantial and satisfactory advance, and, in the eye of your rivals, you are proceeding with unreasonable speed.

Don't pay any attention to how fast you are getting on but go ahead and get on. Keep working. And work with all your might. How wise the Bible is: “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” And keep on doing it—persist—persist. Again the Bible: “Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings.” Do not fear hard knocks. They are no sign that you will not finally win the battle. Indeed, ability to endure in silence is one of the best evidences that you will finally prevail.

Yes, put yourself into your work—and put all of yourself into your work. Having done that, be content with your effort—do not fret. If all you do yields the fruit you hope for, do not fret while that fruit is ripening. On the other hand, if your labor comes to nothing, still do not fret. A like fate has fallen upon uncounted millions before you and will come to unnumbered myriads after you. If you have done your best you have done more than the man who has done more than you but who has not done his best.

Do at least one thing every day which helps somebody else, and from which you cannot possibly harvest any profit and advantage. Do one thing every day that cannot in any way bring you tangible reward, directly or indirectly, now or ever.

I know of no discipline of character equal to this. After a while a subtle change will come over your nature. You will grow into an understanding of the practical value of the Master's words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." There comes to you an acquisition of power. Your influence, by a process which escapes any human analysis, reaches out over your associates, and, in proportion to the magnitude of your character, over humanity.

A man cannot select a surer road to character ruin than to have a selfish motive back of every action. To do all of your deeds, or most of them, with the thought of the advantage they will bring you, will result in paralysis of soul as surely as certain drugs introduced into the nerves for a long period or time will result in physical paralysis. I do not think that there can be a more valuable suggestion made to a young man facing the world and desiring to increase his powers than to practice unselfishness.

What is it we say of certain men: "Oh, he is only for himself." It is a Cain-like label. Never let it be pinned on your coat. In politics, note how the power of some leader dissolves when his followers find out that it is all for him and none for them. And in business we are all on our guard against the man who wants the whole thing, and will take it if he is not watched. Even when selfishness succeeds, it never satisfies. It is like the drunkard's thirst.

No, no, young man, put selfishness from you. It is not even the method of business profit. After all, we are living for happiness, are we not? Very well. Try to make

some one else happy, and experience a felicity more delicate and exalted than you ever imagined in your fondest dreams of joy. By all means practice unselfishness. "Get the habit," as our Americanism has it. Live for somebody or something besides yourself. Really none of us amounts to enough to live for ourselves alone. Oh, no! that game is not worth the candle, believe me.

Finally and especially, reverence age. Be deferential to maturity. This is the one thing in which we Americans are yet deficient. The man who has lived a single decade longer than you deserves your consideration and respect. Be in no haste to displace your seniors. Time will do that all too quickly. The finest characteristic of the Oriental is his profound regard for all age. Follow the Asiatic in this one thing only. Heed venerable counsel; defer to maturity's wisdom. There is something majestic about advancing years. Be to all men and women older than yourself what you would like other young men to be to your father and mother.

Be a man; that's the sum of it all—be a man! Be all that we Americans mean by those three words.

—*Albert J. Beveridge*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Try to answer the following questions without rereading the selection.

1. Name five habits which you think are essential to success.
2. Can you show the difference between the various kinds of honesty described by the author?
3. Why should one have an unselfish attitude toward his work?
4. What is the meaning of the expression "A Cain-like label"?
5. When you have found the thing you can do best, what is "the magic word" that will make you win?

IF

WORDS TO LEARN

Be sure to look up the following words in **Words to Learn** before trying to understand the poem.

impostor

knave

sinew

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India, and like most English children born in India, he was sent back to England to escape the deadly Indian heat. When he was seventeen, he returned to India and began a career of journalism. It was while he was engaged in reporting for newspapers that he gained his intimate knowledge of the variety and color of Indian life, which he later used so effectively in his stories.

Kipling's earlier stories and poems were written in haste to fill space in newspaper columns, but his first collection of verse "Departmental Ditties" was well received, and gained him sudden recognition as a poet in India. Before long his literary works, both poetry and prose, were so much in demand that he decided to devote his whole time to writing. Few writers since the time of Charles Dickens have received so enthusiastic a welcome from people of all ages and classes as was given Kipling.

Kipling stands almost unsurpassed as the master of the modern short story. He has also won great praise for the wonderful pictures that he has drawn of the English soldier. But probably his greatest claim to fame rests on his interpretation of the ideals and interests of the English speaking race. In 1907 he won the Nobel prize for idealism in literature. But his idealism is a practical one—an idealism which deals with the beauty, the joy and the meaning of everyday things.

"If" gives us one side of his idealism. Read it thoughtfully and you will better understand just what Kipling's idea of life and success is.

IF

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 allowance 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 these 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 them 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 breathe 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!
—*Rudyard Kipling*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. See if you can list five "ifs" after reading the selection once.
2. Can you think of any ways in which this poem applies to your daily life?
3. Memorize the entire poem.

THREE ARSHINS OF LAND

WORDS TO LEARN

This story contains a number of words, some of them Russian, which you will need to look up in **Words to Learn**, before trying to understand the selection.

| | | |
|------------|-------------|--------------|
| arshin | negotiate | vodka |
| dessyatin | admonish | copek |
| fodder | loggerheads | steppes |
| importune | Volga | kibitka |
| dissension | Samara | kumyss |
| ruble | versts | tarantass |
| foal | mujik | confirmation |
| earnest | Bashkirs | appropriated |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Leo Tolstoy, the Russian novelist and social reformer, wrote many intimate and dramatic stories of the life of the peasants of his country. The son of a Russian nobleman, he was given opportunities of observation and education that made it possible for him later to play a leading part in the movement for the betterment of the peasants.

Tolstoy was greatly interested in raising the peasants from the social depths to which they had sunk, but his theories and practices were so far in advance of the times that he incurred the displeasure of the Russian government, and was forced to abandon many of his plans. In his writings he painted in never-fading colors the common life of the lower classes, their ambitions, hopes and fears. His characters live and act against a real background.

THREE ARSHINS OF LAND

PAKHOM'S neighbor was a lady who owned a little estate. She had one hundred and twenty dessyatins. For a long time she had never harmed the peasants in any way, living in peace with them. But lately she had installed a retired soldier as superintendent, and he worried the peasants with fines. No matter how careful Pakhom was, a horse would invade his neighbor's oat-

field, or his cow would stray into her garden or the calves into the pasture. There was a fine for everything.

Pakhom paid, growled, beat his family, and in the course of the summer laid up much sin upon his soul because of the superintendent. He found relief only by keeping his cattle in the yard. He begrudged the fodder, but he was thus spared much anxiety.

In the winter the rumor spread that his neighbor meant to dispose of her land and that the superintendent thought of buying it. When the peasants heard this they were greatly troubled.

If the superintendent becomes the master, they judged, there will be no end to the fines.

They importuned the lady to sell the land to the community and not to the superintendent. As they promised to pay her more than the latter, she agreed. The peasants held a meeting, then met again, but came to no understanding. The Devil sowed dissensions. Finally they decided that each should buy land according to his means, and the owner consented again.

When Pakhom heard that a neighboring peasant had bought twenty dessyatins of the land, with time extension to pay one-half of the purchase price, he became envious. "They'll sell the whole land, and I'll go empty-handed." He consulted with his wife. "The peasants are buying land. We must get ten dessyatins," he said. They considered how to arrange the matter.

They had saved a hundred rubles. They sold a foal, one-half of their beehives, hired the son out as a laborer, and thus succeeded in scraping one-half of the money together.

Pakhom looked over a tract of land of fifteen dessyatins, with a grove, and negotiated with his neighbor. He contracted for the fifteen dessyatins and paid his earnest money. Then they drove to the city and made out the

deed. He paid one-half of the money and agreed to pay the rest in two years. Pakhom now had land.

He borrowed money from his brother-in-law, bought seed and sowed the purchased land. Everything came up beautifully. Inside of a year he was able to pay off his debts to the neighbor and to his brother-in-law. Pakhom was now a landowner in his own right. He cultivated his own ground, and cut his own pasturage. He was overjoyed. The grass had another look; different kinds of flowers seemed to bloom on it. Once upon a time this land had looked to him the same as any other, but now it was a specially blessed piece of God's earth.

Pakhom was enjoying life. Everything would be well now if the peasants only left his fields alone, if they did not let their cattle graze on his meadows. He admonished them in a friendly fashion. But they did not desist from driving their cows on his land, and at night the strangers' horses invaded his grain. Pakhom chased them and for a time did not lay it up against the peasants. Finally, however, he lost patience and made a complaint to the court. He knew very well, though, that necessity forced the peasants to do this, not love of wrongdoing. Still, he thought, he would have to teach them a lesson, or they would graze his land bare. A good lesson might be useful.

With the help of the court he taught them more than one lesson; more than one peasant was fined. And so it happened that the peasants were in no amiable mood towards him and were eager to play tricks on him. He was soon at loggerheads with all his neighbors. His land had grown, but the confines of the community seemed all too narrow now.

One day, as he was seated at home, a traveling peasant asked for a lodging. Pakhom kept him over night, gave him plenty of meat and drink, inquired where he came from and talked of this and that. The peasant related

that he was on the way from the lower Volga region, where he had been working. Many peasants had settled there. They were received into the community and ten dessyatins were allotted to each. Beautiful land! It made the heart feel glad to see it full of sheaves. A peasant had come there naked and poor, with empty hands, and now he had fifty dessyatins under wheat. Last year he sold his one crop of wheat for five thousand rubles.

Pakhom listened with delight. He thought: why plague oneself in this crowded section, if one can live fine elsewhere? I will sell my land and property and from the proceeds I will buy land on the lower Volga and start a farm. Here in this crowded corner there is nothing but quarreling. I will go and look things over for myself.

When summer came he started on his journey. He went by boat to Samara on the Volga, then four thousand versts on foot. When he arrived at his journey's end he found things even as they had been reported to him. Ten dessyatins were allotted to each person, and the mujiks were glad to receive the stranger into the community. If a man brought money with him he was welcome and could buy as much land as he pleased. Three rubles a dessyatın was the price for the best land.

When Pakhom had investigated everything, he returned home, sold his land at a profit, sold his homestead and cattle, took leave from his community, and, when the spring came around, he journeyed with his family to the new lands.

When he reached his destination with his family, Pakhom settled in a large village and registered in the community. Having treated the elders, he received his papers in good order. He had been taken into the community, and, in addition to the pasturage, land for five souls—fifty dessyatins in all—were allotted to him. He built a homestead and bought cattle. His allotment was twice

as large as his former holdings. And what fertile land! He had enough of everything and could keep as many head of cattle as he wished.

In the beginning, while he was building and equipping his homestead, he was well satisfied. But after he had lived there a while he began to feel that the new lands were too narrow. The first year Pakhom sowed wheat on his allotted land. It came up bountifully, and this created a desire to have more land at his disposal. He drove over to the merchant and leased some land for a year. The seed yielded a plentiful harvest. Unfortunately the fields were quite far from the village and the gathered grain had to be carted for a distance of fifteen versts. He saw peasant traders in the neighborhood owning dairies and amassing wealth. How much better were it, thought Pakhom, to buy land instead of leasing it, and to start dairying. That would give me a well-rounded property, all in one hand.

Then he came across a peasant who owned five hundred dessyatins of land, but found himself ruined and was eager to dispose of his property at a low figure. They closed a deal. Pakhom was to pay fifteen hundred rubles, one-half down, one-half later.

About this time a traveling merchant stopped at Pakhom's farm to feed his horses. They drank tea and spoke of this and that. The merchant told him that he was on his way home from the land of the Bashkirs. He had bought land there, about five thousand dessyatins, and had paid one thousand rubles for it. Pakhom made inquiries. The merchant willingly gave information.

"Only one thing is needful," he explained, "and that is to do some favor to their Chief. I distributed raiment and rugs among them, which cost me a hundred rubles, and I divided a chest of tea between them, and whoever wanted it had his fill of vodka. I got the dessyatin land

for twenty copeks. Here is the deed. The land along the river and even on the steppes is wheat-growing land."

Pakhom made further inquiries.

"You couldn't walk the land through in a year," reported the merchant. "All this is Bashkir-land. The men are as simple as sheep; one could buy from them almost for nothing."

And Pakhom thought: "Why should I buy for my thousand rubles five hundred dessyatins of land and hang a debt around my neck, while for the same amount I can acquire immeasurable property?"

Pakhom inquired the way to the land of the Bashkirs. As soon as he had seen the merchant off he made ready for the journey. He left the land and the homestead in his wife's charge and took only one of his farmhands along. In a neighboring city they bought a chest of tea, other presents, and some vodka, as the merchant had instructed them.

They rode and rode. They covered five hundred versts and on the seventh day they came into the land of the Bashkirs and found everything just as the merchant had described. On the riverside and in the steppes the Bashkirs live in kibitkas. They do not plow. They eat no bread. Cows and horses graze on the steppes. They make kumyss out of mare's milk, and the women shake the kumyss to make cheese. The men drink kumyss and tea, eat mutton, and play the flute all day long. They are all fat and merry, and idle the whole summer through. Ignorant folk, they cannot speak Russian, but they were very friendly.

When they caught sight of Pakhom, the Bashkirs left their tents and surrounded him. An interpreter was at hand, whom Pakhom informed that he had come to buy land. The Bashkirs showed their joy and led Pakhom into their good tent. They bade him sit down on a fine rug,

propped him up with downy cushions and treated him to tea and kumyss. They also slaughtered a sheep and offered him meat. Pakhom fetched from his tarantass the chest of tea and other presents and distributed them among the Bashkirs. The Bashkirs were overjoyed. They talked and talked among themselves and finally they ordered the interpreter to speak.

"They want me to tell you," said the interpreter, "that they have taken a liking to you. It is our custom to favor the guest in all possible ways and to return gifts for gifts. You have given us presents, now tell us what do you like of what we have so that we may give you presents also."

"Most of all I like land," replied Pakhom. "We're crowded where I am at home and everything is already under the plow. But you have good land and plenty of it. In all my born days I have never seen land like yours."

The Bashkirs were now talking again, and all at once it looked as though they were quarreling. Pakhom asked why they were quarreling. The interpreter replied:

"Some of them think that the Chief should be consulted, and that no agreement ought to be made without him; but the others say it can be done without the Chief just as well."

While the Bashkirs were yet arguing, a man with a hat of fox fur entered the tent. Everybody stopped talking and they all rose.

"This is the Chief."

Pakhom immediately produced the best sleeping robe and five pounds of tea. The Chief accepted the presents and sat down in the place of honor. The Bashkirs spoke to him. He listened, smiled and addressed Pakhom in Russian.

"Well," he said, "that can be done. Help yourself, wherever it suits you. There is plenty of land."

"How can I do this, though," thought Pakhom. "Some official confirmation is necessary. Otherwise they say today, help yourself, but afterwards they may take it away again." And he said:

"Thank you for these good words. You have plenty of land, and I need but little. Only I must know what land belongs to me. It must be measured and I need some sort of a confirmation. For God's will rules over life and death. You are good people and you give me the land; but it may happen that your children will take it away again."

The Chief laughed. "Surely this can be done," he agreed. "A confirmation so strong that it cannot be made stronger."

Pakhom replied: "I heard that a merchant had been here among you. You sold him land and gave him a deed. I should like to have it the same way."

The Chief immediately understood. "This too can be done," he exclaimed. "We have a writer. We will drive to the city and have the seals put on."

"We have but one price: one thousand rubles a day."

Pakhom failed to comprehend what sort of measure a day would be. "How many dessyatins will that make?"

"That we cannot figure out. For one day we sell you as much land as you can walk around in one day. The price of one day is one thousand rubles."

Pakhom looked surprised. "One can walk around a lot of land in one day," he said.

The Chief smiled. "Everything will be yours, but on one condition. If in the course of the day you do not return to the place you start from, your money is lost."

"But how can it be noted how far I have gone?"

"We will stay right at the starting point. Our lads will ride behind you. Where you command they will drive in a stake. Then we shall mark furrows from stake to

stake. Choose your circle to suit yourself, only before sunset be back at the spot where you started from. All the land that you walk around shall be yours."

Pakhom assented. It was decided to start early in the morning. They conversed for a while, drank kumyss and tea and ate more mutton. When the night set in Pakhom retired to sleep and the Bashkirs dispersed. In the morning they were to meet again in order to journey to the starting point.

Pakhom could not fall asleep. He had his mind on the land. What manner of things he thought of introducing there! "A whole principality I have before me! I can easily make fifty versts in one day. The days are long now. Fifty versts encompass ten thousand dessyatins. I will have to knuckle down to no one. I'll plow as much as may suit me; the rest I'll use for a pasturage."

The whole night through he was unable to close his eyes; only towards morning he dozed restlessly. Hardly had he begun to doze when he saw a vision. He was lying in his kibitka and heard laughter outside. To see who it was that laughed he stepped out of the kibitka and found the chief of the Bashkirs. He was holding his hands to his sides and fairly shaking with laughter. Pakhom approached him in his dream to find out why he was laughing, but now, instead of the Bashkir, he saw the merchant who had come to his farm and told him of this land. Just as he wanted to ask him how long he had been there, he saw that it was no longer the merchant but the mujik who had called on him at his old homestead and told him of the lower Volga region. And now again it was no longer the mujik, but the Devil himself, with horns and hoofs, and he laughed and stared at one spot. What is he looking upon? wondered Pakhom; why is he laughing? In his dream he saw a man lying outstretched, barefoot, clad only in a shirt and a pair of trousers, with

his face turned upward, white as a sheet. As he looked again to see what manner of man it was, he saw clearly that it was he himself.

He awoke with the horror of it. What dreadful things one sees in a dream! He looked about. It was commencing to dawn. The people must be aroused. It was time to journey to the starting place.

Pakhom arose, waked his servant, who had been sleeping in the tarantass, harnessed the horses and went to wake the Bashkirs.

"It is time," he said, "to travel to the steppe."

The Bashkirs got up, assembled, and the chief came among them. Again they drank tea and wanted to treat Pakhom, but he urged them to be off.

"If we go, let it be done at once," he remarked. "It is high time."

The Bashkirs made ready, some of them on horseback, others in tarantasses. Pakhom, accompanied by his servant, drove in his own cart. They came to the steppe as the morning sun was beginning to crimson the sky, and driving over to a little hillock they gathered together. The chief came towards Pakhom and pointed with his hand to the steppes.

"All this land that you see," he said, "as far as your eye can reach, is ours. Choose to suit yourself."

Pakhom's eyes shone. In the distance he saw grass land, smooth as the palm of his hand, black as poppy seeds. In the deeper places the grass was growing shoulder high.

The chief took his fur cap and placed it in the middle of the hill.

"This is the landmark. Here place your gold. Your servant will stay here. Go from this point hence and come back again. All the land which you encompass walking is yours."

Pakhom took out the money and laid it on the cap. He took off his coat, keeping the vest on, took a bag of bread, tied a flat water bottle to his belt, pulled up his top boots and made ready to go. He hesitated for a while which direction to take. The view was everywhere enchanting.

Finally he said to himself "I'll go towards the rising of the sun."

He faced the East and stretched himself waiting for the sun to appear above the horizon. There was no time to lose. It is better walking in the cool of the morning. The riders took up their positions behind him. As soon as the sun was visible, he set off, followed by the men on horseback.

He walked neither briskly nor slowly. He had walked about a verst without stopping when he ordered a stake to be driven in. Once again in motion, he hastened his steps and soon ordered another stake to be put in. He looked back; the hill was still to be seen with the people on it. Looking up at the sun he figured that he had walked about five versts. It had grown warm, so he doffed his vest. Five versts further the heat began to trouble him. Another glance at the sun showed him it was time for breakfast.

"I have already covered a good stretch," he thought. "Of course, there are four of these to be covered today, still it is too early to turn yet; but I'll take my boots off." He sat down, took off his boots and went on. The walking was now easier. "I can go five versts more," he thought, "and then turn to the left."

The further he went, the more beautiful the land grew. He walked straight ahead. As he looked again, the hill was hardly to be seen and the people on it looked like ants.

"Now it's time to turn back," he thought. "How hot I am! I feel like having a drink."

He took his bottle with water and drank while walking.

Then he made them drive in another stake and turned to the left. He walked and walked; the grass was high, the sun beat down with evergrowing fierceness. Weariness now set in. A glance at the sun showed him that it was midday.

"I must rest," he thought. He stopped and ate a little bread. "If I sit down to eat, I'll fall asleep." He stood for a while, caught his breath and walked on.

For a time it was easy. The food had refreshed him and given him new strength. But it was too oppressively hot and sleep threatened to overcome him. He fell exhausted. "Well," he thought, "an hour of pain for an age of joy."

In this second direction he walked nearly ten versts. He meant then to turn to the left, but lo! the section was so fine—a luxuriant dale. Pity to give it up! What a wonderful place for flax! And again he walked straight on, appropriated the dale and marked the place with a stake. Now only he made his second turning. Casting his glance at the starting point he could hardly discern any people on the hill.

"Must be about fifteen versts away. I have made the two sides too long and I must shorten the third. Though the property will turn out irregular in this way, what else can be done? I must turn in and walk straight toward the hill. I must hasten and guard against useless turns. I have plenty of land now." And he turned and walked straight toward the hill.

Pakhom's feet ached. He had worked them almost to a standstill. His knees were giving way. He felt like taking a rest, but he dared not. He had no time; he must be back before sunset. The sun does not wait. He ran on as though some one were driving him.

"Did I not make a mistake? Did I not try to grab too much? If I only get back in time! It is so far off, and I

am all played out. If only all my trouble and labor be not in vain! I must exert myself to the utmost."

He shivered and ran onward in a trot. His feet were bleeding now. Still he ran. He cast off his vest, the boots, the bottle, the cap. "I was too greedy! I have ruined all! I can't get back by sunset!"

It was getting worse all the time. Fear shortened his breath. He ran on. The shirt and trousers were sticking to his body, his mouth was all dried out, his bosom was heaving like the bellows in a forge, his heart was beating like a hammer, the knees felt as though they were another's and gave under him.

He hardly thought of the land now; he merely thought what to do so as not to die from exertion. Yes, he feared to die, but he could not stop. "I have run so much that if I stop now they will call me a fool."

The Bashkirs, he could hear clearly, were screaming and calling. Their noise added fuel to his burning heart. With the last effort of his strength he ran. The sun was close to the horizon, but the hill was quite near now. The Bashkirs were beckoning, calling. He saw the fur cap, saw his money in it, saw the chief squatting on the ground with his hands at his stomach. He remembered his dream. "Earth there is a-plenty," he thought, "but will God let me live thereon? Ah, I have destroyed myself." And still he kept on running.

He looked at the sun. It was large and crimson, touching the earth and beginning to sink. He reached the foot of the hill. The sun had gone down. A cry of woe escaped from his lips. He thought all was lost. But he remembered that the sun must yet be visible from a higher spot. He rushed up the hill. There was the cap. He stumbled and fell, but reached the cap with his hands.

"Good lad!" exclaimed the chief. "You have gained much land."

As Pakhom's servant rushed to his side and tried to lift him, blood was flowing from his mouth. He was dead.

The servant lamented.

The chief was still squatting on the ground, and now he began laughing loudly and holding his sides. Then he rose to his feet, threw a spade to the servant and said, "Here, dig!"

The Bashkirs all clambered to their feet and drove away. The servant remained alone with the corpse.

He dug a grave for Pakhom, the measure of his body from head to foot—three arshins and no more. There he buried Pakhom.

—*Leo Tolstoy*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you can answer the following questions after reading the story once.

1. What were the changes Pakhom made?
2. Why did he make them?
3. Why did the Bashkirs make such a generous offer to Pakhom?
4. What have you learned from this story?

THE GUNSMITH

WORDS TO LEARN

It would be well to look up the following words in *Words to Learn* before studying the story. Consult your dictionary for any other unfamiliar words.

| | | |
|---------------|------------|--------------|
| flotsam | diligent | catnip |
| boneset | stertorous | consonance |
| Phaëthon | feigned | physique |
| incorruptible | epic | incalculable |
| guise | perversity | approbation |
| intimation | inevitable | humility |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

We often hear people who are visiting us or our friends speak of the longing they have to go "back home" where they know people and places, and "feel at home." It was just such a feeling that moved Carlstrom to long to go "home."

Ray Stannard Baker, who sometimes writes under the name of "David Grayson," has written many essays and sketches of everyday life. Among the most charming of these sketches are "Adventures in Friendship," from which this selection is taken. He tells interesting little stories to illustrate the points that he wishes to make, and the charm of these stories lies in their reality, and the humor and pathos that he weaves into them.

THE GUNSMITH

HARRIET and I had the first intimation of what we have since called the "gunsmith problem" about ten days ago. It came to us, as was to be expected, from that accomplished spreader of burdens, the Scotch Preacher. When he came in to call on us that evening after supper I could see that he had something important on his mind; but I let him get to it in his own way.

"David," he said finally, "Carlstrom, the gunsmith, is going home to Sweden."

"At last!" I exclaimed.

Dr. McAlway paused a moment and then said hesitatingly:

"He *says* he is going."

Harriet laughed. "Then it's all decided," she said; "he isn't going."

"No," said the Scotch Preacher, "it's not decided—yet."

"Dr. McAlway hasn't made up his mind," I said, "whether Carlstrom is to go or not."

But the Scotch Preacher was in no mood for joking.

"David," he said, "did you ever know anything about the homesickness of the foreigner?"

He paused a moment and then continued, nodding his great shaggy head:

"Man, man, how my old mither greeted for Scotland! I mind how a sprig of heather would bring tears to her eyes; and for twenty years I dared not whistle 'Bonnie Doon' or 'Charlie Is My Darling' lest it break her heart. 'Tis a pain you've not had, I'm thinking, Davy."

"We all know the longing for old places and old times," I said.

"No, no, David, it's more than that. It's the wanting and the longing to see the hills of your own land, and the town where you were born, and the street where you played and the house——"

He paused, "Ah, well, it's hard for those who have it."

"But I haven't heard Carlstrom refer to Sweden for years," I said. "Is it homesickness, or just old age?"

"There ye have it, Davy; the nail right on the head!" exclaimed the Scotch Preacher. "Is it homesickness, or is he just old and tired?"

With that we fell to talking about Carlstrom, the gunsmith. I have known him pretty nearly ever since I came here, now more than ten years ago—and liked him well, too—but it seemed, as Dr. McAlway talked that evening, as though we were making the acquaintance of quite a new and wonderful person. How dull we all are! How we need such an artist as the Scotch Preacher to mould heroes out of the common human clay around us! It takes a sort of greatness to recognize greatness.

In an hour's time the Scotch Preacher had both Harriet and me much excited, and the upshot of the whole matter was that I promised to call on Carlstrom the next day when I went to town.

I scarcely needed the prompting of the Scotch Preacher,

for Carlstrom's gunshop has for years been one of the most interesting places in town for me. I went to it now with a new understanding.

Afar off I began to listen for Carlstrom's hammer, and presently I heard the familiar sounds. There were two or three mellow strokes, and I knew that Carlstrom was making the sparks fly from the red iron. Then the hammer rang, and I knew he was striking down on the cold steel of the anvil. It is a pleasant sound to hear.

Carlstrom's shop is around the corner from the main street. You may know it by a great weather-beaten wooden gun fastened over the doorway, pointing in the daytime at the sky, and in the night at the stars. A stranger passing that way might wonder at the great gun and possibly say to himself:

"A gunshop! How can a man make a living mending guns in such a peaceful community!"

Such a remark merely shows that he doesn't know Carlstrom, nor the shop, nor *us*.

I tied my horse at the corner and went down to the shop with a peculiar new interest. I saw as if for the first time the old wheels which have stood weathering so long at one end of the building. I saw under the shed at the other end the wonderful assortment of old iron pipes, kettles, tires, a pump or two, many parts of farm machinery, a broken water wheel, and I don't know what other flotsam of thirty years of diligent mending of the iron works of an entire community. All this, you may say—the disorder of old iron, the cinders which cover part of the yard but do not keep out the tangle of goldenrod and catnip and boneset which at this time of the year grows thick along the neighboring fences—all this, you say, makes no inviting picture. You are wrong. Where honest work is, there is always that which invites the eye.

I know of few things more inviting than to step up to the wide-open doors and look into the shop. The floor, half of hard worn boards half of cinders, the smoky rafters of the roof, the confusion of implements on the benches, the guns in the corners—how all of these things form the subdued background for the flaming forge and the square chimney above it.

At one side of the forge you will see the great dusky bellows and you will hear its stertorous breathing. In front stands the old brown anvil set upon a gnarly maple block. A long sweep made of peeled hickory wood controls the bellows, and as you look in upon this lively and pleasant scene you will see that the grimy hand of Carlstrom himself is upon the hickory sweep. As he draws it down and lets it up again with the peculiar rhythmic swing of long experience—heaping up his fire with a little iron paddle held in the other hand—he hums to himself in a high curious old voice, no words at all, just a tune of contented employment in consonance with the breathing of the bellows and the mounting flames of the forge.

As I stood for a moment in the doorway the other day before Carlstrom saw me, I wished I could picture my friend as the typical blacksmith with the brawny arms, the big chest, the deep voice and all that. But as I looked at him newly, the Scotch Preacher's words still in my ears, he seemed, with his stooping shoulders, his gray beard not very well kept, and his thin gray hair, more than ordinarily small and old.

I remember as distinctly as though it were yesterday the first time Carlstrom really impressed himself upon me. It was in my early blind days at the farm. I had gone to him with a part of a horse-rake which I had broken on one of my stony hills.

“Can you mend it?” I asked.

If I had known him better I should never have asked

such a question. I saw, indeed, at the time that I had not said the right thing; but how could I know then that Carlstrom never let any broken thing escape him? A watch, or a gun, or a locomotive—they are all alike to him if they are broken. I believe he would agree to patch the wrecked chariot of Phaëthon!

A week later I came back to the shop.

“Come in, come in,” he said when he saw me.

He turned from his forge, set his hands on his hips and looked at me a moment with feigned seriousness.

“So!” he said. “You have come for your job?”

He softened the “j” in job; his whole speech, indeed, had the engaging inflection of the Scandinavian tongue overlaid upon the English words.

“So,” he said, and went to his bench with a quick step and an air of almost childish eagerness. He handed me the parts of my hay-rake without a word. I looked them over carefully.

“I can’t see where you mended them,” I said.

You should have seen his face brighten with pleasure! He allowed me to admire the work in silence for a moment and then he had it out of my hand, as if I couldn’t be trusted with anything so important, and he explained how he had done it. A special tool for his lathe had been found necessary in order to do my work properly. This he had made at his forge, and I suppose it had taken him twice as long to make the special tool as it had to mend the parts of my rake; but when I would have paid him for it he would take nothing save for the mending itself. Nor was this a mere rebuke to a doubter. It had delighted him to do a difficult thing, to show the really great skill he had. Indeed, I think our friendship began right there and was based upon the favor I did in bringing him a job that I thought he couldn’t do!

When he saw me the other day in the door of his shop he seemed greatly pleased.

"Come in, come in," he said.

"What is this I hear," I said, "about your going back to Sweden?"

"For forty years," he said, "I've been homesick for Sweden. Now I'm an old man and I'm going home."

"But, Carlstrom," I said, "we can't get along without you. Who's going to keep us mended up?"

"You have Charles Baxter," he said, smiling.

For years there had been a quiet sort of rivalry between Carlstrom and Baxter, though Baxter is in the country and works chiefly in wood.

"But Baxter can't mend a gun or a hay-rake, or a pump, to save his life," I said. "You know that."

The old man seemed greatly pleased; he had the simple vanity which is the right of the true workman. But for answer he merely shook his head.

"I have been here forty years," he said, "and all the time I have been homesick for Sweden."

I found that several men of the town had been in to see Carlstrom and talked with him of his plans, and even while I was there two other friends came in. The old man was delighted with the interest shown. After I left him I went down the street. It seemed as though everybody had heard of Carlstrom's plans, and here and there I felt that the secret hand of the Scotch Preacher had been at work. At the store where I usually trade the merchant talked about it, and the postmaster when I went in for my mail, and the clerk at the drug store, and the harness-maker. I had known a good deal about Carlstrom in the past, for one learns much of his neighbors in ten years, but it seemed to me that day as though his history stood out as something separate and new and impressive.

When he first came here forty years ago I suppose Carlstrom was not unlike most of the foreigners who immigrate to our shores, fired with faith in a free country. He was poor—as poor as a man could possibly be. For several years he worked on a farm—hard work, for which, owing to his frail physique, he was not well fitted. But he saved money constantly, and after a time he was able to come to town and open a little shop. He made nearly all of his tools with his own hands, he built his own chimney and forge, he even whittled out the wooden gun which stands for a sign over the door of his shop.

He had learned his trade in the careful old-country way. Not only could he mend a gun, but he could make one outright, even to the barrel and the wooden stock. In all the years I have known him he has always had on hand some such work—once I remember, a pistol—which he was turning out at odd times for the very satisfaction it gave him. He could not sell one of his hand-made guns for half as much as it cost him, nor does he seem to want to sell them, preferring rather to have them stand in the corner of his shop where he can look at them. His is the incorruptible spirit of the artist!

What a tremendous power there is in work. Carlstrom worked. He was up early in the morning to work, and he worked in the evening as long as daylight lasted, and once I found him in his shop in the evening, bending low over his bench with a kerosene lamp in front of him. He was humming his inevitable tune and smoothing off with a fine file the nice curves of a rifle trigger. When he had trouble—and what a lot of it he has had in his time!—he worked; and when he was happy he worked all the harder. All the leisurely ones of the town drifted by, all the children and the fools, and often rested in the doorway of his shop. He made them all welcome: he talked with them, but he never stopped working. Clang, clang, would go

his anvil, wish, wish, would respond his bellows, creak, creak, would go the hickory sweep—he was helping the world go round!

All this time, though he had sickness in his family, though his wife died, and then his children one after another until only one now remains, he worked and he saved. He bought a lot and built a house to rent; then he built another house. Then he bought the land where his shop stands and rebuilt the shop itself. It was an epic of homely work. He took part in the work of the church and on election days he changed his coat, and went to the town hall to vote.

In the years since I have known the old gunsmith and something of the town where he works, I have seen young men, born Americans, with every opportunity and encouragement of a free country, growing up there and going to waste. One day I heard one of them, sitting in front of a store, grumbling about the foreigners who were coming in and taking up the land. The young man thought it should be prevented by law. I said nothing; but I listened and heard from the distance the steady clang, clang, of Carlstrom's hammer upon the anvil.

Ketchell, the store-keeper, told me how Carlstrom had longed and planned and saved to be able to go back once more to the old home he had left. Again and again he had got almost enough money ahead to start, and then there would be an interest payment due, or a death in the family, and the money would all go to the banker, the doctor, or the undertaker.

"Of recent years," said Ketchell, "we thought he'd given up the idea. His friends are all here now, and if he went back, he certainly would be disappointed."

A sort of serenity seemed, indeed, to come upon him: his family lie on the quiet hill, old things and old times have grown distant, and upon that anvil of his before the

glowing forge he has beaten out for himself a real place in this community. He has beaten out the respect of a whole town; and from the crude human nature with which he started he has fashioned himself wisdom, and peace of mind, and the ripe humor which sees that God is in his world. There are men I know who read many books, hoping to learn how to be happy; let me commend them to Carlstrom, the gunsmith.

I have often reflected upon the incalculable influence of one man upon a community. The town is better for having stood often looking into the fire of Carlstrom's forge, and seeing his hammer strike. I don't know how many times I have heard men repeat observations gathered in Carlstrom's shop. Only the other day I heard the village school teacher say, when I asked him why he always seemed so merry and had so little fault to find with the world,

"Why," he replied, "as Carlstrom, the gunsmith says, 'when I feel like finding fault I always begin with myself and then I never get any farther.'"

Another of Carlstrom's sayings is current in the country.

"It's a good thing," he says, "when a man knows what he pretends to know."

The more I circulated among my friends, the more I heard of Carlstrom. It is odd that I should have gone all these years knowing Carlstrom, and yet never consciously until last week setting him in his rightful place among the men I know. It makes me wonder what other great souls about me are thus concealing themselves in the guise of familiarity. This stooped gray neighbor of mine whom I have seen so often working in his field that he has almost become a part of the landscape—who can tell what heroisms may be locked away from my vision under his old brown hat?

On Wednesday night Carlstrom was at Dr. McAlway's house—with Charles Baxter, my neighbor Horace, and several others. And I had still another view of him.

I think there is always something that surprises one in finding a familiar figure in a wholly new environment. I was so accustomed to the Carlstrom of the gunshop that I could not at once reconcile myself to the Carlstrom of Dr. McAlway's sitting-room. And, indeed, there was a striking change in his appearance. He came dressed in the quaint black coat which he wears at funerals. His hair was brushed straight back from his broad, smooth forehead and his mild blue eyes were bright behind an especially shiny pair of steel-bowed spectacles. He looked more like some old-fashioned college professor than he did like a smith.

The old gunsmith had that pride of humility which is about the best pride in this world. He was perfectly at home at the Scotch Preacher's hearth. Indeed, he radiated a sort of beaming good will; he had a native desire to make everything pleasant. I did not realize before what a fund of humor the old man had. The Scotch Preacher rallied him on the number of houses he now owned, and suggested that he ought to get a wife to keep at least one of them for him. Carlstrom looked around with a twinkle in his eye.

"When I was a poor man," he said, "and carried boxes from Ketchell's store to help build my first shop, I used to wish I had a wheelbarrow. Now I have four. When I had no house to keep my family in, I used to wish that I had one. Now I have four. I have thought sometimes I would like a wife—but I have not dared to wish for one."

The old gunsmith laughed noiselessly, and then from habit, I suppose, began to hum as he does in his shop—stopping instantly, however, when he realized what he was doing.

During the evening the Scotch Preacher got me to one side and said:

"David, we can't let the old man go."

"No, sir," I said, "we can't."

"All he needs, Davy, is cheering up. It's a cold world sometimes to the old."

I suppose the Scotch Preacher was saying the same thing to all the other men of the company.

When we were preparing to go, Dr. McAlway turned to Carlstrom and said:

"How is it, Carlstrom, that you have come to hold such a place in this community? How is it that you have got ahead so rapidly?"

The old man leaned forward, beaming through his spectacles, and said eagerly:

"It ist America; it ist America."

"No, Carlstrom, no—it is not all America. It is Carlstrom, too. You work, Carlstrom, and you save."

Every day since Wednesday there has been a steady pressure on Carlstrom; not so much said in words, but people stopping in at the shop and passing a good word. But up to Monday morning the gunsmith went forward steadily with his preparations to leave. On Sunday I saw the Scotch Preacher and found him perplexed as to what to do. I don't know yet positively, that he had a hand in it, though I suspect it, but on Monday afternoon Charles Baxter went by my house on his way to town with a broken saw in his buggy. Such is the perversity of rival artists that I don't think Charles Baxter had ever been to Carlstrom with any work. But this morning when I went to town and stopped at Carlstrom's shop I found the gunsmith humming louder than ever.

"Well, Carlstrom, when are we to say good-by?" I asked.

"I'm not going," he said, and taking me by the sleeve

he led me over to his bench and showed me a saw he had mended. Now, a broken saw is one of the high tests of the genius of the mender. To put the pieces together so that the blade will be perfectly smooth, so that the teeth match accurately, is an art which few workmen of today would even attempt.

"Charles Baxter brought it in," answered the old gunsmith, unable to conceal his delight. "He thought I couldn't mend it!"

To the true artist there is nothing to equal the approbation of a rival. It was Charles Baxter, I am convinced, who was the deciding factor. Carlstrom couldn't leave with one of Baxter's saws unmended! But back of it all, I know, is the hand and the heart of the Scotch Preacher.

The more I think of it the more I think that our gunsmith possesses many of the qualities of true greatness. He has the serenity, and the humor, and the humility of greatness. He has a real faith in God. He works, he accepts what comes. He thinks there is no more honorable calling than that of gunsmith, and that the town he lives in is the best of all towns, and the people he knows the best people.

Yes, it *is* greatness.

—*David Grayson*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

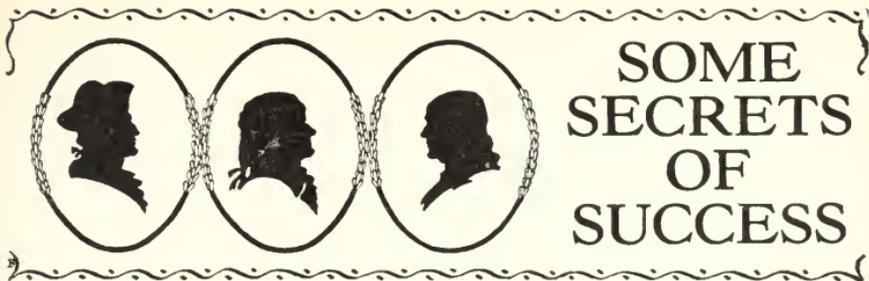
1. Without referring to the story, see if you can give some of Carlstrom's sayings that were often quoted.
2. Describe Carlstrom's rise to success.
3. Tell the lesson that Carlstrom taught the community in which he lived.
4. What part did Charles Baxter play in preventing Carlstrom from leaving?
5. How did Carlstrom fill his spare moments?
6. Describe extemporaneously Carlstrom's shop.
7. Write a description of Carlstrom as he looked when calling on the Scotch Preacher.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—*Leigh Hunt*



The Central Thought

As a matter of fact there is nothing secret or mysterious about Success. It comes in response to certain recognized qualities that are within the reach of any boy and girl or man and woman. Most people, however, are not willing to do the necessary work, or make the sacrifices necessary to win success. The selections in this section tell a few of the "secrets" that will help anyone to achieve success in living.

THE MAN WHO OVERCAME

WORDS TO LEARN

In order to appreciate this selection, you must know the meanings of the following words. If you do not know them, look them up in **Words to Learn**.

succumbing

alternative

Santiago

Naivasha

omnivorous

indomitable

asthma

encompassed

prostrate

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The life of Theodore Roosevelt has given us a powerful illustration of how a man can overcome physical weakness by the same "fighting spirit" that he employs against the forces he meets in politics and business.

As you read this selection, try to fit the picture that it gives you of the man Roosevelt with the picture you have of him from other stories you have read about him. This will help you get a broader idea of what high type of American citizen Mr. Roosevelt really was.

THE MAN WHO OVERCAME

ROOSEVELT was frail. He became a tower of strength. Roosevelt was timid. His name became the synonym for courage. Roosevelt was a dreamer, dreaming of ancient heroes. He became one of the great doers of all time and, when he died, joined the company of those magnificent spirits he once had worshiped from afar.

Two lines which he ran across one day as a boy in Browning's "The Flight of the Duchess," exercised a decisive influence on his life. These were the lines, recounting the ambition of a poor sprig of an honorable family: "All that the old Dukes had been without knowing it, This Duke would fain know he was, without being it."

The young Duke, it seemed, wanted to appear to be like his famous ancestors without taking the trouble necessary to make himself their equal.

Roosevelt, thirteen years old, felt that those lines were aimed straight at him. He resolved then and there actually to be that which he wanted with all his heart to appear.

He was made of the stuff of heroes. From his birth he was encompassed "by the terror that walketh by night." For years he was racked by the agonies of asthma, and night after night in the summer his father would drive him in the buggy through the countryside so he might breathe. For weeks on end he lay in bed. But he was indomitable even then, reading and writing and gathering his sisters and his brother and their friends about him and, between fits of coughing, telling them wonderful stories of adventures that never came to an end.

He determined to conquer the weakness of his body and after twenty years of struggle he did conquer it. On the plains of Dakota he finally put the asthma under his bed, so that it never showed itself again. The rough life

brought its own perils. He was bucked off a horse during a round-up and finished the round-up with the point of a shoulder-blade broken; at another time he rode after the cattle from dawn until dark with a fractured rib.

It was so when he was twenty-five; it was so when he was fifty; it was so all the days of his life. In the spring of 1910 he was hunting hippopotamus at Lake Naivasha in central Africa when he was laid low by an attack of the Cuban fever to which he had been subject at intervals ever since the Santiago campaign. And these were the entries in his journal during the days he was prostrate:

- July 16. Fever; wrote.
- July 17. Fever; wrote.
- July 18. Feeling better.
- July 20. Five hippos.

Three years later he was in the jungles of Brazil. He and his men were in grave peril. They faced the alternative of death by drowning in one of the countless rapids which impeded their journey, if they hurried; and death by starvation if they did not. Roosevelt was taken ill with a malignant fever and for two days lay at death's door. He pleaded with his men to proceed without him, to leave him to die, rather than to sacrifice the whole expedition. His loyal companions refused. By the force of his will he pulled himself up from his sick-bed and went on with his journey, succumbing to the fever at last only when they had reached civilization and all danger to the expedition was over.

History will speak of Theodore Roosevelt as a great statesman and as one of the world's greatest leaders. But men and women who are encompassed with difficulties will remember him with tenderness and gratitude. Men with weak eyes will remember that Theodore Roosevelt had weak eyes all his life and became a successful hunter,

an omnivorous reader, and a keen naturalist. Men with defective hearing will remember that Theodore Roosevelt lost the use of one of his ears and could still distinguish the calls of birds and lead a people magnificently. Men stricken with pain will remember that once Theodore Roosevelt worked at his correspondence until he fainted and the couch on which he lay was drenched with blood. Cripples will hear the words that Theodore Roosevelt spoke when a physician told him in the last month of his life that he might be confined to his chair the rest of his days: "All right! I can live that way, too!"

The millions will remember the inspiring leader; but a few with terrors to face will always cherish most the man who overcame.

—*Hermann Hagedorn*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Without referring to the selection, name four difficulties that Roosevelt overcame.
2. What do you think was Roosevelt's most outstanding characteristic?
3. Turn to the selection and write a short paragraph telling what the quotation from Browning meant to Roosevelt.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOURSELF

WORDS TO LEARN

No matter how much you know about a thing or how well you can do a thing, unless you can tell others what you know, and tell them clearly how to do a thing, your own knowledge counts for little. It is one's ability to express one's self clearly and accurately that raises his value in the world. The following list contains words that may well be made a part of your vocabulary. Look them up in **Words to Learn**.

stamina
inert
wrought iron
annealing

ethereal
clairvoyant
trenchant

metallurgy
elasticity
molecule
artisan

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The author of the following selection knew many of the secrets of success—he tells about only one of them here.

Orison Swett Marden was a poor New England boy whose father and mother both died before he was seven years old. He was "bound out" to a poor farmer and often got too much work and too little food. He worked his way through high school sawing wood, waiting on table and doing odd jobs. He then worked his way through Boston University, Harvard University Medical School, and Boston University Law School, largely by managing summer hotels in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. By the time he was through school he had experience and enough money to buy a hotel in Nebraska, then a second, and a third, and also a fourth in Florida. In 1893 his hotel business was swept away by fire, drought and panic and he found himself penniless at the age of forty-five.

For several years he had been working on a book to be called "Pushing to the Front" which he hoped would be an inspiration to other poor boys who had to make their own way as he had done. But the completed manuscript of the book had been destroyed by fire when his hotel burned. He at once determined to re-write the book. Hiring a small room over a livery stable he re-wrote the book from memory. While re-writing it he received five telegrams offering him a large salary to manage a hotel in California. He believed in himself, in the idea behind the book, and refused all offers until the book was finished. He lived to see "Pushing to the Front" translated into twenty-five different languages and praised by some of the greatest men of the time who had been helped by its inspiring message. John Wanamaker said he would have "gone without at least one meal a day if necessary to buy a copy of it." President McKinley said "it cannot but be an inspiration to every boy or girl who reads it." Dr. Marden spent the last thirty years of his life in writing books that have helped young men "to push to the front."

MAKING THE MOST OF YOURSELF

TO MAKE the most of your "stuff"—be it cloth, iron, or character—that is success. Raising common "stuff" to priceless value is great success.

The man who first takes the rough bar of wrought iron

may be a blacksmith, who has only partly learned his trade, and has no ambition to rise above his anvil. He thinks that the best possible thing he can do with his bar is to make it into horseshoes, and congratulates himself upon his success. He reasons that the rough lump of iron is worth only two or three cents a pound, and that it is not worth while to spend much time or labor on it. His enormous muscles and small skill have raised the value of the iron from one dollar, perhaps, to ten dollars.

Along comes a cutler, with a little better education, a little more ambition, a little finer perception, and says to the blacksmith: "Is this all you can see in that iron? Give me a bar, and I will show you what brains and skill and hard work can make of it."

He sees a little further into the rough bar. He has studied many processes of hardening and tempering; he has tools, grinding and polishing wheels, and annealing furnaces. The iron is fused, carbonized into steel, drawn out, forged, tempered, heated white-hot, plunged into cold water or oil to improve its temper, and ground and polished with great care and patience. When this work is done, he shows the astonished blacksmith two thousand dollars' worth of knife-blades where the latter only saw ten dollars' worth of crude horseshoes. The value has been greatly raised by the refining process.

"Knife-blades are all very well, if you can make nothing better," says another artisan, to whom the cutler has shown the triumph of his art, "but you haven't half brought out what is in that bar of iron. I see a higher value and better use. I have made a study of iron, and know what there is in it and what can be made of it."

This artisan has a more delicate touch, a finer perception, a better training, a higher ideal, and superior determination, which enable him to look still further into the molecules of the rough bar,—past the horseshoes, past the

knife-blades,—and he turns the crude iron into the finest cambric needles, with eyes cut with microscopic exactness. The production of the invisible points requires a more delicate process, a finer grade of skill than the cutler possesses.

This feat the last workman considers marvelous, and he thinks he has exhausted the possibilities of the iron. He has multiplied many times the value of the cutler's product.

But, another very skilful mechanic, with a more finely organized mind, a more delicate touch, more patience, more industry, a higher order of skill, and a better training, passes with ease by the horseshoes, the knife-blades and the needles, and returns the product of his bar in fine mainsprings for watches. Where the others saw horseshoes, knife-blades or needles, worth only a few thousand dollars, his penetrating eye saw a product worth one hundred thousand dollars.

A higher artist-artisan appears, who tells us that the rough bar has not even yet found its highest expression; that he possesses the magic that can perform a still greater miracle in iron. To him, even mainsprings seem coarse and clumsy. He knows that the crude iron can be manipulated and coaxed into an elasticity that cannot even be imagined by one less trained in metallurgy. He knows that, if care enough be used in tempering the steel, it will not be stiff, trenchant, and merely a passive metal, but so full of its new qualities that it almost seems instinct with life.

With penetrating, almost clairvoyant vision, this artist-artisan sees how every process of mainspring-making can be carried further; and how, at every stage of manufacture, more perfection can be reached. How the texture of the metal can be so much refined that even a fiber, a slender thread of it, can do marvelous work. He puts his

bar through many processes of refinement and fine tempering, and, in triumph, turns his product into almost invisible coils of delicate hair-springs. After infinite toil and pain, he has made his dream true; he has raised the few dollars' worth of iron to a value of one million dollars, perhaps forty times the value of the same weight of gold.

Still another workman, whose processes are so almost infinitely delicate, whose product is so little known, by even the average educated man, that his trade is unmentioned by the makers of dictionaries and encyclopedias, takes but a fragment of one of the bars of steel, and develops its higher possibilities with such marvelous accuracy, such ethereal fineness of touch, that even mainsprings and hairsprings are looked upon as coarse, crude, and cheap. When his work is done, he shows you a few of the minutely barbed instruments used by dentists to draw out the finest branches of the dental nerves. While a pound of gold, roughly speaking, is worth about two hundred and fifty dollars, a pound of these slender, barbed filaments of steel, if a pound could be collected, might be worth hundreds of times as much.

Other experts may still further refine the product, but it will be many a day before the best will exhaust the possibilities of a metal that can be subdivided until its particles will float in the air.

It sounds magical, but the magic is only that wrought by the application of the homeliest of human virtues; by the training of the eye, the hand, the perception; by painstaking care, by hard work and by determination and grit.

If a metal possessing only a few coarse material qualities is capable of such marvelous increase in value, by mixing *brains* with its molecules, who shall set bounds to the possibilities of the development of a human being,

that wonderful compound of physical, mental, moral and spiritual forces? Whereas, in the development of iron, a dozen processes are possible, a thousand influences may be brought to bear upon mind and character. While the iron is an inert mass acted upon by external influences only, the human being is a bundle of forces, acting and counter-acting, yet all capable of control and direction by the higher self, the real, dominating personality.

The difference in human attainment is due only slightly to the original material. It is the ideal followed and unfolded, the effort made, the processes of education and experience undergone that fuse, hammer, and mold our life-bar into its ultimate development.

Life, everyday life, has counterparts of all the tortures the iron undergoes, and through them it comes to its highest expression. The blows of opposition, the struggles amid want and woe, the fiery trials of disaster and bereavement, the crushings of iron circumstances, the raspings of care and anxiety, the grinding of constant difficulties, the rebuffs that chill enthusiasm, the weariness of years of dry, dreary drudgery in education and discipline,—all these are necessary to the man who would reach the highest success.

Of course, it is hard and painful, and it takes lots of stamina to undergo the processes that produce the finest product, but would you prefer to remain a rough bar of iron or a horseshoe all your life?

—*Orison Swett Marden*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Tell the story of the development of iron from horseshoes to dental instruments.
2. What does the author mean by asking if you want to remain a horseshoe all your life?

JAFFAR

WORDS TO LEARN

The following poem contains a number of words which you must be able to pronounce and understand. You will find them in **Words to Learn**.

| | | |
|--------|----------|-----------|
| Tartar | par | Bagdad |
| peer | mutes | Mondeer |
| Jaffar | caliph | Haroun |
| diadem | scymitar | vizier |
| deign | harangue | Barmecide |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The author of this poem, Leigh Hunt, lived in England during the first half of the nineteenth century. He is greatly admired for his interesting comments on English writers, and his charming essays. He has written only a little poetry, but the two poems, **Abou Ben Adhem** and **Jaffar**, are widely-known and loved. **Jaffar** brings out the beauty of a noble friendship. To defend and praise **Jaffar**, his friend, **Mondeer** was willing to risk life itself. The poem tells you how the caliph recognized and rewarded his devotion.

JAFFAR

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath;
All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square

Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph cried; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave cords,” cried he;
“From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man’s eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With this great self. How can I pay Jaffar?”

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, “Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph’s judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar’s diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!”
“Gifts!” cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, “This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!”

—*Leigh Hunt*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Try to answer these questions after reading the poem once.

1. What four expressions tell who Jaffar was?
2. Why did Haroun ordain that no one should speak the name of Jaffar?
3. How did Mondeer defy Haroun?
4. How was he punished?
5. What had Jaffar done for Mondeer?
6. Why did Haroun give Mondeer the diadem?

HABITS

WORDS TO LEARN

One of the very best habits you can form, is that of adding to your vocabulary whenever possible. The following words, which can be found in **Words to Learn**, will be useful to you many times. Begin today to make them a part of your vocabulary.

| | | |
|--------------|------------|------------|
| dereliction | volitional | ingrained |
| behooves | molecules | plastic |
| psychologist | copious | admissible |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

There are many factors that enter into the final determination of whether a man or woman is to be a success or a failure. One of the most important of these factors is the kind of foundation habits which have been built.

A building is carefully designed. A great deal of care is given to the placing and laying of the foundation. Then each stone and brick is carefully placed upon the foundation, and if it has been made strong and firm, the weight of the walls and the floors of the building will be borne without disaster. Otherwise the whole edifice will crumble and fall.

It is much the same with our lives. Some men and women are successes and others are failures simply because there are certain habits which they have formed or neglected to form. Habits are not a matter of chance—they may make a life worthwhile or useless.

HABITS

WHEN you have done a thing many times your nerves and muscles become so trained that you can do that thing, after a time, without giving it much thought. You wash your face, put on your collar and tie your shoes easily and quickly without thinking how each move is to be made; in fact, you often think of other things when you do them. Why is this true?

Your brain gives orders to your nerve centers and muscles so often to do a certain thing at a certain time in a certain way that finally the nerve centers, and the

muscles, like good children, learn to obey the commands, and when they are started on a familiar task they could go on with it until it is done.

The musician, at first has a difficult time to learn to read the notes and to place the fingers quickly and accurately, but at last the fingers run swiftly over the keys without waiting for the brain to tell them just when and how to strike. Typists, who have learned the touch system, have their fingers so trained that they can manipulate the keyboard rapidly while the eye is engaged in reading the manuscript.

The brain does the thinking and the little helpers scattered throughout the body known as the nerves, are usually ready to carry out instructions. The nervous system may be compared to a telegraph system. The brain is the officer, the ganglia or nerve centers are the relay stations, and the nerves are the telegraph lines.

Sometimes the helpers go on a "strike" and refuse to carry out orders. They may have done a thing in a particular way so long that they have established a custom of doing it that one way and refuse to do it in any other manner. When this happens the strikers always cause much trouble, and often win the struggle.

When a fixed or customary way of doing a thing is established, we call it a habit. Habits may be our friends or enemies. If we have formed good habits they will help us all through life, but if we have evil habits they will, unless they are broken, be as a chain about our feet until death.

William James, the great American psychologist, says: "There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the

time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in you, you should begin this hour to set the matters right.

“Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson’s play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, ‘I won’t count this time!’

“Well, he may not count it; but it is being counted, none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering it, and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes.”

If we wish to have habits for our friends we must cultivate good habits early and hold to them all through life. There are many habits that should become second nature to us and which we should cultivate at all times. They are truthfulness, honesty, industry, thoroughness, courage, cleanliness, patience, perseverance, promptness and cheerfulness.

Formation of Good Habits

1. Reduce the simple routine affairs of life to a habit so that they may be done with little or no mental effort.
2. Study by method, that is, have a definite program for study and follow it strictly every day.
3. Break bad or offensive habits as quickly as possible. Do not try to break them gradually. Tell your friends of your decision. James says: “Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life.”

4. Force yourself to "do a good turn" at least once every day.

5. Select the best companions and read the best books.

6. Shun the tobacco habit. It is an enemy to the young and old. Boys who aspire to do their best in scholarship and athletics must leave it alone. Many physicians and educators say that students who use tobacco lose from ten to fifteen percent in efficiency in their studies. This is a big loss in these days when competition in skill in every line is becoming keener with each passing year.

7. Think carefully what action you wish to take in important matters and then go into it with all the power you have.

The Habit of Work

If a man has idled away his time for a long period it is difficult for him to do steady work. His nerve cells rebel. They do not want to work. They ask to be excused. When this happens the man is in danger of becoming a tramp. He is in a pitiable plight for no man can be happiest without doing a service and service cannot be rendered without work.

It behooves us, therefore, to use our minds for good, straight thinking. We need to think about our work every day and orders should be sent out frequently to work so that the nerve cells and nerve fibres may get into habits of industry and through them the whole body be made to do service.

It is a true saying that an idle brain is the devil's workshop. A boy's parents, his school and his community have a right to expect him to form habits of work and to do his best.

Men who have been of the most worth to the world have done the hardest work and enjoyed doing it because they early in life formed the work habit. Let us note two such great men.

David Livingstone was a poor Scotch boy who had to go to work to help support the family. At the age of ten he began work in a factory. He worked thirteen hours each day, yet he was determined to have an education. He gave his mother one-half of his first week's wages and with the other half he bought a Latin grammar. He placed the book open on his loom before him and as he could snatch a moment's time, he glanced at it during his working hours. At no time could he look at his book longer than one minute, yet he mastered Latin until he could read the great stories in Latin of Horace and Virgil. He studied by snatches during his working hours from six o'clock in the morning to eight in the evening, with one hour for meals. From eight o'clock till ten in the evening he went to night school and from ten to twelve at night he would study unless his mother would drive him to bed. David became a mighty man for good in the world and his life is an inspiration to all who wish so to live and work as to leave the world a better and happier place.

It is a wrong idea to wish to work and earn and save money until one has enough saved to keep him in idleness. Men have often made enough money in early life to retire from labor, or they may have inherited wealth early, but it is a mistake for a healthy man to retire from labor when he can put his shoulders to the wheel of industry and help, with his work and his money, to move the world forward.

The noblest men of the world have cheerfully worked to serve mankind until they reached the rich ripe years of old age. At the age of eighty-six, Gladstone was an influential man. He spent most of his time at that great age, studying and writing. He had three tables in his library of twenty-five thousand volumes. At one table he studied problems of politics, at another the problems of religion, and at a third the masterpieces of literature.

At eighty-four he published the translations of the poems of Horace; at eighty-six he published a reprint of Butler's *Analogy* with copious notes and comments.

Gladstone had made a fortune; he could have retired from work, but he had formed the work habit and he would not give up his precious hours of labor.

The Habit of Thoroughness

It is always a satisfaction to know men and women who do their work thoroughly.

The shoemaker who selects his leather with care, cuts it to exact measurements and sews the pieces securely so that the shoe will wear well and feel comfortable, is doing a genuine and pleasing service for the world. Society owes him a debt of gratitude; while the shoemaker who does inferior work may be of some service, he is guilty of not doing his best service. One has as his motto "not how much but how well," the other has a poor motto which in the common expression of today is "get by."

There are three proverbs which every youth should commit to memory and hold in mind through life.

"The good is the enemy of the best."

"The good is never admissible when the best is attainable."

"He who does less than his best does ill."

The boy or girl who is satisfied with fair grades is allowing the *good* to stand in the way of the *best*. The farmer who plows out most of the weeds, but not all of them has the good or fair crops but fails to realize the best returns. He sees the good and it blinds him against the *best*. The man who says to himself: "I shall prepare myself just enough to get along very well," will find sooner or later that the *good* stood in the way of the *best* all along life's pathway.

Emerson says: "If a man can write a better book,

preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Stradivarius, of Cremona, Italy, more than two hundred years ago, produced the finest violins that have ever been made. He would spend a year making one or two instruments and the tones of his violins were pronounced the most beautiful ever heard. They are almost priceless in value today. One Stradivarius violin is worth many thousand dollars.

George Eliot, in one of her poems, represents Stradivarius defending his painstaking efforts against an attack by Naldo, who wanted him to turn out violins more rapidly. She expresses beautifully the glory of man's best work.

Naldo—"Why work with painful nicety?" * * * * *

Stradivarius:

"My work is mine;

If my hand slackened, I should rob God.

—I am one best

Here is Cremona, using sunlight well

To fashion finest maple till it serve

More cunningly than throats for harmony.

'Tis rare delight; I would not change my skill

To be Emperor with bungling hands,

And lose my work which comes as natural

As self at waking."

—*Lawrence McTurnan*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first four questions without referring to the selection?

1. Give five rules for the formation of good habits.
2. How do habits help us in our daily life?
3. Tell impromptu the incident told about Livingstone.
4. Who was Stradivarius?
5. Memorize the sentence quoted from Emerson.



A FAMOUS SHORT STORY

The Central Thought

The short story has been a comparatively recent development in the art of fiction. Formerly the novel was the most popular kind of fiction among both readers and writers. The purpose of a short story is to present a single idea or effect, and every incident and description in the story must lead up to that effect. It does not consist of several stories woven together, as a novel does. Charles Dickens, famous for his many novels, has also written a short story that will live for many generations—for the spirit of Christmas affects every heart. There is, perhaps, no other story in the English language that has a subject of such universal interest. And Dickens, master story-writer that he is, has given to this subject a sympathetic and human appeal that is matchless.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

WORDS TO LEARN

This story contains a number of words whose meaning in England is quite different from their meaning here. Be sure that you are familiar with these words before reading the story. They can be found in **Words to Learn**. For your convenience in studying the story, the words have been listed at the beginning of each stave.

Stave One

| | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|------------|
| 'Change | assign | covetous |
| executor | residuary legatee | rime |
| administrator | Treadmill | Parliament |
| ominous | Poor Law | facetious |
| Union Workhouse | appalling | relinquish |
| inexplicable | apparition | cravat |
| swoon | | incoherent |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Charles Dickens was one of the greatest novelists that England has ever produced. His name is often linked with that of Scott, as they lived and achieved fame at about the same time. But while Scott is famous for his stories of romance and imagination, Dickens is equally well-known for his novels of real life. His stories deal mostly with life in London, especially the lives of the poor and unfortunate.

Dickens himself had a very unhappy childhood, and the scenes of misery and poverty that he describes are no doubt taken from his own experience. When only eleven years old he began earning his own living by working in a factory, where he pasted labels on blacking bottles.

Dickens had remarkable powers of observation, and that is what enables him to give such interesting descriptions. His experience as a newspaper reporter developed this habit of observation. It is said that his reports were always accurate and racy, even when they happened to be written in the pouring rain, in a shaking stage-coach, or by the light of a lantern. His newspaper articles attracted attention, and he received an offer for a series of humorous sketches which grew into the famous **Pickwick Papers**, his first real literary work. His better known novels are: **The Old Curiosity Shop**, **David Copperfield**, **A Tale of Two Cities**, and **Oliver Twist**. You will undoubtedly enjoy reading some of these, especially **David Copperfield**, which is really the story of Dickens' own life.

A **Christmas Carol**, which is here given in an abridged form, is famous the world over for its inspiring message of Christmas cheer. Its characters are as human as any ever found in the city of London. Tiny Tim—the embodiment of Christmas charity—has brightened millions of hearts.

Dickens has divided the story into "Staves" instead of chapters. This is done to carry out the musical idea suggested by the word "Carol,"—a staff or stave consisting of the five horizontal lines upon which music is written. It is here used in the sense of a stanza or metrical division.

STAVE ONE

Marley's Ghost

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as "Scrooge and Marley." Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low

temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge.

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busily in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal, and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement-stones to warm them.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas,' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when

it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!”

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded; becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

“Let me hear another sound from *you*,” said Scrooge, “and you’ll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You’re quite a powerful speaker, Sir,” he added, turning to his nephew. “I wonder you don’t go into Parliament.”

“Don’t be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow.”

Scrooge said that he would see him —— yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

“But why?” cried Scrooge’s nephew. “Why?”

“Why did you get married?” said Scrooge.

“Because I fell in love.”

“Because you fell in love!” growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. “Good afternoon!”

“Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?”

“Good afternoon,” said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"And a Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him, "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was, for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and

shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

“At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge,” said the gentleman, taking up a pen, “it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, Sir.”

“Are there no prisons?” asked Scrooge.

“Plenty of prisons,” said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

“And the Union workhouses?” demanded Scrooge. “Are they still in operation?”

“They are. Still,” returned the gentleman, “I wish I could say they were not.”

“The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?” said Scrooge.

“Both very busy, Sir.”

“Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course,” said Scrooge. “I’m very glad to hear it.”

“Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude,” returned the gentleman, “a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?”

“Nothing!” Scrooge replied.

“You wish to be anonymous?”

“I wish to be left alone,” said Scrooge. “Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don’t make merry myself at Christmas, and I can’t afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establish-

ments I have mentioned, they cost enough, and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides, it's not my business. It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, Sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!"

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melan-

choly tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. The house was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the City of London. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs, slowly too, trimming his candle as he went.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for the darkness. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchants long ago, and paved all around with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures.

If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar.

Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and then fell again.

The same face, the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent, so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it then."

The Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, wishing to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge. "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its

chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me!*"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"I am here tonight," pursued the Ghost, "to warn you,

that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open.

Scrooge became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He looked out. The air was filled with phantoms,

wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

STAVE TWO

WORDS TO LEARN

| | | |
|-------------|-------------|-----------|
| opaque | remonstrate | pound |
| transparent | vestige | prime |
| ferret | gig | avarice |
| recumbent | jocund | sordid |
| observant | apprenticed | engross |
| conductive | forfeits | fraught |
| reclamation | corroborate | adversary |

The First of the Three Spirits

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night.

It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chimes had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one.

The quarter was so long, that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn. Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them.

It was a strange figure—like a child, yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of hav-

ing receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Are you the Spirit, Sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge, observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:—

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spake, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

He rose, but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

“Bear but a touch of my hand *there*,” said the Spirit laying it upon his heart, “and you shall be upheld in more than this!”

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

“Good Heaven!” said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. “I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!”

“You recollect the way?” inquired the Spirit.

“Remember it!” cried Scrooge with fervor—“I could walk it blindfold.”

“Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!” observed the Ghost. “Let us go on.”

They walked along the road; Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

“These are but shadows of the things that have been,” said the Ghost. “They have no consciousness of us.”

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and by-ways, for their several homes!

“I wish,” Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, “but it’s too late now.”

“What is the matter?” asked the Spirit.

“Nothing,” said Scrooge. “Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something, that’s all.”

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, “Let us see another Christmas!”

They were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here too it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

“Know it!” said Scrooge. “Was I apprenticed here?”

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind a high desk, Scrooge cried in great excitement:—

“Why, it’s old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it’s Fezziwig alive again!”

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands, laughed all over himself, and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:—

“Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!”

Scrooge’s former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-’prentice.

“Dick Wilkins, to be sure!” said Scrooge to the Ghost. “Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dick, dear!”

“Yo ho, my boys!” said Fezziwig. “No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let’s have the shutters up,” cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, “before a man can say Jack Robinson!”

“Clear away, my lads, and let’s have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!”

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn’t have cleared away, or couldn’t have cleared away, with Old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter’s night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomachaches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. There were dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two ’prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were

turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burnt very clear.

“A small matter,” said the Ghost, “to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.”

“Small!” echoed Scrooge.

“Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money, three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?”

“It isn’t that,” said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. “It isn’t that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count ’em up, what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.”

He felt the Spirit’s glance, and stopped.

“What is the matter?” asked the Ghost.

“Nothing particular,” said Scrooge.

“Something, I think?” the Ghost insisted.

“No,” said Scrooge. “No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That’s all.”

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

“My time grows short,” observed the Spirit. “Quick!”

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now, a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years, but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had

taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress, in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly

I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it and can release you. You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!”

She left him, and they parted.

“Spirit!” said Scrooge in a broken voice, “remove me from this place.”

“I told you these were shadows of the things that have been,” said the Ghost. “That they are what they are, do not blame me!”

“Remove me!” Scrooge exclaimed, “I cannot bear it!”

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face, in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

“Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!”

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon his head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in

which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy slumber.

STAVE THREE

WORDS TO LEARN

| | | |
|------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| prodigiously | apprehensive | officious |
| intervention | scabbard | tremulous |
| penitence | adamant | cant |
| plaintive | affability | imperceptibly |
| inaudible | abject | prostrate |
| spontaneous combustion | | |

The Second of the Three Spirits

Awakening in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention.

Being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time, he lay upon his bed, the very core and centre of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it.

At last he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from

whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

They went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost, that, notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully as he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's

dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm."

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

“As good as gold,” said Bob, “and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.”

Bob’s voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds. There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn’t believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit’s elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:—

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!”

Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all. He sat very close to his father’s side upon his little

stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered *what* the surplus is, and *where* it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child."

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob, "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy,

hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. The chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged,

to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least you always tell *me* so."

"What of that, my dear!" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit Us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own

thoughts, either in his mouldy old office, or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?' If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh now at the notion of his shaking Scrooge.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment, and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge observed this change, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends tonight."

"Tonight!" cried Scrooge.

"Tonight at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children, a boy and a girl, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility.

Scrooge started back, appalled. He tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand toward the city.

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him

for the last time with his own words. "Are there no workhouses?"

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, toward him.

STAVE FOUR

WORDS TO LEARN

pleasantry
comforter

hob
essence

inexorable
intercede

The Last of the Spirits

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The Spirit inclined its head; that was the only answer he received.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any Spectre I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come towards him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die!" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know."

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the red-faced gentleman. "But I must be fed, if I make one."

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after

all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye, bye!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business, very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem, in a business point of view, that is, strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning!"

Not another word. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be.

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be

seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

“‘And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.’”

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

“The color hurts my eyes,” she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

“They're better now again,” said Cratchit's wife. “It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.”

“Past it rather,” Peter answered, shutting up his book. “But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother.”

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady cheerful voice, that only faltered once:—

“I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed.”

“And so have I,” cried Peter. “Often.”

“And so have I,” exclaimed another. So had all.

“But he was very light to carry,” she resumed, intent upon her work, “and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!”

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child a little cheek,

against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if

you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he got Peter a better situation."

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed Scrooge into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!"

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard.

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope!"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life! I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will

live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

STAVE FIVE

WORDS TO LEARN

transports
walker

recompense
unanimity

bishop
borough

The End of It

YES! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said

Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"EH?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow?"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey, the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," relied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

“Walk-ER!” exclaimed the boy.

“No, no,” said Scrooge, “I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell ’em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I’ll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I’ll give you half-a-crown!”

The boy was off like a shot.

“I’ll send it to Bob Cratchit’s!” whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. “He shan’t know who sends it. It’s twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob’s will be!”

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer’s man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

“I shall love it, as long as I live!” cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. “I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It’s a wonderful knocker!—Here’s the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!”

It *was* a Turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped ’em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

“Why, it’s impossible to carry that to Camden Town,” said Scrooge. “You must have a cab.”

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

He dressed himself “all in his best,” and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring

forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delightful smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, Sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear Sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, Sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear Sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munifi——"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:—

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, Sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, Sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table, for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door, his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, Sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, Sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, Sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, Sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the

fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

It was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

—*Charles Dickens*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

After reading the story once, try to answer the following questions.

1. Who were the Cratchits?
2. What were Scrooge's nephew's ideas about Christmas?
3. What is the saying of Tiny Tim's that has become so famous?
4. Give an impromptu description of Scrooge as he appeared at the opening of the story.
5. What were the changes in Scrooge's character after the visits of Marley's ghost?
6. Select that part of the story that you like best, and read it aloud.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"The memory is a storehouse for treasures—not for knick-knacks."

Part Four contains many "treasures" that you will want to keep in the storehouse of your memory.

In the first section do you remember the lesson of honest living from Mr. Beveridge's "The Young Man and the World"? The lesson of self-reliant living in Kipling's great poem "If"? And the pleasure there is in doing good work as shown in "The Gunsmith"?

In the second section do you remember all the obstacles that Theodore Roosevelt overcame to make himself the strong, versatile and great man that he was? Have you forgotten the ways to succeed that were described by Mr. Marden? Do you remember the very important part that "habits" play in your daily life?

Have you forgotten the lesson of kindness which Dickens taught in "A Christmas Carol"? The picture of Tiny Tim and his cheerful courage should live long in your memory.

There are three thoughts that you should try to fix in your mind from reading Part Four. 1. That life without ideals is not worth living. 2. That success is within the reach of everyone if we "play the game" right and obey the "rules." 3. That kindness and consideration for others are marks of greatness.

More about "Literature That Inspires"

There are thousands of books interpreting life in all ages and in all the lands of the world. Here are some that you will especially enjoy. 1. "Winning Their Way," by John T. Faris. 2. "The Book of the Long Trail," by Henry Newbolt. 3. "The Boy's Life of Edison," by William H. Meadowcroft. 4. "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Business Men," by Elbert Hubbard. 5. "Robert Fulton," by Inez N. McPhee. 6. "The Wireless Man," by Francis A. Collins. 7. "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane. 8. "You Are The Hope of the World," by Hermann Hagedorn. 9. "The Life of Clara E. Barton," by William E. Barton. 10. "Ten American Girls from History," by Kate E. Sweetser.

PART FIVE

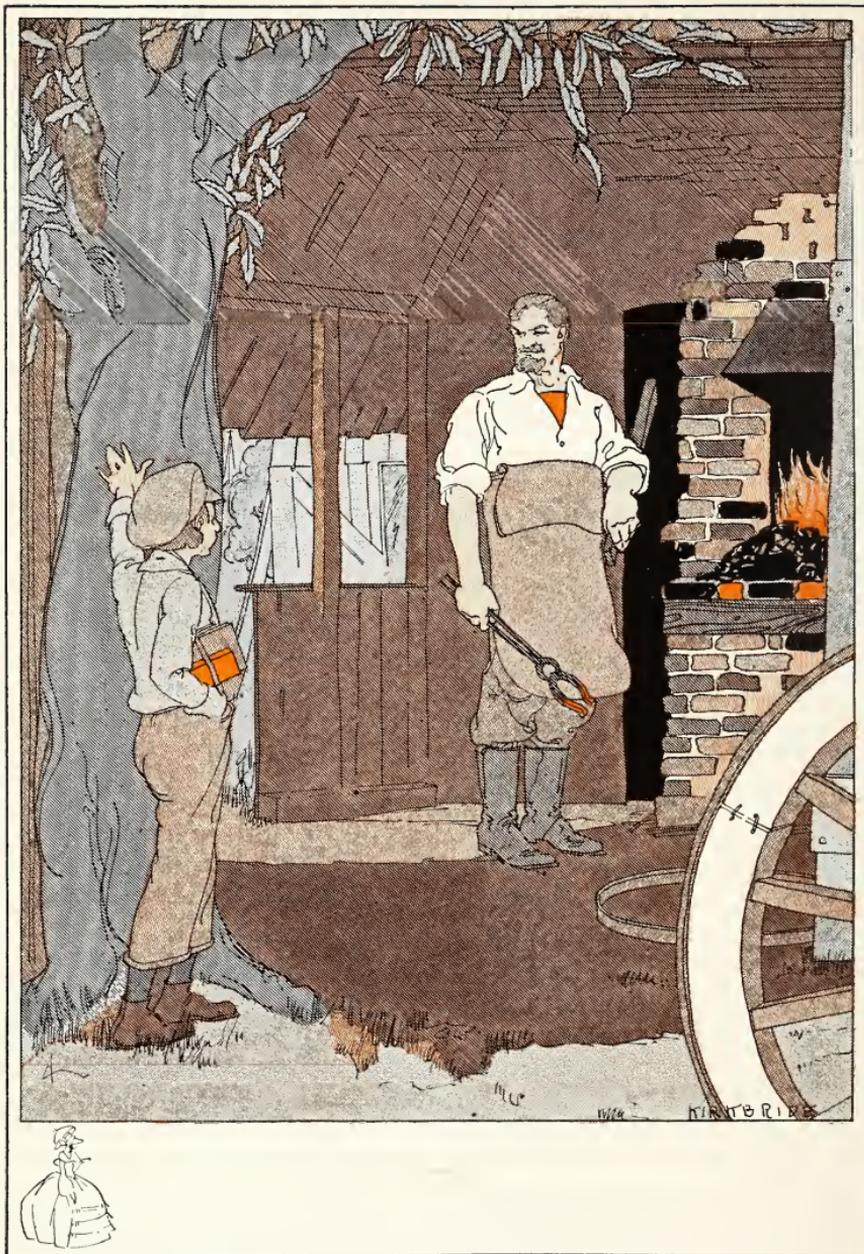
LITERATURE THAT NEVER GROWS OLD

Why Some Books Never Die

HAVE you ever stopped to think what has become of all the books that have been written during the thousands of years since people learned to read and write? The Assyrians and Babylonians wrote thousands of books on baked clay cylinders and tablets. The Egyptians and their neighbors wrote libraries of books on papyrus. A few of these are kept as curiosities in museums, but no one "reads" them now. Out of all the literature of the past, only a handful has survived—but that handful has been read by an increasing number of people as the centuries come and go.

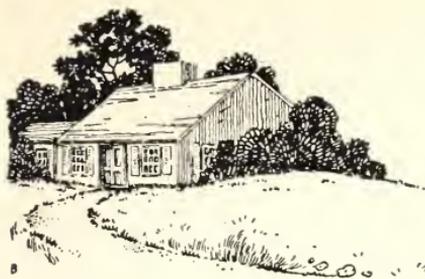
This is the Literature that never grows old. What is there about it that gives it such long life? More people are reading David's Psalms today than ever sang them when he was alive. The Proverbs of Solomon are more used today than they were three thousand years ago. Shakespeare's plays are still read and played in the theatre, while the work of most dramatists of his day no longer interests us. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is remembered, while the long and flowery speech which Edward Everett delivered the same day is forgotten.

Many things combine to produce great literature, but the one quality it must always possess is that of sincerity, which is only another name for truth. In other words it must portray or reveal truthfully the emotions, the hopes, the doubts and the faith that have always existed in the heart of man.



“Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands.”

LITERATURE OF HOME LIFE



The Central Thought

Someone has said that "Home is just around the corner from Heaven." Perhaps that is why the literature of home life makes such a universal appeal, and why so much of it never grows old. Much of the great literature of the world is related in some way to the life, the ideals and the sentiments that make the word "home" so full of meaning and so dear to us all.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

WORDS TO LEARN

If you do not know these words, look them up in **Words to Learn**.

bellows

sledge

chaff

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

An eminent Scotch educator has said that Longfellow has probably taught more people to love poetry than any other nineteenth century poet, English or American. This may be an exaggeration, but it is certainly true that Longfellow has, for many years, been one of the best-loved American poets.

He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and spent most of his life in New England. For a number of years he was professor of modern languages at Harvard. His happiest years were those he devoted entirely to literature. It had always been the dream of his life to spend all of his time at his writing, and he was able to live this dream for a number of years.

The Village Blacksmith is perhaps the best-known of Longfellow's shorter poems. It is a vivid and human picture of a type that is

quickly disappearing from our American life. It is Longfellow's ability to put into words such scenes as these, that gains for his poems a sympathetic response in the hearts of the people.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy 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 sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at 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 the parson pray and preach,
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 some task begun,
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.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first three questions without rereading the poem.

1. Describe the appearance of the blacksmith.
2. What do we learn of the blacksmith's family?
3. What is the effect on the community of such a man as the blacksmith?
4. Memorize the poem.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

WORDS TO LEARN

Many of the words in this poem are in Scotch dialect, and you will have to look them up in *Words to Learn* in order to understand the selection.

| | | |
|-------------|----------|-------------|
| mercenary | fell | healsome |
| meed | braw | parritch |
| lays | sair-won | 'yont |
| sequester'd | spiers | hallan |
| ween | uncos | chows |
| blaws | gars | cood |
| sugh | auld | weel-hain'd |
| miry | amaist | kebbuck |
| frae | weel's | aft |
| pleugh | youngers | ca's |
| craws | eydent | guid |
| moil | jauk | towmond |
| mattocks | gang | sin' |
| hame-ward | wha | lint |
| stacher | kens | stole |
| fletcherin | convoy | wi' |
| ingle | haffins | patriarchal |
| bonnilie | nae | ha'-Bible |
| carking | wil | ance |
| belyve | ben | lyart |
| bairns | blythe | haffets |
| drapping | ta'en | wales |
| amang | cracks | Amalek |
| ca' | kye | progeny |
| tentie | blate | plaint |
| rin | laithfu' | seraphic |
| cannie | sae | sacerdotal |
| shew | lave | certes |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

In this poem we have one of the most beautiful descriptions ever written of the home life of the Scotch peasants. Robert Burns has given us a more intimate glimpse into this little family circle than any other poet could give. He was himself born in a peasant's clay-

built cottage, and grew up amid such surroundings as he here describes. This poem gives us a picture of Burns' own father, whose kindly and Christian virtues made him an ideal parent.

Burns' heart had been touched with the loves and sorrows of life, and it was his ambition to sing so naturally of these as to touch the hearts of others. For this reason he used the Scottish dialect in many of his best poems. The literary men of the country tried to persuade him to write pure English, but the Scotch words seemed to him more expressive. He ended by touching the heart of Scotland and making her feel more proud of this dialect, of him, and of herself.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

MY LOV'D, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Te' expectant wee-things, toddlin' stacher through

To meet their Dad, wi' flitcherin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld class look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warned to obey;
An mind their labours wi' an' eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,

Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,

To do some errands and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;

Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;

Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wil, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;

A strapp'n youth; he takes the mother's eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;

The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;

Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:

The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;

The dame brings forth in complimental mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;

The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,

How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion's glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God":
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, Oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou, who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

—*Robert Burns*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Refer to the poem and read aloud the answers to the first three questions.

1. How do the children greet their father?
2. What advice does the father give the children?
3. Describe the family worship.
4. Copy the first ten stanzas, writing English words wherever there are Scotch ones.
5. Write a paragraph explaining the sentence, "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs."

THE DAY IS DONE

WORDS TO LEARN

If there are any unfamiliar words in this selection, look them up in your dictionary.

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

In contrast to the picture of action that we have in *The Village Blacksmith*, this poem gives us an atmosphere of quiet and repose. The very reading of such a poem as this gives one a feeling of calmness and peace. Longfellow has achieved this effect by the slow, quiet rhythm of the lines, and particularly by his choice of words. You will notice that in many of the stanzas the thought is carried over from one line to the next, so that there is no pause at the end of the line. This also adds to the restful effect. The last two stanzas of this poem are particularly beautiful.

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Select ten words in the poem that give an impression of quietness and calm.
2. What sort of a poem does the author want on this evening?
3. Memorize the three stanzas that you like best.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John; John looked at me,
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 is given.”

I looked at John's old garments worn:
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young 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.
Softly the father stopped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, “Not her.”

We stooped beside the trundle bed
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on James' 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, not for a thousand crowns not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick, bad Dick, our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he:
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a 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 give 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.



AN AMERICAN LEGEND

The Central Thought

Our country has a number of rich and varied sources of legendary material. The English who settled in New England, the Dutch in New York, the French in Quebec, and the many other nationalities who have come to this land have all contributed their own peculiarly national touch to the legends and folk-stories of America. There are also the many charming Indian stories, which in one sense are the only truly American legends. Irving, Hawthorne and Longfellow have told in a most delightful way many of the legends of our country.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

WORDS TO LEARN

Part of Washington Irving's genius as a story-teller lies in his choice of words, that is—in his use of the exact word. As you read **The Legend of Sleepy Hollow** notice how Irving will use the same word (such as *itinerant* and *culinary*) several times. A selection such as this is an excellent means of thoroughly familiarizing yourself with a number of new words. All the words in the following list are found in **Words to Learn**. It is a good idea to make a list of ten or fifteen words, from the list given here, that you plan to add permanently to your own vocabulary.

denominate
authentic
apparition
laud
cognomen
potentate
onerous

inveterate
reverberate
collate
Ichabod
inapplicable
convoy
ingratiating

propensity
sequestered
imbibe
wight
withe
anaconda
vocation

| | | |
|----------------|---------------|----------------|
| psalmody | supernumerary | itinerant |
| gazette | erudition | potently |
| credulity | harbinger | perambulations |
| pique | flail | pedagogue |
| linsey-woolsey | resplendent | adamant |
| arrogance | Herculean | ascendancy |
| descried | rantipole | formidable |
| apprehend | ferrule | contraband |
| domiciled | choleric | gorget |
| montero | culinary | innovation |
| queued | oly koek | heretical |
| tête-à-tête | molestation | pertinacious |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Washington Irving was born in New York City, in 1783, the year which ended the Revolutionary War. His mother named him after General Washington, but she little dreamed that her son would one day be called the Father of American Literature, as Washington was called the Father of his Country.

New York City was then mostly open country, and was occupied by the descendants of the Dutch colonists. From them Irving learned the legends and traditions which he was later to make so famous in his stories.

At an early age he began to read stories of travel and adventure, and it was not long before he attracted attention in school by the interesting stories he wrote for his English compositions. His family allowed him to roam about at will through the beautiful valley of the Hudson, and at the age of fifteen he took his gun and explored this very region of Sleepy Hollow.

Irving did not at first decide to devote his life to literature, but took up the study of law as did most young men of that day. Ill-health, however, forced him to take a European trip, after which he helped his brother edit a monthly periodical. His first published work to attract wide attention was **Knickerbocker's History of New York**, which appeared in 1809. The great fame it won him on both sides of the Atlantic influenced him to devote himself to literature.

In 1820 appeared the **Sketch Book**, written in London and destined to win him everlasting fame. In it were the stories **Rip Van Winkle** and **The Legend of Sleepy Hollow**, for which it is remembered today. This book not only made him famous at home, but it won for American literature as a whole, a high place in the regard of European

critics. Until that time, American literature had been practically unrecognized in other countries. Thus, long before his death, Irving was known on both sides of the Atlantic as America's greatest author.

Few writers have surpassed Irving in the charm and interest of their short stories. **Rip Van Winkle** and **The Legend of Sleepy Hollow** are founded on the old traditions and legends that Irving heard as a boy, and both have for a background the romantic country which he explored.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

—CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

Sleepy Hollow and Its Weird Tales

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic.

Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just mur-

mur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants of the original Dutch settlers, the sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the

nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horse-back without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

Ichabod Crane, the Schoolmaster

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight by the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile

of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so, that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars were certainly not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than with severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by

inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents," and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating.

He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays!

gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's history of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whippoorwill from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The

fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn around, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—

With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Katrina Van Tassel

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches; and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure

yellow gold, which her great - great - grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod's Hopes

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion.

Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows.

Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their

dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit which

surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened

from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room; and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily-conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined, all of which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course.

Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Brom Bones, Ichabod's Rival

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round; which rang with his feats of strength

and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and hallo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurryscurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the

blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "spark-ing," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddling interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her house-keeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely

observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary

to enter the lists against him. He had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches of the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in the presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

Merry Making at the Quilting Party

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers.

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferrule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-

cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom.

It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, ink-stands were over-turned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy of their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in

the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciled, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant, in quest of adventures.

But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubblefield.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cockrobin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note, and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little montero cap of feathers; and the blue-jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Further on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and

hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared superstitions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare, leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico

pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with

the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to fall to, and help themselves.

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as

upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

More Ghost Stories

The neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicles and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war. It had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the distinctiveness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork,

only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz around the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning

cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees.

Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake,

over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an ardent jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it, too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted.

Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to suc-

cess. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chop-fallen.—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

Ichabod Encounters a Ghost

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his

ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the

breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering.

It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted

for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle; his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he got half way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilled rider that he

was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bone's ghostly competitor had disappeared.

"If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe."

Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about

the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge,

and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York, on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the

church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse being deserted soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

—*Washington Irving*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test the care with which you read this story by answering four of the following questions without referring to the selection.

1. Why was Sleepy Hollow such a good location for a ghost story?

2. List these facts about Ichabod Crane: birthplace, occupation, personal appearance, type of person.

3. What were some of Ichabod's accomplishments?

4. How did Ichabod make himself useful in the homes where he stayed?

5. Give an oral description of Ichabod and his horse as he went to the Van Tassel party.

6. Tell one of the many superstitions that were told around the countryside.

7. Who do you think was on the horse that pursued Ichabod?

8. What reasons led Ichabod to leave the neighborhood?

9. What happened to Ichabod after he disappeared from Sleepy Hollow?

10. Question for discussion: Did Katrina have a part in the plan to frighten Ichabod?

THE SANDPIPER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky:
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?



HUMOR IN LITERATURE

The Central Thought

Life without laughter would be a very solemn affair. It is said that of all the creatures in the world man is the only one that knows how to laugh. One of the purposes of literature is to entertain and this is often done by the introduction of humor. Each generation produces a long list of writers of prose and verse, but only a few who have the ability to put humor into their writing and still keep it literature.

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

WORDS TO LEARN

The following words can be found in **Words to Learn**. If there are any others that you don't know, look them up in your dictionary.

insufferable
anemic
simulate
callously
blanched
volplaning

fortitude
alternative
fallacious
pyramidal
inadvertently
bloated

degenerate
insolently
crescendo
predicament
etymologist
coma

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The ability to see the humorous side of unpleasant situations adds greatly to the pleasure of living. After all most things are not so serious as they appear to be. It is a happy faculty to be able to see "the funny side" of a situation which otherwise might be wholly unbearable.

If you have ever slept outdoors when mosquitoes were about, you will know how uncomfortable they can make one. While the experience which the author tells about in this selection must have been

very unpleasant, he was able in the morning to joke about it "as though it were the funniest thing in the world."

Notice how large a part exaggeration plays in emphasizing the humor of the situation, also how the author's attention to details gives an air of reality to the story.

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

THE most overrated summer sport in the world is outdoor sleeping.

I speak on this subject with some feeling, as, in August last, I tested it on a week-end visit with my friend Jones at his little mosquito ranch in the White Mountains. I can now understand why sleeping under a roof, in a real bed, is insufferable to a man who has been camping all summer: what he misses is the keen excitement, the constant entertainment, the suspense, of a night in the woods. As soon as he lies down in a real bed he becomes so utterly bored that he promptly falls asleep, only to wake up in the morning and find that he has missed the whole night.

The moment I arrived at Jones' camp on Saturday afternoon, I realized that he was the victim of the outdoor-sleeping fad. He was so under its spell that he immediately took me out to show me my cot. It was a frail, anemic canvas thing that screamed and creaked protests whenever it was moved or sat upon. It stood on a roofless sleeping-porch. Over it was the branch of a tender tree and over that was the open sky.

"Here," said Jones, expansively, "is where you're to sleep. This region is the most wonderful place for sleeping in all the world. I actually look forward to the nights; I tumble in eagerly at ten o'clock, and don't know another thing till morning."

"You never know very much," I meditated inwardly, picking a yellow caterpillar off my cot. "How about blankets and things?" It took a vast amount of imagina-

tion to think of blankets, for the thermometer showed several degrees of fever.

"Oh, I'll give you all you want, and lots of mosquito-netting, too," Jones said. "You can make your bed just as you like; that's half the fun of the thing."

"Ah, yes."

Way down in my heart I had a foreboding that it would be rather more than half the fun. "Wonderful!" I simulated. "I haven't slept outdoors for years."

"Good!" said Jones.

Through the long evening I kept a stout heart and a cheery face; I even joked callously about the coming night, just as men sometimes joke about death and insanity and the dentist. I ate a heavy dinner, for breakfast looked very, very far away. I was as merry as ever. No one should say that I had blanched with fear. At nine-forty, Jones yawned.

"Why, it's nearly ten," said Mrs. Jones. "I had no idea it was so late."

"I was just going to suggest turning in," Jones observed. "I'll get your blankets and netting, if you like."

I rose, and with a steady voice bade my hostess good night. The time had come. Jones got the things, and we went out on the sleeping-porch, where he dumped them on my cot. The temperature had gone down a degree or two, but the air was still a long way from cool. The winds were still slumbering. A mosquito was meditatively volplaning about.

"Is there anything else you want?" said Jones as he left me in what, in reasonable circumstances, would have been my bedroom, but was now merely the world at large.

"Nothing," I said, with fortitude. "Good night."

I went into the house and ten minutes later I emerged, attired in a neat, but gaudy pair of pajamas. A lamp

lighted my labors. The game was on; the mosquitoes and I were alone.

I shall withhold the tedious details of bed-making. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art: don't let the feet escape; sacrifice everything else. If a single toe projects, the blankets will be up and about your neck before you know it. Then I folded a spare blanket into a pillow. Next came the hanging of the mosquito-netting.

Here I confronted several possibilities. First, there is the Roman style, in which one hangs the netting on a hoop and then projects the face precisely under the hoop, keeping it there all night. This style is somewhat like sleeping with an inverted waste-basket on the face, and is based on the fallacious notion that insects bite only the head. Now I could show you—but never mind.

Then there is another style. You suspend the netting gracefully by one or two points from a branch or some such supposed fixture, and let it depend in elegant festoons to the floor, securing the corners by lamps, vases, pitchers, or shoes. This method adequately answers the question: "What shall we do with the wedding present Aunt Alice gave us?"

There is also the Perpendicular Gothic style—four posts erected at the corners of the cot, with netting draped over them. This, I decided, required too much construction, and I swung back to the second style mentioned. Securing some string, after a short, dark and eventful journey in the house, I hitched the string to the netting, tied it to a branch, made a beautiful pyramidal tent, and squirmed inside with all the delicate deliberation of a jackstraw player. At last I was on the creaking cot, and my tent still stood!

The laws of physics tell us that breezes pass through netting. This merely goes to show that physics has a big

future. I had distinctly felt a slight zephyr outside; but now, as I balanced on my shoulder-blades on a Spartan blanket, I thought that the heat had become even more breathless; I felt that I was being suffocated.

Isn't there some wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die?

But I was not going to give up; I forced myself to draw a long sigh of relief, and said to myself: "Oh, what wonderful air! How I shall sleep!" Yes, how?

I humped about a few times—creaking as I have never creaked before—till I thought I was more comfortable, pulled up a blanket cautiously, kicked it off warmly, rolled back into my original position, moved down six inches so that my head just reached the pillow, thought about mosquitoes awhile, moved up four inches, thought about pillows, and then suddenly, with a great start, realized that I wasn't asleep. The fact stood out in my brain in huge, staring capitals: YOU ARE WIDE AWAKE; YOU ARE NOT EVEN SLEEPY. It was clear that my nerves needed soothing if I was to get any sleep at all.

People recommend many ways of soothing the nerves, but at times they are all disappointing. I thought of sheep jumping over a fence until all the sheep in my head had gone lame. I counted up to three hundred and seventy-four, which must be pretty nearly the world's record, but I noted no good results. At the end of an hour I was wider awake than ever and considerably more uncomfortable.

About this time I began discovering laws of physics.

I. When a man lies on his side on a cot, his weight is evenly distributed between his ear and his hip-bone.

II. For every dead mosquito in the hand there are two live ones in the bush that will be along presently.

III. The use of netting rests on the theory that it offers

an obstruction to mosquitoes. This was first proved false in 1066, but people still—

Well, to tell the truth, that's as far as I got. I inadvertently fell asleep in the middle of law number three. Physics is the loser. I blame only myself.

At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bedtime and lasts for several hours, I was awakened by the birds, which were making a dreadful din above me in the trees. I found that four mosquitoes were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face—great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me till I could have hidden myself for embarrassment. Presently a friend of theirs, bloated with drink, sailed down and sat beside them, singing a triumphant bloodlust song in a harsh, drunken tenor. He was plainly a degenerate going the pace that kills.

They say that if you look a wild animal in the eye he will turn away uneasily. I tried this on Macbeth, the new arrival—I called him Macbeth because he murdered sleep—but he was unabashed. I even spoke to him sternly, told him to go home and take his friends away with him, asked him what sort of place this was for a chap with a family; I appealed to his better self.

Macbeth's only reply was to crawl insolently through a tear in the netting and come straight at me. His song of triumph rose in sharp crescendo till he struck my nose; then it ceased. I was just reaching to kill him, even at the risk of disfiguring myself for life, when suddenly and without warning the netting gave way completely and fell about my ears. Can you imagine a worse predicament than to be pinned under so much wreckage with a mosquito that you personally dislike?

Well, I climbed out, rearranged my tent (while Macbeth's friends got at my ankles), sneaked in under the edge again, lay down once more, and looked about warily

for Macbeth. He was nowhere to be seen. I suspected some treachery, and on the off chance slapped the back of my neck quickly and with tremendous force, but with no corpse to show for it.

From that moment to this I have never seen Macbeth. It is all very sad. I almost wish now that I hadn't been so harsh with him.

After I had given him up for lost, I took count of the insect life about me, and discovered a delightful game, called Insides *versus* Outsides. At four A. M. the score stood as follows: Insides, three mosquitoes, one spider; Outsides, one ant, one daddy-long-legs, two mosquitoes. A vigorous campaign then began: the Insides trying to get out, the Outsides trying to get in.

At four-thirty A. M. owing largely to my efforts, the aspect of things was somewhat changed, the score standing: Insides, one mosquito; Outsides, one wasp, six mosquitoes, two unclassified. (Mind you, I'm no etymologist; I don't pretend to know these eight-legged, hairy lads by name.)

The list of dead and injured was simply appalling.

After awhile I tired of this game, but the mosquitoes were all for keeping it up indefinitely. Then, once again, I shut my eyes in the hope that sleep would knit the "ravell'd sleeve of care." It seemed, however, that the elements were all against knitting. The sun at that moment came up through the trees and shone straight into my eyes.

This worried me not so much on my own account as on Jones'; I hated the thought of his coming out with his wife at breakfast-time, and finding me dead of a sun-stroke on his porch.

Then I remembered that people didn't die of sunstroke. They only fainted and lost their minds.

Shortly after this I must have fainted, for I woke up

to find I had been unconscious for at least two hours!

The last thing I remembered, before the coma set in, was killing a spider on my stomach at five forty-five.

It was now eight o'clock. The sun had moved round and I could hear the kitchen pump going, and see the housemaid, indoors, hiding matches and sweeping the dust under the rugs.

I felt sleepy, but otherwise moderately well.

Presently Jones came out in his bathrobe, and asked me how I had slept. I told him that that was just what I'd been wondering myself, and he wanted to know whether the mosquitoes had been thick.

I said, "No, not too thick to get through the netting," and we both laughed and joked about the night as though it were the funniest thing in the world.

That's the way in such crises, when the terrible strain is over.

I avoided another night's excitement by telegraphing myself to come home at once on the most urgent business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were awfully cordial, and laid emphasis on the fact that in the future my cot would always be waiting for me on the porch. I explained that my business would be very exacting for a few years, and I doubted if I would ever be able to get away again.

I still cling to the old-fashioned ideas that night is the time for sleeping, and not for hunting and recreation.

—*Frederick L. Allen*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first three questions without referring to the story.

1. How did the author look forward to his night outdoors?
2. What were his difficulties regarding the mosquito netting?
3. Describe impromptu his experiences during the night.
4. Select four short passages that you think show the best humor and read them aloud.

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

WORDS TO LEARN

Part of O. Henry's genius as a story-teller lies in his use of words. In order to appreciate this quality, you will have to know the meaning of all the words he uses. The following words can be found in **Words to Learn**.

| | | |
|------------|--------------|-----------------|
| magi | mendicancy | meretricious |
| imputation | appertaining | idiocy |
| parsimony | longitudinal | inconsequential |
| instigates | depreciate | ecstatic |

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

William S. Porter, who wrote under the name of "O. Henry", occupies a very important place among the great short story writers. He early developed a love for both reading and writing stories, and he wrote for many of our leading magazines.

The power and popularity of his short stories rest on the reality of the situations that they picture, the lifelikeness of the characters, and the surprise endings that nearly all of them have.

"The Gift of the Magi" is based upon a situation that might really have happened. As you read it, notice the way in which the story interest is developed.

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty-five cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at eight dollars per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid thirty dollars per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to twenty dollars, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only one dollar and eighty-seven cents with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only one dollar and eighty-seven cents to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the

room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an eight dollar flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knees and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still where a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of *The Watch*. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the eighty-seven cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, long, carefully and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before

he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—Oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as

if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labor.

“Cut it off and sold it,” said Della. “Don’t you like me just as well, anyhow? I’m me without my hair, ain’t I?”

Jim looked about the room curiously.

“You say your hair is gone?” he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

“You needn’t look for it,” said Della. “It’s sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It’s Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered,” she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, “but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?”

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

“Don’t make any mistake, Dell,” he said, “about me. I don’t think there is anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you’ll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first.”

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and

back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, “Oh, Oh!”

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hand under the back of his head and smiled.

“Dell,” said he, “let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ’em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures

of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are the wisest. They are the magi.

—*O. Henry*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Why were Jim and Della called "the magi"?
2. Read the story aloud and then tell it before the class.

LINCOLN AND THE BALD-HEADED MAN

IN 1864 President Lincoln was greatly bothered by the well-meant but ill-advised efforts of certain good Northern men to bring about a termination of the war. An old gentleman from Massachusetts, very bland and entirely bald, was especially persistent and troublesome. Again and again he appeared before the President and was got rid of by one and another ingenious expedient. One day, when this angel of mercy had been boring Mr. Lincoln for half an hour, to the interruption of important business, the President suddenly rose, went to a closet, and took out of it a large bottle. "Did you ever try this remedy for baldness?" he asked, holding up the bottle before his astonished visitor. No; the man was obliged to confess that he never had tried it. Mr. Lincoln called a servant, had the bottle wrapped up, and handed it to the bald philanthropist. "There," said he, "go and rub some of that on your head. Persevere. They say it will make the hair grow. Come back in about three months and report." And almost before he knew it, the good man was outside of the door with the package under his arm.

—*Anonymous*



A STORY FROM SHAKESPEARE

The Central Thought

William Shakespeare is recognized as the greatest dramatist the world has produced. His plays have been translated into dozens of other languages, and have been played in many countries. More people go to see performances of Shakespeare's plays in the twentieth century than did in his own time, over three hundred years ago. His plays made their appeal not only to his own generation, or his own century,—his works are for all time. His broad understanding of the many and varied aspects of human nature has given his plays the timeless qualities that have made them endure through the ages.

JULIUS CAESAR

Retold from Shakespeare

WORDS TO LEARN

Some of these words you will have to look up for meanings, some for pronunciation, and others for the peculiar use that Shakespeare makes of them. They can all be found in Words to Learn.

| | | |
|-------------|-----------------|------------|
| tribune | wrought | affrighted |
| awl | glanced at | hazard |
| neat's | whet | rank |
| tributaries | interim | apt |
| martial | phantasma | hart |
| Ides | genius | censure |
| construe | subtle | compassion |
| Tiber | proceeding | interred |
| accoutred | auspicious | coffers |
| controversy | Artemidorus | Lupercal |
| Æneas | oracle | Nervii |
| Anchises | Trebonius | dint |
| Forum | Metellus Cimber | vesture |
| Colossus | pre-ordinance | Philippi |

underlings
mettle

apprehensive
constant

Lepidus
Octavius

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The story of Julius Caesar, greatest of Roman soldiers and statesmen, has been told in prose and verse for nearly two thousand years. But Shakespeare's version of the story, as found in his play **Julius Caesar**, is the most famous of them all. The selection here given is the story of that play, with many quotations from the play itself.

Shakespeare, perhaps the greatest writer of the English language, lived more than three hundred years ago, from 1564 to 1616. He has made vivid and real to us some of the most important incidents of the world's history, by telling them in dramatic form. His plays are usually divided into three groups,—comedy, tragedy, and history. **Julius Caesar** is really a combination of the last two types. The historical background of the play is taken from Plutarch's **Lives**, which gives in detail the stories of Caesar and Brutus. Most of the tragedies have some slight sparkle of comedy in them. There is little of this, however, in **Julius Caesar**. This play is like most of those by Shakespeare in one notable respect,—it opens with a scene of jesting and merrymaking. You will notice Shakespeare's fondness for playing on words,—that is, using words that are pronounced the same, but have different meanings, such as the words **awl** and **all**.

In order to understand the play fully, one must realize what great significance was attached to Roman citizenship. The Romans prided themselves on their honor, their freedom, and their independence. To take those away was to take their very heart's blood. Thus to insinuate that Roman citizenship was endangered was to make a grave charge indeed.

Julius Caesar lived from 102 to 44 B. C. He early distinguished himself as a soldier, and he became the leader of the popular, as opposed to the aristocratic, party. Through his success in war, as well as by his lavish expenditures on public entertainments, Caesar acquired great popularity with the commoners, and was elected, from time to time, to all the high offices in Rome. At one time, Caesar, Pompey and Crassus, united in what was called **The First Triumvirate**, had complete control of the Roman Empire. Serious differences arose between Caesar and Pompey, however, which finally led to open warfare. After a number of battles Caesar overcame Pompey, and returned to Rome, with the power of dictator. It is at this point that the play opens.

Caesar's Triumph

IT WAS a famous feast-day in Rome, and crowds thronged the streets. Flavius and Marullus, the tribunes, were making sport of some laboring-men who stood near.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home: Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a laboring-day without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

Carpenter. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you?

Cobbler. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cobbler. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cobbler. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cobbler. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cobbler. Truly sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cobbler. Truly sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

The jesting of the two tribunes and the poor cobbler went on for some time, while the streets continued to fill with people. The officers of the city, the nobility, the commoners, were all making merry on this joyful holiday. Caesar was returning to Rome in triumph. He had just come from Spain, where, after months of fighting and maneuvering, he had defeated Pompey, his rival for the dictatorship of Rome. It had been rumored that on this very day a crown would be offered to Caesar, and the people were anxiously awaiting the event.

Only a short time before, Pompey had been the idol and hero of the people. Many a time had they climbed up to the walls and battlements, waiting patiently the whole day to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome. Now it was another idol—Caesar—who held their love. Marullus rebuked the crowds for praising Caesar and forgetting Pompey:

“Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey’s blood?”

But in spite of his upbraidings, multitudes of commoners thronged the streets, and soon the crash of martial music, the glitter of spear-point and armor and a brilliant assembly of Senators, generals and soldiers announced

that Caesar was approaching. Rome had never witnessed a grander spectacle.

As Caesar drew near, a voice was heard from the crowd saying: "Caesar, beware the Ides of March." A wretched-looking fortune-teller was brought before the conqueror, and Caesar sternly bade him repeat what he had to say.

Again the voice of warning, "Caesar, beware the Ides of March."

"He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass on," said Caesar.

So the crowd swept on, leaving Brutus and Cassius standing on one side. Brutus was of the noblest type of Roman citizenship, loyal and patriotic, and in no way given to suspicion. Gentle and kind to all about him, he was respected by all the people. He was a dreamer, and practical action did not come easy to him. Cassius, his kinsman, was totally different. He was a politician, worldly-wise and crafty. He knew men's weak points, and by playing on these weak points, could fashion their wills to suit his own. At this particular time he was anxious to gain Brutus' good will, and win him over to the cause which he had in mind.

"Brutus, I do observe you now of late. I have not from your eyes that gentleness and show of love as I was wont to have."

"Cassius, if I have seemed unfriendly, let not my good friends be grieved—among which number, Cassius, be you one—nor construe any further my neglect than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, forgets the shows of love to other men."

At this point a mighty shout burst from the crowd in the Forum, indicating that fresh honors were being heaped on Caesar.

"What means this shouting, Cassius? I do fear the people choose Caesar for their king."

"Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so."

"I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well. But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me?"

"Well," answered Cassius, "honor is the subject of my story.

"I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar: and this man
Is now become a god! and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him."

Just then another shout broke from the crowd, and this served to anger Cassius the more.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Getting more indignant the more he thought and talked about the matter, Cassius continued, "When went there by an age, since the great flood, but it was famed with more than with one man?"

Cassius' words had made a visible impression on Brutus, who was silent for several minutes. At length he replied: "What you have said I will consider; and what you have to say I will with patience hear: and find a time both meet to hear and answer such high things."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the return of Caesar and his procession. The conqueror was highly elated with his triumph and welcome, but in the midst of his excitement he paused as he caught sight of the pale, threatening look of Cassius, and said:

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous;
If my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar."

The crowd passed on, but Brutus detained Casca, to ask him what had happened. Casca had a lively imagination

and a bitter tongue, and he took a malicious delight in telling Brutus about Caesar's refusal of the crown. Three times it had been offered him, and each time as he refused it, the people fell a-shouting. Much as they admired Caesar, they did not want a king, and Caesar was wise enough to see this.

Cassius felt that he had not completely won Brutus to his way of thinking so he decided to use a little strategy with him. After Brutus had gone, Cassius still lingered, talking aloud to himself.

“Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.”

These notes had a decided and ever-increasing influence on Brutus. He was gradually coming to a realization of what Caesar's autocratic rule would lead to. The crafty Cassius had successfully planted the seeds of distrust in Brutus' heart.

The Plans of the Conspirators

On the night before the Ides of March a fierce storm raged over Rome. The lightning and the crashing thunder terrified the people. A lion broke through its cage and prowled near the Capitol. One man only was delighted with the fury of the elements, and that man was Cassius. To his imagination, this terrifying storm was the protest

of heaven itself against the power of Caesar. In the midst of the storm he encountered Casca and Cinna, who thought as did Cassius regarding Caesar's triumph.

"Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible."

Like evil shadows the conspirators slunk along the deserted streets to Brutus' house. Brutus by this time had been so carried away by Cassius' arguments and insinuations, that he was ready to kill Caesar without any real reason. He argued that Caesar's power *might* make him haughty, insolent, and overbearing, and in order to prevent such a possibility, it would be best to kill him. Brutus was walking to and fro in his study, muttering to himself, when the conspirators reached his house.

"But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent."

Noble and sincere though he was, Brutus did not see the injustice of killing a man who had as yet done no wrong.

"Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;

The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

At this point the conspirators entered the room, apologizing for thus disturbing him in the middle of the night. After a few preliminaries, Cassius suggested that they pledge their word by an oath, to carry out the conspiracy. Brutus objected to the idea of taking an oath, saying that the honor of a Roman citizen was a sufficient guarantee of their steadfastness of purpose. Cassius and some of the others were anxious to have Cicero in the plot. Metullus Cimber especially urged this, saying:

"O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands:
Our youth and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity."

Here again, Brutus' opinion prevailed, and they decided not to invite Cicero to join them. The question of whether or not they should also kill Antony, Caesar's friend, was debated with much fervor. Brutus was very much opposed to such a course, arguing that

"Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds."

There was some discussion among the conspirators as to whether or not Caesar would appear at the Capitol on the following day—the Ides of March. Some of them feared that the fortune-teller's warning would frighten him into staying at home on that day. Decius promised that he would bring Caesar to the Capitol, for he was sure of overcoming his fear with flattery.

The storm had now nearly spent itself, and the first glimmer of dawn was showing in the east. As stealthily as they had come, the little band of conspirators broke up and went to their own homes.

The Ides of March

Within the palace of Caesar, the night had been passed with strange unrest. Calpurnia, Caesar's wife, had been oppressed with frightful dreams which seemed to foretell some calamity that would befall her husband. He, however, was at first unmoved by her fears and her entreaties not to go to the Capitol, saying:

“Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.”

When, however, the augurs sent in a report of evil omen, Caesar was really affected, and decided that perhaps it would be best to remain at home. Just as he was sending word to the Senate to this effect, Decius entered. With well-chosen words of subtle flattery, Decius played upon the vanity and pride of Caesar.

“The Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable."

Touched by the appeal to his vanity, Caesar turned to Calpurnia,

"How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go."

A great throng had assembled in front of the Capitol to see the mighty Caesar on this auspicious day. The words of the fortune-teller, spoken a month before, were in the minds of all. Would Caesar, the brave, the invincible, be frightened away, or would he appear as usual? The crowd awaited his arrival breathlessly. Long-robed Senators walked with stately steps to the Senate House. At last a shout rose from the multitude, which proclaimed the triumphant advance of Caesar. He was laughing and joking with those nearest him, making light of the assumed seriousness of the occasion. Jestingly he said, "The Ides of March are come!" Like an oracle of fate, a voice from the crowd called out, "Ay, Caesar, but not gone!" The reply caused considerable excitement among those assembled. Just at this moment Artemidorus, a great admirer of Caesar, thrust a note into his hand, begging him to read it immediately. The note was a warning, naming each one of the conspirators. Caesar brushed him aside, disdaining to look at the note, since it had to do with his own safety. It would not do for him to show the slightest fear or suspicion in the face of this vast multitude.

The conspirators now looked at each other, and made signals among themselves. Each one of them had his appointed task. Trebonius had been bidden to draw Mark Antony, who was nearest Caesar, out of the way. When this was done, Metullus Cimber, kneeling in supplication, presented his petition to Caesar on behalf of his banished brother.

“Most high, most mighty, and most knowing Caesar,
Metullus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:—”

“I must prevent thee, Cimber,” replied Caesar.

“These crouchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong.”

Brutus then added his entreaties to those of Metullus. But Caesar remained unmoved, saying,

“I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this:
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.”

This was a proud, ambitious speech, and dearly did

Caesar pay for it. The traitors were now pressing closely about him, nervous and eager for what was to follow. This haughty speech of Caesar's gave them the opportunity they had been looking for, and their hearts filled with hatred toward this overbearing man who was all but king. The spiteful Casca was the first to strike, and then from every side vengeful blows rained upon the mighty conqueror. Stunned by the attack, Caesar gathered his soldier's cloak about him as if to ward off the blows. They struck fiercely and without remorse. Wounded in many places and rapidly becoming weaker, Caesar staggered to the base of Pompey's statue. Then Brutus struck. The dying Caesar turned a look of reproach upon him, murmuring, "You, too, Brutus?" and hiding his face in the folds of his cloak, fell dead, pierced by more than thirty wounds.

Consternation spread throughout the Imperial City. Caesar had been killed! The Senators, fearing for their lives, fled in terror from the awful scene. The assassins, waving their blood-stained daggers, rushed into the Forum among the common people, shouting "Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!" The commoners, affrighted, knew not which way to turn. Brutus tried to calm them by saying:

"People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid."

Antony, marvelling that his life had been spared, distrusted the conspirators. Seeing how they had killed Caesar under cover of confidence and friendship, he determined to bring about their punishment in the same way. He therefore despatched a servant to Brutus, asking if he might safely approach Caesar's body and enquire into the cause of this awful tragedy. The servant was instructed to say:

"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Through the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith."

Thus, Antony, too, had learned to employ flattery to suit his purposes. Brutus readily granted him safe conduct, saying that he should be untouched. Antony hurried to the Capitol. The body of Julius Caesar lay where it had fallen, and around it stood the traitors, with hands, weapons and garments crimsoned with blood. Tears streamed from Antony's eyes as he knelt and took the cold, dead hand of Caesar within his own.

"O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well."

There was silence for a few moments. The people waited—breathlessly.

"I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no means of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age."

Turning to the conspirators Antony desired each one to

take him by the hand. As he pronounced their names and took their blood-stained hands in his, he asked pardon of the dead Caesar.

“Pardon me, Julius! Here was thou bayed, brave heart,
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy blood.”

Cassius, crafty and suspicious as ever, had been watching the proceedings with growing distrust.

“Will you be counted in number of our friends, Antony, or shall we on, and not depend on you?”

Antony, with seeming confidence, replied:

“Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.”

“You shall be satisfied, Antony, even were you the son of Caesar,” answered Brutus.

“That’s all I seek, but give me leave, I pray you, to produce his body in the market-place, and as becomes a friend, speak in the order of his funeral.”

Cassius here tried to warn Brutus of the danger of such a course, well knowing that Antony had some plot behind his apparent friendliness. Antony had a winning tongue, and Cassius feared the people would be moved by his eloquence. Brutus assured him, though, that he himself would speak first, and tell the people the real cause of the assassination. Cassius was forced to be content, but he was far from satisfied. Brutus laid down the conditions upon which Antony could speak.

“Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar’s body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;
And say you do’t by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended."

The Funeral Orations

The people had gathered in small groups to discuss the matter. Fear and confusion reigned throughout the city. Many had fled to their homes, some had left Rome, seeking safety. Brutus knew that it was necessary to reassure the crowd, so he calmly entered the Forum, bidding the people give him audience, as he would render public the reasons for Caesar's death.

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor: and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondsman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. With this I depart: that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death."

The whole populace was loud in its shouts.

"Live, Brutus, live! live!"

"Bring him with triumph home unto his house!"

"Let him be Caesar!"

The crowd had been moved by his earnest, simple words, and felt that he was sincere in all he said. When Brutus

had left the Forum, Antony entered, followed by a funeral procession bearing the body of Caesar. There were mutterings from the people, who now felt that Caesar had been a tyrant, and they were well rid of him. They were not anxious to hear Antony, and it was some time before they were silent enough for him to speak. Antony had a difficult task before him, and he first strove to gain the confidence of his hearers. He began by arousing their compassion, and then touched on their patriotic love and pride for Rome.

“Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man:
So are they all, all honorable men:—
Come I to speak in Caesar’s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But I am here to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me."

Antony's carefully chosen words, coming from the heart, could not fail to have their effect on a mob that was easily swayed by the latest speaker. The people were gradually led into an excited resentment against these "honorable men," and when Antony finished, they were bitterly hostile to Brutus and Cassius. Antony now came down from the platform, and stood beside the body of Caesar. Holding up the blood-stained cloak of the mighty conqueror, he showed the many rents and gashes in it.

"You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors."

He unveiled the corpse, and a cry of horror, anger and revenge arose from the crowd. Seizing lighted torches from the funeral pile, they rushed in all directions to burn the houses of the assassins. The Forum rang with their fiendish shouts. "Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!"

Encountering a poet named Cinna, they tore him to pieces simply because he bore the name of one of the conspirators. The traitors themselves fled, some to Macedonia, some to Syria, and others to Gaul.

The Battle of Philippi

Realizing the danger of their situation, the conspirators hastened to gather an army, and prepared themselves for the struggle which they knew would follow. The Roman army, under the command of Antony, Lepidus and Octavius, went to meet the army of the traitors, who had assembled their forces near the plains of Philippi. Lepidus had been Caesar's general, and had recently been appointed Governor of Gaul. Octavius was Caesar's nephew.

All did not go well in the camp of the enemy. Brutus had been oppressed by many anxious forebodings. At night a ghost, bearing the features of the dead Caesar, had terrified him with a message that they should meet again at Philippi. Brutus felt that this foretold the place where he should die.

On the morning of the battle of Philippi, the rival chiefs had a conference, and for the last time, Brutus and Cassius stood before Octavius and Antony. Bitter words passed between them, but gained them nothing.

Cassius too had felt that this day would have a direful

ending. Great flocks of ravens and crows flew over the armies, and these birds of ill omen seemed to bespeak death. Heavy at heart, he and Brutus bade each other farewell, each one sensing that this day would be the end.

“This same day,” said Brutus,
“Must end that work the Ides of March began;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.”

Cassius, shaking the hand of his friend, replied,

“For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus:
If we do meet again, we’ll smile indeed;
If not, ’tis true this parting was well made.”

And thus the two leaders separated, never to meet again.

The battle raged fiercely on every hand. The army of Cassius broke and fled. Cassius, in despair, ordered his own armor-bearer to kill him, when he saw the battle was lost.

Brutus’ troops gave way at every point before the onrush of Antony’s soldiers. At length, seeing the hopelessness of the affair, he too determined to die, and unsheathing his sword, he fell upon it, thus perishing by his own hand.

Octavius and Antony rushed in when he was on the point of death, but it was too late to save him. Antony was deeply grieved at the fate of Brutus, and mourned him as the noblest of all the conspirators.

“This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

—Retold by Bernadine Freeman

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Try to answer the first four questions without referring to the selection.

1. Describe the opening scene of the play.
2. Show clearly the difference between the characters of Brutus and Cassius.
3. What three means were employed to win Brutus into the conspiracy?
4. What was the purpose of the assassination?
5. Why did Antony say that Brutus' thrust was "the unkindest cut of all"?
6. Question for debate: Resolved—The outcome would have been different, if Antony had spoken to the people before Brutus, after the death of Caesar.
7. What finally happened to Brutus and Cassius?
8. Memorize Antony's speech beginning "Friends, Romans, countrymen."

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

—From "*The Merchant of Venice*"

POLONIUS' ADVICE

SEE thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all : to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—From "Hamlet"

A FEW PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

WORDS TO LEARN

If there are any unfamiliar words in this selection, look them up in your dictionary.

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Solomon, the son of David, was a wise king of Israel. During his reign Israel reached its highest glory, and reports of the great magnificence and splendor have come down to us from his time.

The fame of Solomon's wisdom spread far and wide, and people from all lands came to consult him on matters of importance. He had scribes write down the wise sayings of the learned men of his day, and to these he added many of his own. Much of this collection of wisdom may be found in the Book of Proverbs in the Old Testament. A few of these proverbs are given here.

A FEW PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

A MAN that hath friends must show himself friendly;
And there is a friend that sticketh closer than a
brother.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
And loving favor rather than silver and gold.

Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out;
So where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth.

He that hath no rule over his own spirit
Is like a city that is broken down and without walls.

Answer not a fool according to his folly,
Lest thou also be like unto him.

Keep thy heart with all diligence;
For out of it are the issues of life.

Can a man take fire in his bosom,
And his clothes not be burned?
Can one go upon hot coals,
And his feet not be burned?

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread;
But he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding.

There is he that maketh himself rich
Yet hath nothing;
There is he that maketh himself poor,
Yet hath great riches.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise;
But in companionship of fools shall be destruction.

Righteousness exalteth a nation;
But sin is a reproach to any people.

A soft answer turneth away wrath,
But grievous words stir up anger.

Better is little with the fear of the Lord,
Than great treasures and trouble therewith.

Pride goeth before destruction,
And an haughty spirit before a fall.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

A friend loveth at all times,
And a brother is born for adversity.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine;
But a broken spirit drieth the bones.

The glory of young men is their strength;
And the beauty of old men is the gray head.

—*Bible*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Classify the Proverbs according to whether they deal with things of the spirit or material things.
2. Memorize the three Proverbs that you consider most important.
3. Write a short paragraph explaining any one of the Proverbs.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"The habit of asking 'What do I remember of what I have read?' is the beginning of growth."

The faculty of reading attentively rather than superficially is one that can be cultivated.

Do you remember the different pictures of home life in the first section—the picture of the village blacksmith, the simple beauty of the cotter's Saturday night, the difficulty which the parents had in deciding "which shall it be?" and the restful, quiet beauty of Longfellow's poem?

In the next two sections do you recall the delightful humor of Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," the fun that the author had in "Sleeping Outdoors," and the unexpected situations in O. Henry's story "The Gift of the Magi"?

In the next section the story of Julius Caesar is so clearly presented that you ought to be able to remember it, and also some of the famous speeches of the leading characters.

As a result of reading Part Five you should have clearly in your mind the following thoughts. 1. The peace and beauty of home life. 2. The pleasure that comes from having a sense of humor. 3. The qualities of Shakespeare's plays that make them last for many generations.

More about "Literature That Never Grows Old"

In becoming acquainted with the literature that never grows old, it is well to read the works of writers of other countries as well as those of America. This broadens one's knowledge of the world and increases one's appreciation of good books. 1. "The Story of the Other Wise Man," by Henry van Dyke. 2. "The Bird's Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. 3. "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace. 4. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain. 5. "The House of Seven Gables," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 6. "Captains Courageous," by Rudyard Kipling. 7. "Being a Boy," by Charles Dudley Warner. 8. "Black Beauty," by Ethel Sewell. 9. "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore. 10. "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott.

L'ENVOI

WHEN *Earth's last picture is painted,*
and the tubes are twisted and
dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
lies down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall
set us to work anew!

And those who were good shall be happy:
they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with
brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and
never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only
the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and
each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the
God of Things as They Are!

—Rudyard Kipling

WORDS TO LEARN

Key to Pronunciation

| | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|-------------|---------------|---------------|
| ā as in fāte | ē as in ēve | ī as in īce | ō as in ōld | ū as in ūse |
| ǎ as in făt | ĕ as in ĕnd | ÿ as in ÿll | ŏ as in ŏdd | ŭ as in ŭp |
| â as in câre | ĕ as in makĕr | | ô as in ôrb | û as in ûrn |
| á as in ásk | ĕ as in ĕvent | | ö as in öbey | ü as in rüde |
| â as in ârm | | | oo as in boöt | û as in ûnite |
| ã as in senâte | | | | |

- abject** (ăb'jĕkt): mean, beggarly.
- abortive** (ă-bŏr'tiv): cut short.
- acclamation** (ăk-lă-mă'shŭn): loud applause.
- accoutred** (ă-kŏŏ'tĕr'd): dressed.
- acquisition** (ăk-wĭ-zĭsh'ŭn): gaining possession of.
- adamant** (ăd'ă-mănt): a stone of extreme hardness.
- adherents** (ăd-hĕr'ĕntz): followers, supporters.
- administrator** (ăd-mĭn'ĭs-tră-tĕr): a manager.
- admissible** (ăd-mĭs'ĭ-b'l): allowable.
- admonish** (ăd-mŏn'ĭsh): to instruct or direct.
- adversary** (ăd vĕr-să-rĭ): an enemy.
- Æneas** (ă-nĕ'ŭs): a famous Greek hero.
- Æolian** (ĕ-ŏ'ĭ-ăn): pertaining to the winds.
- affability** (ăf-ă-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ): courtesy, pleasant behavior.
- affectations** (ăf-ĕk-tă'shŭnz): artificial show.
- affrighted** (ă-frĭt'ĕd): frightened, alarmed.
- aft** (ăft): Scotch for after.
- often** (ăf'ĕn): Scotch for often.
- agog** (ă-gŏg'): eager, astir.
- Alamo** (ăl'ă-mŏ): a Franciscan mission built about 1722 at the present San Antonio, Texas, defended unsuccessfully as a fort by Texans and Americans against the Mexicans in 1836.
- alane** (ă-lăn'): Scotch for alone.
- algæ** (ăl'jĕ): sea-weed.
- alpine** (ăl'pĭn): high, lofty.
- alternative** (ăl-tŭr'nă-tĭv): a choice between two or more things.
- amaist** (ă-măst'): Scotch for almost.
- Amalek** (ăm'ă-lĕk): a nation of Biblical times, noted for its hostility to Israel.
- amang** (ă-măng'): Scotch for among.
- ambush** (ăm'bŏŏsh): to attack from a concealed position.
- anaconda** (ăn-ă-kŏn'dă): a large snake.
- ance** (ăns): Scotch for once.
- Anchises** (ăn-kĭ'sĕz): the father of Æneas.
- anemic** (ă-nĕ'mĭk): pale and lacking in vitality.
- annealing** (ă-nĕl'ĭng): heating in order to soften.
- annihilated** (ă-nĭ'hĭ-lăt-ĕd): wiped out, destroyed.
- Antares** (ăn-tă'rĕz): one of the brightest stars.
- apologist** (ă-pŏl'ŏ-jĭst): one who speaks or writes in defense of faith.
- appalling** (ă-pŏl'ĭng): fearful.
- apparition** (ăp-ă-rĭsh'ŭn): a ghost.
- appertaining** (ăp-ĕr-tăn'ĭng): belonging or relating to.
- apprehend** (ăp-rĕ-hĕnd'): to understand.

apprehensive (ăp-rê-hên'siv): fearful of what may be coming; intelligent, quick, sharp.

apprenticed (ă-prên'tis't): bound by legal agreement to serve another person for a certain length of time.

apprised (ă-prizd'): informed.

approbation (ăp-rô-bă'shŭn): approval.

appropriated (ă-prô'prî-ăt-ĕd): set apart for a particular person.

apt (ăpt): ready.

Aragon (ă-ră-gôn'): former kingdom in northeast Spain.

archives (ăr'kîvs): place where public records or historic documents are kept.

Arcturus (ăr-k-tŭ'rŭs): one of the brightest stars.

Argonne (ăr-gôn'): a wooded plateau in France.

armament (ăr'mă-mĕnt): a body of forces equipped for war.

aromatic (ăr-ô-măt'ík): fragrant, strong-scented.

arrogance (ăr'ô-găns): pride, conceit.

arrogant (ăr'ô-gănt): proud.

arshin (ăr-shĕn'): a measure of length, slightly over two feet.

Artemidorus (ăr-tĕm-î-dô'rŭs): a character in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

artisan (ăr'tî-zăn): a mechanic.

ascendancy (ă-sĕn'dĕn-sî): authority, influence.

ascribe (ăs-krib'): to refer, to assign.

askew (ă-skŭ'): crooked.

assign (ă-sîn'): an agent or representative.

astern (ă-stŭrn'): behind a vessel.

asthma (ăz'mă): a disease characterized by difficulty in breathing.

atrocious (ă-trô'shŭs): wicked.

attitudinizes (ăt-î-tŭ'dî-nîz-ĕs): poses for effect.

attrition (ă-trîsh'ŭn): wearing away by rubbing.

auld (ôld): Scotch for old.

auspicious (ôs-pîsh'ŭs): giving promise of success; prosperous, fortunate.

authentic (ô-thĕn'tík): real, true.

avarice (ăv'ă-rîs): greediness.

awl (ôl): a pointed instrument for piercing small holes in wood or leather.

Bagdad (băg'dăd): a city of Asia.

bairns (bârns): Scotch for children.

Balaklava (bâ-lâ-klă'vâ): a Russian seaport on the Black Sea.

Balmoral (bâl-môr'ăl): a castle in Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

balsamic (bôl-săm'ík): filled with an oily fragrant substance.

bard (bârd): a poet.

Baricide (bâr'mĕ-sîd): a member of a wealthy Persian family which furnished viziers to the caliph of Bagdad.

barracoon (băr-ă-kôon'): a barrack for temporary confinement of slaves.

Bashkirs (bâsh-kĕrs'): a group of farming people living along the Ural mountains.

bedlam (bĕd'lăm): wild uproar.

behest (bĕ-hĕst'): command.

behooves (bĕ-hôovz'): to be necessary or proper.

belches (bĕl'chĕz): clouds.

Beledjereed (bĕ-lĕ-dĕl'jĕ-rĕd).

belligerent (bĕ-lîj'ĕr-ĕnt): warlike.

bellows (bĕl'ôz): an instrument by which air is blown on a fire.

belyve (bĕ-lîv'): Scotch for quickly.

ben (bĕn): Scotch for within.

benison (bĕn'î-z'n): blessing.

ben trovato (bĕn trô-vă'tô): well found or invented.

Betelgeuse (bĕt-ĕl-gŭz'): one of the brightest stars.

- bias** (bī'ās): view.
- biel** (bēld): Scotch for shelter.
- birling** (būrl'ing): rolling, spinning.
- bishop** (bish'ūp): a beverage consisting of wine, oranges or lemons, and sugar.
- blate** (blāt): Scotch for bashful.
- blaws** (blós): Scotch for blows.
- blenched** (blēnch'd): shrunk back, gave way.
- blotted** (blōt'ēd): puffed up beyond the natural size.
- blythe** (blith): glad, cheerful.
- boarding-pike** (bōrd'ing-pīk): a pike used by sailors in boarding a vessel.
- bole** (bōl): the trunk or stem of a tree.
- bondsman** (bōndz'mān): a slave.
- boneset** (bōn'sēt): an herb.
- bonnie** (bōn'ī): Scotch for pretty.
- bonnilie** (bōn'ī-lī): prettily.
- Border chivalry** (shīv'āl-rī): the group of knights that guarded the Scotch border.
- borough** (būr'ō): a town.
- Bosphorus** (bōs'fō-rūs): the strait between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora.
- Boulogne** (bōō-lōn'): a French city on the English channel.
- Bourbon** (bōōr'būn): a kind of whiskey.
- braggaocio** (brāg-ā-dō'shī-ō): boasting.
- braw** (brō): Scotch for handsome.
- brogue** (brōg): accent.
- brusquely** (brūsk'lī): shortly, suddenly.
- Bucentaure** (bū-sēn-tāw'rē): the name of a French war vessel.
- bulwarks** (bōōl'wārks): boarding around the sides of a ship, above the level of the deck.
- buoyancy** (boi'ān-sī): gaiety of spirits.
- buttresses** (būt'rēs-ēz): walls.
- ca'** (kā): Scotch for call.
- cachalot** (kāsh'ā-lōt): the sperm whale or male whale.
- calculating** (kāl'kū-lāt'ing): scheming.
- caliph** (kā'līf): a title of the sultans of Turkey.
- callously** (kāl'ūs-lī): unfeelingly.
- calumnies** (kāl'ūm-nīz): false accusations.
- canister** (kān'īs-tēr): a shell containing shot, or scraps of iron, which explodes when fired from a gun.
- cannie** (kān'ī): cautious or shrewd.
- cant** (kānt): empty, solemn speech or outwardly good or pious conduct implying what is not felt or done.
- card** (kārd): compass-face.
- caricaturist** (kā'r'ī-kā-tū-rīst): one who exaggerates the faults of others in drawings or writings.
- carking** (kārk'ing): perplexing, distressing.
- carnage** (kā'r'nāj): great destruction of life, as in battle.
- carnival** (kā'r'nī-vāl): a celebration with great merry-making.
- ca's** (cōz): Scotch for calls.
- Castile** (kā-s-tēl'): a former kingdom in central Spain.
- Catalonia** (kā-t-ā-lō'nī-ā): a former division of Spain.
- catnip** (kā't'nīp): a plant having strong-scented foliage.
- cauld** (could): Scotch for cold.
- cavalcade** (kāv'āl-kād): train or procession of persons, usually on horseback.
- ceanothus** (sē-ā-nō'thūs): a kind of shrub or tree having handsome foliage and white, blue or yellow flowers.
- censure** (sēn'shūr): find fault with.
- certes** (sūr'tēz): certainly.

- chaff** (cháf): the husks of grain separated from the seed by threshing.
- Change** (chānj): contraction for Exchange, referring to the Royal Exchange in London, a building devoted to the vast interests of commerce. The expression here used is equivalent to saying that Scrooge's business credit was excellent.
- chaos** (kā'ōs): confusion.
- chaplain** (chāp'līn): a clergyman who performs service in the army or navy.
- chevaux-de-frise** (shēv-ō-dē-frēz'): mass of jagged edges and sharp points.
- chicane** (shī-kān'): trickery, deceit.
- chimerical** (kī-mēr'ī-kāl): imaginary, fantastic.
- cholera** (kōl'ēr-á): a disease common in southern Europe and Asia.
- choleric** (kōl'ēr-īk): hot-tempered.
- chows** (chous): Scotch for chews.
- churlish** (chūr'lish): sullen.
- clairvoyant** (klār-voi'ánt): clear-sighted; having the power to see things that others cannot see.
- clerical** (klēr'ī-kāl): pertaining to the clergy.
- client** (klī'ěnt): one who employs the services of a lawyer.
- cockpit** (kōk'pīt): the space in the rear of a vessel, below the deck.
- coffers** (kōf'ērz): chests or trunks for holding money.
- cognomen** (kōg-nō'měn): a name.
- cohesion** (kō-hē'zhūn): union.
- collate** (kō-lāt'): to compare.
- collect** (kōl'ěkt): certain short prayers used in the Episcopal church.
- Colossus** (kō-lōs'ūs): here it refers to the huge statue of Apollo at the harbor of Rhodes. Its legs were said to extend over the mouth of the harbor, and the ships passed under them.
- coma** (kō'má): a state of profound insensibility.
- combatively** (kōm'bá-tīv-ly): as if disposed to fight.
- comforter** (kūm'fēr-tēr): a knit woolen scarf.
- commissary** (kōm'ī-sā-rī): pertaining to food.
- commodity** (kō-mōd'ī-tī): merchandise.
- compassion** (kōm-pāsh'ūn): pity, sympathy.
- compliantly** (kōm-plī'ánt-ly): yielding, obediently.
- composedly** (kōm-pōz'ēd-ly): calmly.
- comprehension** (kōm-prē-hěn'shūn): complete understanding.
- compression** (kōm-prēsh'ūn): pressing a great volume into a small space.
- compute** (kōm-pūt'): to reckon or count.
- concentric** (kōn-sěn'trīk): having a common center.
- conciliation** (kōn-sīl-ī-ā'shūn): act of making friendly.
- concourse** (kōn'kōrs): assembly, crowd.
- conducive** (kōn-dū'sīv): helpful, tending to promote.
- confirmation** (kōn-fēr-mā'shūn): proof, convincing testimony.
- conforming** (kōn-fōrm'īng): fitting or adjusting themselves.
- conformist** (kōn-fōr'mīst): a person who agrees with and lives up to the customs of society.
- conifers** (kō'nī-fērz): cone-bearing trees.
- consonance** (kōn'sō-nāns): agreement.
- constant** (kōn'stánt): firm.
- constituents** (kōn-stīt'ū-ěnts): the group of people who have elected a certain person to office.
- constituted** (kōn'stīt-tūt-ěd): appointed.
- construe** (kōn'strōō): to understand.

- contacts** (kǒn'tǎkts): meetings or mixing with other people.
- context** (kǒn'tĕkst): part or parts of a discourse preceding or following a passage, which throws light on its meaning.
- contours** (kǒn'tōōrz): outlines.
- contraband** (kǒn'trā-bānd): forbidden.
- contra-dance** (kǒn'trā-dāns): a dance in which the partners are arranged face to face, or in opposite lines.
- contretemps** (kǒn-tr'ān): an accident; something unforeseen or embarrassing.
- controversy** (kǒn'trō-vūr-sī): strife, debate.
- conventionality** (kǒn-vĕn-shŭn-ǎl'ī-tī): formal or set rules of conduct and behavior.
- convoy** (kǒn-voi'): to escort.
- cood** (kōōd): Scotch for cud.
- co-ordination** (kō-ōr-dī-nā'shŭn): working together.
- copek** (kō'pĕk): a Russian coin, usually worth one-twentieth of a cent.
- copious** (kō'pī-ŭs): rich, abundant.
- copse** (kōps): a growth of small trees.
- cormorants** (kōr'mō-rānts): diving birds that feed on fish.
- correlation** (kōr-ĕ-lā'shŭn): mutual relation.
- corroborate** (kō-rōb'ō-rāt): to confirm, to establish.
- corruption** (kō-rŭp'shŭn): badness.
- corvette** (kōr-vĕt'): a slow sailing ship.
- cosmopolitan** (kōs-mō-pōl'y-tān): a citizen of the world, free from local prejudices.
- cotillion** (kō-tīl'yŭn): a lively French dance, comprising a variety of fancy steps and figures.
- counsel** (koun'sĕl): a legal adviser.
- counterpart** (koun'tēr-pārt): a person who closely resembles another.
- countersign** (koun'tēr-sīn): a military watchword, or signal given to soldiers on guard.
- court-martial** (kōrt-mār'shāl): a trial, before a court consisting of military or naval officers, of one belonging to the army or navy.
- covetous** (kŭv'ĕ-tŭs): greedy.
- cracks** (krāks): chats, talks.
- cravat** (krā-văt'): a necktie.
- craws** (krōs): Scotch for crows.
- credulity** (krĕ-dŭ'īl-tī): ready belief.
- crescendo** (krĕ-shĕn'dō): a constantly increasing volume of tone.
- crevasses** (krĕ-vās'ĕz): deep cracks or fissures in glacier ice.
- Crimea** (krī-mĕ'ā): a peninsula of southwestern Russia, extending into the Black Sea.
- criterion** (krī-tĕ'rī-ŭn): measure or test.
- Croce di guerra** (krō'thā dĕ gwā'rā): literally, "the cross of war", the name of the Italian war medal.
- Croix-de-guerre** (krwā-dĕ-gâr'): literally "the cross of war", the name of the French war medal.
- culinary** (kŭ'lī-nā-rī): relating to cooking.
- culminating** (kŭl'mī-nāt-īng): reaching a climax.
- cultural** (kŭl'tŭr-āl): broadly educational, pertaining to those means by which an advanced state of civilization is reached.
- currency** (kŭr'ĕn-sī): that which is circulated or passed from person to person.
- custody** (kŭs'tō-dī): a keeping or guarding.
- cynicism** (sīn'ī-sīz'm): the belief that human conduct is directed by self-interest.
- davits** (dāv'īts): "f" shaped pieces of iron on the sides of vessels for suspending or lowering a boat.
- defer** (dĕ-fŭr'): to yield or submit.

deferential (děf-ēr-ěn'shāl): respectful.

degenerate (dě-jěn'ēr-āt): having declined in worth.

deign (dān): to condescend to give or bestow.

delta (děl'tá): scattering.

demerits (dě-mēr'īts): actions which deserve blame.

demoralized (dě-mōr'āl-iz'd): corrupted.

denominate (dě-nōm'ī-nāt): to name.

deplorable (dě-plōr'á-b'l): sad, grievous.

deplore (dě-plōr'): to grieve for.

depreciated (děp'rē-kāt-ěd): disapproved.

deprecatingly (děp'rē-kāt-īng-lī): regretfully.

depreciate (dě-prē'shī-āt): to represent as of little value.

depreciated (dě-prē'shī-āt-ěd): lessened in value.

dereliction (dēr-ē-lik'shūn): a neglect or omission.

derogatory (dē-rōg'á-tō-rī): belittling.

descried (dě-skrīd'): discovered, beheld, proclaimed.

desolation (dēs-ō-lā'shūn): waste.

despondency (dě-spōn'děn-sī): hopelessness or despair.

dessyatin (dě-sī'á-tīn): a measure of land, equalling two and two-thirds acres.

deteriorate (dě-tēr'ī-ō-rāt): to grow worse.

deus ex machina (dě'ūs ɛx māk'-ī-ná): a person introduced to solve a difficulty insolvable by ordinary means.

Deuteronomy (dū-tēr-ōn'ō-mī): the fifth book of the Old Testament of the Bible.

devastated (děv'ās-tāt-ěd): destroyed, made desolate.

deviation (dě-vī-ā'shūn): departure from the usual course.

devotee (děv-ō-tē'): enthusiast.

diadem (dī'á-dēm): a crown or headband worn by Eastern monarchs as a badge of royalty.

differentiation (díf-ēr-ěn-shī-ā'shūn): classification.

diligent (díl'ī-jěnt): steady, industrious.

dint (dīnt): force, power.

discern (dī-zurn'): to detect, discover.

disconcert (dīs-kōn-surt'): to confuse.

disconcerted (dīs-kōn-sěrt'ěd): confused.

disintegrating (dīs-īn'tē-grāt-īng): being broken up by the action of water and frost.

disparagingly (dīs-pār'āj-īng-lī): reproachfully.

dissension (dī-sěn'shūn): disagreement, quarrel.

disillusioned (dīs-ī-lū'zhūnd): free from deception.

dispensation (dīs-pěn-sā'shūn): gift, reward.

dissolution (dīs-ō-lū'shūn): ruin.

divested (dī-věst'ěd): stripped or deprived of.

doggedly (dōg'ěd-lī): sullenly, obstinately.

domicile (dōm'ī-sīl): to dwell.

Don (dōn): a title in Spain formerly given to noblemen and gentlemen only.

dormant (dōr'mānt): inactive, at rest.

dragons (drá-gōonz'): mounted soldiers.

drapping (drāp'īng): Scotch for dropping.

dulse (dūls): coarse red seaweeds.

earnest (úr'něst): something given beforehand as a pledge.

ecstatic (ɛk-stăt'ík): filled with extreme emotion.

efficacy (ɛf'ī-kā-sī): power.

efficiently (ĕ-fĭsh'ĕnt-lĭ): capably, helpfully.
effulgent (ĕ-fŭl'jĕnt): r a d i a n t, bright.
ego (ĕ'gō): the self.
elasticity (ĕ-lās-tĭs'ĭ-tĭ): state of being elastic.
elation (ĕ-lā'shŭn): joyful excitement.
elimination (ĕ-lĭm-ĭ-nā'shŭn): throwing out.
emblazonry (ĕm-blā'z'n-rĭ): decoration, as on a flag.
embodied (ĕm-bōd'ĭd): given a concrete form.
embrasure (ĕm-brā'z'hŭr): an opening with sides flaring outward in a wall or parapet, through which cannon are fired.
encompassed (ĕn-kŭm'pās't): encircled, surrounded.
engross (ĕn-grōs'): to absorb.
engrosses (ĕn-grōs'ĕs): controls.
enhanced (ĕn-hāns't'): increased.
epic (ĕp'ĭk): a narrative tale.
erudition (ĕr-ŭ-dĭsh'ŭn): learning.
esprit de corps (ĕs-prĕ' dĕ kōr'): spirit of the members of a body or association of persons.
essence (ĕs'ĕns): real existence.
ethereal (ĕ-thĕ'rĕ-āl): exceedingly light or airy.
ethical (ĕth'ĭk-āl): moral, understanding of right and wrong.
etiquette (ĕt'ĭ-kĕt): forms or conduct to be observed.
etymologist (ĕt-ĭ-mōl'ō-jĭst): one who studies the origins of words.
euchre (ŭ'kĕr): a game at cards.
Everglades (ĕv'ĕr-glādz): low swampy land in southern Florida.
exchequer (ĕks-chĕk'ĕr): treasury.
execrations (ĕk-sĕ-krā'shŭnz): curses.
executor (ĕg-zĕk'ŭ-tĕr): the agent who sees that the provisions of a will are carried out.

exhilarating (ĕg-zĭl'ā-rā-tĭng): enlivening.
expedients (ĕks-pĕ'dĭ-ĕnts): plans.
expiated (ĕks'pĭ-āt-ĕd): atoned for.
expiration (ĕk-spĭ-rā'shŭn): close.
expostulating (ĕks-pōs'tŭ-lāt-ĭng): pleading.
exuberance (ĕgz-ŭ'bĕr-āns): overflowing supply.
eydent (ĭ'dĕnt): Scotch for diligent or busy.

fa' (fō): Scotch for fall.
facetious (fā-sĕ'shŭs): witty.
fallacious (fāl-lā'shŭs): misleading, deceptive.
farce (fārs): a ridiculous show or mockery.
fathom (fāth'ŭm): to search into.
feigned (fānd): pretended.
feints (fānts): attacks.
felicity (fĕ-lĭs'ĭ-tĭ): happiness.
fell (fĕl): Scotch for eagerly.
ferret (fĕr'ĭt): a small weasel, with bright red eyes.
ferrule (fĕr'ŭl): a flat piece of wood, like a ruler, used for striking children.
firmament (fĭr'mā-mĕnt): the vault or arch of the sky; the heavens.
flail (flāl): an instrument for thrashing grain.
Fléchier (flā-shyā'): a French pulpit orator.
flitcher (flĭ'chĕr-ĭn): fluttering.
flotsam (flōt'sām): wreckage.
fluent (flōō'ĕnt): moving.
foal (fōl): a colt.
Foch (fōsh): commander of the Allied Armies during the World War.
fodder (fōd'ĕr): coarse food for cattle and horses.
follies (fōl'ĭz): unbecoming conduct.

forebore (fôr-bôr'): gave up, refrained from doing.

forfeits (fôr'fīts): a game.

formidable (fôr'mī-dā-b'l): fearful, terrible.

fortitude (fôr'tī-tūd): strength, vigor.

Forum (fō'rūm): the public place of a city, consisting of an open square surrounded by shops and public buildings.

fracas (frā'kās): disturbance, quarrel.

frae (frā): Scotch for from.

fraught (frôt): filled, stored.

freshet (frësh'êt): a great rise, or a flood.

frigate (frīg'ât): a war vessel.

frustrated (frūs'trāt-êd): defeated, checked.

furrowed (fūr'ôd): wrinkled.

furtively (fūr'tīv-ly): slyly, secretly.

Galileo (gāl-ī-lē'ō): an Italian astronomer.

gang (gǎng): Scotch for go.

gars (gārs): Scotch for wakes.

gauntlet (gānt'lêt): a glove of such material that it defends the hand from wounds.

gavel (gǎv'êl): the mallet of the presiding officer in court, with which he raps for order or attention.

gazette (gā-zêt'): a newspaper.

generated (jên'êr-āt-êd): caused or produced.

genius (jên'yūs): the spirit presiding over the destiny of a person or place.

gig (gīg): a light carriage drawn by one horse.

girth (gūrth): circumference.

glanced at (glǎns't): hinted at.

gorget (gôr'jêt): a colored patch on the throat.

gory (gôr'y): covered with blood.

gravitation (grāv-ī-tā'shŭn): the force which draws all bodies toward the earth, and keeps the planets in their orbits about the sun.

gravity (grāv'ī-tī): seriousness.

guid (güd): Scotch for good.

guise (gīz): fashion, manner.

gyrations (jī-rā'shŭns): circular motions.

ha'-Bible (hō): Scotch for hall Bible or family Bible.

hae (hā): Scotch for have.

haffets (háf'êts): Scotch for cheeks.

hafflins (háf'līnz): Scotch for partly or half.

hallan (hǎl'ǎn): a partition in a cottage.

hame-ward (hām'wôrd): Scotch for home-ward.

harangue (hā-rǎng'): to make a noisy speech.

harbingers (hār'bīn-jêrz): fore-runners, messengers.

Haroun (hā-rōon'): the caliph of Bagdad.

harpooner (hār-pōon'êr): one who throws a spear used to strike whales.

hart (hārt): a deer.

hazard (hǎz'árd): danger, peril.

hazardous (hǎz'ār-dūs): risky, dangerous.

healsome (hāl'sŭm): Scotch for wholesome.

helium (hē'lī-ŭm): a gas.

herculean (hêr-kŭ'lê-ǎn): unusually strong.

heretical (hê-rêt'ī-kǎl): disposed to reject the creeds of the church.

Hesiod (hê'sī-ôd): a Greek poet.

hidalgos (hī-dál'gōz): noblemen of the lowest rank in Spain.

histie (hīs'tī): Scotch for barren.

hob (hōb): a level projection at the side of an open fireplace, on which to hang a pot or kettle.

humility (hŭ-mīl'ī-tī): humbleness.

Ichabod (ik'â-bôd).

Ides (idz): the fifteenth day of the ancient Roman month.

idiocy (id'y-ô-sy): lack of intelligence due to incomplete development of the brain.

ignite (ig-nit'): to set on fire.

imbibe (im-bîb'): to receive into the mind.

immobility (im-ô-bîl'y-tî): motionlessness.

immortal (y-môr'tâl): never-dying.

impair (im-pâr'): to damage.

impart (im-pärt'): to give a knowledge of.

imperceptibly (im-pêr-sêp'tî-blî): gradually, unnoticeably.

imperturbable (im-pêr-tûr'bâ-b'l): not easily disturbed.

importune (im-pôr-tûn'): to beg earnestly.

impostor (im-pôs'têr): one who assumes a character or title not his own.

impoverished (im-pôv'êr-îsht): made poor.

imputation (im-pû-tâ'shûn): indirect accusation, insinuation.

inadvertently (in-âd-vûr'tênt-lî): heedlessly.

inapplicable (in-âp'î-kâ-b'l): not suitable.

inarticulately (in-âr-tîk'û-lât-lî): not distinctly.

inaudible (in-ô'dî-b'l): incapable of being heard.

inaugural (in-ô'gû-râl): installation of a person in office.

incalculable (in-kâl'kû-lâ-b'l): beyond measurement.

incensed (in-sênst'): angered.

incoherent (in-kô-hêr'ênt): loose, not connected.

inconsequential (in-kôn-sê-kwên'shâl): unimportant.

incorruptible (in-kô-rûp'tî-b'l): just, upright.

incredulous (in-krêd'û-lûs): unbelieving, doubtful.

inculcate (in-kûl'kât): to teach.

indomitable (in-dôm'î-tâ-b'l): not to be subdued, unconquerable.

indulgences (in-dûl'jêns-ês): pardons for sins.

ineffable (in-êf'â-b'l): unspeakable.

inert (in-ûrt'): lifeless.

inevitable (in-êv'î-tâ-b'l): unavoidable.

inexorable (in-êk'sô-râ-b'l): unyielding, relentless.

inexplicable (in-êks'plî-kâ-b'l): incapable of being explained.

inexplicably (in-êks'plî-kâ-blî): not capable of being explained.

inextricable (in-êks'trî-kâ-b'l): not capable of being untied.

inflate (in-flât'): to fill with a gas.

infused (in-fûzd'): poured into.

infusing (in-fûz'îng): filling.

ingenuity (in-jê-nû'î-tî): cleverness.

ingle (in'g'l): a fireplace.

ingrained (in-grând'): dyed in the grain, or before manufacture.

ingratiating (in-grâ'shî-ât-îng): eager to please.

inheres (in-hêrz'): sticks.

initiative (in-îsh'î-â-tîv): starting power.

innovation (in-ô-vâ'shûn): a change.

inquest (in'kwêst): an inquiry held to determine the cause of a person's death.

inscrutable (in-skrôô'tâ-b'l): not to be understood.

insolently (in'sô-lênt-lî): insultingly, rudely.

instigates (in'stî-gätz): provokes, stirs up.

insufferable (in-sûf'êr-â-b'l): unendurable.

insurgent (in-sûr'jênt): rebel.

integral (in'tê-grâl): complete, entire.

intercede (In-tēr-sēd'): to beg or plead in behalf of another.

interim (In'tēr-īm): interval between events.

intermittently (In-tēr-mīt'ĕnt-l): with many interruptions.

interred (In-tŭrd'): buried.

intervention (In-tēr-vĕn'shŭn): taking part in someone's affairs for the purpose of making a reconciliation.

intimation (In-tĭ-mā'shŭn): hint.

intrigues (In-trĕgz'): schemes.

intrusive (In-trōō'siv): entering without right or welcome.

inveterate (In-vĕt'ĕr-ăt): deep-rooted, habitual.

invincible (In-vĭn'sĭ-b'l): unconquerable.

invokes (In-vōks'): beseeches, asks earnestly.

irascible (ĭ-rās'-ĭ-b'l): ill-tempered, cross.

ironical (ĭ-rōn'ĭ-kāl): saying one thing and meaning another.

itinerant (ĭ-tĭn'ĕr-ănt): wandering.

Jaffar (jā-fār').

jauk (jāk): Scotch word meaning to dally or to trifle.

jehu (jĕ'hŭ): fast driver.

jocund (jōk'ŭnd): merry, cheerful, gay.

Kaiserwerth (kĭ'zĕr-wĕrth): a city in Germany.

Kamerad (kām'ĕr-ăd): a German expression meaning "I surrender."

kebbuck (kĕb'ŭk): Scotch for cheese.

kens (kĕns): Scotch for knows.

kibitka (kĭ-bĭt'kă): a rude Russian vehicle, on wheels or runners, with a round cover of cloth or leather.

knave (nāv): a tricky, deceitful fellow.

Kroomen (krōō'mĕn): Liberian negroes noted for skill as boatmen.

kumyss (kōō'mĭs): a liquor made from camel's milk.

kye (kĭ): Scotch for cows.

laconically (lā-kōn'ĭk-ăl-ĭ): expressing much in few words.

laithfu' (lāth'fu): Scotch for unwilling.

laud (lōd): to praise.

lave (lāv): the others, the rest.

lays (lāz): songs.

leeward (lē'wĕrd): sheltered side.

legacies (lēg'ā-sĭz): property which came from one's ancestors.

legion (lē'jŭn): countless, very numerous.

legitimate (lē-jĭt'ĭ-măt): lawful.

Lepidoptera (lēp-ĭ-dōp'tĕr-ă): the order of insects which consists of the butterflies and moths.

Lepidus (lēp'ĭ-dŭs): a general in Caesar's army, a character in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

lethargy (lēth'ăr-jĭ): drowsiness.

Levant (lē-vănt'): the name of a U. S. ship.

Leverrier (lē-vĕ-ryă'): a French astronomer.

libel (lĭ'bĕl): any statement, oral or in writing, that gives an unjustly unfavorable impression of someone.

libocedrus (lĭ-bō-sĕ'drŭs): white cedars.

Linnæus (lĭ-nĕ'ŭs): a Swedish botanist.

linsey-woolsey (lĭn'zĭ-wōōl'zĭ): coarse cloth made of cotton and wool.

lint (lĭnt): flax.

list (lĭst): to please, to desire.

- loggerheads** (lɔg'ēr-hĕdz): to be at loggerheads means to quarrel.
- longitudinal** (lɔn-jĭ-tŭ'dĭ-năl): placed or running lengthwise.
- lour** (lour): Scotch for lower.
- luminous** (lŭ'mĭ-nŭs): shining, bright.
- Lupercal** (lŭ'pĕr-kăl): a Roman holiday in the month of February.
- lust** (lŭst): longing or desire.
- lyart** (lĭ'ĕrt): Scotch for gray.
- Mackinac** (măk'ĭ-nô): a city in northern Michigan.
- madroñas** (mă-drô'nyaz): evergreen trees of California having smooth bark, thick shining leaves and red berries.
- madstrom** (măl'strôm): a whirlpool, here it means a group of people all moving toward the center of the circle.
- magi** (mă'jĭ): a priestly order noted for its wisdom.
- malice** (măl'ĭs): ill will.
- manacles** (măn'ă-kl's): handcuffs.
- manzanita** (măn-ză-nĕ'tă): a California shrub.
- maritime** (măr'ĭ-tĭm): pertaining to the sea.
- Marmora** (măr-mô'ră).
- marooning** (mă-rōon'ĭng): being isolated or left alone.
- martial** (măr'shăl): of, or pertaining to war.
- Massac** (măs'ăk): formerly a fort on the Mississippi River.
- mattocks** (măt'ŭks): implements for digging.
- maun** (môn): Scotch for must.
- maverick** (măv'ēr-ĭk): an unbranded animal.
- meed** (mĕd): reward.
- memoranda** (mĕm-ô-răn'dă): brief notes to assist in remembering something.
- mendicancy** (mĕn'dĭ-kăn-sĭ): begging.
- mercenary** (mŭr'sĕ-nă-rĭ): selfish, greedy, working only for a reward.
- meretricious** (mĕr-ĕ-trĭsh'ŭs): gawdy.
- meritorious** (mĕr-ĭ-tô'rĭ-ŭs): deserving of reward or praise.
- metallurgy** (mĕt'ăl-ŭr-jĭ): the science of preparing metals for use.
- mettle** (mĕt'l): spirit, courage.
- Metullus Cimber** (mĕ-tŭl'ŭs sĭm'bĕr): a character in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.
- Meuse** (mŭz): a river in France.
- microcosm** (mĭ'krô-kôzm): a little world.
- millennial** (mĭ-lĕn'ĭ-ăl): pertaining to the millenium, which is a time of great happiness when Christ will come to earth.
- miry** (mĭr'ĭ): muddy, dirty.
- moil** (moil): toil.
- molecule** (môl'ĕ-kŭl): a very small unit of matter.
- molestation** (mô-lĕs-tă'shŭn): annoyance, interference.
- molten** (môl'tĕn): melted.
- Mondeer** (môn-dĕr').
- Monongahela** (mô-nôn-gă-hĕ'lă).
- montero** (môn-tă'rô): a kind of cap worn by huntsmen.
- Montezumas** (môn-tĕ-zôô'măz): former Indian rulers of Mexico.
- mujik** (môo-zhĭk'): a Russian peasant.
- mutés** (mŭtz): officers or attendants who are selected for their places because they cannot speak.
- nae** (nă): Scotch for no.
- Naivasha** (nă-vă'shă): a lake in central Africa.
- nankeen** (năn-kĕn'): a brownish yellow cotton cloth.

neat's leather (nētz): cowhide.

negative (nĕg'ā-tīv): consisting in the absence or removal of something.

negotiate (nĕ-gō'shī-āt): to procure or arrange for.

negotiation (nĕ-gō-shī-ā'shūn): doing business with another with a view to coming to terms.

Nervii (nĕr've): the bravest warriors of the Gallic tribes.

nimbi (nīm'bī): grayish rain clouds.

nonchalance (nōn'shā-lāns): carelessness, indifference.

non-committal (nōn-kō-mīt'āl): not revealing one's opinion or purpose.

non mi ricordo (nōn-mĕ-rĕ-kōr'dō): an Italian expression meaning "I do not remember."

Nukahiva (nōō-kōō-hĕ'vā): islands in the Pacific Ocean.

obscurity (ōb-skūr'ī-tī): darkness.

observant (ōb-zūr'vānt): watchful, attentive.

obtrusively (ōb-trōō'sīv-ī): forwardly, entering uninvited.

Octavius (ōk-tā'vī-ūs): nephew of Julius Caesar; a character in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

odious (ō'dī-ūs): offensive.

officious (ō-fīsh'ūs): impertinent, impudent.

oly koek (ōl'ī kōōk): a kind of doughnut.

ominous (ōm'ī-nūs): having a threatening aspect.

omnivorous (ōm-nīv'ō-rūs): eating everything.

onerous (ōn'er-ūs): heavy.

opaque (ō-pāk'): not reflecting or giving out light.

optimism (ōp'tī-mīz'm): hopeful-ness.

orbit (ōr'bīt): the path described by a heavenly body in its revolution around another body.

Orion (ō-rī'ōn): a large, bright constellation.

Pall Mall (pāl māl').

Palos (pā'lōs): the port in Spain from which Columbus sailed.

pandemonium (pān-dĕ-mō'nī-ūm): disorder, confusion.

par (pār): equality as to value, condition, or circumstances.

parabola (pā-rāb'ō-lā): a curve.

paraphrase (pār'ā-frāz): to give the meaning in another form.

Parliament (pār'lī-mĕnt): the law-making assembly of England, corresponding to our Congress.

parries (pār'īz): warding off blows.

parrich (pār'īch): Scotch for porridge.

parsimony (pār'sī-mō-nī): stinginess.

partisan (pār'tī-zān): strongly in favor of a person.

patois (pā-twā'): language of uneducated people, used in a given locality.

patriarchal (pā-trī-ār'kāl): venerable, ancient.

peavies (pĕ'vīz): poles with a hook and sharp spike at the end.

pedagogue (pĕd'ā-gōg): a school-teacher.

pedestrian (pĕ-dĕs'trī-ān): common-place.

peer (pĕr): one of the same rank or quality.

penitence (pĕn'ī-tĕns): sorrow for sins or faults.

pensive (pĕn'sīv): thoughtful.

perambulations (pĕr-ām-bū-lā'shūns): walking about.

perjure (pūr'jūr): to swear knowingly to what is untrue.

perpetuate (pĕr-pĕt'ū-āt): to make perpetual.

persecution (pūr-sĕ-kū'shūn): ill treatment.

- pertinacious** (pâr-tî-nâ'shûs): persistent, obstinate.
- pervades** (pêr-vâdz'): spreads through.
- perversity** (pêr-vûr'sî-tî): stubbornness.
- petulant** (pêt'û-lânt): impatient.
- Phaethon** (fâ'é-thôn): the sun god.
- phantasma** (fân-tâz'má): a vision or dream.
- phantasmagoria** (fân-tâz-má-gô' rî-á): a shifting series of visions or dreams.
- phase** (fâz): view, aspect.
- Philippi** (fî-lîp'î): an ancient city of Greece.
- physique** (fî-zêk'): physical or bodily structure.
- pillory** (pîl'ô-rî): a device for punishing offenders.
- pique** (pêk): to irritate or offend.
- pitch** (pîch): state, degree.
- placidly** (plâs'îd-lî): peacefully.
- plaint** (plânt): complaint, lament.
- plaintive** (plân'tîv): sorrowful, mournful.
- plastic** (plâs'tîk): capable of being molded.
- pleasantry** (plêz'ânt-rî): a joke, a jest.
- plough** (plûk): Scotch for plow.
- Polaris** (pô-lâ'rîs): the North Star.
- Poor Law**: the laws passed by the English government in regard to the relief of the poor.
- portcullis** (pôrt-kûl'îs): a strong grating hung over the gateway of a fortified place and capable of being let down to defend the gate.
- posthumous** (pôs'tû-mûs): after death.
- potentate** (pô'tên-tât): a ruler.
- potently** (pô'tënt-lî): strongly, powerfully.
- pound** (pound): an English coin (£) worth about five dollars.
- predicament** (prê-dîk'á-mënt): an unfortunate or trying situation.
- predilection** (prê-dî-lêk'shûn): previous liking.
- predominant** (prê-dôm'î-nânt): controlling.
- predominating** (prê-dôm'î-nât-ing): most important.
- preferment** (prê-fûr'mënt): advancement.
- prematurely** (prê-mâ-tûr'lî): too soon.
- premonitory** (prê-môn'î-tô-rî): giving previous warning or notice.
- pre-ordinance** (prê-ôr'dî-nâns): laws fixed from the beginning, as if the law of God.
- presumptive** (prê-zûmp'tîv): without basis in fact.
- prime** (prîm): full health, strength or beauty.
- proceeding** (prô-sêd'îng): progress, advancement.
- prodigious** (prô-dîj'ûs): very important.
- prodigiously** (prô-dîj'ûs-lî): enormously, astonishingly.
- progeny** (prôj'ê-nî): children, descendants.
- projects** (prôj'êkts): plans.
- propensity** (prô-pên'sî-tî): inclination.
- prostrate** (prôs'trât): lying in a humble or lowly posture; powerless.
- protract** (prô-trâkt'): to prolong.
- provincial** (prô-vîn'shâl): of or pertaining to the provinces; countrified.
- prudence** (prô'dêns): wisdom.
- psalmody** (sâm'ô-dî): art of singing psalms.
- psychologist** (sî-kôl'ô-jîst): one versed in the science of the mind.

pulping (pŭlp'ŭng): being reduced to pulp.

punctilious (pŭnk-tŭl'ŭ-ŭs): very precise in conduct or ceremony.

purblindness (pŭr'blind-nĕs): blindness.

purge (pŭrj): to wash away, cleanse, purify.

pyramidal (pŭ-răm'ŭ-dăł): in the form of a pyramid.

queued (kŭd): arranged in a pig-tail.

quizzically (kwŭz'ŭ-kăł-ŭ): questioningly.

rampant (răm'pănt): rearing or leaping.

rank (rănk): proud, haughty.

rantipole (răn'tŭ-pŏł): wild, unruly.

ratio (ră'shŭ-ŏ): proportion.

ravelin (răv'łn): a detached work with two embankments, raised across a ditch.

reclaimed (rĕ-kłămd'): improved.

reclamation (rĕk-lă-mă'shŭn): act or process of recovering or restoring.

recluse (rĕ-klŏos'): a person who lives in seclusion.

recompense (rĕk'ŏm-pĕns): to repay.

recumbent (rĕ-kŭm'bĕnt): reclining, inactive.

redolent (rĕd'ŏ-lĕnt): fragrant.

refractor lens (rĕ-frăk'tĕr): a lens that bends back the light rays angularly, as if half broken.

relinquish (rĕ-łn'kwŭsh): to give up.

remonstrate (rĕ-mŏn'străt): to plead; to protest against.

remorseless (rĕ-mŏrs'lĕs): cruel.

rendezvous (răn'dĕ-vŏŏ): an appointed place of meeting for warships or troops.

repudiates (rĕ-pŭ'dŭ-ăts): refuses to admit the truth of.

residuary legatee (rĕ-zŭd'ŭ-ă-rŭ lĕg-ă-tĕ'): one who inherits the remainder of a certain estate or inheritance.

resplendent (rĕ-splĕnd'ĕnt): splendid.

restive (rĕs'tŭv): stubborn.

resultants (rĕ-zŭł'tănts): things which follow as a result of something else.

retract (rĕ-trăkt'): to take back.

retorts (rĕ-tŏrts'): quick replies.

retribution (rĕt-rŭ-bŭ'shŭn): payment suitable to the action performed.

reverberate (rĕ-vŭr'bĕr-ăt): to send back.

revulsion (rĕ-vŭł'shŭn): sudden change of feeling.

rhetoric (rĕt'ŏ-rŭk): skillful or artistic use of language.

ribbing (rŭb'ŭng): striping.

Rigel (rŭ'jĕł): one of the brightest stars.

rime (rŭm): white frost.

rin (rŭn): Scotch for run.

rotundity (rŏ-tŭn'dŭ-tŭ): roundness.

rove (rŏv): twisted.

rowels (rou'ĕlz): little wheels with sharp points on some spurs.

Royalists (roi'ăl-ŭsts): those who believed in and supported the king.

ruble (rŭ'b'ł): a Russian coin, supposed to be worth twenty-one cents.

sacerdotal (săs-ĕr-dŏ'tăł): priestly.

sae (să): Scotch for so.

Sagittarius (săj-ŭ-tă'rŭ-ŭs): one of the brightest stars.

sair-won (săr'wŏn): Scotch for hard-won.

Samara (sá-mä'rá): a river in Russia.

sanctuary (sǎnk'tû-ä-rf): place of refuge and protection.

Santiago (sän-të-ä'gō): a seaport of Cuba.

Santissima Trinidad (sän-tis'ŷ-má tr'ŷn'ŷ-däd).

satellite (sät'ë-lit): a small planet revolving round a larger one.

satirist (sät'ŷ-rfst): one who, in his writings, makes fun of people and their mistakes.

scabbard (skǎb'árd): a sheath in which the blade of a sword is kept when not in use.

scourge (skürj): punishment, suffering.

Scutari (skōō'tá-rë): a city in Asiatic Turkey.

scymitar (sím'ŷ-tër): a sabre with a much curved blade.

Sebastopol (së-bás'tō-pōl): a seaport in southwestern Russia.

self-indulgent (sëlf-ŷn-dül'jënt): doing things to please one's self.

sensuous (sën'shōō-üs): pertaining to the senses.

sentimentality (sën-tŷ-mën-täl'ŷ-tŷ): quality or state of being romantic.

sequestered (së-kwës'tërd): withdrawn, secluded.

Sequoias (së-kwoi'áz): the "big trees" of California.

seraphic (së-ráf'ŷk): angelic, sublime.

servile (sür'vŷl): slavish.

shew (shō): Scotch for show.

signal (sŷg'näl): extraordinary.

simulate (sím'ü-lät): to imitate.

simulations (sím-ü-lä'shünz): imitations.

simultaneously (sŷ-mül-tä'në-üs-lŷ): at the same time.

sin (sŷn): Scotch for since.

sinew (sŷn'ü): muscle.

sinister (sŷn'ŷs-tër): evil.

Sirius (sŷ'rŷ-üs): the brightest star in the heavens.

sledge (slëj): a large, heavy hammer.

snawie (snō'ŷ): Scotch for snowy.

sordid (sör'dŷd): dirty, filthy.

spasmodic (spáz-mōd'ŷk): sudden, irregular.

spectacular (spëk-tǎk'ü-lër): unusual.

spectroscope (spëk'trō-skōp): an optical instrument for dividing light into the rays of which it is composed.

sperm whale (spürm' whāl): male whale.

spiers (spërs): Scotch for asks.

spleen (splën): spite.

spontaneous combustion (spōn-tǎ' nē-üs kōm-büs'chün): fire produced in a substance by the heat of its own chemical action.

sprightly (sprit'li): gay, lively.

stacher (sták'ër): to stagger.

stamina (stám'ŷ-ná): staying power.

starr'd (stárd): affected in fortune by the stars.

stentorian (stën-tō'rŷ-än): very loud.

steppes (stëps): vast level tracts of land, in southeastern Europe and Asia, usually without forests.

Steptoptera (stëp-tō-pōt'ër-á): the name of a certain class of insects.

stertorous (stür'tō-rüs): hoarse.

stibble-field (stŷb'l): Scotch for stubble field.

stintless (stŷnt'lës): unlimited.

stole (stōl): a vestment worn by a priest.

stoure (stour): Scotch for dust.

stubble (stüb'l): the stumps of wheat or other grain left in the ground, as after reaping.

stupendous (stü-pën'düs): wonderful.

sublimity (süb-lím'ŷ-tŷ): grandeur, magnificence.

subsist (süb-sŷst'): to remain alive.

subtle (süt''l): delicate, shrewd.

succumb (sü-küm'): to yield, or give way.

succumbing (sü-küm'ŷng): yielding, submitting.

suffusing (sü-füz'ŷng): spreading out.

sugh (sōök): Scotch for sigh.

supernumerary (sü-pěr-nü'mēr-â-ri): exceeding what is necessary.

swoon (swōön): a faint.

tacit (täs'ŷt): silent.

ta'en (tān): Scotch for taken.

tangible (tän'jŷ-b'l): real.

Tantallon (tän-täl'ŷn): Douglas' castle.

tarantass (tä-rân-täs'): a low, four-wheeled carriage used in Russia.

Tartar (târ'târ): one of the people of Turkish origin.

Téméraire (tēm-é-rār'): the name of an English war vessel

tempestuous (tēm-pēs'tū-ŷs): violent.

tentie (tēn'tē): Scotch for heedful.

tête-à-tête (tāt-â-tāt'): private conversation.

Tiber (tŷ'bēr): a river which flows by the edge of Rome.

Ticonderoga (tŷ-kōn-dēr-ō'gâ): fort at the head of Lake Champlain.

tolerance (tōl'ēr-âns): sympathy with reference to the views of others.

topography (tō-pōg'râ-fl): surface.

Tories (tō'rŷz): Americans who favored yielding to Great Britain, during the Revolutionary War.

towmond (tō'mōnd): Scotch for a twelvemonth.

transgression (trâns-grēsh'ŷn): sin.

translation (trâns-lâ'shŷn): removal or conveyance to heaven.

transparent (trâns-pâr'ēnt): having the property of transmitting rays of light.

transports (trâns'pōrts): ecstasy; rapture.

treacherous (trēch'ēr-ŷs): false, disloyal.

Treadmill (trēd'mŷl): a name given to appliances used in certain prisons for punishment.

Trebonius (trē-bō'nŷ-ŷs): a character in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

tremulous (trēm'ū-lŷs): trembling, timid.

trenchant (trēn'chânt): sharp.

tribune (trŷb'ūn): a Roman government official.

tributaries (trŷb'ū-tâ-rŷz): rulers that pay tribute to a conquering power.

triced up (trŷst ŷp): tied up.

trimming ship (trŷm'ŷng): arranging as to position.

trumpery (trŷm'pēr-ŷ): cheap, worthless.

typhus (tŷ'fŷs): a contagious fever lasting from two to three weeks.

unanimity (ū-nâ-nŷm'ŷ-tŷ): agreement.

unassuming (ŷn-â-sŷm'ŷng): modest.

uncanny (ŷn-kân'ŷ): weird, mysterious.

uncos (ŷn'kōz): strange things, news.

underlings (ŷn'dēr-lŷngz): people who are under the orders of others.

undulations (ŷn-dū-lâ'shŷnz): waves.

Union Workhouse: a work-house supported and governed by a union of two or more parishes.

unmeet (ün-mēt'): unfit.
unrequited (ün-rê-kwīt'éd): unrewarded.
unscathed (ün-skāthd'): uninjured.
untractable (ün-trāk'tā-b'l): hard to manage.
Uranus (û-rā'nūs): one of the planets.
usurpers (û-zûrp'êrz): those who take possession of an office or power by force.
utility (û-tīl'ī-tī): usefulness.

Valencia (vā-lēn'syā): old kingdom in Spain, now a province.
vandalism (vān'dāl-īzm): deliberate destruction of what is beautiful.
vaqueros (vā-kā'rōz): herdsmen.
vassalage (vās'āl-āj): slavery or servitude.
venerable (vĕn'ēr-ā-b'l): worthy of honor because of advanced age.
verity (vĕr'ī-tī): truth or reality.
versatilities (vûr-sā-tīl'ī-tīz): qualities that enable one to turn with ease from one thing to another.
versts (vûrstz): a measure of length, equalling two-thirds of a mile.
vestige (vĕs'tīj): trace, remains.
vesture (vĕs'tûr): robe.
vibrant (vī'brānt): vibrating, trembling.
vibrations (vī-brā'shūnz): shakings, quiverings.
viceroy (vīs'roi): a ruler of a colony or province, acting with royal authority in the place of the king.
Villeneuve (vĕl-nūv'): a French admiral.
virile (vīr'īl): forceful.
vizier (vī-zēr'): an high officer in various Mohammedan countries.
vocation (vō-kā'shūn): profession.
vociferated (vō-sīf'ēr-āt-ĕd): cried out noisily.

vodka (vöd'kà): a Russian liquor made from rye.
Volga (völ'gà): a river in Russia.
volitional (vō-līsh'ūn-āl): pertaining to the exercise of the will.
volplaning (völ'plān-īng): flying.
voluble (völ'ū-b'l): fluent, easy.

waive (wāv): to give up or set aside.
wales (wālz): chooses, selects.
walker (wōk'ēr): a slang term expressing surprise and disbelief.
wa's (wōz): Scotch for walls.
weal (wēl): happiness, welfare.
weel-hain'd (wēl-hān'd'): well preserved.
weel's (wēl's): Scotch for well as.
ween (wĕn): Scotch for think.
weet (wĕt): Scotch for wet.
wha (whā): Scotch for who.
wham (whām): Scotch for whom.
whet (hwĕt): to make sharp, keen or eager.
wi' (wī): Scotch for with.
wight (wīt): a creature.
wil (wīl): Scotch for wild.
windlass (wīnd'lās): a machine for winding up ropes.
withe (wīth): a flexible, slender twig.
wrought (rôt): turned, changed.
wrought iron (rôt): the purest form of iron.

Yerkes (yĕr'kĕz).
'yont (yōnt): Scotch for beyond.
younkers (yūn'kĕrs): youths.

zealous (zĕl'ūs): filled with anxiety, eager.

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