

THE TUTOR SAMPLER

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“ In the early days of a child’s life it makes little difference whether we educate with a notion of filling a receptacle, inscribing a tablet, moulding plastic matter, or nourishing a life, but as a child grows we shall perceive that only those ideas which have fed his life are taken into his being; all the rest is cast away or is, like sawdust in the system, an impediment and an injury.”

- Charlotte Mason

DESCRIPTIONS OF TEACHING TOOLS

- BLACKBOARD WORDS:** Narration is a very difficult skill to learn, but when large vocabulary and names become difficult, write these on a white or blackboard. This will keep the narration from getting frustrating and concentration can focus back on the reading.
- BOOK OF CENTURIES:** A book of centuries is simply put a timeline made by the child. Creativity abounds within this tool. It can be as simple as a continuum line continued on a few pages with a starting year marked on each page. It can be as complex as a scrapbook of ideas, papers, printouts, and photos. The goal is show where in history the events happened and give the child a bird's eye view. Relationships can then be made between events.
- COPYWORK:** Writing out passages of scripture, literature, and poetry is a wonderful tool. Children work on a selection for a short time and build the habit of writing neatly. Copywork can take the place of handwriting books if you feel comfortable showing how to form the letters. Copywork that is chosen from excellent writing will itself model proper spelling, grammar, and creative expression.
- DICTATION:** As students get older dictation can slowly be added to his repertoire. There is many different levels of dictation, from studying the passage first to cold turkey dictation. For beginning students let some of the copywork be a short dictation exercise. Charlotte Mason goes as far as putting the punctuation on the blackboard, then when a punctuation mark is reached in the passage the teacher can point to it. Mistakes are avoided and proper grammar is rehearsed.
- LIVING BOOKS:** Why spend time reading lots of books? More does not always mean better. Living books are those that hold our interest, well written, nourish the mind, and can be narrated with detail. Much has been written on living books and lists have been compiled. There is more than a lifetimes' worth of reading available and only a few can be truly called living.
- LOGIC:** Logic is studied later during the 'logic stage' of the trivium. Logic is taught formally so students are better equipped to tackle finding the truth. It helps the mind develop reasoning skills and determining the facts and fallacies.
- NARRATION:** Retelling. The concept of narration is very simple; tell back what we just read, saw, or heard. Narration demands much more. The skills of attention, concentration, and retaining knowledge are all developed. Finally the mind now knowing this new information will assimilate it, reflect on it, and use it to grow and thrive.
- NATURE JOURNAL:** A journal is a place to record personal reflections. A nature journal is concerned only with those personal accounts with nature. While on a nature walk or reading about nature thoughts and drawings, poetry and diagrams are drawn, copied, and described. It is good to date these thoughts and go back and reflect on them often.
- NATURE WALK:** Discovering nature by being in nature. The best way to begin studying this world we live in is to get out in it, to study it, to get to know it personally, and to watch it at work. Nature walks can be simple observations made while outdoors. Exploring nature deeper will require a drawing book to record what was seen.
- NOTEBOOKING:** Sorting and storing information can become a challenge. Notebooking helps to organize. Notebooking can be used with three ring binders and paper, spiral bound notebooks, or any other type of paper bound together somehow. The goal is to label the notebook for the subject areas, and even divide each subject area into smaller topics.
- PRIMARY SOURCES:** Primary sources are those original documents, objects, photographs, recordings from an eyewitness.
- PRINCIPLE SOURCE:** When we do not have a primary source, we can then look to the earliest record and call this a primary source.
- RECITATION:** Telling back word for word. Read a passage aloud a few times and then have the student repeat it back word for word, it is not yet memorization. Recitation is used on its own and with dictation and as the beginnings to memorization.
- RHETORIC:** The study of rhetoric will develop effective communication. During ancient times this would include only oral communication, today we expand this to oral, written and visual expression. Rhetoric is studied during the 'rhetoric stage' of the trivium.



How to Use The Tutor

We thank you for purchasing *The Tutor*. *The Tutor* is not for every family but for those seeking a richer and fuller educational experience for their children. *The Tutor* is unlike any other education tool on the market; it is for customers who see education differently. We have designed *The Tutor* to be as flexible in use as it is diverse in subjects covered.

The Tutor is not a curriculum. It is designed to complement any curriculum you may be using. We know that education is much more than the Three R's. True, the basics are vital, but they are just the beginning of developing a full education. A richer education includes understanding about the things that make civilization, knowledge about the world and the arts, and the ability to express oneself. This is the motivation for *The Tutor*: to help families and teachers give children these additional skills that may not be acquired in any other way.

The Tutor can be effectively used in several ways and while we understand that the teacher's usage will be tailored to the individual situation, we wanted to provide a few ideas that you may find useful. *The Tutor* could be used as a stand-alone addition to your curriculum. The stories are captivating; the music is among the best ever composed, and the totality of the material would benefit anyone exposed to it. If this approach best meets your needs, you will undoubtedly give your student benefits not easily available anywhere else. However, we believe that there are more benefits to be gained if *The Tutor* is used in conjunction with your larger curriculum.

Since *The Tutor* is not time sensitive or dated, one volume can be used repeatedly to supplement a curriculum as the student progresses through various subjects. An example may be that the student is studying reptiles for science and the first sections of this volume may be a nice way to supplement the study. Other sections may be all you require for certain studies. The introduction to Haydn and his music can stand alone or be part of a larger study of classical music; however, it could also supplement a study on the culture and history of Europe. The possibilities of how to use each volume and each section within a volume are limitless.

The written and spoken word may be man's greatest invention and we emphasize it in *The Tutor*. Since words are the way we transmit ideas to each other, it is essential that a student master their use. When we think of great men, we usually think of two legacies they leave: their deeds and their words. While deeds are vital it is often words that change the world more—their words; writings, speeches, and letters. "In the beginning God created," "Romeo, Romeo, where for art thou Romeo?" "Give me liberty or give me death!" "Four score and seven years ago," "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall," these are words that shaped and changed the world. One of our goals is to help the student develop a mastery of words. People with great ideas must be able to express them. With this in mind, each volume contains a poetry section, a child-friendly version of a Shakespearean work, a section on great orations, and a collection of other writings. These can be used to supplement studies in history or when studying the topic the speaker or writer addresses. They also make great subject matter for memorization exercises and copy work. You will notice that our section entitled Copy work comes from George Washington. In addition to the examples of great words, we also include a three-level elocution section which helps the student develop a mastery of words. These sections focused on the written and spoken word may be the most valuable sections to the teacher and the student. History is replete with memorable

figures who were self-taught by reading and learning from the great writers that preceded them. This can be true with your students as well.

We end each volume with a character section. It is our philosophy that education is not complete if it does not build the student into an honorable individual. Honesty, responsibility, trustworthiness, and so forth are slipping from today's society. We seem to live in a coarser world, and while we know many have said that in earlier times, it does not mean our assessment is incorrect. The only way to address this development is to train our students in proper behavior and instill in them an admirable character.

You may notice some wordings and grammatical usages that are different from what is considered acceptable nowadays. This is because we are reprinting public domain works as they were originally printed. We strive to stay true to the original source as much as possible.

In some respects, our book is helping you to teach things that were part of a good education years ago. Our society suffers from too much data and not enough education, and we hope that our volumes fill in some gaps and complement your efforts for years to come.

Washington's Rules of Civility

In 1745, George Washington he was attending school in Fredericksburg, Virginia. The first church (St. George's) of the infant town was just then finished, and the clergyman was the Rev. James Marye, a native of France. It is also stated in the municipal records of the town that its first school was taught by French people, and it is tolerably certain that Rev. Marye founded the school soon after his settlement there as Rector, which was in 1735, eight years after the foundation of Fredericksburg.

Here then are rules of conduct, taught by a French protestant pilgrim, unknown to fame, in the New World. They were taught to a small school of girls and boys, in a town of hardly a hundred inhabitants. They are maxims partly ethical, but mainly relate to manners and civility; they are wise, gentle, and true. A character built on them would be virtuous, and probably great. The publisher of the English version (1665) says that "Mr. Pinchester, a learned scholar of Oxford," bought 250 copies for a great school he was about to open in London. Probably the school founded by James Marye was the first in the New World in which good manners were seriously taught. Nay, where is there any such school to day?

[It is probable that Mr. Marye's fine precedent was followed, to some extent, in the Fredericksburg Academy. The present writer, who entered it just a hundred years after George Washington recorded the "Rules," recalls, as his first clear remembrance of the school, some words of the worthy Principal, Thomas Hanson, on gentlemanly behavior. Alluding to some former pupil, who had become distinguished, he said, "I remember, on one occasion, in a room where all were gathered around the fire—the weather being very cold—that some one entered, and this boy promptly arose and gave the new-comer his seat at the fire. It made an impression on me which I have never forgotten." And how long have lasted in the memory of the writer hereof the very words of our teacher's homage to the considerate boy who obeyed Washington's eighth Rule!

Just this one colonial school, by the good fortune of having for its master or superintendent an ex-Jesuit French scholar, we may suppose instructed in civility; and out of that school, in what was little more than a village, came an exceptionally large number of eminent men. In that school three American Presidents received their early education,—Washington, Madison, and Monroe.

—excerpt from *George Washington's Rules of Civility Traced to their Sources and Restored* by Moncure D. Conway, Copyright 1890

- 1st Every action done in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those who are present.
- 2nd When in company, put not your hands to any part of the body, not usually discovered.
- 3rd Show nothing to your friend that may affright him.
- 4th In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming voice, nor drum with your fingers or feet.
- 5th If you cough, sneeze, sigh, or yawn, do it not loud but privately; and speak not in your yawning. Put your handkerchief or hand before your face and turn aside.
- 6th Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.
- 7th Put not off your clothes in the presence of others, nor go out of your chamber half dressed.
- 8th At play and at fire it is good manners to give place to the last comer and affect not speak louder than what is ordinary.

9th Spit not on the fire, nor stoop low before it. Neither put your hands into the flames to warm them nor set your feet upon the fire, especially if there is meat before it.

10th When you sit down keep your feet firm and even without putting one on the other nor crossing them

11th Shift not yourself in the sight of others nor gnaw your nails.

12th Shake not the head, feet, or legs; roll not the eyes; lift not one eyebrow higher than the other; wry not the mouth: and bedew no mans face with your spittle by approaching too near him when you speak.

13th Kill no vermin as fleas, lice, ticks in the sight of others. If you see any filth or thick spittle, put your foot dexterously upon it; if it be upon the clothes of your companions, put it off privately; and if it be upon your own clothes, return thanks to him who puts it off.

14th Turn not your back to others especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not upon anyone.

15th Keep your nails clean and short, also your hands and teeth clean, yet without showing any great concern for them.

16th Do not puff up the checks, loll not out the tongue, rub the hands, or beard, thrust out the lips, or bite them, keep the lips too open or close.

17th Be no flatterer, neither play with any that delights not to be played with.

18th Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for the doing of it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of another to read them or give your opinion of them unasked; also look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

19th Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

20th The gestures of the body must be suited to the discourse you are upon.

21st Reproach none for the infirmities of nature, nor delight to put them that have in mind of thereof.

22nd Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he was your enemy.

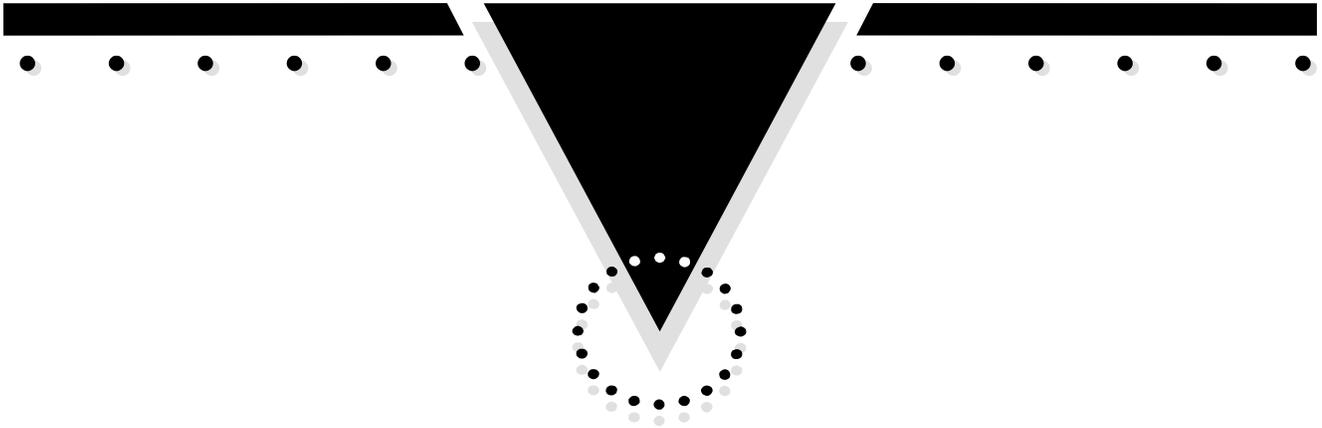
23rd When you see a crime punished, you may be inwardly pleased, but always show pity to the suffering offender.

24th Do not laugh too much or too loud in public.

25th Superfluous compliments and all affectation of ceremony are to be avoided, yet where due, they are not to be neglected.

26th In pulling off your hat to persons of distinction, as noblemen, justices, churchmen, etc, make a reverence, bowing more or less according to the custom of the better bred and quality of the person. Among your equals, expect not always that they should begin with you first, but to pull off your hat when there is no need is affectation in the matter of saluting and resulting in words, keep to the most usual custom.

27th If anyone comes to speak to you while you are sitting, stand up, though he be your inferior; and when you present seats, let it be to everyone according to his degree.



Literature



Poetry

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroken;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

"Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite," by Isaac Watts (1674–1748), and "Little Drops of Water," by Ebenezer Cobham Brewer (1810–97), are poems that the world cannot outgrow. Once in the mind, they fasten. They were not born to die.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

ISAAC WATTS

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

EBENEZER COBHAM BREWER

HE PRAYETH BEST

These two stanzas, the very heart of that great poem, "The Ancient Mariner," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), sum up the lesson of this masterpiece-- "Insensibility is a crime."

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

PIPPA

"Spring's at the Morn," from "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning (1812-89), has become a very popular stanza with little folks. "All's right with the world" is a cheerful motto for the nursery and schoolroom.

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING

THE DAYS OF THE MONTH

"The Days of the Month" is a useful bit of doggerel that we need all through life. It is anonymous.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap year—that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

OLD SONG

THE FROST

"Jack Frost," by Hannah Flagg Gould (1789-1865), is perhaps a hundred years old, but he is the same rollicking fellow to-day as of yore. The poem puts his merry pranks to the front and prepares the way for science to give him a true analysis.

The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way:
I will not go on with that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he slept,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things—there were flowers and trees;
There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare--
"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall *'twich!* to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON

LITTLE BILLEE

"Little Billee," by William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63), finds a place here because it carries a good lesson good-naturedly rendered. An accomplished teacher recommends it, and I recollect two young children in Chicago who sang it frequently for years without getting tired of it.

There were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got so far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another, we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-topgallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment
When up he jumps, "There's land I see.

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE

"The Butterfly and the Bee," by William Lisle Bowles (1762-1850), is recommended by some schoolgirls. It carries a lesson in favor of the worker.

Methought I heard a butterfly
Say to a laboring bee:
"Thou hast no colors of the sky
On painted wings like me."

"Poor child of vanity! those dyes,
And colors bright and rare,"
With mild reproof, the bee replies,

"Are all beneath my care.

"Content I toil from morn to eve,
And scorning idleness,
To tribes of gaudy sloth I leave
The vanity of dress."

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

"An Incident of the French Camp," by Robert Browning (1812-89), is included out of regard to a boy of eight years who did not care for many poems, but this one stirred his heart to its depths.

You know, we French storm'd Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms lock'd behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mus'd "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reach'd the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compress'd,
Scarce any blood came through)
You look'd twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;

"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

"Robert of Lincoln," by William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), is one of the finest bird poems ever written. It finds a place here because I have seen it used effectively as a memory gem in the Cook County Normal School (Colonel Parker's school), year after year, and because my own pupils invariably like to commit it to memory. With the child of six to the student of twenty years it stands a source of delight.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice, new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum drone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

OLD GRIMES

"Old Grimes" is an heirloom, an antique gem. We learn it as a matter of course for its sparkle and glow.

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

SONG OF LIFE

A traveler on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The bird's sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.

He passed again; and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

CHARLES MACKAY

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief--I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" (1809–92) unlike "Casablanca" shows obedience under stern necessity. Obedience is the salvation of any army. John Burroughs says: "I never hear that poem but what it thrills me through and through."

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade—
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE TOURNAMENT

There are several of Sidney Lanier's (1842–81) poems that children love to learn. "Tampa Robins," "The Tournament" (Joust 1.), "Barnacles," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," and "The First Steamboat Up the Alabama" are among them. At our "poetry contests" the children have plainly demonstrated that this great poet has reached his hand down to the youngest. The time will doubtless come when it will be a part of education to be acquainted with Lanier, as it is now to be acquainted with Longfellow or Tennyson.

Bright shone the lists, blue bent the skies,
And the knights still hurried amain
To the tournament under the ladies' eyes,
Where the jousters were Heart and Brain.

Flourished the trumpets, entered Heart,
A youth in crimson and gold;
Flourished again; Brain stood apart,
Steel-armored, dark and cold.

Heart's palfrey caracoled gaily round,
Heart tra-li-ra'd merrily;
But Brain sat still, with never a sound,
So cynical-calm was he.

Heart's helmet-crest bore favors three
From his lady's white hand caught;
While Brain wore a plumeless casque; not he
Or favor gave or sought.

The trumpet blew; Heart shot a glance
To catch his lady's eye.
But Brain gazed straight ahead, his lance
To aim more faithfully.

They charged, they struck; both fell, both bled;
Brain rose again, ungloved;
Heart, dying, smiled and faintly said,
"My love to my beloved."

SIDNEY LANIER

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Little Laddie, do you remember learning "The Wind and the Moon"? You were eight or nine years old, and you shut your eyes and puffed out your cheeks when you came to the line "He blew and He blew." The saucy wind made a great racket and the calm moon never noticed it. That gave you a great deal of pleasure, didn't it? We did not care much for the noisy, conceited wind. (1824-.)

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out,

You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about--
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone--
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage--he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew--till she filled the night,
And shone

On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death--
First blew her away right out of the sky--
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD

JESUS THE CARPENTER

"Jesus the Carpenter"—"same trade as me"—strikes a
high note in favor of honest toil.

"Isn't this Joseph's son?" ay, it is He;
Joseph the carpenter--same trade as me—
I thought as I'd find it—I knew it was here—
But my sight's getting queer.

I don't know right where as His shed must ha' stood-
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me.

He warn't that set up that He couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I've done,
At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I'll not make too free,
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has taught a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where He earned His own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key?"
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the
shed
(We've been forty years wed).

So I comes right away by myself, with the book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as He
Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many say so,
But I think I'd as life, with your leaves, let it go:
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—
Unexpected, you know!

CATHERINE C. LIDDELL

LETTY'S GLOBE

"Letty's Globe" gives us the picture of a little golden-
haired girl who covers all Europe with her dainty hands
and tresses while giving a kiss to England, her own dear
native land. (1808–79.)

When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a color'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd,
And laugh'd and prattled in her worldwide bliss!
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearned eye
On our own isle, she rais'd a joyous cry,
"Oh! Yes, I see it! Letty's home is there!"
And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair!

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

A DREAM

Once a dream did wave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an Emmet lost its way
When on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

"Oh, my children! Do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see.
Now return and weep for me."

Pitying, I dropped a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, "What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?"

"I am set to light the ground
While the beetle goes his round.
Follow now the beetle's hum—
Little wanderer, hie thee home!"

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LOCHINVAR

"Lochinvar" and "Lord Ullin's Daughter," the first by Scott (1771–1832) and the second by Campbell (1777–1844), are companions in sentiment and equally popular with boys who love to win anything desirable by heroic effort.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among brides men and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed of the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

—excerpt from *Poems Every Child Should Know*, edited by Mary E. Burt, Copyright 1904 by Doubleday, Page & Company

Lamb's Tales of Shakespeare

The following Tales are meant to be submitted to the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare, for which purpose his words are used whenever it seemed possible to bring them in; and in whatever has been added to give them the regular form of a connected story, diligent care has been taken to select such words as might least interrupt the effect of the beautiful English tongue in which he wrote: therefore, words introduced into our language since his time have been as far as possible avoided.

In those tales which have been taken from the Tragedies, the young readers will perceive, when they come to see the source from which these stories are derived, that Shakespeare's own words, with little alteration, recur very frequently in the narrative as well as in the dialogue; but in those made from the Comedies the writers found themselves scarcely ever able to turn his words into the narrative form: therefore it is feared that, in them, dialogue has been made use of too frequently for young people not accustomed to the dramatic form of writing. But this fault, if it be a fault, has been caused by an earnest wish to give as much of Shakespeare's own words as possible: and if the 'He said,' and 'She said,' the question and the reply, should sometimes seem tedious to their young ears, they must pardon it, because it was the only way in which could be given to them a few hints and little foretastes of the great pleasure which awaits them in their elder years, when they come to the rich treasures from which these small and valueless coins are extracted; pretending to no other merit than as faint and imperfect stamps of Shakespeare's matchless image. Faint and imperfect images they must be called, because the beauty of his language is too frequently destroyed by the necessity of changing many of his excellent words into words far less expressive of his true sense, to make it read something like prose; and even in some few places, where his blank verse is given unaltered, as hoping from its simple plainness to cheat the young reader into the belief that they are reading prose, yet still his language being transplanted from its own natural soil and wild poetic garden, it must want much of its native beauty.

It has been wished to make these Tales easy reading for very young children. To the utmost of their ability the writers have constantly kept this in mind; but the subjects of most of them made this a very difficult task. It was no easy matter to give the histories of men and women in terms familiar to the apprehension of a very young mind. For young ladies too, it has been the intention chiefly to write; because boys being generally permitted the use of their fathers' libraries at a much earlier age than girls are, they frequently have the best scenes of Shakespeare by heart, before their sisters are permitted to look into this manly book; and, therefore, instead of recommending these Tales to the perusal of young gentlemen who can read them so much better in the originals, their kind assistance is rather requested in explaining to their sisters such parts as are hardest for them to understand: and when they have helped them to get over the difficulties, then perhaps they will read to them (carefully selecting what is proper for a young sister's ear) some passage which has pleased them in one of these stories, in the very words of the scene from which it is taken; and it is hoped they will find that the beautiful extracts, the select passages, they may choose to give their sisters in this way will be much better relished and understood from their having some notion of the general story from one of these imperfect abridgments; which if they be fortunately so done as to prove delightful to any of the young readers, it is hoped that no worse effect will result than to make them wish themselves a little older, that they may be allowed to read the Plays at full length (such a wish will be neither peevish nor irrational). When time and leave of judicious friends shall put them into their hands, they will discover in such of them as are here abridged (not to mention almost as many more, which are left untouched) many surprising events and turns of fortune, which for their infinite variety could not be contained in this little book, besides a world of sprightly and cheerful characters, both men and women, the humor of which it was feared would be lost if it were attempted to reduce the length of them.

What these Tales shall have been to the young readers, that and much more it is the writers' wish that the true Plays of Shakespeare may prove to them in older years - enriches of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity: for of examples, teaching these virtues, his pages are full.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

There was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death; but as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not infrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning Duke of Athens), to complain that his daughter whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded in excuse for her disobedience that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honorable reason, which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command, moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it: and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover Lysander and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give him up and marry Demetrius or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but, recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city, in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of "fairies."

Oberon the king, and Titania the queen of the fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement; they never met by moonlight in the shady walk of this pleasant wood but they were quarreling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king.

The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company."

"Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon. "Am I not thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."



"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger.

"Well, go your way," said Oberon, "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy counselor.

Puck (or, as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages; sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk, sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairymaid would labor to change her cream into butter. Nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman, and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; "fetch me the flower which maids call 'Love in, Idleness'; the juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep; and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion or a bear, a meddling monkey or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood: he overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favorite: "Take a part of this flower; there has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears."



Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously: and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enameled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said her Majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me: but first sing me to sleep." Then they began to sing this song:

"You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

"Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby."

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying:

"What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take."

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half through the wood Hermia was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady, who had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and, lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke; so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground. Is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and, the love-charm beginning to work, immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration, telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake; and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she

thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the mean time Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learned by some questions he had asked of Puck that he had applied the love charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now, having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her; and just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena; she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena, and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest.

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

"Unkind. Hermia," said Helena, "it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises; and your other lover, Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me goddess, nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend. Have you forgotten our school day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted! Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your passionate words," said Hermia: "I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me."

"Aye, do," returned Helena, "persevere, counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this willfully?"

"Believe me, king of shadows," answered Puck, "it was a mistake. Did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport."

"You heard," said Oberon, "that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this, till they are so weary they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon, seeing a clown near her who had lost his way in the wood and was likewise asleep, "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love"; and clapping an ass's head over the clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him, and, rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went toward the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! What angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect. "Are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the enamored queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies. Their names were Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman. Hop in his walks and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! And kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy."

"Where is Peas-blossom?" said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Peas-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb.

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me the red bumblebee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflowed with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed?"

"Here, sir," said Mustard-seed. "What is your will?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Peas-blossom to scratch; I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried peas," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. Oh, how I love you! How I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling boy, which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers and their midnight quarrels, and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from one another, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived with the utmost diligence to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to one another; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.



Hermia first awoke, and, finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history, brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep. And I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

—excerpt from *Tales from Shakespeare* by Charles & Mary Lamb, Books, Inc., Copyright 1918

Hero Stories from American History

THE HERO OF VINCENNES

EARLY in 1775 Daniel Boone, the famous hunter and Indian fighter, with thirty other backwoodsmen, set out from the Holston settlements to clear the first trail, or bridle path, to what is now Kentucky. In the spring of the same year, George Rogers Clark, although a young fellow of only twenty-three years, tramped through the wilderness alone. When he reached the frontier settlements, he at once became the leader of the little band of pioneers.



One evening in the autumn of 1775, Clark and his companions were sitting round their campfire in the wilderness. They had just drawn the lines for a fort, and were busy talking about it, when a messenger came with tidings of the bloodshed at Lexington, in far-away Massachusetts. With wild cheers these hunters listened to the story of the minutemen, and, in honor of the event, named their log fort Lexington.

At the close of this eventful year, three hundred resolute men had gained a foothold in Kentucky. In the trackless wilderness, hemmed in by savage foes, these pioneers with their wives and their children began their struggle for a home. In one short year, this handful of men along the western border were drawn into the midst of the war of the Revolution. From now on, the East and the West had each its own work to do. While Washington and his ragged Continentals fought for our independence, the rear guard of the Revolution, as the frontiersmen were called were not less busy.

Under their brave leaders, Boone, Clark and Harrod, in half a dozen little blockhouses and settlements, they were laying the foundations of a great commonwealth, while between them and the nearest eastern settlements were two hundred miles of wilderness. The struggle became so desperate in the fall of 1776 that Clark tramped back to Virginia, to ask the governor for help and to trade for powder.

Virginia was at this time straining every nerve to do her part in the fight against Great Britain; and could not spare men to defend her distant county of Kentucky; but, won by Clark's earnest appeal, the governor lent him, on his own personal security, five hundred pounds of powder. After many thrilling adventures and sharp fighting with the Indians, Clark got the powder down the Ohio River, and distributed it among the settlers. The war with their savage foes was now carried on with greater vigor than ever.

Now we must remember that the vast region north of the Ohio was at this time a part of Canada. In this wilderness of forests and prairies lived many tribes of warlike Indians. Here and there were clusters of French Creole villages, and forts, occupied by British soldiers; for with the conquest of Canada these French settlements had passed to the English crown. When the war of the American Revolution broke out, the British government tried to unite all the tribes of Indians against its rebellious subjects in America. In this way the people were to be kept from going west to settle.



Colonel Henry Hamilton was the lieutenant governor of Canada, with headquarters at Detroit. It was his task to let loose the redskins that they might burn the cabins of the settlers on the border and kill their women and children, or carry them into captivity. The British commander supplied the savages with rum, rifles, and powder; and he paid gold for the scalps which they brought him. The pioneers named Hamilton the "hair buyer."

For the next two years Kentucky well deserved the name of “the dark and bloody ground.” It was one long, dismal story of desperate fighting, in which heroic women, with tender hearts but iron muscles, fought side by side with their husbands and their lovers.

Meanwhile, Clark was busy planning deeds never dreamed of by those round him. He saw that the Kentucky settlers were losing ground, and were doing little harm to their enemies. The French villages, guarded by British forts, were the headquarters for stirring up, arming, and guiding the savages. It seemed to Clark that the way to defend Kentucky was to carry the war across the Ohio, and to take these outposts from the British. He made up his mind that the whole region could be won for the United States by a bold and sudden march.

In 1777, he sent two hunters as spies through the Illinois country. They brought back word that the French took little interest in the war between England and her colonies that they did not care for the British and were much afraid of the pioneers. Clark was a keen and far-sighted soldier. He knew that it took all the wisdom and courage of his fellow settlers to defend their own homes. He must bring the main part of his force from Virginia.



Two weeks before Burgoyne’s surrender at Saratoga, he tramped through the woods for the third time, to lay his cause before Patrick Henry, who was then governor of Virginia. Henry was a fiery patriot, and he was deeply moved by the faith and the eloquence of the gallant young soldier.

Virginia was at this time nearly worn out by the struggle against King George. A few of the leading patriots, such as Jefferson and Madison, listened favorably to Clark’s plan of conquest, and helped him as much as they could. At last the governor made Clark a colonel, and gave him power to raise three hundred and fifty men from the frontier counties west of the Blue Ridge. He also gave orders on the state officers at Fort Pitt for boats, supplies, and powder. All this did not mean much except to show good will and to give the legal right to relieve Kentucky. Everything now depended on Clark’s own energy and influence.

During the winter he succeeded in raising one hundred and fifty riflemen. In the spring he took his little army, and, with a few settlers and their families, drifted down the Ohio in flatboats to the place where stands today the city of Louisville.

The young leader now weeded out of his army all who seemed to him unable to stand hardship and fatigue. Four companies of less than fifty men each, under four trusty captains, were chosen. All of these were familiar with frontier warfare.

On the 24th of June, the little fleet shot the Falls of the Ohio amid the darkness of a total eclipse of the sun. Clark planned to land at a deserted French fort opposite the mouth of the Tennessee Rivers and from there to march across the country against Kaskaskia, the nearest Illinois town. He did not dare to go up the Mississippi, the usual way of the fur traders, for fear of discovery. At the landing place, the army was joined by a band of American hunters who had just come from the French settlements. These hunters said that the fort at Kaskaskia was in good order; and that the Creole militia not only were well drilled, but greatly outnumbered the invading force. They also said that the only chance of success was to surprise the town; and they offered to guide the frontier leader by the shortest route.

With these hunters as guides, Clark began his march of a hundred miles through the wilderness. The first fifty miles led through a tangled and pathless forest. On the prairies the marching was less difficult. Once the chief guide lost his course, and all were in dismay. Clark, fearing treachery, coolly told the man that he should shoot him in two hours if he did not find the trail. The guide was, however, loyal; and, marching by night and hiding by day, the party reached the river Kaskaskia, within three miles of the town that lay on the farther side.



The chances were greatly against our young leader. Only the speed and the silence of his march gave him hope of success. Under the cover of darkness, and in silence, Clark ferried his men across the river, and spread his little army as if to surround the town.



Fortune favored him at every move. It was a hot July night; and through the open windows of the fort came the sound of music and dancing. The officers were giving a ball to the light-hearted Creoles. All the men of the village were there; even the sentinels had left their posts.

Leaving a few men at the entrance, Clark walked boldly into the great hall, and, leaning silently against the doorpost, watched the gay dancers as they whirled round in the light of the flaring torches. Suddenly an Indian lying on the floor spied the tall stranger, sprang to his feet, and gave a whoop. The dancing stopped. The young ladies screamed, and their partners rushed toward the doors.

“Go on with your dance,” said Clark, but remember, that henceforth you dance under the American flag, and not under that of Great Britain”

The surprise was complete. Nobody had a chance to resist. The town and the fort were in the hands of the riflemen.

Clark now began to make friends with the Creoles. He formed them into companies, and drilled them every day. A priest known as Father Gibault, a man of ability and influence, became a devoted friend to the Americans. He persuaded the people at Cahokia and at other Creole villages, and even at Vincennes, about one hundred and forty miles away on the Wabash, to turn from the British and to raise the American flag. Thus, without the loss of a drop of blood, all the posts in the Wabash valley passed into the hands of the Americans, and the boundary of the rising republic was extended to the Mississippi.

Clark soon had another chance to show what kind of man he was. With less than two hundred riflemen and a few Creoles, he was hemmed in by tribes of faithless savages, with no hope of getting help or advice for months; but he acted as few other men in the country would have dared to act. He had just conquered a territory as large as almost any European kingdom. If he could hold it, it would become a part of the new nation. Could he do it?

From the Great Lakes to the Mississippi came the chiefs and the warriors to Cahokia to hear what the great chief of the “Long Knives” had to say for himself. The sullen and hideously painted warriors strutted to and fro in the village. At times there were enough of them to scalp every white man at one blow, if they had only dared. Clark knew exactly how to treat them.

One day when it seemed as if there would be trouble at any moment, the fearless commander did not even shift his lodging to the fort. To show his contempt of the peril, he held a grand dance, and “the ladies and gentlemen danced nearly the whole night,” while the sullen warriors spent the time in secret council. Clark appeared not to care, but at the same time he had a large room nearby filled with trusty riflemen. It was hard work, but the young Virginian did not give up. He won the friendship and the respect of the different tribes, and secured from them pledges of peace. It was little trouble to gain the good will of the Creoles.

Let me tell you of an incident which showed Clark’s boldness in dealing with Indians. Years after the Illinois campaign, three hundred Shawnee warriors came in full war paint to Fort Washington, the present site of Cincinnati, to meet the great “Long Knife” chief in council. Clark had only seventy men in the stockade. The savages strode into the council room with a war belt and a peace belt. Full of fight and ugliness, they threw the belts on the table, and told the great pioneer leader to take his choice.

Quick as a flash, Clark rose to his feet, swept both the belts to the floor with his cane, stamped upon them, and thrust the savages out of the hall, telling them to make peace at once, or he would drive them off the face of the earth. The Shawnees held a council which lasted all night, but in the morning they humbly agreed to bury the hatchet.

Great was the wrath of Hamilton, the “hair buyer general,” when he heard what the young Virginian had done. He at once sent out runners to stir up the savages; and, in the first week of October, he set out in person from Detroit with five hundred British regulars, French, and Indians. He recaptured Vincennes without any trouble. Clark had been able to leave only a few of the men he had sent there, and some of them deserted the moment they caught sight of the redcoats.

If Hamilton had pushed on through the Illinois country, he could easily have crushed the little American force; but it was no easy thing to march one hundred and forty miles over snow-covered prairies, and so the British commander decided to wait until spring.

When Clark heard of the capture of Vincennes, he knew that he had not enough men to meet Hamilton in open fight. What was he to do? Fortune again came to his aid.

The last of January, he heard that Hamilton had sent most of his men back to Detroit; that the Indians had scattered among the villages; and that the British commander himself was now wintering at Vincennes with about a hundred men. Clark at once decided to do what Hamilton had failed to do. Having selected the best of his riflemen, together with a few Creoles, one hundred and seventy men in all, he set out on February 7 for Vincennes.

All went well for the first week. They marched rapidly. Their rifles supplied them with food. At night, as an old journal says, they “broiled their meat over the huge camp fires, and feasted like Indian war dancers.” After a week the ice had broken up, and the thaw flooded everything. The branches of the Little Wabash now made one great river five miles wide, the water even in the shallow places being three feet deep.

It took three days of the hardest work to ferry the little force across the flooded plain. All day long the men waded in the icy waters, and at night they slept as well as they could, on some muddy hillock that rose above the flood. By this time they had come so near Vincennes that they dared not fire a gun for fear of being discovered.

Marching at the head of his chilled and foot-sore army, Clark was the first to test every danger.

“Come on, boys!” he would shout as he plunged into the flood.

Were the men short of food? “I am not hungry,” he would say, “help yourself.” Was some poor fellow chilled to the bone? “Take my blanket,” said Clark, “I am glad to get rid of it.”

In fact, as peril and suffering increased, the courage and the cheerfulness of the young leader seemed to grow stronger.

On February 17, the tired army heard Hamilton’s sunrise gun on the fort at Vincennes, nine miles away, boom across the muddy flood.

Their food had now given out. The bravest began to lose heart, and wished to go back. In hastily made dugouts the men were ferried, in a driving rain, to the eastern bank of the Wabash; but they found no dry land for miles round. With Clark leading the way, the men waded for three miles with the water often up to their chins, and camped on a hillock for the night. The records tell us that a little drummer boy, whom some of the tallest men carried on their shoulders, made a deal of fun for the weary men by his pranks and jokes.

Death now stared them in the face. The canoes could find no place to ford. Even the riflemen huddled together in despair. Clark blacked his face with damp gunpowder, as the Indians did when ready to die, gave the war whoop, and leaped into the ice-cold river. With a wild shout the men followed. The whole column took up their line of march, singing a merry song. They halted six miles from Vincennes. The night was bitterly cold, and the half-frozen and half-starved men tried to sleep on a hillock.

The next morning the sun rose bright and beautiful. Clark made a thrilling speech and told his famished men that they would surely reach the fort before dark. One of the captains, however, was sent with twenty-five trusty riflemen to bring up the rear, with orders to shoot any man that tried to turn back.

The worst of all came when they crossed the Horse-shoe Plain, which the floods had made a shallow lake four miles wide, with dense woods on the farther side. In the deep water the tall and the strong helped the short and the weak. The little dugouts picked up the poor fellows who were clinging to bushes and old logs, and ferried them to a spot of dry land. When they reached the farther shore, so many of the men were chilled that the strong ones had to seize those half-frozen, and run them up and down the bank until they were able to walk.

One of the dugouts captured an Indian canoe paddled by some squaws. It proved a rich prize, for in it were buffalo meat and some kettles. Broth was soon made and served to the weakest. The strong gave up their share. Then amid much joking and merry songs, the column marched in single file through a bit of timber. Not two miles away was Vincennes, the goal of all their hopes.

A Creole who was out shooting ducks was captured. From him it was learned that nobody suspected the coming of the Americans, and that two hundred Indians had just come into town.

With the hope that the Creoles would not dare to fight and that the Indians would escape, Clark boldly sent the duck hunter back to town with the news of his arrival. He sent warning to the Creoles to remain in their houses, for he came only to fight the British.

So great was the terror of Clark's name that the French shut themselves up in their houses, while most of the Indians took to the woods. Nobody dared give a word of warning to the British.

Just after dark the riflemen marched into the streets of the village before the redcoats knew what was going on.

Crack! Crack! Sharply sounded half a dozen rifles outside the fort.

"That is Clark, and your time is short!" cried Captain Helm, who was Hamilton's prisoner at this time. "He will have this fort tumbling on your heads before tomorrow morning."

During the night the Americans threw up an entrenchment within rifle shot of the fort and at daybreak opened a hot fire into the portholes. The men begged their leader to let them storm the fort, but he dared not risk their lives. A party of Indians that had been pillaging the Kentucky settlements came marching into the village, and were caught red-handed with scalps hanging at their belts.

Clark was not slow to show his power.

"Think, men," he said sternly, "of the cries of the widows and the fatherless on our frontier. Do your duty."

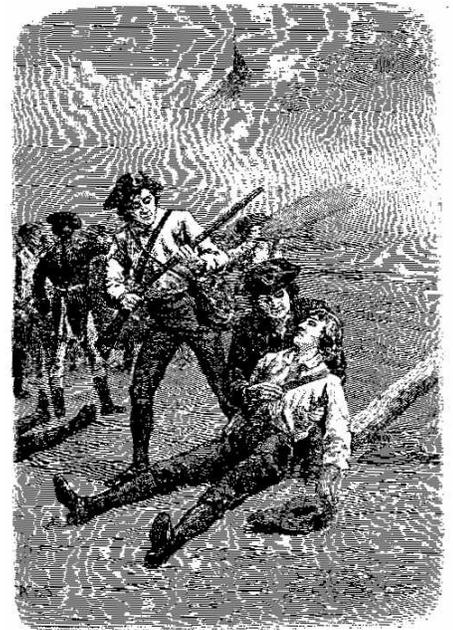
Six of the savages were tomahawked before the fort, where the garrison could see them, and their dead bodies were thrown into the river.

The British defended their fort for a few days but could not stand against the fire of the long rifles. It was sure death for a gunner to try to fire a cannon. Not a man dared show himself at a porthole, through which the rifle bullets were humming like mad hornets.

Hamilton the "hair buyer" gave up the defense as a bad job and surrendered the fort, defended by cannon and occupied by regular troops, as he says in his journal, "to a set of uncivilized Virginia backwoodsmen armed with rifles."

Tap! Tap! Sounded the drums, as Clark gave the signal, and down came the British colors.

Thirteen cannon boomed the salute over the flooded plains of the Wabash, and a hundred frontier soldiers shouted themselves hoarse when the stars and stripes went up at Vincennes, never to come down again.



The British authority over this region was forever at an end. It only remained for Clark to defend what he had so gallantly won.

Of all the deeds done west of the Alleghenies during the war of the Revolution, Clark's campaign, in the region which seemed so remote and so strange to our forefathers, is the most remarkable. The vast region north of the Ohio River was wrested from the British crown. When peace came, a few years later, the boundary lines of the United States were the Great Lakes on the north, and on the west the Mississippi River

—excerpt from *Hero Stories from American History* by Albert F. Blaisdell Copyright, 1903

Plutarch

THE JUST MAN

The judges sat in the court of justice, and before them stood two men, one of whom was accusing the other of a wrong done to him. The name of the accuser was Aristides (Ar-is-ty-deez).

"We have heard what you say, Aristides?" said one of the judges, "and we believe your story, and we shall punish this man"

"No, no, not yet," cried Aristides.

"Why not?"

"You have not heard what he has to say for himself. Even though he is my enemy, I wish him to have fair play."

And because he was always so honest and fair to others, the people of Athens called him Aristides the Just.

When the Persians came over to Greece with a very great army, the men of Athens went out to meet them at Marathon, 490 B.C. Only ten thousand against twelve times that number of Persians! But the men of Athens had more than swords and spears and daggers they had stout hearts to fight for their homes and their fatherland against the tyrant forces of Persia. The Greeks chose several generals, each taking command for one day. When it came to the turn of Aristides to command, he gave way to a better captain than himself, for he thought more of the good of Athens than of his own glory; and under this other captain the Greeks gained the victory.

After the battle, when the Persians fled in haste and terror, and much spoil was left behind tents, clothes, gold, silver, etc. the Greeks left Aristides to look after all these treasures while they pursued the foe; for they knew his honesty, and they knew he would touch nothing, but keep the booty to be shared by all. How differently he acted from the Athenian who was known as the Torchbearer. A Persian, who laid hiding in a lonely place after the battle, saw the Torchbearer approach, his long hair being fastened by a band. Seeing this band round his head, the Persian supposed him to be a prince, and he knelt before him in homage; and then he rose and offered to show the Greek a concealed treasure. It was a heap of gold which he had put down a well. Now, the Torchbearer knew he ought to acquaint Aristides of this store; but, instead of doing so, he slew the Persian, and kept the gold for himself. The Torchbearer thought of his own pleasure more than of doing his duty to Athens.

Once a year the people of Athens were asked if there were any persons whom they wished to banish, so that the country might be set free from any men that were disliked and dangerous. Each citizen voted by writing on a shell or bit of broken pottery the name of the man he wished to send into exile. As Aristides passed along the street he met a man who held out a shell.

"Sir," said the stranger, "can you write?"

"Yes."

"Well, I cannot; and I should be glad if you would write a name for me on this shell the name of a man whom I would like to banish."

"Yes; what is the name?"

"Aristides."

"Has he ever done you any harm?"

"No; but it vexes me to hear people always calling him the Just. I think he must be a vain and stuck-up person."

Aristides wrote his own name on the shell, and walked away. The man took the shell, and threw it into a part of the market place railed round for the purpose. The shells and potsherds were counted, and I am sorry to say that more than six thousand bore the name of Aristides. For while many Athenians admired him, many others thought he was too strict and old-fashioned. But three years afterward, when an immense fleet of Persian ships was coming against the coasts of Greece, the Athenians sent for Aristides to come back; and he returned in time to take part in the battle on sea, in which the Persians were utterly beaten.

During this war the city of Athens had been almost deserted by its people, who had fled to safer places; and the Persians had blackened its houses by fire, and made its walls into broken heaps. After the sea-fight the Persian general of the land forces sent a letter to the Athenians, promising to build their city again, and to give them much money, and to make Athens the leading town in Greece, if only they would agree not to oppose him anymore. He sent the letter by messengers, who waited some days for an answer. When the Spartans heard of the letter coming to Athens, they also sent messengers to Athens. They said they hoped the Athenians would not yield; they would take care of the women and children of Athens, if the men would fight on against the Persians. Aristides was in the city, and the people agreed to give answers thus:

To the messengers from Sparta he said:

"We do not wonder at the Persians expecting us to yield up our liberty in return for gold and silver. But the Spartans are Greeks like ourselves. We wonder that they should be afraid lest we should sell ourselves for the gifts of the Persians. No, the people of Athens will not give up their freedom for all the gold above ground or underground."

He replied to the Persian messengers, as he lifted his hand and pointed to the sun:

"As long as that sun flames in the sky, so long will we carry on war with the Persians, who have lain waste our land and burned our holy temples."

On another occasion one of the chief captains of Athens spoke to the people of Athens at a public meeting, and said:

"I have thought of a most useful thing which might be done for the good of this city; but it cannot be told to you all, as that would hinder its being done."

"Then" cried the people, "tell it only to Aristides, for he is a just man."

The captain came to Aristides, and whispered to him in such a way that no one else could hear:

"This is my plan. The other tribes of Greece have brought their ships into our harbor. If we set fire to these ships, Athens alone will have a fleet, and Athens will then be leader of all Greece."

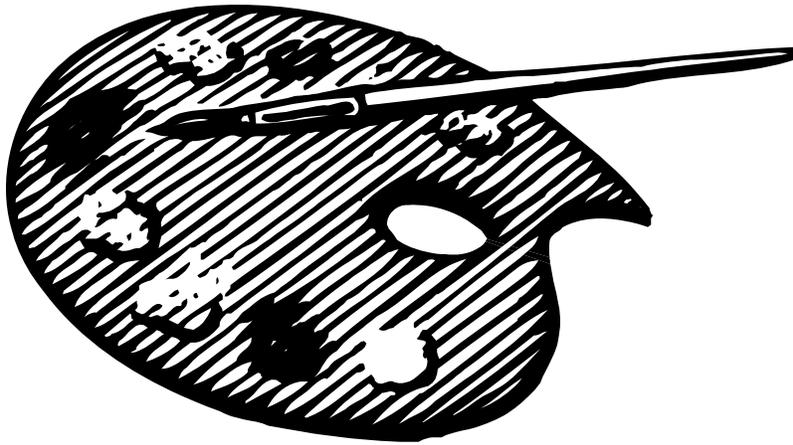
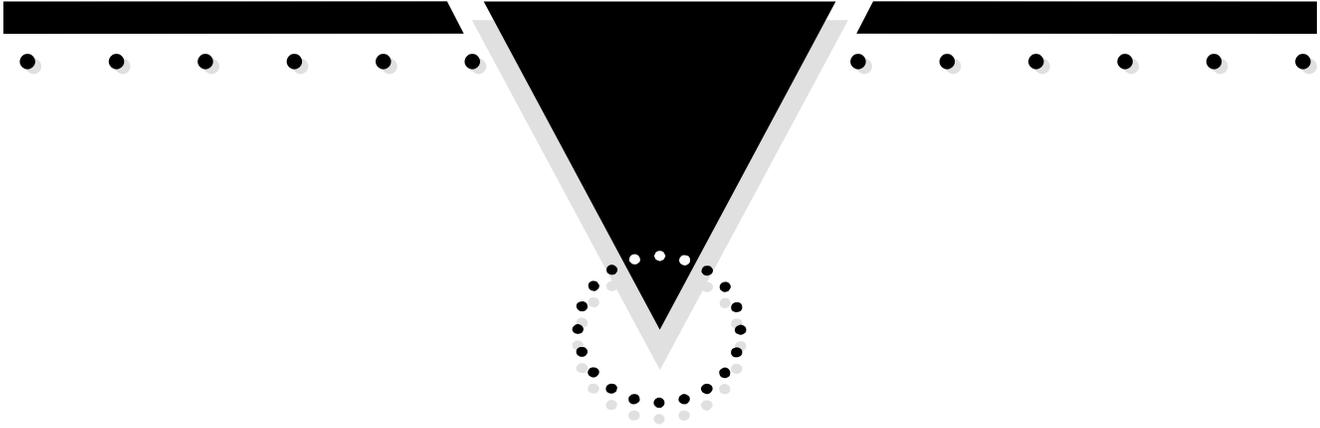
Aristides went to the people, and spoke thus:

"My friends, the plan which has been told me would, perhaps, be useful to the city of Athens; but it would be wicked."

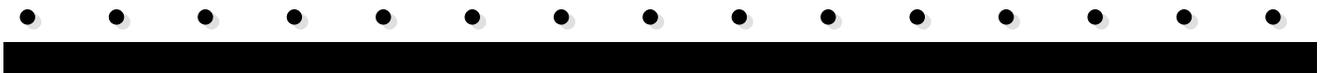
"Then," exclaimed the people, "whatever it is, it shall not be carried out."

So you see that, though they had once banished Aristides, the citizens now thought very well of him, and followed his advice.

You remember the Torchbearer who was so eager to get the gold from the well. He was a kinsman of Aristides, and was the richest man in Athens. When, one day, certain enemies accused him of some offence, they tried to make out before the judges what a bad, cruel character he had. So they said:



Fine Art



Andrea del Sarto

Pronounced Ahn'dray-ah del Sar'to
Florentine School
1486–1531
Pupil of Piero di Cosimo

Italian painters received their names in peculiar ways. This man's father was a tailor; and the artist was named after his father's profession. He was in fact the Tailor's Andrea, and his father's name was Angelo.

One story of this brilliant painter which reads from first to last like a romance has been told by the poet, Robert Browning, who dresses up fact so as to smother it a little, but there is truth at the bottom.

Andrea had a wife whom he loved tenderly. She had a beautiful face that seemed full of spirituality and feeling, and Andrea painted it over and over again. The artist loved his work and dreamed always of the great things that he should do; but he was so much in love with his wife that he was dependent on her smile for all that he did which was well done, and her frown plunged him into despair.

Andrea's wife cared nothing for his genius, painting did not interest her, and she had no worthy ambition for her husband, but she loved fine clothes and good living, and so encouraged him enough to keep him earning these things for her. As soon as some money was made she would persuade him to work no more till it was spent; and even when he had made agreements to paint certain pictures for which he was paid in advance she would torment him till he gave all of his time to her whims, neglected his duty and spent the money for which he had rendered no service. Thus in time he became dishonest, as we shall see. It is a sad sort of story to tell of so brilliant a young man.

Andrea was born in the Gualfonda quarter of Florence, and there is some record of his ancestors for a hundred years before his birth. Andrea was one of four children, and as usual with Italians of artistic temperament, he was set to work under the eye of a goldsmith. This craftsmanship of a fine order was as near to art as a man could get with any certainty of making his living. It was a time when the Italian world bedecked itself with rare golden trinkets, wreaths for women's hair, girdles, brooches, and the like, and the finest skill was needed to satisfy the taste. Thus it required talent of no mean order for a man to become a successful goldsmith.

Andrea did not like the work, and instead of fashioning ornaments from his master's models he made original drawings which did not do at all in a shop where an apprentice was expected to earn his salt. Certain fashions had to be followed and people did not welcome fantastic or new designs. Because of this, Andrea was early put out of his master's shop and set to learn the only business that he could he got to learn, painting. This meant for him a very different teacher from the goldsmith.

The artist may be said to have been his own master, because, even when he was apprenticed to a painter he was taught less than he already knew.

That first teacher was Barile, a coarse and displeasing man, as well as an incapable one; but he was fair minded, after a fashion, and put Andrea into the way of finding better help. After a few years under the direction of Piero di Cosimo, Andrea and a friend, Francia Bigio, decided to set up shop for themselves.

The two devoted friends pitched their tent in the Piazza del Grano, and made a meager beginning out of which great things were to grow. They began a series of pictures which was to lead at least one of them to fame. It was in the little Piazza del Grano studio that the "Baptism of Christ" was painted, a partnership work that had been planned in the Campagna dello Scalzo.

"The Baptism" was not much of a picture as great pictures go, but it was a beginning and it was looked at and talked about, which was something at a time when Titian and Leonardo had set the standard of great work. In the Piazza del

Grano, Andrea and his friend lived in the stables of the Tuscan Grand Dukes, with a host of other fine artists, and they had good times together.

Andrea was a shy youth, a little timid, and by no means vain of his own work, but he painted with surprising swiftness and sureness, and had a very brilliant imagination. It was his main trouble that he had more imagination than true manhood; he sacrificed everything good to his imagination.

After the partnership with his friend, he undertook to paint some frescoes independently, and that work earned for him the name of "Andrea senza Errori," Andrea the Unerring. Then, as now, each artist had his own way of working, and Andrea's was perhaps the most difficult of all, yet the most genius-like. There were those, Michael Angelo for example, who laid in backgrounds for their paintings; but Andrea painted his subject upon the wet plaster, precisely as he meant it to be when finished.

He was unlike the moody Michael Angelo; unlike the gentle Raphael; unlike the fastidious Van Dyck who came long afterward; he was hail-fellow-well-met among his associates, though often given over to dreaminess. He belonged to a jolly club named the "Kettle Club," literally, the Company of the Kettle; and to another called "The Trowel," both suggesting an all around good time and much good fellowship. The members of these clubs were expected to contribute to their wonderful suppers, and Andrea on one occasion made a great temple, an imitation of the Baptistry, of jelly with columns of sausages, white birds and pigeons represented the choir and priests. Besides being "Andrea the Unerring," and a "Merry Andrea," he was also the "Tailor's Andrea," a man in short upon whom a nickname sat comfortably. He helped to make the history of the "Company of the Kettle," for he recited and probably composed a touching ballad called "The Battle of the Mice and the Frogs," which doubtless had its origin in a poem of Homer's. But all at once, in the midst of his gay careless life came his tragedy; he fell in love with a hatter's wife. This was quite bad enough, but worse was to come, for the hatter shortly died, and the widow was free to marry Andrea.

After his marriage Andrea began painting a series of Madonnas, seemingly for no better purpose than to exhibit his wife's beauty over and over again. He lost his ambition and forgot everything but his love for this unworthy woman. She was entirely commonplace, incapable of inspiring true genius or honesty of purpose.

A great art critic, Vasari, who was Andrea's pupil during this time, has written that the wife, Lucretia, was abominable in every way. A vixen, she tormented Andrea from morning till night with her bitter tongue. She did not love him in the least, but only what his money could buy for her, for she was extravagant, and drove the sensitive artist to his grave while she outlived him forty years.

About the time of the artist's marriage he painted one fresco, "The Procession of the Magi," in which he placed a very splendid substitute for his wife, namely himself. Afterward he painted the Dead Christ which found its way to France and it laid the foundation for Andrea's wrongdoing. This picture was greatly admired by the King of France who above all else was a lover of art. Francis I asked Andrea to go to his court, as he had commissions for him. He made Andrea a money offer and to court he went.

He took a pupil with him, but he left his wife at home. At the court of Francis I he was received with great honors, and amid those new and gracious surroundings, away from the tantalizing charms of his wife and her shrewish tongue, he began to have an honest ambition to do great things. His work for France was undertaken with enthusiasm, but no sooner was he settled and at peace, than his irrepensible wife began to torment him with letters to return. Each letter distracted him more and more, till he told the King in his despair, that he must return home, but that he would come back to France and continue his work, almost at once. Francis I, little suspecting the cause of Andrea's uneasiness, gave him permission to go, and also a large sum of money to spend upon certain fine works of art which he was to bring back to France.

We can well believe that Andrea started back to his home with every good intention; that he meant to appease his wife and also his own longing to see her; to buy the King his pictures with the money entrusted to him, and to return to France and finish his work; but, alas, he no sooner got back to his wife than his virtuous purpose fled. She wanted this; she wanted that--and especially she wanted a fine house which could just about be built for the sum of money which the King of France had entrusted to Andrea.

Andrea is a pitiable figure, but he was also a vagabond, if we are to believe Vasari. He took the King's money, built his wretched wife a mansion, and never again dared return to France, where his dishonesty made him forever despised.

Afterward he was overwhelmed with despair for what he had done, and he tried to make his peace with Francis; but while that monarch did not punish him directly for his knavery; he would have no more to do with him, and this was the worst punishment the artist could have had. However, his genius was so great that other than French people forgot his dishonesty and he began life anew in his native place.

Almost all his pictures were on sacred subjects; and finally, when driven from Florence to Luco by the plague, taking with him his wife and stepdaughter, he began a picture called the "Madonna del Sacco" (the Madonna of the Sack).

This fresco was to adorn the convent of the Servi, and the sketches for it were probably made in Luco. When the plague passed and the artist was able to return to Florence, he began to paint it upon the cloister walls.

Andrea, like Leonardo, painted a famous "Last Supper," although the two pictures cannot be compared. In Andrea's picture it is said that all the faces are portraits.

Just before the plague sent him and his family from Florence a most remarkable incident took place. Raphael had painted a celebrated portrait of Pope Leo X in a group, and the picture belonged to Ottaviano de Medici. Duke Frederick II, of Mantua, longed to own this picture, and at last requested the Medici to give it to him. The Duke could not well be refused, but Ottaviano wanted to keep so great a work for himself. What was to be done? He was in great trouble over the affair. The situation seemed hopeless. It seemed certain that he must part with his beloved picture to the Duke of Mantua; but one day Andrea del Sarto declared that he could make a copy of it that even Raphael himself could not tell from his original. Ottaviano could scarcely believe this, but he begged Andrea to set about it, hoping that it might be true.

Going at the work in good earnest, Andrea painted a copy so exact that the pupil of Raphael, who had more or less to do with the original picture, could not tell which was which when he was asked to choose. This pupil, Giulio Romano, was so familiar with every stroke of Raphael's that if he were deceived surely any one might be; so the replica was given to the Duke of Mantua, who never found out the difference.

Years afterward Giulio Romano showed the picture to Vasari, believing it to be the original Raphael, neither Andrea nor the Medici having told Romano the truth. But Vasari, who knew the whole story, declared to Romano that what he showed him was but a copy. Romano would not believe it, but Vasari told him that he would find upon the canvas a certain mark, known to be Andrea's. Romano looked, and behold, the original Raphael became a del Sarto! The original picture hangs in the Pitti Palace, while the copy made by Andrea is in the Naples Gallery.

The introduction of Andrea to Vasari was one of the few gracious things that Michael Angelo ever did. About Andrea he said to Raphael at the time: "There is a little fellow in Florence who will bring sweat to your brows if ever he is engaged in great works." Raphael, would certainly have agreed, with him had he known what was to happen in regard to the Leo X picture.

Notwithstanding Andrea's unfortunate temperament, which caused him to be guided mostly by circumstances instead of guiding them, he was said to be improving all the time in his art. He had a great many pupils, but none of them could tolerate his wife for long, so they were always changing.

Throughout his life the artist longed for tenderness and encouragement from his wife, and finally, without ever receiving it, he died in a desolate way, untended even by her. After the siege of Florence there came a pestilence, and Andrea was overtaken by it. His wife, afraid that she too would become ill, would have nothing to do with him. She kept away and he died quite alone, few caring that he was dead and no one taking the trouble to follow him to his grave. Thus one of the greatest of Florentine painters lived and died. Years after his death, the artist Jacopo da Empoli, was copying Andrea's "Birth of the Virgin" when an old woman of about eighty years on her way to mass stopped to speak with him. She pointed to the beautiful Virgin's face in the picture and said: "I am that woman." And so she was--the widow of the great Andrea. Though she had treated him so cruelly, she was glad to have it known that she was the widow of the dead genius.



MADONNA OF THE SACK—*Andrea del Sarto*

A fresco that still remains on the wall of the cloister in Florence, where it was painted

This picture is a fresco in the cloister of the Annunziata at Florence, and it is called "of the sack" because Joseph is posed leaning against a sack, a book open upon his knees.

Doubtless the model for this Madonna is Andrea del Sarto's abominable wife, but she looks very sweet and simple in the picture. The folds of Mary's garments are beautifully painted, so are the poise of her head, and all the details of the picture except the figure of the child. There is a line of stiffness there and it lacks the softness of many other pictures of the Infant Jesus.

In this picture in the Pitti Palace, Florence, Andrea del Sarto represents all the characters in a serious mood. There are St. John and Elizabeth, Mary and the Infant Jesus, and there is no touch of playfulness such as may be found in similar groups by other artists of the time. Attention is concentrated upon Jesus who seems to be learning from his young cousin. The left hand, resting upon Mary's arm is badly drawn and in character does not seem to belong to the figure of the child. A full, overhanging upper lip is a dominant feature in each face.

Other works of Andrea del Sarto are "Charity," which is in the Louvre; "Madonna dell' Arpie," "A Head of Christ," "The Dead Christ," "Four Saints," "Joseph in Egypt," his own portrait, and "Joseph's Dream."

—excerpt from *Pictures Every Child Should Know* by Dolores Bacon



St. John the Baptist

1528

Oil on wood, 94 x 68 cm.
Galleria Palatina, Florence



Madonna of the Harpies

1517

Oil on wood, 208 x 178 cm.

Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence



The Annunciation

1512-13

Oil on wood, 183 x 184 cm.

Galleria Palatina, Florence



Portrait of a Young Man

1517

Oil on canvas, 72 x 57 cm.

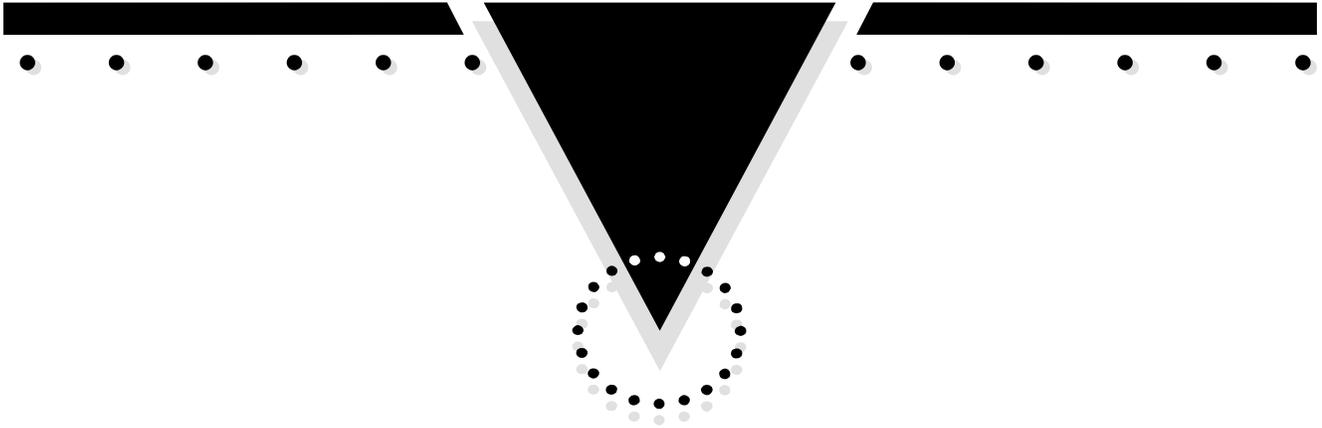
National Gallery, London



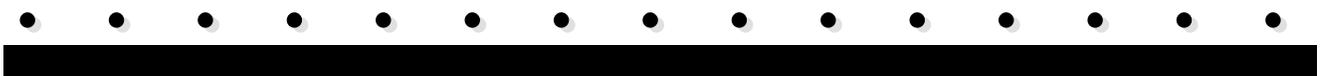
Self-Portrait

Oil on wood, 47 x 34 cm.

Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence



Elocution



Of the importance of the study of Elocution as part of a good education there can be no question. Almost every one is liable to be called upon, perhaps at a few minutes notice, to explain his views and give his opinions on subjects of various degrees of importance, and to do so with effect ease in speaking is most requisite. Ease implies knowledge, and address in speaking is highly ornamental as well as useful even in private life.

The art of Elocution held a prominent place in ancient education, but has been greatly neglected in modern times, except by a few persons—whose fame as speakers and orators is a sufficient proof of the value and necessity of the study. The Ancients—particularly the Greeks and the Romans—were fully conscious of the benefits resulting from a close attention to and the practice of such rules as are fitted to advance the orator in his profession, and their schools of oratory were attended by all classes; nor were their greatest orators ashamed to acknowledge their indebtedness to their training in the art for a large portion of their success. The Welsh Triads say "Many are the friends of the golden tongue," and, how many a jury has thought a speaker's arguments without force because his manner was so, and have found a verdict, against law and against evidence, because they had been charmed into delusion by the potent fascination of some gifted orator.

As Quintilian remarks: "A proof of the importance of delivery may be drawn from the additional force which the actors give to what is written by the best poets; so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more pleasure than when we only read it. I think, I may affirm that a very indifferent speech, well set off by the speaker, will have a greater effect than the best, if destitute of that advantage;" and Henry Irving, in a recent article, says: "In the practice of acting, a most important point is the study of elocution; and, in elocution one great difficulty is the use of sufficient force to be generally heard without being unnaturally loud, and without acquiring a stilted delivery. I never knew an actor who brought the art of elocution to greater perfection than the late Charles Mathews, whose utterance on the stage was so natural, that one was surprised to find when near him that he was really speaking in a very loud key." Such are some of the testimonies to the value of this art.

Many persons object to the study of elocution because they do not expect to become professional readers or public speakers, but surely this is a great mistake, and they might as well object to the study of literature because they do not expect to become an author; and still more mischievous in its results is the fallacy, only too current even among persons of intelligence, that those who display great and successful oratorical powers, possess a genius or faculty that is the gift of nature, and which it would be in vain to Endeavour to acquire by practice, as if orators "were born, not made," as is said of poets.

The art of reading well is one of those rare accomplishments which all wish to possess, a few think they have, while others who see and believe that it is not the unacquired gift of genius, labor to obtain it, and it will be found that excellence in this, as in everything else of value, is the result of well-directed effort, and the reward of unremitting industry. A thorough knowledge of the principles of any art will enable a student to achieve perfection in it, so in elocution he may add new beauties to his own style of reading and speaking however excellent they may be naturally. But it is often said "Our greatest orators were not trained." But is this true? How are we to know how much and how laborious was the preliminary training each effort of these great orators cost them, before their eloquence thrilled through the listening crowds? As Henry Ward Beecher says: "If you go to the land which has been irradiated by parliamentary eloquence; if you go to the people of Great Britain; if you go to the great men in ancient times; if you go to the illustrious names that every one recalls--Demosthenes and Cicero--they all represent a life of work. You will not find one great sculptor, nor one great architect, nor one eminent an in any department of art, whose greatness, if you inquire, you will not find to be the fruit of study, and of the evolution which comes from study." So much for the importance of Elocution and the advantages of acquiring a proficiency therein.

A few remarks to those who are ambitious of excelling in the art may now be given, showing how they may best proceed in improving themselves therein.

The following rules are worthy of strict attention:

1. **Let your articulation be distinct and deliberate.**
2. **Let your pronunciation be bold and forcible.**
3. **Acquire a compass and variety in the height of your voice.**
4. **Pronounce your words with propriety and elegance.**
5. **Pronounce every word consisting of more than one syllable with its proper accent.**
6. **In every sentence distinguish the more significant words by a natural, forcible and varied emphasis.**
7. **Acquire a just variety of pause and cadence.**
8. **Accompany the emotions and passions which your words express, by corresponding tones, looks and gestures.**

To follow nature is the fundamental rule in oratory, without regard to which, all other rules will only produce affected declamation not just elocution. Learn to speak slowly and deliberately, almost all persons who have not studied the art have a habit of uttering their words too rapidly. It should be borne in mind that the higher degrees of excellence in elocution are to be gained, not by reading much, but by pronouncing what is read with a strict regard to the nature of the subject, the structure of the sentences, the turn of the sentiment, and a correct and judicious application of the rules of the science. It is an essential qualification of a good speaker to be able to alter the height as well as the strength and the tone of his voice as occasion requires, so accustom yourself to pitch your voice in different keys, from the highest to the lowest; but this subject is of such a nature that it is difficult to give rules for all the inflections of the voice, and it is almost, if not quite impossible to teach gesture by written instructions; a few lessons from a good and experienced teacher will do more to give a pupil ease, grace, and force of action than all the books and diagrams in the world. Action is important to the orator, and changes of action must accord with the language; the lower the language the slower should be the movements and *vice versa*, observing Shakespeare's rule: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance--that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." Study repose, without it, both in speech and action, the ears, eyes, and minds of the audience, and the powers of the speaker are alike fatigued; follow nature, consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of your heart. Whether you speak in a private room or in a great assembly, remember that you still speak, and speak *naturally*. Conventional tones and action have been the ruin of delivery in the pulpit, the senate, at the bar, and on the platform.

All public speaking, but especially acting and reciting, must be heightened a little above ordinary nature, the pauses longer and more frequent, the tones weightier, the action more forcible, and the expression more highly colored. Speaking from memory admits of the application of every possible element of effectiveness, rhetorical and elocutionary, and in the delivery of a few great actors the highest excellence in this art has been exemplified. But speaking from memory requires the most minute and careful study, as well as high elocutionary ability, to guard the speaker against a merely mechanical utterance. Read in the same manner you would speak, as if the matter were your own original sentiments uttered directly from the heart. Action should not be used in ordinary reading.

Endeavour to learn something from every one, either by imitating, but not servilely, what is good, or avoiding what is bad. Before speaking in public collect your thoughts and calm yourself, avoiding all hurry. Be punctual with your audience, an apology for being late is the worst prologue. Leave off before your hearers become tired, it is better for you that they should think your speech too short than too long.

Let everything be carefully finished, well polished, and perfect. Many of the greatest effects in all arts have been the results of long and patient study and hard work, however simple and spontaneous they may have appeared to be.

Remember, that the highest art is to conceal art, that attention to trifles makes perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

—excerpt from *The Canadian Elocutionist* by Anna Kelsey Howard

Beginner

ARTICULATION

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS: Thorough and frequent drills on the elementary sounds are useful in correcting vicious habits of pronunciation and in strengthening the vocal organs.

As a rule, only one or two sounds should be employed at one lesson. Care should be taken that the pupils observe and practice these sounds correctly in their reading.

Long Sounds				
Sound	as in		Sound	as in
a	ate		e	Err
a	care		i	Ice
a	arm		o	Ode
a	last		u	Use
a	all		u	Burn
e	eve		oo	Fool

Short Sounds				
a	am		o	odd
e	end		u	up
i	in		oo	look
Diphthongs				
oi	oil		ou	out
oy	boy		ow	now

Aspirates				
f	fifi		t	Tat
h	him		sh	She
k	kite		ch	Chat
p	pipe		th	Thick
s	same		wh	Why

Subvocals				
Sound	as in		Sound	as in
b	bib		v	valve
d	did		th	this
g	gig		z	zin
j	jug		z	azure
n	nine		r	rare
m	maim		w	we
ng	hang		y	yet
l	lull			

Substitutes						
Sub	for	as in		Sub	for	as in
a	o	what		y	I	myth
e	a	there		c	k	can
e	a	feint		c	a	cite
i	e	police		ch	sh	chaise
i	e	sir		ch	k	chaos
o	u	son		g	j	gem
o	oo	to		n	ng	ink
o	oo	wolf		s	z	as
o	a	fork		s	sh	sure
o	u	work		x	gz	exact
u	oo	full		gh	f	laugh
u	oo	rude		ph	f	phlox
y	i	fly		qu	k	pique
qu	kw	quit				

PUNCTUATION

Punctuation Marks are used to make the sense more clear.

A **Period** (.) is used at the end of a sentence, and after an abbreviation; as,

James was quite sick. Dr. Jones was called to see him.

An **Interrogation Mark** (?) is used at the end of a question; as,

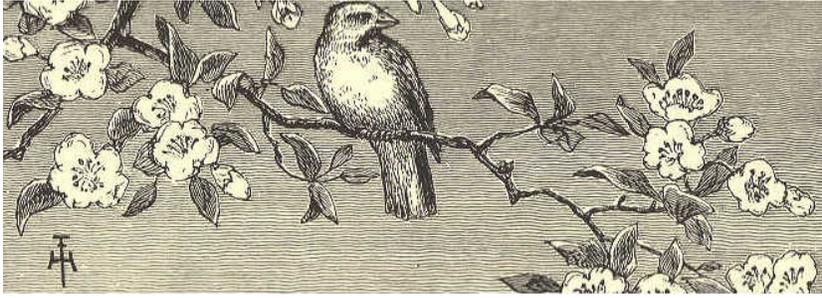
Where is John going?

An **Exclamation Mark** (!) is used after words or sentences expressing some strong feeling; as,

Alas, my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!

The **Comma** (,), **Semicolon** (;), and **Colon** (:) are used to separate the parts of a sentence.

The **Hyphen** (-) is used to join the parts of a compound word; it is also used at the end of a line in print or script, when a word is divided.



—excerpt from *McGuffey's Second Eclectic Reader*, Copyright 1907 and 1920 by H.H. Vail

The Story of the Kittens

We four little kittens are jolly enough:
We are Velvet, and Whitepaws, and Hero, and Muff.
Full many a frolic we have through the house,
Pretending to hunt for the hole of a mouse.
One day we are racing, -a live mouse we met,-
Our fright and our horror I cannot forget;
We ran for a refuge; -a nice box we found,
And into its shelter we went with a bound;
We struggled and tumbled, then lay in a heap
Till, all being quiet, we ventured to peep.
We looked all around, and what think you we saw?
A foolish young lady attempting to draw!
Poor Hero was frightened, but Whitepaws and I
Just looked that young person quite straight in the eye.
Velvet was sleepy, so he didn't care,
But blinked and sat still without moving a hair.
Now out peeped the mouse from a hole in the wall;
The young lady saw him, -her sketch she let fall,
And ran away shrieking, "A mouse! Oh! A mouse!"
In tones that alarmed every soul in the house.
Then our mother rushed in, -sagacious old cat!
She isn't afraid to encounter a rat!
She quick made an end of the mouse and our fears,
And scolded us sadly and boxed our poor ears.
"Little 'fraid cats," she said, "now run off and play,
And don't be as silly as girls are, I pray!"

Henrietta Davis

Under the Wagon

"Come wife," says good old Farmer-Gray, "put on your things; 'tis market-day; let's be off to the nearest town-there and back ere the sun goes down. Spot! No, we'll leave old Spot behind." But Spot he barked, and Spot he whined, and soon made up his doggish mind to steal away under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace, and joy came into the farmer's face. "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come, but I'm very glad he's left at home. He'll guard the barn and guard the cot, and keep the cattle out of the lot." "I'm not so sure of that," growled Spot, the little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold, and got his pay in yellow gold, then started home, just after dark-home through the lonely forest. Hark! a robber springs from behind a tree: "Your money or else your life!" said he. The moon was out yet he didn't see the little dog under the wagon.

Old Spot he barked, old Spot he whined, and Spot he grabbed the thief behind and dragged him down in mud and dirt. He tore his coat and tore his shirt; he held him with a whisk and bound, and he couldn't rise from the miry ground; while his legs and arms the farmer bound, and tumbled him into the wagon.

Old Spot he saved the farmer's life, the farmer's money, the farmer's wife; and now a hero, grand and gay, a silver collar he wears to-day; and everywhere his master goes, among his friends, among his foes, he follows upon his horny toes, the little dog under the wagon!

Good Night

Mrs. Follen

The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good night!"
And give a kiss all round.

Good night, my father, mother, dear!
Now kiss your little son;
Good night, my friends, both far and near!
Good night to everyone.

Good night, ye merry, merry birds!
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps, if you could sing in words,
You would have said, "Good night!"

To all my pretty flowers, good night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars, that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

At the Meadow Spring

Sam put us both in a barrow, Nellie and me, one day, and wheeled us down to the meadow spring, and left us there to play. Three little fish live in the spring, and one is bright as gold, and one is a little baby-fish, and one is dark and old. So Nellie and I we fed the fish, and watched the pebbles shine, and played with the water fairies-Nellie's shadow and mine. We wondered if the fish could sing, and if they ever talked we have a book with a picture in it of a fish that danced and walked!

Then we played that a cruel giant came and carried us both away, and shut us up by the side of the sea in a castle old and gray. And Nellie and I we cried and cried, till our tears fell into the sea; and three little fishes came sailing by, and spoke to Nellie and me. They said that they were fairies, and that, if we were good little girls, all the tears that we should shed would turn to shining pearls; and these we must give to the giant (a miserly man was he), and he would open the great stone doors of his castle by the sea. So we thanked the little fishes, and we watched them sail away, and Nellie and I we cried and cried all the rest of the day. And we gave the giant a bushel of pearls, and he opened the great stone door, and Nellie and I ran home again, and never cried any more.

Then Sam came back with the barrow, as fast as ever he could saying, "Here comes the cruel uncle, after the babes in the wood!" And Nellie and I we laughed and ran, till we tumbled down in the clover; and Sam pretended to pick us up, but he rolled us over and over. And Nellie bent her broad-brimmed hat, and tore her apron too, and the ruffles they came off my dress, and the buttons off my shoe. But mother laughed when she saw us, and Susan said, "I declare 'twould take two machines and a seamstress to keep you in 'something to wear!'"

A Twilight Story

Mary J. Porter

"Auntie, will you tell a story?" said my little niece of three,
As the early winter twilight fell around us silently.
So I answered to her pleading: "Once, when I was very small,
With my papa and my mamma I went out to make a call;
And a lady, pleased to see us, gave me quite a large bouquet,
Which I carried homeward proudly, smiling all along the way.

"Soon I met two other children, clad in rags and said of face,
Who grew strangely, wildly joyous as I neared their standing place.
'Twas so good to see the flowers! 'Give us one – oh, one!' they cried.
But I passed them without speaking, left them with their wish denied.
Yet the mem'ry of their asking haunted me by night and day,
'Give us one!' I heard them saying, even in my mirthful play.

"Still I mourn, because in childhood I refused to give a flower:
Did not make those others happy when I had it in my power."
Suddenly I ceased my story. Tears were in my niece's eyes –
Tears of tenderness and pity – while she planned a sweet surprise;
"I will send a flower to-morrow to those little children dear."
Could I tell her that their childhood had been gone this many year?

The Twins

In form and feature, face and limb, I grew so like my brother that folks got taking me for him, and each for one another. It puzzled all our kith and kin, it reached an awful pitch for one of us was born a twin, and not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse), before our names were fixed, as we were being washed by nurse, we got completely mixed, and thus you see, by Fate's decree, (or rather nurse's whim), my brother John got christened me, and I got christened him.

This fatal likeness even dogged my footsteps when at school, and I was always getting flogged for John turned out a fool. I put this question hopelessly to everyone I knew what would you do if you were me, to prove that you were you?

Our close resemblance turned the tide of our domestic life; for somehow my intended bride became my brother's wife. In short, year after year the same absurd mistakes went on; and when I died – the neighbors came and buried Brother John!

—excerpt from *The Home and Platform Elocutionist*, Edited by George Stedman Wordsworth, MA

Intermediate

The great object to be accomplished in reading, as a rhetorical exercise, is to convey to the hearer, fully and clearly, the ideas and feelings of the writer.

In order to do this, it is necessary that a selection should be carefully studied by the pupil before he attempts to read it. In accordance with this view, a preliminary rule of importance is the following:

RULE I. Before attempting to read a lesson, the learner should make himself fully acquainted with the subject as treated of in that lesson, and endeavor to make the thought and feeling and sentiments of the writer his own.

REMARK: When he has thus identified himself with the author, he has the substance of all rules in his own mind. It is by going to nature that we find rules. The child or the savage orator never mistakes in inflection or emphasis or modulation. The best speakers and readers are those who follow the impulse of nature, or most closely imitate it as observed in others.

ARTICULATION

Articulation is the utterance of the elementary sounds of a language, and of their combinations.

An **Elementary Sound** is a simple, distinct sound made by the organs of speech.

The Elementary Sounds of the English language are divided into *Vocals*, *Subvocals*, and *Aspirates*.

Vocals are sounds which consist of pure tone only. A *diphthong* is a union of two vocals, commencing with one and ending with the other.

DIRECTION.--Put the lips, teeth, tongue, and palate in their proper position; pronounce the word in the chart forcibly, and with the falling inflection, several times in succession; then drop the subvocal or aspirate sounds which precede or follow the vocal, and repeat the vocals alone.

Long Vocals

<i>Sound</i>	<i>as in</i>		<i>Sound</i>	<i>as in</i>
a	hate		e	err
a	hare		i	pine
a	pass		o	no
a	far		oo	cool
a	fall		u	tube
e	eve		u	burn

Short Vocals

<i>Sound</i>	<i>as in</i>		<i>Sound</i>	<i>as in</i>
a	mat		o	hot
e	met		oo	book
i	it		u	us

REMARK 1. In this table, the short sounds, except u, are nearly or quite the same in *quality* as certain of the long sounds. The difference consists chiefly in *quantity*.

REMARK 2. The vocals are often represented by other letters or combinations of letters than those used in the table; for instance, *a* is represented by *ai* in *hail*, *ea* in *steak*, etc.

REMARK 3. As a general rule, the long vocals and the diphthongs should be articulated with a full, clear utterance; but the short vocals have a sharp, distinct, and almost explosive utterance.

Subvocals are those sounds in which the vocalized breath is more or less obstructed.

Aspirates consist of breath only, modified by the vocal organs. Words ending with subvocal sounds should be selected for practice on the subvocals; words beginning or ending with aspirate sounds may be used for practice on the aspirates. Pronounce these words forcibly and distinctly several times in succession; then drop the other sounds, and repeat the subvocals and aspirates alone.

<i>Subvocals.</i>	as in		<i>Aspirates.</i>	as in
b	babe		p	Rap
d	bad		t	At
g	nag		k	Book
j	judge		ch	Rich
v	move		f	Life
th	with		th	Smith
z	buzz		s	Hiss
z	azure (azh-)		sh	Rush
w	wine		wh	What

REMARK. These sixteen sounds make eight pairs of *cognates*. In articulating the aspirates, the vocal organs are put in the position required in the articulation of the corresponding subvocals; but the breath is expelled with some force without the utterance of any vocal sound. The pupil should first verify this by experiment, and then practice on these cognates.

The following subvocals and aspirates have no cognates.

SUBVOCAL	as in		SUBVOCAL	
l	mill		ng	sing
m	rim		r	rule
n	run		y	yet

Aspirate	as in		Aspirate	as in
h	hat		wh	When

Substitutes are characters used to represent sounds ordinarily represented by other characters.

Sub	for	as in		Sub	for	as in
a	o	what		y	i	hymn
e	a	there		c	s	cite
e	a	freight		c	k	cap
i	e	police		ch	sh	machine
i	e	sir		ch	k	chord
o	u	son		g	j	cage
o	oo	to		n	ng	rink
o	oo	would		s	z	rose
o	a	corn		s	sh	sugar
o	u	worm		x	gz	examine
u	oo	pull		gh	f	laugh
u	oo	rude		ph	f	sylph
y	i	my		qu	k	pique
qu	kw	quick				

FAULTS TO BE REMEDIED

DIRECTIONS: Give to each sound, to each syllable, and to each word its full, distinct, and appropriate utterance.

For the purpose of avoiding the more common errors under this head, observe the following rules:

RULE II. Avoid the *omission* of unaccented vowels

Incorrect	Correct		Incorrect	Correct
Sep'rate	sep-a-rate		Ev'dent	ev-i-dent
met-ric'l	met-ric-al		mem'ry	mem-o-ry
'pear	ap-pear		'pin-ion	o-pin-ion
com-p'tent	com-pe-tent		pr'pose	pro-pose
pr'cede	pre-cede		gran'lar	gran-u-lar
'spe-cial	es-pe-cial		par-tic'lar	par-tic-u-lar

RULE III. Avoid sounding *incorrectly* the unaccented vowels

Incorrect	Correct		Incorrect	Correct
Sep-er-ate	sep-a-rate		Mem-er-ry	mem-o-ry
met-ric-ul	met-ric-al		up-pin-ion	o-pin-ion
up-pear	ap-pear		prup-ose	pro-pose
com-per-tent	com-pe-tent		gran-ny-lar	gran-u-lar
dum-mand	de-mand		par-tic-e-lar	par-tic-u-lar
ob-stur-nate	ob-sti-nate		ev-er-dent	ev-i-dent

REMARK I. In correcting errors of this kind in words of more than one syllable, it is very important to avoid a fault which is the natural consequence of an effort to articulate correctly. Thus, in endeavoring to sound correctly the *a* in *met'ric-al*, the pupil is very apt to say *met-ric-al'*, accenting the last syllable instead of the first.

REMARK 2. The teacher should bear it in mind that in correcting a fault there is always danger of erring in the opposite extreme. Properly speaking, there is no danger of learning to articulate *too distinctly*, but there is danger of making the obscure sounds too prominent, and of reading in a slow, measured, and unnatural manner.

RULE IV. Utter distinctly the terminating subvocals and aspirates

Incorrect	Correct		Incorrect	Correct
An'	and		Mos'	Mosque
ban'	band		near-es'	near-est
moun'	mound		wep'	Wept
mor-nin'	morn-ing		ob-jec'	ob-ject
des'	desk		sub-jec	sub-ject

REMARK 1. This omission is still more likely to occur when several consonants come together

Incorrect	Correct		Incorrect	Correct
Thrus'	thrusts		Harms'	harm'st
beace	beasts		wrongs'	wrong'st
thinks'	thinkst		twinkles'	twinkl'dst
weps'	wep'tst		black'ns	black'n'dst

REMARK 2. In all cases of this kind these sounds are omitted, in the first instance, merely because they are difficult, and require care and attention for their utterance, although after a while it becomes a habit. The only remedy is to devote *that care and attention* which may be necessary. There is no other difficulty, unless there should be a defect in the organs of speech, which is not often the case.

RULE V. Avoid blending syllables which belong to different words.

INCORRECT

He ga-*z*dupon.
Here res *t*is sed.
What*t*is *s*is s*z*name?

CORRECT

He gazed upon.
Here rests his head.
What is his name?

For ran <i>instant</i> ush.	For an instant <i>bush</i> .
Ther is sa calm,	There is a calm.
For tho <i>stha</i> tweep.	For <i>those that</i> weep.
God sglorou simage.	God's glorious image.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION

This exercise and similar ones will afford valuable aid in training the organs to a distinct articulation.

Every vice fights against nature.
 Folly is never pleased with *itself*.
 Pride, not nature, *craves* much.
 The *little tattler* tittered at the *tempest*.
 Titus *takes* the *petulant* outcasts.
 The covetous *partner* is destitute of fortune.
 No one of you knows where the *shoe* pinches.
 What cannot be *cured* must be *endured*.
 You cannot catch *old birds* with *chaff*.
 Never *sport* with the *opinions* of *others*.
 The *lightnings* flashed, the *thunders* roared.
 His *hand* in mine was *fondly clasped*.
 They cultivated *shrubs* and *plants*.
 He selected his *texts* with *great care*.
 His *lips* grow *restless*, and his *smile* is *curled* half into *scorn*.
 Wisdom's ways are ways of *pleasantness*.
 O *breeze*, that waftst me on my way!
 Thou boast'st of what *should* be thy *shame*.
 Life's fitful fever over, he *rests* well.
 Canst thou fill his *skin* with *barbed irons*?
 From *star to star* the living *lightnings* flash.
 And glittering crowns of prostrate seraphim.
 That *morning*, thou that *slumber'd'st* not before.
 Habitual evils change not on a *sudden*.
 Thou waft'd'st the *rickety skiffs* over the *chiffs*.
 Thou reef'd'st the *haggled, shipwrecked* sails.
 The *honest shepherd's* *catarrh*.
 The heiress in her *dishabille* is *humorous*.
 The *brave chevalier* behaves like a *conservative*.
 The *luscious* notion of *champagne* and *precious* sugar.

A Boy on a Farm

Charles Dudley Warner (b. 1829) was born at Plainfield, Mass. In 1851 he graduated at Hamilton College, and in 1856 was admitted to the bar at Philadelphia, but moved to Chicago to practice his profession. There he remained until 1860, when he became connected with the press at Hartford, Conn., and devoted himself to literature. "My Summer in a Garden," "Saunterings," and "Backlog Studies" are his best known works. The following extract is from "Being a Boy."

Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

After everybody else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's, perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterwards. Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do, things that must be done, or life would actually stop.

It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede, they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way.

This he sometimes tries to do; and the people who have seen him "turning cart wheels" along the side of the road, have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time; he was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch.

He practices standing on his head, in order to accustom himself to any position. Leapfrog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would willingly go an errand any distance if he could leapfrog it with a few other boys.

He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, he is absent so long; for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a penstock, to put his hand over the spout, and squirt the water a little while.

He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it; he mows it away in the barn; he rides the horse, to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he drives the cows night and morning; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse, and puts out the horse; whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

Just before the school in winter he shovels paths; in summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and sweet flags, but instead of going for them, he is to stay indoors and pare apples, and stone raisins, and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupations, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores!

He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

DEFINITIONS.— 1. *Fae-tō'tum*, a person employed to do all kinds of work. *In-dis-pěn'sa-ble*, absolutely necessary. 2. *Per-pēt'u-al-ly*, continually. 3. *Cěn'ti-pēd*, an insect with a great number of feet. 4. *E-eōn'o-mize*, to save. *Dis-pāch'*, diligence, haste. 6. *Pěn'-stōck*, a wooden tube for conducting water. 8. *Chōres*, the light work of the household either within or without doors.

Do Not Meddle

About twenty years ago there lived a singular gentleman in the Old Hall among the elm trees. He was about three-score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal.

No poor cottager stood in need of comforts, which he was not ready to supply; no sick man or woman languished for want of his assistance; and not even a beggar, unless a known impostor, went empty-handed from the Hall. Like the village pastor described in Goldsmith's poem of "The Deserted Village,"

"His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast."

Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But much as he liked the society of the young, he had a great aversion to that curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge. He used to say, "The boy who will peep into a drawer will be tempted to take something out of it; and he who will steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound in his manhood."

No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a boy than twenty applications were made for the situation; but he determined not to engage anyone until he had in some way ascertained that he did not possess a curious, prying disposition.

On Monday morning seven lads, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with bright and happy faces, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desiring to obtain the situation. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that he might easily know if any of the young people who applied were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers. He took care that the lads who were then at Elm Tree Hall should be shown into this room one after another.

And first, Charles Brown was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little. So Charles sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him; but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room that at last he got up to peep at them.

On the table was placed a dish cover, and Charles wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things; and, as Charles was of a curious disposition, he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep. So he lifted up the cover.

This turned out to be a sad affair; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn up by a current of air, flew about the room, and Charles, in his fright, putting the cover down hastily, puffed the rest of them off the table.

What was to be done? Charles began to pick up the feathers one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in an adjoining room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room, to the consternation of Charles Brown, who was very soon dismissed as a boy who had not principle enough to resist even a slight temptation.

When the room was once more arranged, Henry Wilkins was placed there until such time as he should be sent for. No sooner was he left to himself than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine, ripe cherries. Now Henry was uncommonly fond of cherries, and he thought it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and looked, for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm.

Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it into his mouth. It was excellent; and then he persuaded himself that he ran no risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it into his mouth.

Now, the old gentleman had placed a few artificial cherries at the top of the others, filled with Cayenne pepper; one of these Henry had unfortunately taken, and it made his month smart and burn most intolerably. The old gentleman heard him coughing, and knew very well what was the matter. The boy that would take what did not belong to him, if no more than a cherry, was not the boy for him. Henry Wilkins was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal in to it.

Rufus Wilson was next introduced into the room and left to himself; but he had not been there ten minutes before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold, resolute temper, but not overburdened with principle; for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house, without being found out, he would have done it directly.

Having looked around the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein. But no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob than he set a large bell ringing, which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons, and entered the room.

Rufus was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him. He looked as though anyone might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he had rung the bell because he wanted anything. Rufus was much confused, and stammered, and tried to excuse himself, but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent him from being ordered off the premises.

George Jones was then shown into the room by an old steward; and being of a cautious disposition, he touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open, and, thinking it would be impossible for anyone to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch farther, looking down at the bottom of the door, that it might not catch against anything and make a noise.

Now had he looked at the top, instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him; for to the top of the door was fastened a plug, which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. He ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till, the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate. At the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan made such a clatter that George was frightened half out of his senses.

The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and there he found George nearly as pale as a sheet. George was soon dismissed.

It now came the turn of Albert Jenkins to be put into the room. The other boys had been sent to their homes by different ways, and no one knew what the experience of the other had been in the room of trial.

On the table stood a small round box, with a screw top to it, and Albert, thinking it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscrewing the top; but no sooner did he do this than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. He started back, and uttered a scream which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Albert, with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the floor.

"Come, come," said the old gentleman, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time; therefore, the sooner you are gone the better." With that he dismissed him, without waiting a moment for his reply.

William Smith next entered the room, and being left alone soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him. William was not only curious and prying, but dishonest, too, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a bookcase, he stepped on tiptoe in that direction. The key had a wire fastened to it, which communicated with an electrical machine, and William received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk, than he was told to leave the house, and let other people lock and unlock their own drawers.

The other boy was Harry Gordon, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never during that time stirred from his chair. Harry had eyes in his head as well as the others, but he had more integrity in his heart; neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key tempted him to rise from his feet; and the consequence was that, in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall. He followed his good old master to his grave, and received a large legacy for his upright conduct in his service.

DEFINITIONS. — 2. Lăn'guished, *suffered, sank away.* Im-pōs'tor, *a deceiver.* 3. A-vēr'sion, *dislike.* In-dūlg'e, *to give way to.* Pound, *a British denomination of money equal in value to about \$4.86.* 4. Ap-pli-eā'tion, *the act of making a request.* 9. Cōn-ster-nā'tion, *excessive terror, dismay.* Prīn'cī-ple, *a right rule of conduct.* 12. Ar-ti-fī'cial (*pro. ār-ti-fīsh'al*), *made by art, not real.* In-tōl'er-a-bly, *in a manner not to be borne.* 14. Sūm'mong, *a call to appear.* 19. Ex-pē'ri-ençe, *knowledge gained by actual trial.* 23. In-tēg'ri-ty, *honesty.* Lēg'a-çy, *a gift, by will, of personal property.*

How To Tell Bad News

Mr. H. Ha! Steward, how are you, my old boy? How do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

H. Poor Mag! So he's gone. How came he to die?

S. Overeat himself, sir.

H. Did he? A greedy dog; why, what did he get he liked so well?

S. Horseflesh, sir; he died of eating horseflesh,

H. How came he to get so much horseflesh?

S. All your father's horses, sir.

H. What! are they dead, too?

S. Ay, sir; they died of overwork.
H. And why were they overworked, pray?
S. To carry water, sir.
H. To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?
S. Sure, sir, to put out the fire.
H. Fire! what fire?
S. O, sir, your father's house is burned to the ground.
H. My father's house burned down! and how came it set on fire?
S. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.
H. Torches! what torches?
S. At your mother's funeral.
H. My mother dead!
S. Ah, poor lady! she never looked up, after it.
H. After what?
S. The loss of your father.
H. My father gone, too?
S. Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.
H. Heard of what?
S. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.
H. What! more miseries! more bad news!
S. Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

Lucy Forester

John Wilson (*b.* 1785, *d.* 1854), better known as "Christopher North," was a celebrated author, poet, and critic, born at Paisley, Scotland, and educated at the University of Glasgow and at Oxford. In 1808 he moved to Westmoreland, England, where he formed one of the "Lake School" of poets. While at Oxford he gained a prize for a poem on "Painting, Poetry, and Architecture." In 1820 he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which position he retained until 1851. He gained his greatest reputation as the chief author of "Noctes Ambrosianae," essays contributed to Blackwood's Magazine between 1822 and 1825. Among his poems may be mentioned "The Isle of Palms" and the "City of the Plague." This selection is adapted from "The Foresters," a tale of Scottish life.

Lucy was only six years old, but bold as a fairy; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes, and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led to no places of danger, nor are infants themselves incautious when alone in the pastimes. Lucy went singing into the low woods, and singing she reappeared on the open hillside. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden bridge, or tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet.

The creature would be away for hours, and no fear be felt on her account by anyone at home; whether she had gone, with her basket on her arm, to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbor, or, merely for her own solitary delight, had wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands.

The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a farmhouse about two miles off) with her playmates the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise.

During her absence, the house was silent but happy, and, the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isabel, her father, mother, and aunt, went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed till they reached Ladyside, and heard the cheerful din of the children within, still rioting at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door, but, on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

Within two hours, a hundred persons were traversing the hills in all directions, even at a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs, all the night through, searched every nook, every stony and rocky place, every piece of taller heather, every crevice that

could conceal anything alive or dead: but no Lucy was there.

Her mother, who for a while seemed inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and with a quaking heart looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and halloo reverberating among the hills, intent to seize upon some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank; and then the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away; and then came the gray dawn of the morning, and then the clear brightness of the day,--and still Michael and Agnes were childless.

"She has sunk into some mossy or miry place," said Michael, to a man near him, into whose face he could not look, "a cruel, cruel death to one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!"

At last, a man who had left the search, and gone in a direction toward the highroad, came running with something in his arms toward the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay, apparently exhausted almost to dying, on the sword. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy's bonnet, clothes, and plaid.

It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn around her neck. "Murdered! murdered!" was the one word whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not; for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was, perhaps, seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

Isabel took the clothes, and, narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said, with a fervent voice that was heard even in Michael's despair, "No, Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent; no murderer's hand has been here. These blood spots have been put here to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But, oh! foolish despair! What speak I of? For, wicked as the world is--ay! Desperately wicked--there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in the heaven, that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gypsy beggar?"

The crowd quietly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the highroads, others all the bypaths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms.

Agnes had been able to walk home to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isabel sat by her bedside. All her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf, or a shadow across the window. Thus hour after hour passed, till it was again twilight. "I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door.

Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance, and he seemed, from his looks, to bring no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. "If he has heard nothing of my child," thought Michael, "this man must care little for his own fireside." "Oh, speak, speak," said Agnes; "yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven."

"Something like a trace of her has been discovered; a woman, with a child that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford, and left it at the dawning." "Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said Isabel; "she will have tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow; but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her; for these are quiet but not solitary glens; and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days, what say you, Mr. Mayne? There is the light of hope in your face." "There is no reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Everybody is sure of it. If it was my own Rachel, I should have no fear as to seeing her this blessed night."

Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you now, that Watty Oliver knows it was your child, for he saw her limping along after the gypsy at Galla-Brigg; but, having no suspicion, he did not take a second look at her,--but one look is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forester."

Aunt Isabel, by this time, had bread and cheese and a bottle of her own elderflower wine on the table.

"You have been a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr. Mayne; take some refreshment," and Michael asked a blessing.

Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. "No, no, Mrs. Irving, I am over happy to eat or to drink. You are all prepared for the blessing that awaits you. Your child is not far off; and I myself, for it is I myself that found her, will bring her by the hand, and restore her to her parents."

Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sank gently back on her pillow; aunt Isabel was rooted to her chair; and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet. There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many voices, which again by degrees subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look, toward the door.

Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but dressed again in her own bonnet and gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their own child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Brāe, *shelving ground, a declivity or slope of a hill.* Pas'times, *sports, plays.* 4. Ri'ot-ing, *romping.* 5. Hēath'er, *an evergreen shrub bearing beautiful flowers, used in Great Britain for making brooms, etc.* 6. In-spired', *animated, enlivened.* Sū-per-nāt'u-ral, *more than human.* Brāke, *a place overgrown with shrubs and brambles.* Re-vēr'ber-āt-ing, *resounding, echoing.* In-tēnt', *having the mind closely fixed.* 8. Plāid (*pro. plād*), *a striped or checked overgarment worn by the Scotch.* 9. E-jāc'u-lāt-ed, *exclaimed.* 11. Seour, *to pass over swiftly and thoroughly.*

Note: The scene of this story is laid in Scotland, and many of the words employed, such as *brae*, *brake*, *beather*, and *plaid*, are but little used except in that country.

Political Toleration

Thomas Jefferson, 1743–1826, the third President of the United States, and the author of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia. He received most of his early education under private tutors, and at the age of seventeen entered William and Mary College, where he remained two years. At college, where he studied industriously, he formed the acquaintance of several distinguished men, among them was George Wythe, with whom he entered on the study of law. At the age of twenty-four he was admitted to the bar, and soon rose to high standing in his profession. In 1775 he entered the Colonial Congress, having previously served ably in the legislature of his native state. Although one of the youngest men in Congress, he soon took a foremost place in that body. He left Congress in the fall of 1776, and, as a member of the legislature, and later as Governor of Virginia, he was chiefly instrumental in effecting several important reforms in the laws of that state,—the most notable were the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the passage of a law making all religious denominations equal. From 1785 to 1789 he was Minister to France. On his return to America he was made Secretary of State, in the first Cabinet. While in this office, he became the leader of the Republican or Anti-Federalist party, in opposition to the Federalist Party led by Alexander Hamilton. From 1801 to 1809 he was President. On leaving his high office, he retired to his estate at "Monticello," where he passed the closing years of his life, and died on the 4th of July, just fifty years after the passage of his famous Declaration. His compatriot, and sometimes-bitter political opponent, John Adams, died on the same day.

Mr. Jefferson, who was never a ready public speaker, was a remarkably clear and forcible writer; his works fill several large volumes. In personal character, he was pure and simple, cheerful, and disposed to look on the bright side. His knowledge of life rendered his conversation highly attractive. The chief enterprise of his later years was the founding of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good.

All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that, though the will of the majority is, in all cases, to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind.

Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection, without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things; and let us reflect, that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under

which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world; during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty; it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety.

But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it.

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not; I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth.

I believe it to be the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others, or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question. Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government.

NOTE.--At the time of Jefferson's election, party spirit ran very high. He had been defeated by John Adams at the previous presidential election, but the Federal party, to which Adams belonged, became weakened by their management during difficulties with France; and now Jefferson had been elected president over his formerly successful rival. The above selection is from his inaugural address.

Diamond Cut Diamond

Edouard Rene Lefebvre-Laboulaye, 1811–1883, was a French writer of note. Most of his works involve questions of law and politics, and are considered high authority on the questions discussed. A few works, such as "Abdallah," from which the following extract is adapted, were written as a mere recreation in the midst of law studies; they show great imaginative power. Laboulaye took great interest in the United States, her people, and her literature; and many of his works are devoted to American questions. He translated the works of Dr. William E. Channing into French.

Mansour, the Egyptian merchant, one day repaired to the *cadi* on account of a suit, the issue of which troubled him but little. A private conversation with the judge had given him hopes of the justice of his cause. The old man asked his son Omar to accompany him in order to accustom him early to deal with the law.

The *cadi* was seated in the courtyard of the mosque. He was a fat, good-looking man, who never thought, and talked little, which, added to his large turban and his air of perpetual astonishment, gave him a great reputation for justice and gravity.

The spectators were numerous; the principal merchants were seated on the ground on carpets, forming a semicircle around the magistrate. Mansour took his seat a little way from the sheik, and Omar placed himself between the two, his curiosity strongly excited to see how the law was obeyed, and how it was trifled with in case of need.

The first case called was that of a young Banian, as yellow as an orange, with loose flowing robes and an effeminate air, who had lately landed from India, and who complained of having been cheated by one of Mansour's rivals.

"Having found a casket of diamonds among the effects left by my father," said he, "I set out for Egypt, to live there on the proceeds of their sale. I was obliged by bad weather to put into Jidda, where I soon found myself in want of money. I went to the bazaar, and inquired for a dealer in precious stones. The richest, I was told, was Mansour; the most honest, Ali, the jeweler. I applied to Ali.

"He welcomed me as a son, as soon as he learned that I had diamonds to sell, and carried me home with him. He gained my confidence by every kind of attention, and advanced me all the money I needed. One day, after dinner, at which wine was not wanting, he examined the diamonds, one by one, and said, 'My child, these diamonds are of little value; my coffers are full of such stones. The rocks of the desert furnish them by thousands.'

"To prove the truth of what he said, he opened a box, and, taking there from a diamond thrice as large as any of mine, gave it to the slave that was with me. 'What will become of me?' I cried; 'I thought myself rich, and here I am, poor, and a stranger.'

"My child," replied Ali, 'Leave this casket with me, and I will give you a price for it such as no one else would offer. Choose whatever you wish in Jidda, and in two hours I will give you an equal weight of what you have chosen in exchange for your Indian stones.'

"On returning home, night brought reflection. I learned that Ali had been deceiving me. What he had given to the slave was nothing but a bit of crystal. I demanded my casket. Ali refused to restore it. Venerable magistrate, my sole hope is in your justice."

It was now Ali's turn to speak. "Illustrious cadi," said he, "It is true that we made a bargain, which I am ready to keep, the rest of the young man's story is false. What matters it what I gave the slave? Did I force the stranger to leave the casket in my hands? Why does he accuse me of treachery? Have I broken my word, and has he kept his?"

"Young man," said the cadi to the Banian, "have you witnesses to prove that Ali deceived you? If not, I shall put the accused on his oath, as the law decrees." A Koran was brought. Ali placed his hand on it, and swore three times that he had not deceived the stranger. "Wretch," said the Banian, "thou art among those whose feet go down to destruction. Thou hast thrown away thy soul."

Omar smiled, and while Ali was enjoying the success of his ruse, he approached the stranger, and asked, "Do you wish me to help you gain the suit?" "Yes," was the reply; "but you are only a child--you can do nothing."

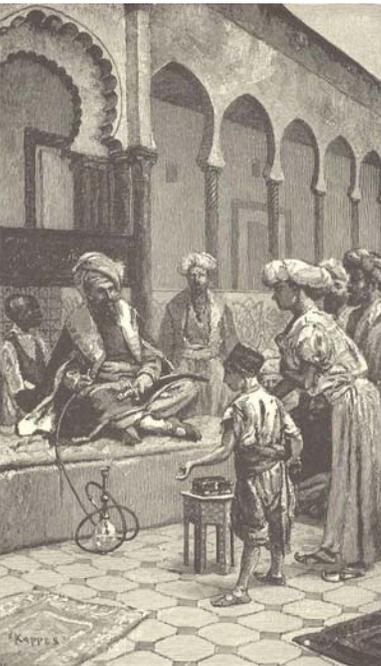
"Have confidence in me a few moments," said Omar; "accept Ali's bargain; let me choose in your stead, and fear nothing."

The stranger bowed his head, and murmured, "What can I fear after having lost all?" Then, turning to the cadi, and bowing respectfully, "Let the bargain be consummated," said he, "since the law decrees it, and let this young man choose in my stead what I shall receive in payment."

A profound silence ensued. Omar rose, and, bowing to the cadi, "Ali," said he to the jeweler, "you have doubtless brought the casket, and can tell us the weight thereof."

"Here it is," said Ali; "it weighs twenty pounds. Choose what you will; if the thing asked for is in Jidda, you shall have it within two hours, otherwise the bargain is null and void."

"What we desire," said Omar, raising his voice, "is ants' wings, half male and half female. You have two hours in which to furnish the twenty pounds you have promised us." "This is absurd," cried the jeweler; "it is impossible. I should need half a score of persons and six months labor to satisfy so foolish a demand."



"Are there any winged ants in Jidda?" asked the cadi. "Of course," answered the merchants, laughing; "they are one of the plagues of Egypt. Our houses are full of them, and it would be doing us a great service to rid us of them."

"Then Ali must keep his promise or give back the casket," said the cadi. "This young man was mad to sell his diamonds weight for weight; he is mad to exact such payment. So much the better for Ali the first time: so much the worse for him the second. Justice has not two weights and measures. Every bargain holds good before the law. Either furnish twenty pounds of ants' wings, or restore the casket to the Banian." "A righteous judgment," shouted the spectators, wonder-struck at such equity.

The stranger, beside himself with joy, took from the casket three diamonds of the finest water; he forced them on Omar, who put them in his girdle, and seated himself by his father, his gravity unmoved by the gaze of the assembly. "Well done," said Mansour; "but it is my turn now; mark me well, and profit by the lesson I shall give you. Stop, young man!" he cried to the Banian, "we have an account to settle."

"The day before yesterday," continued he, "this young man entered my shop, and, bursting into tears, kissed my hand and entreated me to sell him a necklace which I had already sold to the Pasha of Egypt, saying that his life and that of a lady depended upon it. 'Ask of me what you will, my father,' said he, 'but I must have these gems or die.'

"I have a weakness for young men, and, though I knew the danger of disappointing my master the pasha, I was unable to resist his supplications. 'Take the necklace,' said I to him, 'but promise to give whatever I may

ask in exchange.' 'My head itself, if you will,' he replied, 'for you have saved my life. We were without witnesses, but,' added Mansour, turning to the Banian, "is not my story true?"

"Yes," said the young man, "and I beg your pardon for not having satisfied you sooner: you know the cause. Ask of me what you desire."

"What I desire," said Mansour, "is the casket with all its contents. Illustrious magistrate, you have declared that all bargains hold good before the law; this young man has promised to give me what I please; now I declare that nothing pleases me but these diamonds."

The *cadi* raised his head and looked about the assembly, as if to interrogate the faces, then stroked his beard, and relapsed into his meditations.

"Ali is defeated," said the sheik to Omar, with a smile, "The fox is not yet born more cunning than the worthy Mansour."

"I am lost!" cried the Banian. "O Omar, have you saved me only to cast me down from the highest pinnacle of joy to the depths of despair? Persuade your father to spare me, that I may owe my life to you a second time."

"Well, my son," said Mansour, "doubtless you are shrewd, but this will teach you that your father knows rather more than you do. The *cadi* is about to decide: try whether you can dictate his decree."

"It is mere child's play," answered Omar, shrugging his shoulders; "but since you desire it, my father, you shall lose your suit." He rose, and taking a *piaster* from his girdle, put it into the hand of the Banian, who laid it before the judge.

"Illustrious *cadi*," said Omar, "this young man is ready to fulfill his engagement. This is what he offers Mansour--*piaster*. In itself this coin is of little value; but examine it closely, and you will see that it is stamped with the likeness of the sultan, our glorious master. May God destroy and confound all who disobey his highness!

"It is this precious likeness that we offer you," added he, turning to Mansour; "if it pleases you, you are paid; to say that it displeases you is an insult to the pasha, a crime punishable by death; and I am sure that our worthy *cadi* will not become your accomplice--he who has always been and always will be the faithful servant of an the sultans."

When Omar had finished speaking, all eyes turned toward the *cadi*, who, more impenetrable than ever, stroked his face and waited for the old man to come to his aid. Mansour was agitated and embarrassed. The silence of the *cadi* and the assembly terrified him, and he cast a supplicating glance toward his son.

"My father," said Omar, "permit this young man to thank you for the lesson of prudence which you have given him by frightening him a little. He knows well that it was you who sent me to his aid, and that all this is a farce. No one is deceived by hearing the son oppose the Father, and who has ever doubted Mansour's experience and generosity?"

"No one," interrupted the *cadi*, starting up like a man suddenly awakened from a dream, "and I least of all; and this is why I have permitted you to speak, my young Solomon. I wished to honor in you the wisdom of your father; but another time avoid meddling with his highness's name; it is not safe to sport with the lion's paws. The matter is settled. The necklace is worth a hundred thousand *piasters*, is it not, Mansour? This madcap, shall give you, therefore, a hundred thousand *piasters*, and all parties will be satisfied."

NOTES: A **cadi** in the Mohammedan countries corresponds to our magistrate.

A **sheik** among the Arabs and Moors, may mean simply an old man, or, as in this case, a man of eminence.

A **Banian** is a Hindu merchant, particularly one who visits foreign countries on business.

Jidda is a city in Arabia, on the Red Sea

A **pasha** is the governor of a Turkish province.

The Turkish **piaster** was formerly worth twenty-five cents; it is now worth only about eight cents.

GAMES

[These games are focused towards finding more activities to do outside. Schools of yesteryear would take advantage of recess times to teach challenge children through outdoor recreational fun. We hope your family enjoys learning to play these as much as our family does.]

MOON AND MORNING STARS

Moon and Morning Stars is an old game played by Spanish children. It is played outdoors on a sunny day. One child is chosen to be the moon and stands in the shade of a building or tree or any other structure. The moon must stay in the shade, which represents the night.

The other players are morning stars and stay in the sun, as they belong to the light. The morning stars dance around in the sunlight and occasionally step into the shadow.

The moon entices the others to come into the shadow by chanting:

*"O the Moon and the Morning Stars,
O the Moon and the Morning Stars!
Who dares to tread – Oh, Within the shadow?"*

The moon tries to tag a morning star while he is in the shadow. Once a star is caught, the star and moon change place.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

This is an old favorite. The Greeks called this game "Brazen Fly". This game will be more fun with the neighbors or at home school group meetings.

One person is chosen to be the blind man and is blindfolded. All the others stand in a circle around the blind man and walk in the same direction until the blind 'man' claps his hands three times.

Everyone stops and the blind 'man' points toward the circle. [Note: if the blind man is not pointing exactly at someone we usually have the circle walk in the direction they were walking until one person is being pointed at.] That player now enters the circle and tries to not get tagged by stepping quietly around and dodging the blind 'man's' reach. The players around the circle help to make sure the blind 'man' stays in the circle as well.

Once tagged that player must stand still while the blind 'man' tries to guess who it is. If guessed correctly, the tagged player becomes the next blind 'man'.

Many times Blind Man's Buff is played without the circle and more as a general tag. All the players try to outsmart the blind 'man' without getting caught. This version works better for small groups. Directions can be shouted out to the blind 'man' so he does not get lost or hurt.

BALL, BALL, WHERE'S MY BALL?

This is our outdoor version of Button, button, where's my button; which could be played indoors on rainy days with a button or other small object.

One person is chosen to hide a ball, or other medium sized object. Everyone else hides their eyes. The ball is hidden and the hider calls out, "Ball, Ball, Where's my ball?" All the players try to find the ball before the others.

Whoever finds the ball first is the next one to hide the ball. We usually give a boundary line such as just the back yard, or just the front yard, etc so the players are given an area to find the 'lost' ball

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NATURE NOTES ON INSECTS

Not every little creature is an insect. The similarities of these creatures are few. They never have more than three pairs of legs, and they have three parts to their bodies. Insects do not have lungs, but take in air through the openings in the body. Those insects that make noises accomplish this task with their wings, legs, or other special sound organ. All bugs are insects, but not all insects are bugs. True bugs have mouths adapted for piercing and sucking.

Insects are small and easy to catch and are usually in abundance until the cold winter months. Even in the snowy winters insects are still around in their dormant state.

Insects can be studied in many ways. Generally mankind does not have moral issues killing insects. Many adult insects have already laid eggs and their life is coming to a close. Insects are considered a pest to man, animals, and plants. Insects can be caught live and put in a jar for closer study.

As some insects shed their outer layer, we have even found these shed skins. Spend time collecting and drawing insects, name their parts. A nature journal would be put to good use with insect study.

There are many books on insects. Instead of trying to cover all insects, try to focus on one type such as bees or grasshoppers or dragonflies.

NATURE PROJECTS

PROJECT 1: INSECTS AS PETS

It is not very difficult to start an ant farm. Some ants do not even need a queen to build a new home. It is always good to try to get the queen. She is usually twice the size of the workers. Special ant farms with all the bells and whistles can be purchased, or a good used glass jar works. Make sure the dirt used is very sandy. Just remember to drop some food and water in on a regular basis.

Another favorite activity is to find caterpillars on leaves, place it and some leaves in a jar. Fresh leaves must be added throughout the day. They will also need a stick or secure some paper across the top of the lid. When they are ready they will chrysalises or cocoon themselves hanging from the paper or stick. In a short time the caterpillar will show its true colors.

Many a summer day has been spent collecting different insects. Finding as many as we can, we then host an inset zoo. If we cannot figure out how to keep them we will either let them go or, if they are about to die soon, let them die overnight and add them to the insect board. Remember to use caution while handling insects. Some, if touched wrong, will not be able to survive. Insects can also carry disease especially flies, fleas, and mosquitoes. A supply of latex/latex free gloves work well.

PROJECT 2: COMMUNICATE WITH SOUNDS

Insects do not make sounds like we do inside our throats. They rub their wings or legs together or they have a special sound organ which requires the insect to move air through it or contract it in some way, sort of how we can make our tongue click by contracting the muscles and pulling it down quickly from the roof of our mouths.

How many different bug sounds can be imitated? Who can make the best bug sound? Who can make the most bug sounds? Can anyone create their own bug sound?

NATURE STORIES

THE ANT THAT WORE WINGS

By Clara Dillingham Pierson from, "Among the Meadow People" This book can be purchased in full at www.yesterdayclassics.com

IN one of the Ant-hills in the highest part of the meadow, were a lot of young Ants talking together. "I," said one, "am going to be a soldier, and drive away anybody who comes to make us trouble. I try biting hard things every day to make my jaws strong, so that I can guard the home better."

"I," said another and smaller Ant, "want to be a worker. I want to help build and repair the home. I want to get the food for the family, and feed the Ant babies, and clean them off when they crawl out of their old coats. If I can do those things well, I shall be the happiest, busiest Ant in the meadow."

"We don't want to live that kind of life," said a couple of larger Ants with wings. "We don't mean to stay around the Ant-hill all the time and work. We want to use our wings, and then you may be very sure that you won't see us around home any more."

The little worker spoke up: "Home is a pleasant place. You may be very glad to come back to it some day." But the Ants with the wings turned their backs and wouldn't listen to another word.

A few days after this there were exciting times in the Ant-hill. All the winged Ants said "Good-bye" to the soldiers and workers, and flew off through the air, flew so far that the little ones at home could no longer see them. All day long they were gone, but the next morning when the little worker (whom we heard talking) went out to get breakfast, she found the poor winged Ants lying on the ground near their home. Some of them were dead, and the rest were looking for food.

The worker Ant ran up to the one who had said she didn't want to stay around home, and asked her to come back to the Ant-hill. "No, I thank you," she answered. "I have had my breakfast now, and am going to fly off again." She raised her wings to go, but after she had given one flutter, they dropped off, and she could never fly again.

The worker hurried back to the Ant-hill to call some of her sister workers, and some of the soldiers, and they took the Ant who had lost her wings and carried her to another part of the meadow. There they went to work to build a new home and make her their queen.

First, they looked for a good, sandy place, on which the sun would shine all day. Then the worker Ants began to dig in the ground and bring out tiny round pieces of earth in their mouths. The soldiers helped

them, and before night they had a cozy little home in the earth, with several rooms, and some food already stored. They took their queen in, and brought her food to eat, and waited on her, and she was happy and contented.

By and by the Ant eggs began to hatch, and the workers had all they could do to take care of their queen and her little Ant babies, and the soldier Ants had to help. The Ant babies were little worms or grubs when they first came out of the eggs; after a while they curled up in tiny, tiny cases, called pupa-cases, and after another while they came out of these, and then they looked like the older Ants, with their six legs, and their slender little waists. But whatever they were, whether eggs, or grubs, or curled up in the pupa-cases, or lively little Ants, the workers fed and took care of them, and the soldiers fought for them, and the queen-mother loved them, and they all lived happily together until the young Ants were ready to go out into the great world and learn the lessons of life for themselves.

THE BUTTERFLY'S CHILDREN

By Mrs. Alfred Gatty as found in "Junior Classics Volume 8"

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the Butterfly; "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby Butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar! -they cannot, of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers, and you must let them fly about only a little way at first; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! Dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf! What a place for young Butterflies to be born upon! Still you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar! You will remember about the food--"

And with these words the Butterfly drooped her wings and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying Yes or No to

the request, was left standing alone by the side of the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her or she never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much they'll mind me; truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose!"

However, there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night round her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning says she to herself--"Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?"

But still there was a difficulty--whom should the Caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy Dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough!--he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage-leaf with one brush of his tail. There was the Tom Cat, to be sure, who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple-tree, basking himself and warming his fur in the sunshine; but he was so selfish and indifferent! "I wonder which is the wisest of all the animals I know," sighed the Caterpillar, in great distress; and then she thought, and thought, till at last she thought of the Lark; and she fancied that because he went up so high, and nobody knew where he went to, he must be very clever, and know a great deal, for to go up very high (which she could never do), was the Caterpillar's idea of perfect glory.

Now in the neighbouring corn-field their lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her, and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself.

"Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the Caterpillar, timidly.

The Lark said, "Perhaps he should;" but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright, blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. So she resumed her walk round the Butterfly's eggs, nibbling a bit of the cabbage-leaf now and then as she moved along.

"What a time the Lark has been gone!" she cried, at last. "I wonder where he is just now! I would give all my legs to know!" And the green Caterpillar took another turn round the Butterfly's eggs.

At last the Lark's voice began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage bed.

"News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!" sang the Lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!"

"I believe everything I am told," observed the Caterpillar, hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat. What do you think it is to be? Guess!"

"Dew, and the honey out of flowers, I am afraid," sighed the Caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady! Something simpler than that. Something that you can get at quite easily."

"I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

"Excellent! My good friend," cried the Lark, exultingly; "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves."

"Never!" said the Caterpillar, indignantly. "It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter," persisted the lark; "but why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the Lark; "you won't believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the Caterpillar.

"Caterpillars!" sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time;" and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk around the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark; "for the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a Butterfly yourself."

“Wretched bird!” exclaimed the Caterpillar, “you jest with my inferiority--now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more.”

“I told you you would not believe me!” cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

“I believe everything that I am told” persisted the Caterpillar; “that is”--and she hesitated--“everything that it is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that Butterflies’ eggs are Caterpillars, and that Caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become Butterflies!--Lark! You are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible.”

“I know no such thing,” said the Lark, warmly. “Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things; I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar! It is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call any thing impossible.”

“Nonsense!” shouted the Caterpillar, “I know what’s possible, and what’s not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!--”

“And fool you!” cried the indignant Lark. “Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? Oh, Caterpillar; what comes to you from thence, receive, as I do, upon trust.”

“That is what you call--”

“Faith,” interrupted the Lark.

“How am I to learn Faith?” asked the Caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round--eight or ten little green Caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly’s eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend’s heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. “Teach me your lesson, Lark!” she would say; and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learnt the Lark’s lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave, she said--“I shall be a Butterfly some day!”

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, “Poor thing!”

And when she was a Butterfly, and was going to die again, she said--“I have known many wonders--I have faith--I can trust even now for what shall come next!”

THE DRAGON-FLY AND THE WATER-LILY

By Carl Ewald as found in The Junior Classics Volume 8

In among the green bushes and trees ran the brook. Tall, straight-growing rushes stood along its banks, and whispered to the wind. Out in the middle of the water floated the Water-Lily, with its white flower and its broad green leaves.

Generally it was quite calm on the brook. But when, now and again, it chanced that the wind took a little turn over it, there was a rustle in the rushes, and the Water-Lily sometimes ducked completely under the waves. Then its leaves were lifted up in the air and stood on their edges, so that the thick green stalks that came up from the very bottom of the stream found that it was all they could do to hold fast.

All day long the Larva of the Dragon-Fly was crawling up and down the Water-Lily’s stalk. “Dear me, how stupid it must be to be a Water-Lily!” it said, and peeped up at the flower.

“You chatter as a person of your small mind might be expected to do,” answered the Water-Lily. “It is just the very nicest thing there is.”

“I don’t understand that,” said the Larva. “I should like at this moment to tear myself away, and fly about in the air like the big, beautiful Dragon-Flies.”

“Pooh!” said the Water-Lily. “That would be a funny kind of pleasure. No; to lie still on the water and dream, to bask in the sun, and now and then to be rocked up and down by the waves--there’s some sense in that!”

The Larva sat thinking for a minute or two. “I have a longing for something greater,” it said at last. “If I had my will, I would be a Dragon-Fly. I would fly on strong, stiff wings along the stream, kiss your white flower, rest a moment on your leaves, and then fly on.”

“You are ambitious,” answered the Water-Lily, “and that is stupid of you. One knows what one has, but one does not know what one may get. May I, by the way, make so bold as to ask you how you would set about becoming a Dragon-Fly? You don’t look as if that was what you were born for. In any case you will have to grow a little prettier, you gray, ugly thing.”

“Yes, that is the worst part of it,” the Larva answered sadly. “I don’t know myself how it will come about, but I hope it will come about some time or other. That

is why I crawl about down here and eat all the little creatures I can get hold of.”

“Then you think you can attain to something great by feeding!” the Water-Lily said, with a laugh. “That would be a funny way of getting up in the world.”

“Yes; but I believe it is the right way for me!” cried the Dragon-Fly Grub earnestly. “All day long I go on eating till I get fat and big; and one fine day, as I think, all my fat will turn into wings with gold on them, and everything else that belongs to a proper Dragon-Fly!”

The Water-Lily shook its clever white head, “Put away your silly thoughts,” it said, “and be content with your lot. You can knock about undisturbed down here among my leaves, and crawl up and down the stalk to your heart’s desire. You have everything that you need, and no cares or worries--what more do you want?”

“You are of a low nature,” answered the Larva, “and therefore you have no sense of higher things. In spite of what you say, I wish to become a Dragon Fly.” And then it crawled right down to the bottom of the water to catch more creatures and stuff itself still bigger.

But the Water-Lily lay quietly on the water and thought things over. “I can’t understand these animals,” it said to itself. “They knock about from morning till night, chase one another and eat one another, and are never at peace. We flowers have more sense. Peacefully and quietly we grow up side by side, bask in the sunshine, and drink the rain, and take everything as it comes. And I am the luckiest of them all. Many a time have I been floating happily out here on the water, while the other flowers there on dry land were tormented with drought. The flowers’ lot is the best; but naturally the stupid animals can’t see it.”

When the sun went down the Dragon-Fly Larva was sitting on the stalk, saying nothing, with its legs drawn up under it. It had eaten ever so many little creatures, and was so big that it had a feeling as if it would burst. But all the same it was not altogether happy. It was speculating on what the Water-Lily had said, and it could hardly get to sleep the whole night long on account of its unquiet thoughts. All this speculating gave it a headache, for it was work which it was not used to. It had a back-ache too, and a stomach-ache. It felt just as though it was going to break in pieces, and die on the spot.

When the sky began to grow gray in the early morning it could hold out no longer. “I can’t make it out,” it said in despair. “I am tormented and worried, and I don’t know what will be the end of it. Perhaps the Water-Lily is right, and I shall never be anything else but a poor, miserable Larva. But that is a fearful thing to think of. I did so long to become a Dragon-Fly and fly about in the sun. Oh, my back! My back! I

do believe I am dying!”

It had a feeling as if its back was splitting, and it shrieked with pain. At that moment there was a rustle among the rushes on the bank of the stream.

“That’s the morning breeze,” thought the Larva; “I shall at least see the sun when I die.” And with great trouble it crawled up one of the leaves of the Water-Lily, stretched out its legs, and made ready to die.

But when the sun rose, like a red ball, in the east, suddenly it felt a hole in the middle of its back. It had a creepy, tickling feeling, and then a feeling of tightness and oppression. Oh, it was torture without end! Being bewildered, it closed its eyes; but it still felt as though it were being squeezed and crushed. At last it suddenly noticed that it was free; and when it opened its eyes it was floating through the air on stiff, shining wings, a beautiful Dragon-Fly. Down on the leaf of the Water-Lily lay its ugly gray Larva case.

“Hurrah!” cried the new Dragon-Fly. “So I have got my darling wish fulfilled!” and it started off at once through the air at such a rate that you would think it had to fly to the ends of the earth.

“The creature has got its desire at any rate,” thought the Water-Lily. “Let us see if it will be any the happier for it.”

Two days later the Dragon-Fly came flying back, and seated itself on the flower of the Water-Lily.

“Oh, good-morning,” said the Water-Lily. “Do I see you once more? I thought you had grown too fine to greet your old friends.”

“Good-day,” said the Dragon-Fly. “Where shall I lay my eggs?”

“Oh, you are sure to find some place,” answered the flower. “Sit down for a bit, and tell me if you are any happier now than when you were crawling up and down my stalk, a little ugly Larva.”

“Where shall I lay my eggs? Where shall I lay my eggs?” screamed the Dragon-Fly, and flew humming around from place to place, laid one here and one there, and finally seated itself, tired and weary, on one of the leaves.

“Well?” said the Water-Lily.

“Oh, it was better in the old days--much better,” sighed the Dragon-Fly. “The sunshine is really delightful, and it is a real pleasure to fly over the water; but I have no time to enjoy it. I have been so terribly busy, I tell you. In the old days I had nothing to think about; now I have to fly about all day long to get my silly eggs disposed of. I haven’t a moment free. I have scarcely time to eat.”

“Didn’t I tell you so?” cried the Water-Lily in triumph. “Didn’t I prophesy that your happiness would be hollow?”

“Good-bye,” sighed the Dragon-Fly. “I have not time to listen to your disagreeable remarks. I must lay some more eggs.” But just as it was about to fly off the Starling came.

“What a pretty little Dragon-Fly!” it said; “it will be a delightful tit-bit for my little ones.”

Snap! It killed the Dragon-Fly with its bill, and flew off with it.

“What a shocking thing!” cried the Water-Lily, as its leaves shook with terror. “Those animals! Those animals! They are funny creatures. I do indeed value my quiet, peaceful life. I harm nobody, and nobody wants to pick a quarrel with me. I am very luck--”

It did not finish what it was saying, for at that instant a boat came gliding close by. “What a pretty little Water-Lily!” cried Ellen, who sat in the boat. “I will have it!” She leant over the gunwale and wrenched off the flower. When she had got home she put it in a glass of water, and there it stood for three days among a whole company of other flowers.

“I can’t make it out,” it said on the morning of the fourth day. “I have not come off a bit better than that miserable Dragon-Fly.”

“The flowers are now withered,” said Ellen, and she threw them out of the window.

So there lay the Water-Lily with its fine white petals on the dirty ground.

THE GRASSHOPPER WHO WOULDN'T BE SCARED

By Clara Dillingham Pierson from, “Among the Meadow People” This book can be purchased in full at www.yesterdayclassics.com

THERE were more Ants in the meadow than there were of any other kind of insects. In their family there were not only Ants, but great-aunts, cousins, nephews, and nieces, until it made one sleepy to think how many relatives each Ant had. Yet they were small people and never noisy, so perhaps the Grasshoppers seemed to be the largest family there.

There were many different families of Grasshoppers, but they were all related. Some had short horns, or feelers, and red legs; and some had long horns. Some lived in the lower part of the meadow where it was damp, and some in the upper part. The Katydids, who really belong to this family, you know, stayed in trees and did not often sing in the daytime. Then there were the great Road Grasshoppers who lived only in places where the ground was bare and dusty, and whom you could

hardly see unless they were flying. When they lay in the dust their wide wings were hidden and they showed only that part of their bodies which was dust-color. Let the farmer drive along, however, and they rose into the air with a gentle, whirring sound and fluttered to a safe place. Then one could see them plainly, for their large under wings were black with yellow edges.

Perhaps those Grasshoppers who were best known in the meadow were the Clouded Grasshoppers, large dirty-brown ones with dark spots, who seemed to be everywhere during the autumn. The fathers and brothers in this family always crackled their wings loudly when they flew anywhere, so one could never forget that they were around.

It was queer that they were always spoken of as Grasshoppers. Their great-great-grandparents were called Locusts, and that was the family name, but the Cicadas liked that name and wanted it for themselves, and made such a fuss about it that people began to call them Seventeen-Year-Locusts; and then because they had to call the real Locusts something else, they called them Grasshoppers. The Grasshoppers didn't mind this. They were jolly and noisy, and as they grew older were sometimes very pompous. And you know what it is to be pompous.

When the farmer was drawing the last loads of hay to his barn and putting them away in the great mows there, three young clouded Grasshopper brothers were frolicking near the wagon. They had tried to see who could run the fastest, crackle the loudest, spring the highest, flutter the farthest, and eat the most. There seemed to be nothing more to do. They couldn't eat another mouthful, the other fellows wouldn't play with them, they wouldn't play with their sisters, and they were not having any fun at all.

They were sitting on a hay-cock, watching the wagon as it came nearer and nearer. The farmer was on top and one of his men was walking beside it. Whenever they came to a hay-cock the farmer would stop the Horses, the man would run a long-handled, shining pitch-fork into the hay on the ground and throw it up to the farmer. Then it would be trampled down on to the load, the farmer's wife would rake up the scattering hay which was left on the ground, and that would be thrown up also.

The biggest Clouded Grasshopper said to his brothers, “You dare not sit still while they put this hay on the load!”

The smallest Clouded Grasshopper said, “I do too!”

The second brother said, “Huh! Guess I dare do anything you do!” He said it in a rather mean way, and that may have been because he had eaten too much. Overeating will make any insect cross.

Now every one of them was afraid, but each waited for the others to back out. While they were waiting, the wagon stopped beside them, the shining fork was run into the hay, and they were shaken and stood on their heads and lifted through the air on to the wagon. There they found themselves all tangled up with hay in the middle of the load. It was dark and they could hardly breathe. There were a few stems of nettles in the hay, and they had to crawl away from them. It was no fun at all, and they didn't talk very much.

When the wagon reached the barn, they were pitched into the mow with the hay, and then they hopped and fluttered around until they were on the floor over the Horses' stalls. They sat together on the floor and wondered how they could ever get back to the meadow. Because they had come in the middle of the load, they did not know the way.

"Oh!" said they. "Who are those four-legged people over there?"

"Kittens!" sang a Swallow over their heads. "Oh, tittle-tittle-tittle-ee!"

The Clouded Grasshoppers had never seen Kittens. It is true that the old Cat often went hunting in the meadow, but that was at night, when Grasshoppers were asleep.

"Meouw!" said the Yellow Kitten. "Look at those queer little brown people on the floor. Let's each catch one."

So the Kittens began crawling slowly over the floor, keeping their bodies and tails low, and taking very short steps. Not one of them took his eyes off the Clouded Grasshopper whom he meant to catch. Sometimes they stopped and crouched and watched, then they went on, nearer, nearer, nearer, still, while the Clouded Grasshoppers were more and more scared and wished they had never left the meadow where they had been so safe and happy.

At last the Kittens jumped, coming down with their sharp little claws just where the Clouded Grasshoppers—had been. The Clouded Grasshoppers had jumped too, but they could not stay long in the air, and when they came down the Kittens jumped again. So it went until the poor Clouded Grasshoppers were very, very tired and could not jump half so far as they had done at first. Sometimes the Kittens even tried to catch them while they were fluttering, and each time they came a little nearer than before. They were so tired that they never thought of leaping up on the wall of the barn where the Kittens couldn't reach them.

At last the smallest Clouded Grasshopper called to his brothers, "Let us chase the Kittens."

The brothers answered, "They're too big."
The smallest Clouded Grasshopper, who had always

been the brightest one in the family, called back, "We may scare them if they are big."

Then all the Clouded Grasshoppers leaped toward the Kittens and crackled their wings and looked very, very fierce. And the Kittens ran away as fast as they could. They were in such a hurry to get away that the Yellow Kitten tumbled over the White Kitten and they rolled on the floor in a furry little heap. The Clouded Grasshoppers leaped again, and the Kittens scrambled away to their nest in the hay, and stood against the wall and raised their backs and their pointed little tails, and opened their pink mouths and spat at them, and said, "Ha-ah-h-h!"

"There!" said the smallest Clouded Grasshopper to them, "we won't do anything to you this time, because you are young and don't know very much, but don't you ever bother one of us again. We might have hopped right on to you, and then what could you have done to help yourselves?"

The Clouded Grasshoppers started off to find their way back to the meadow, and the frightened Kittens looked at each other and whispered: "Just supposing they had hopped on to us! What *could* we have done!"

THE MOSQUITO TRIES TO TEACH HIS NEIGHBORS

By Clara Dillingham Pierson from, "Among the Meadow People" This book can be purchased in full at www.yesterdayclassics.com

IN this meadow, as in every other meadow since the world began, there were some people who were always tired of the way things were, and thought that, if the world were only different, they would be perfectly happy. One of these discontented ones was a certain Mosquito, a fellow with a whining voice and disagreeable manners. He had very little patience with people who were not like him, and thought that the world would be a much pleasanter place if all the insects had been made Mosquitoes.

"What is the use of Spiders, and Dragon-flies, and Beetles, and Butterflies?" he would say, fretfully; "a Mosquito is worth more than any of them."

You can just see how unreasonable he was. Of course, Mosquitoes and Flies do help keep the air pure and sweet, but that is no reason why they should set themselves up above the other insects. Do not the Bees carry pollen from one flower to another, and so help the plants raise their Seed Babies? And who would not miss the bright, happy Butterflies, with their work of making the world beautiful?

But this Mosquito never thought of those things, and he said to himself: "Well, if they cannot all be Mosquitoes, they can at least try to live like them, and I think I will call them together and talk it over." So he sent word all around, and his friends and neighbors gathered to hear what he had to say.

"In the first place," he remarked, "it is unfortunate that you are not Mosquitoes, but, since you are not, one must make the best of it. There are some things, however, which you might learn from us fortunate creatures who are. For instance, notice the excellent habit of the Mosquitoes in the matter of laying eggs. Three or four hundred of the eggs are fastened together and left floating on a pond in such a way that, when the babies break their shells, they go head first into the water. Then they——"

"Do you think I would do that if I could?" interrupted a motherly old Grasshopper. "Fix it so my children would drown the minute they came out of the egg? No, indeed!" and she hurried angrily away, followed by several other loving mothers.

"But they don't drown," exclaimed the Mosquito, in surprise.

"They don't if they're Mosquitoes," replied the Ant, "but I am thankful to say my children are land babies and not water babies."

"Well, I won't say anything more about that, but I must speak of your voices, which are certainly too heavy and loud to be pleasant. I should think you might speak and sing more softly, even if you have no pockets under your wings like mine. I flutter my wings, and the air strikes these pockets and makes my sweet voice."

"Humph!" exclaimed a Bee, "it is a very poor place for pockets, and a very poor use to make of them. Every Bee knows that pockets are handiest on the hind legs, and should be used for carrying pollen to the babies at home."

"My pocket is behind," said a Spider, "and my web silk is kept there. I couldn't live without a pocket."

Some of the meadow people were getting angry, so the Garter Snake, who would always rather laugh than quarrel, glided forward and said: "My friends and neighbors; our speaker here has been so kind as to tell us how the Mosquitoes do a great many things, and to try to teach us their way. It seems to me that we might repay some of his kindness by showing him our ways, and seeing that he learns by practice. I would ask the Spiders to take him with them and show him how to spin a web. Then the Bees could teach him how to build comb, and the Tree Frog how to croak, and the Earthworms how to burrow, and the Caterpillars how to spin a cocoon. Each of us will do something for him. Perhaps the Measuring Worm will teach him to walk as the Worms of his family do. I understand

he does that very well." Here everybody laughed, remembering the joke played on the Caterpillars, and the Snake stopped speaking.

The Mosquito did not dare refuse to be taught, and so he was taken from one place to another, and told exactly how to do everything that he could not possibly do, until he felt so very meek and humble that he was willing the meadow people should be busy and happy in their own way.

THE QUEEN BEE

By Carl Ewald as found in The Junior Classics Volume 8

The farmer opened his hive. "Off with you!" he said to the Bees. "The sun is shining, and everywhere the flowers are coming out, so that it is a joy to see them. Get to work, and gather a good lot of honey for me to sell to the shopkeeper in the autumn. 'Many a streamlet makes a river,' and you know these are bad times for farmers."

"What does that matter to us?" said the Bees. But all the same they flew out; for they had been sitting all the winter in the hive, and they longed for a breath of fresh air. They hummed and buzzed, they stretched their legs, they tried their wings. They swarmed out in all directions; they crawled up and down the hive; they flew off to the flowers and bushes, or wandered all around on the ground. There were hundreds and hundreds of them.

Last of all came the Queen. She was bigger than the others, and it was she who ruled the hive. "Stop your nonsense, little children," she said, "and set to work and do something. A good Bee does not idle, but turns to with a will and makes good use of its time."

So she divided them into parties and set them to work. "You over there, fly out and see if there is any honey in the flowers. The others can collect flower-dust, and when you come home give it in smartly to the old Bees in the hive."

Away they flew at once. But all the very young ones stayed behind. They made the last party, for they had never been out with the others. "What are we to do?" they asked.

"You! you must perspire," said the Queen. "One, two, three! Then we can begin our work." And they perspired as well as they had learned to, and the prettiest yellow wax came out of their bodies.

"Good!" said the Queen. "Now we will begin to build." The old Bees took the wax, and began to build a number of little six-sided cells, all alike and close up to one another. All the time they were building, the others came flying in with flower-dust and honey, which they laid at the Queen's feet.

"We can now knead the dough," she said. "But first put a little honey in--that makes it taste so much better." They kneaded and kneaded, and before very long they had made some pretty little loaves of Bee bread, which they carried into the cells. "Now let us go on with the building," commanded the Queen Bee, and they perspired wax and built for all they were worth.

"And now my work begins," said the Queen, and she heaved a deep sigh; for her work was the hardest work of all. She sat down in the middle of the hive and began to lay her eggs. She laid great heaps of them, and the Bees were kept very busy running with the little eggs in their mouths and carrying them into the new cells. Each egg had a little cell to itself; and when they had all been put in their places, the Queen gave orders to fix doors to all the cells and shut them fast.

"Good!" she said, when this was done. "I want you now to build me ten fine big rooms in the out-of-the-way parts of the hive."

The Bees had them ready in no time, and then the Queen laid ten pretty eggs, one in each of the big rooms, and the doors were fixed as before. Every day the Bees flew in and out, gathering great heaps of honey and flower-dust; but in the evening, when their work was done, they would open the doors just a crack and have a peep at the eggs.

"Take care," the Queen said one day. "They are coming!" And all the eggs burst at once, and in every cell lay a pretty little Bee Baby.

"What funny creatures!" said the young Bees. "They have no eyes, and where are their legs and wings?"

"They are Grubs," said the Queen. "You simpletons looked just like that yourselves once upon a time. One must be a Grub before one can become a Bee. Be quick now, and give them something to eat." The Bees bestirred themselves to feed the little ones, but they were not equally kind to them all. The ten, however, that lay in the large cells got as much to eat as ever they wanted, and every day a great quantity of honey was carried in to them.

"They are Princesses," said the Queen, "so you must treat them well. The others you can stint; they are only working people, and they must accustom themselves to be content with what they can get." And every morning the poor little wretches got a little piece of Bee bread and nothing more, and with that they had to be satisfied, though they were ever so hungry.

In one of the little six-sided cells close by the Princesses' chambers lay a little tiny Grub. She was the youngest of them all, and only just come out of the egg. She could not see, but she could plainly hear the grown-up Bees talking outside, and for a while she lay quite still and kept her thoughts to herself. All at once she said out loud, "I could eat a little more," and she

knocked at her door.

"You have had enough for to-day," answered the old Bee who was appointed to be head Bee Nurse, creeping up and down in the passage outside.

"Maybe, but I am hungry!" shouted the little Grub. "I will go into one of the Princesses' chambers; I have not room to stir here."

"Just listen to her!" said the old Bee mockingly. "One would think by the demands she makes that she was a fine little Princess. You are born to toil and drudge, my little friend. You are a mere working Bee, and you will never be anything else all your days."

"But I want to be Queen!" cried the Grub, and thumped on the door. Of course the old Bee did not answer such nonsense, but went on to the others. From every side they were calling out for more food, and the little Grub could hear it all.

"It is hard, though," she thought, "that we should have to be so hungry." And then she knocked on the Princess' wall and called to her, "Give me a little of your honey. Let me come into your chamber. I am lying here so hungry, and I am just as good as you."

"Are you? Just you wait till I am a reigning Queen," said the Princess. "You may be sure that when that time comes I shall not forget your impertinence." But she had scarcely said this before the other Princesses began to cry out in the most dreadful manner.

"You're not going to be Queen! I shall be Queen! I shall be Queen!" they shrieked all together, and they began to knock on the walls and make a frightful disturbance.

The head Bee Nurse came running up in an instant and opened the doors. "What are your graces' orders?" she asked, dropping a curtsy and scraping the ground with her feet.

"More honey!" they shouted, all in one voice. "But me first--me first. I am the one who is to be queen."

"In a moment, in a moment, your graces," she answered, and ran off as fast as her six legs could carry her. She soon came back with many other Bees. They were dragging ever so much honey, which they crammed down the cross little Princesses' throats. And then they got them to hold their tongues and lie still and rest.

But the little Grub lay awake, thinking over what had happened. She longed so much for some honey that she began to shake the door again. "Give me some honey! I can't stand it any longer. I am just as good as the others."

The old Bee tried to hush her. "Hold your tongue, little bawler! The Queen's coming." And at the same moment the Queen Bee came.

"Go your ways," she said to the Bees; "I wish to be alone."

For a long time she stood in silence before the Princesses' chambers. "Now they are lying there asleep," she said at last. "From morning till evening they do nothing but eat and sleep, and they grow bigger and fatter every day. In a few days they will be full grown, and will creep out of their cells. Then my turn will be over. I know that too well. I have heard the Bees saying to one another that they would like to have a younger and more beautiful Queen, and they will chase me away in disgrace. But I will not submit to it. To-morrow I will kill them all; then I can remain Queen till I die."

Then she went away. But the little Grub had heard all she said.

"Dear me!" she thought; "it is really a pity about the little Princesses. They are certainly very uppish, and they have not been nice to me, but still it would be sad if the wicked Queen killed them. I think I will tell the old growler outside in the passage all about it."

She began once more knocking at the door, and the head Bee Nurse came running up, but this time she was fearfully angry. "You must mind what you are doing, my good Grub," she said. "You are the youngest of them all, and you are the worst for making a noise. Next time I shall tell the Queen."

"First listen to me," said the Grub, and she told her about the Queen's wicked design.

"Good gracious! is that true?" cried the old Nurse, and beat her wings in horror. And without hearing a word more, she hurried off to tell the other Bees.

"I think I deserve a little honey for what I have done," said the little Grub. "But I can now lie down and sleep with a good conscience."

Next evening, when the Queen thought that all the Bees were in bed, she came to kill the Princesses. The Grub could hear her talking aloud to herself. But she was quite afraid of the wicked Queen, and dared not stir. "I hope she won't kill the Princesses," she thought, and squeezed herself nearer to the door to hear what happened.

The Queen looked cautiously round on all sides, and then opened the first of the doors. But at the same moment the Bees swarmed out from all directions, seized her by the legs and wings, and dragged her out. "What is the matter?" she cried. "Are you raising a rebellion?"

"No, your majesty," answered the Bees, with great reverence; "but we know that you are intending to kill the Princesses, and that you shall not be allowed to do. What would become of us in the autumn after your majesty's death?"

"Let me go!" cried the Queen, and tried to get away. "I am Queen now anyway, and have the power to do what I like. How do you know that I shall die in the autumn?" But the Bees held her fast, and dragged her outside the hive. There they set her free, but

she shook her wings in a passion and said to them,--

"You are disloyal subjects, who are not worth ruling over. I won't stay here an hour longer, but I will go out into the world and build a new nest. Are there any of you who will come with me?"

Some of the old Bees, who had been Grubs at the same time as the Queen, declared that they would follow her. And soon after they flew away.

"Now we have no Queen," said the others, "we must take good care of the Princesses." And so they crammed them with honey from morning till night; and they grew, and grabbed, and squabbled, and made more noise each day than the day before.

As for the little Grub, no one gave a single thought to her.

One morning the doors of the Princesses' chambers flew open, and all ten of them stepped out, beautiful full-grown Queen Bees. The other Bees ran up and gazed at them in admiration. "How pretty they are!" they said. "It is hard to say which is the most beautiful."

"I am!" one cried.

"You make a mistake," said another, and stabbed her with her sting.

"You are rather conceited," shrieked a third. "I imagine that I am rather prettier than you are." And immediately they all began calling out at once, and soon after began to fight with one another as hard as ever they could.

The Bees would have liked to separate them, but the old head Bee Nurse said to them,--"Let them go on fighting; then we shall see which of them is the strongest, and we will choose her to be our Queen. We can't do with more than one."

At this the Bees formed round in a ring and looked on at the battle. It lasted a long time, and it was fiercely fought. Wings and legs which had been bitten off were flying about in the air, and after some time eight of the Princesses lay dead upon the ground. The two last were still fighting. One of them had lost all her wings, and the other had only four legs left.

"She will be a poor sort of Queen whichever of the two we get," said one of the Bees. "We should have done better to have kept the old one." But she might have spared herself the remark, for in the same moment the Princesses gave each other such a stab with their stings that they both fell dead as a door-nail.

"That is a pretty business!" called the Bees, and ran about among each other in dismay. "Now we have no Queen! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

In despair they crawled about the hive, and did not know which way to turn. But the oldest and cleverest sat in a corner and held a council. For a long time they talked this way and that as to what they should decide on doing in their unhappy circumstances. But

at last the head Bee Nurse got a hearing, and said,--"I can tell you how you can get out of the difficulty, if you will but follow my advice. I remember that the same misfortune happened to us in this hive a long time ago. I was then a Grub myself. I lay in my cell, and distinctly heard what took place. All the Princesses had killed one another, and the old Queen had gone out into the world: it was just as it is now. But the Bees took one of us Grubs and laid her in one of the Princesses' cells. They fed her every day with the finest and best honey in the whole hive; and when she was full-grown, she was a charming and good Queen. I can clearly remember the whole affair, for I thought at the time that they might just as well have taken me. But we may do the same thing again. I propose that we act in the same way."

The Bees were delighted, and cried that they would willingly do so, and they ran off at once to fetch a Grub.

"Wait a moment," cried the head Bee Nurse, "and take me with you. At any rate, I will come and help you. Consider now. It must be one of the youngest Grubs, for she must have time to think over her new position. When one has been brought up to be a mere drudge, it is not easy to accustom oneself to wear a crown."

That also seemed to the Bees to be wise, and the old one went on, --"Close by the side of the Princesses' cells lies a little Grub. She is the youngest of them all. She must have learnt a good deal by hearing the Princesses' refined conversation, and I have noticed that she has some character. Besides, it was she who was honourable enough to tell me about the wicked intentions of the old Queen. Let us take her."

At once they went in a solemn procession to the six-sided cell where the little Grub lay. The head Bee Nurse politely knocked at the door, opened it cautiously, and told the Grub what the Bees had decided. At first she could hardly believe her own ears; but when they had carried her carefully into one of the large, delightful chambers, and brought her as much honey as she could eat, she perceived that it was all in earnest.

"So I am to be Queen after all," she said to the head Bee Nurse. "You would not believe it, you old growler!"

"I hope that your majesty will forget the rude remarks that I made at the time you lay in the six-sided cell," said the old Bee, with a respectful bow.

"I forgive you," said the new-baked Princess. "Fetch me some more honey."

A little time after the Grub was full grown, and stepped out of her cell as big and as beautiful as the Bees could wish. And besides, she knew how to commando "Away with you!" she said. "We must have more honey for our use in the winter, and you others must perspire more wax. I am thinking of building a new wing to the hive. The new Princesses shall live there next year; it is very unsuitable for them to be so near common Grubs."

"Heyday!" said the Bees to one another. "One would think she had been a Queen ever since she lay in the egg."

"No," said the head Bee Nurse; "that is not so. But she has had queenly thoughts, and that is the great thing."

TIPS SHARED AMONG PARENTS

From: Julie
To: Homeschoolers
RE: Math methods

My son was 9 before I made changes in our math program. Can I share what helped us radically change how he felt about math and turned him around completely? We took a break for nearly 6 months from everything he had been doing, and he READ math books. The hours he used to spend slogging his way through workbook math, he spent reading books about math. I also started reading the series, Mathematicians are people, Too during this time. Can you believe that after a year, he said to me, "mom, I think I want to be a mathematician!" I could not believe the total turnaround, this kid hated math and thought he was terrible at it.

Every day after he read, he would narrate to me what he learned. He kept a math journal, and would write his own math problems in this journal. It became a creative, living subject for him.

After 6 months we went back to the texts that he had such a hard time comprehending, that he would spend hours trying to complete - and the work was easy. I kid you not. He could not, for example, remember how to handle fractions before. Word problems had confused him too. Now, the work was truly comprehensible. This was applying what he'd learned in a living context to formalized writing. This seemed to follow CM to me!

From: Susan
To: Homeschoolers
RE: Read-aloud memories

One of the great joys of our home schooling experience has been reading with my daughter. While it's true we read every day - about once a month we did an afternoon of reading. We would take pillows, sleeping bags, and snacks, throw them in the back of our Toyota 4-Runner, and head to a quiet spot down by the river. My daughter and I would both sit in the back of the vehicle, snuggle in, and spend an afternoon reading. Our favorite - Nancy Drew Mystery Stories were enjoyed immensely. The time we spent together, just the two of us, with no interruptions, is now a precious memory. My little girl has become a young woman - she graduated this year from high school.

We'd love to include a tip you have to share. Is there a resource that has left a great impression on your children? Is there a unique project, book, or method to share?

Any tip may be shared. We would especially love tips for the next issue to answer the question:

"How do you handle interruptions during school time hours?"

From: Tammy
To: Homeschoolers
RE: History Helps

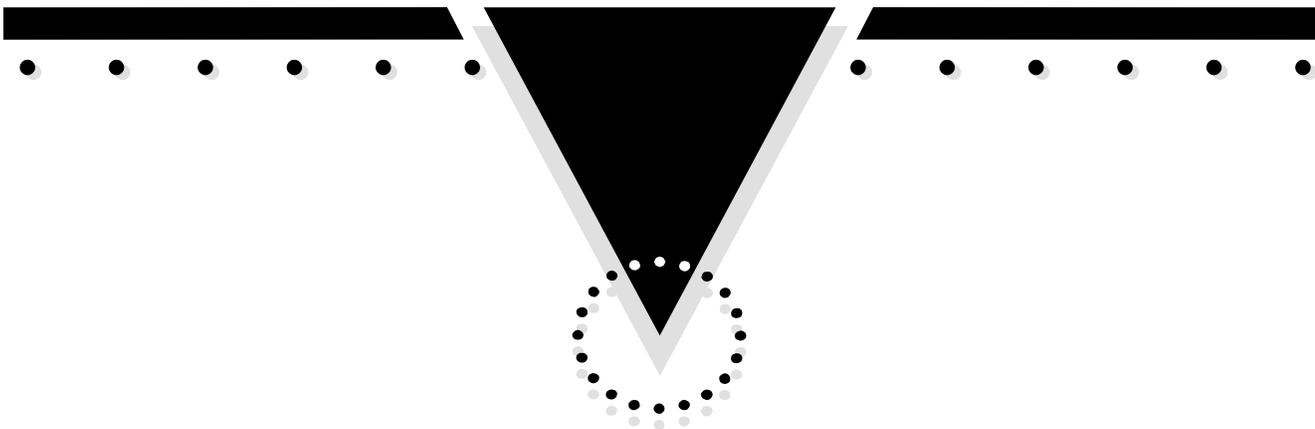
I found The Fantastic Flying Journey - An Adventure in Natural History by Gerald Durrell at a used book store and snatched it up as I knew Gerald Durrell is an excellent writer. This book is a treasure! The story is about Great-Uncle Lancelot flying in his hot air balloon and picks up his twin nephews and niece and they fly around the globe on a search for his brother. Lancelot sprinkles the children with magic dust that allows them to talk with the animals. They go to various continents and meet various animals in their search (i.e. Africa - camels in the desert and gorillas in the rainforest). Both my 7 and 4.5 year old daughters enjoyed the book very much - we followed their journey on our globe.

From: Brennon
To: Homeschoolers
RE: History Helps

Here is an easy way to remember the Roman Emperors:

"Caesars all, five AT C-Guys ClaN"

Here is the description: All are Caesars named after Julius Caesar. Augustus (27BC-14AD); Tiberius (14-37AD); Caligula Gaius (37-41AD); Claudius (41-54AD); and Nero (54-68AD)



Character



Friendship

Little Girls Wiser Than Men

~ by Leo Tolstoy

IT WAS AN EARLY EASTER. Sledging was only just over; snow still lay in the yards; and water ran in streams down the village street.

Two little girls from different houses happened to meet in a lane between two homesteads, where the dirty water after running through the farmyards had formed a large puddle. One girl was very small, the other a little bigger. Their mothers had dressed them both in new frocks. The little one wore a blue frock the other a yellow print, and both had red kerchiefs on their heads. They had just come from church when they met, and first they showed each other their finery, and then they began to play. Soon the fancy took them to splash about in the water, and the smaller one was going to step into the puddle, shoes and all, when the elder checked her:

'Don't go in so, Malásha,' said she, 'your mother will scold you. I will take off my shoes and stockings, and you take off yours.'

They did so, and then, picking up their skirts, began walking towards each other through the puddle. The water came up to Malásha's ankles, and she said:

'It is deep, Akoúlya, I'm afraid!'

'Come on,' replied the other. 'Don't be frightened. It won't get any deeper.'

When they got near one another, Akoúlya said:

'Mind, Malásha, don't splash. Walk carefully!'

She had hardly said this, when Malásha plumped down her foot so that the water splashed right on to Akoúlya's frock. The frock was splashed, and so were Akoúlya's eyes and nose. When she saw the stains on her frock, she was angry and ran after Malásha to strike her. Malásha was frightened, and seeing that she had got herself into trouble, she scrambled out of the puddle, and prepared to run home. Just then Akoúlya's mother happened to be passing, and seeing that her daughter's skirt was splashed, and her sleeves dirty, she said:

'You naughty, dirty girl, what have you been doing?'

'Malásha did it on purpose,' replied the girl.

At this Akoúlya's mother seized Malásha, and struck her on the back of her neck. Malásha began to howl so that she could be heard all down the street. Her mother came out.

'What are you beating my girl for?' said she; and began scolding her neighbor. One word led to another and they had an angry quarrel. The men came out and a crowd collected in the street, every one shouting and no one listening. They all went on quarrelling, till one gave another a push, and the affair had very nearly come to blows, when Akoúlya's old grandmother, stepping in among them, tried to calm them.

'What are you thinking of, friends? Is it right to behave so? On a day like this, too! It is a time for rejoicing, and not for such folly as this.'

They would not listen to the old woman and nearly knocked her off her feet. And she would not have been able to quiet the crowd, if it had not been for Akoúlya and Malásha themselves. While the women were abusing each other, Akoúlya had wiped the mud off her frock, and gone back to the puddle. She took a stone and began scraping away the earth in front of the puddle to make a channel through which the water could run out into the street. Presently Malásha joined her, and with a chip of wood helped her dig the channel. Just as the men were beginning to fight, the water from the little girls' channel ran streaming into the street towards the very place where the old woman was trying to pacify the men. The girls followed it; one running each side of the little stream.

'Catch it, Malásha! Catch it!' shouted Akoúlya; while Malásha could not speak for laughing.

Highly delighted, and watching the chip float along on their stream, the little girls ran straight into the group of men; and the old woman, seeing them, said to the men:

'Are you not ashamed of yourselves? To go fighting on account of these lassies, when they themselves have forgotten all about it, and are playing happily together. Dear little souls! They are wiser than you!'

The men looked at the little girls, and were ashamed, and, laughing at themselves, went back each to his own home.

Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

The Enchanted Bluff

~ by Willa Cather

We had our swim before sundown, and while we were cooking our supper the oblique rays of light made a dazzling glare on the white sand about us. The translucent red ball itself sank behind the brown stretches of cornfield as we sat down to eat, and the warm layer of air that had rested over the water and our clean sand bar grew fresher and smelled of the rank ironweed and sunflowers growing on the flatter shore. The river was brown and sluggish, like any other of the half-dozen streams that water the Nebraska corn lands. On one shore was an irregular line of bald clay bluffs where a few scrub oaks with thick trunks and flat, twisted tops threw light shadows on the long grass. The western shore was low and level, with cornfields that stretched to the skyline, and all along the water's edge were little sandy coves and beaches where slim cottonwoods and willow saplings flickered.

The turbulence of the river in springtime discouraged milling, and, beyond keeping the old red bridge in repair, the busy farmers did not concern themselves with the stream; so the Sandtown boys were left in undisputed possession. In the autumn we hunted quail through the miles of stubble and fodder land along the flat shore, and, after the winter skating season was over and the ice had gone out, the spring freshets and flooded bottoms gave us our great excitement of the year. The channel was never the same for two successive seasons. Every spring the swollen stream undermined a bluff to the east, or bit out a few acres of cornfield to the west and whirled the soil away, to deposit it in spummy mud banks somewhere else. When the water fell low in midsummer, new sand bars were thus exposed to dry and whiten in the August sun. Sometimes these were banked so firmly that the fury of the next freshet failed to unseat them; the little willow seedlings emerged triumphantly from the yellow froth, broke into spring leaf, shot up into summer growth, and with their mesh of roots bound together the moist sand beneath them against the battering of another April. Here and there a cottonwood soon glittered among them, quivering in the low current of air that, even on breathless days when the dust hung like smoke above the wagon road, trembled along the face of the water.

It was on such an island, in the third summer of its yellow green, that we built our watch fire; not in the thicket of dancing willow wands, but on the level terrace of fine sand which had been added that spring; a little new bit of world, beautifully ridged with ripple marks, and strewn with the tiny skeletons of turtles and fish, all as white and dry as if they had been expertly cured. We had been careful not to mar the freshness of the place, although we often swam to it on summer evenings and lay on the sand to rest.

This was our last watch fire of the year, and there were reasons why I should remember it better than any of the others. Next week the other boys were to file back to their old places in the Sandtown High School, but I was to go up to the Divide to teach my first country school in the Norwegian district. I was already homesick at the thought of quitting the boys with whom I had always played; of leaving the river, and going up into a windy plain that was all windmills and cornfields and big pastures; where there was nothing willful or unmanageable in the landscape, no new islands, and no chance of unfamiliar birds—such as often followed the watercourses.

Other boys came and went and used the river for fishing or skating, but we six were sworn to the spirit of the stream, and we were friends mainly because of the river. There were the two Hassler boys, Fritz and Otto, sons of the little German tailor. They were the youngest of us; ragged boys of ten and twelve, with sunburned hair, weather-stained faces, and pale blue eyes. Otto, the elder, was the best mathematician in school, and clever at his books, but he always dropped out in the spring term as if the river could not get on without him. He and Fritz caught the fat, horned catfish and sold them about the town, and they lived so much in the water that they were as brown and sandy as the river itself.

There was Percy Pound, a fat, freckled boy with chubby cheeks, who took half a dozen boys' story-papers and was always being kept in for reading detective stories behind his desk. There was Tip Smith, destined by his freckles and red hair to be the buffoon in all our games, though he walked like a timid little old man and had a funny, cracked laugh. Tip worked hard in his father's grocery store every afternoon, and swept it out before school in the morning. Even his recreations were laborious. He collected cigarette cards and tin tobacco-tags indefatigably, and would sit for hours humped up over a snarling little scroll saw which he kept in his attic. His dearest possessions were some little pill bottles that purported to contain grains of wheat from the Holy Land, water from the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and earth from the Mount of Olives. His father had bought these dull things from a Baptist missionary who peddled them, and Tip seemed to derive great satisfaction from their remote origin.

The tall boy was Arthur Adams. He had fine hazel eyes that were almost too reflective and sympathetic for a boy, and such a pleasant voice that we all loved to hear him read aloud. Even when he had to read poetry aloud at school, no one ever thought of laughing. To be sure, he was not at school very much of the time. He was seventeen and should have finished the High School the year before, but he was always off somewhere with his gun. Arthur's mother was dead, and his father, who was feverishly absorbed in promoting schemes, wanted to send the boy away to school and get him off his hands; but Arthur always begged off for another year and promised to study. I remember him as a tall, brown boy with an intelligent face, always lounging among a lot of us little fellows, laughing at us oftener than with us, but such a soft, satisfied laugh that we felt rather flattered when we provoked it. In after-years people said that Arthur had been given to evil ways as a lad, and it is true that we often saw him with the gambler's sons and with old Spanish Fanny's boy, but if he learned anything ugly in their company he never betrayed it to us. We would have followed Arthur anywhere, and I am bound to say that he led us into no worse places than the cattail marshes and the stubble fields. These, then, were the boys who camped with me that summer night upon the sand bar.

After we finished our supper we beat the willow thicket for driftwood. By the time we had collected enough, night had fallen, and the pungent, weedy smell from the shore increased with the coolness. We threw ourselves down about the fire and made another futile effort to show Percy Pound the Little Dipper. We had tried it often before, but he could never be got past the big one.

"You see those three big stars just below the handle, with the bright one in the middle?" said Otto Hassler; "that's Orion's belt, and the bright one is the clasp." I crawled behind Otto's shoulder and sighted up his arm to the star that seemed perched upon the tip of his steady forefinger. The Hassler boys did seine fishing at night, and they knew a good many stars.

Percy gave up the Little Dipper and lay back on the sand, his hands clasped under his head. "I can see the North Star," he announced, contentedly, pointing toward it with his big toe. "Anyone might get lost and need to know that."

We all looked up at it.

"How do you suppose Columbus felt when his compass didn't point north any more?" Tip asked.

Otto shook his head. "My father says that there was another North Star once, and that maybe this one won't last always. I wonder what would happen to us down here if anything went wrong with it?"

Arthur chuckled. "I wouldn't worry, Ott. Nothing's apt to happen to it in your time. Look at the Milky Way! There must be lots of good dead Indians."

We lay back and looked, meditating, at the dark cover of the world. The gurgle of the water had become heavier. We had often noticed a mutinous, complaining note in it at night, quite different from its cheerful daytime chuckle, and seeming like the voice of a much deeper and more powerful stream. Our water had always these two moods: the one of sunny complaisance, the other of inconsolable, passionate regret.

"Queer how the stars are all in sort of diagrams," remarked Otto. "You could do most any proposition in geometry with 'em. They always look as if they meant something. Some folks say everybody's fortune is all written out in the stars, don't they?"

"They believe so in the old country," Fritz affirmed.

But Arthur only laughed at him. "You're thinking of Napoleon, Fritzey. He had a star that went out when he began to lose battles. I guess the stars don't keep any close tally on Sandtown folks."

We were speculating on how many times we could count a hundred before the evening star went down behind the cornfields, when someone cried, "There comes the moon, and it's as big as a cart wheel!"

We all jumped up to greet it as it swam over the bluffs behind us. It came up like a galleon in full sail; an enormous, barbaric thing, red as an angry heathen god.

"When the moon came up red like that, the Aztecs used to sacrifice their prisoners on the temple top," Percy announced.

"Go on, Perce. You got that out of *Golden Days*. Do you believe that, Arthur?" I appealed.

Arthur answered, quite seriously: "Like as not. The moon was one of their gods. When my father was in Mexico City he saw the stone where they used to sacrifice their prisoners."

As we dropped down by the fire again some one asked whether the Mound Builders were older than the Aztecs. When we once got upon the Mound Builders we never willingly got away from them, and we were still conjecturing when we heard a loud splash in the water.

"Must have been a big cat jumping," said Fritz. "They do sometimes. They must see bugs in the dark. Look what a track the moon makes!"

There was a long, silvery streak on the water, and where the current fretted over a big log it boiled up like gold pieces.

"Suppose there ever *was* any gold hid away in this old river?" Fritz asked. He laid like a little brown Indian, close to the fire, his chin on his hand and his bare feet in the air. His brother laughed at him, but Arthur took his suggestion seriously.

"Some of the Spaniards thought there was gold up here somewhere. Seven cities chuck full of gold, they had it, and Coronado and his men came up to hunt it. The Spaniards were all over this country once."

Percy looked interested. "Was that before the Mormons went through?"

We all laughed at this.

"Long enough before. Before the Pilgrim Fathers, Perce. Maybe they came along this very river. They always followed the watercourses."

"I wonder where this river really does begin?" Tip mused. That was an old and a favorite mystery which the map did not clearly explain. On the map the little black line stopped somewhere in western Kansas; but since rivers generally rose in mountains, it was only reasonable to suppose that ours came from the Rockies. Its destination, we knew, was the Missouri, and the Hassler boys always maintained that we could embark at Sandtown in flood time, follow our noses, and eventually arrive at New Orleans. Now they took up their old argument. "If us boys had grit enough to try it, it wouldn't take no time to get to Kansas City and St. Joe."

We began to talk about the places we wanted to go to. The Hassler boys wanted to see the stockyards in Kansas City, and Percy wanted to see a big store in Chicago. Arthur was interlocutor and did not betray himself.

"Now it's your turn, Tip."

Tip rolled over on his elbow and poked the fire, and his eyes looked shyly out of his queer, tight little face. "My place is awful far away. My Uncle Bill told me about it."

Tip's Uncle Bill was a wanderer, bitten with mining fever, who had drifted into Sandtown with a broken arm, and when it was well had drifted out again.

"Where is it?"

"Aw, it's down in New Mexico somewheres. There aren't no railroads or anything. You have to go on mules, and you run out of water before you get there and have to drink canned tomatoes."

"Well, go on, kid. What's it like when you do get there?"

Tip sat up and excitedly began his story.

"There's a big red rock there that goes right up out of the sand for about nine hundred feet. The country's flat all around it, and this here rock goes up all by itself, like a monument. They call it the Enchanted Bluff down there, because no white man has ever been on top of it. The sides are smooth rock, and straight up, like a wall. The Indians say that hundreds of years ago, before the Spaniards came, there was a village away up there in the air. The tribe that lived there had some sort of steps, made out of wood and bark, bung down over the face of the bluff, and the braves went down to hunt and carried water up in big jars swung on their backs. They kept a big supply of water and dried meat up there, and never went down except to hunt. They were a peaceful tribe that made cloth and pottery, and they went up there to get out of the wars. You see, they could pick off any war party that tried to get up their little steps. The Indians say they were a handsome people, and they had some sort of queer religion. Uncle Bill thinks they were Cliff Dwellers who had got into trouble and left home. They weren't fighters, anyhow.

"One time the braves were down hunting and an awful storm came up—a kind of waterspout—and when they got back to their rock they found their little staircase had been all broken to pieces, and only a few steps were left hanging away up in the air. While they were camped at the foot of the rock, wondering what to do, a war party from the north came along and massacred 'em to a man, with all the old folks and women looking on from the rock. Then the war party went on south and left the village to get down the best way they could. Of course they never got down. They starved to death up there, and when the war party came back on their way north, they could hear the children crying from the edge of the bluff where they had crawled out, but they didn't see a sign of a grown Indian, and nobody has ever been up there since."

We exclaimed at this dolorous legend and sat up.

"There couldn't have been many people up there," Percy demurred. "How big is the top, Tip?"

"Oh, pretty big. Big enough so that the rock doesn't look nearly as tall as it is. The top's bigger than the base. The bluff is sort of worn away for several hundred feet up. That's one reason it's so hard to climb."

I asked how the Indians got up, in the first place.

"Nobody knows how they got up or when. A hunting party came along once and saw that there was a town up there, and that was all."

Otto rubbed his chin and looked thoughtful. "Of course there must be some way to get up there. Couldn't people get a rope over someway and pull a ladder up?"

Tip's little eyes were shining with excitement. "I know a way. Me and Uncle Bill talked it over. There's a kind of rocket that would take a rope over—lifesavers use 'em—and then you could hoist a rope ladder and peg it down at the bottom and make it tight with guy ropes on the other side. I'm going to climb that there bluff, and I've got it all planned out."

Fritz asked what he expected to find when he got up there.

"Bones, maybe, or the ruins of their town, or pottery, or some of their idols. There might be 'most anything up there. Anyhow, I want to see."

"Sure nobody else has been up there, Tip?" Arthur asked.

"Dead sure. Hardly anybody ever goes down there. Some hunters tried to cut steps in the rock once, but they didn't get higher than a man can reach. The Bluff's all red granite, and Uncle Bill thinks it's a boulder the glaciers left. It's a queer place, anyhow. Nothing but cactus and desert for hundreds of miles, and yet right under the Bluff there's good water and plenty of grass. That's why the bison used to go down there."

Suddenly we heard a scream above our fire, and jumped up to see a dark, slim bird floating southward far above us—a whooping crane, we knew by her cry and her long neck. We ran to the edge of the island, hoping we might see her alight, but she wavered southward along the river course until we lost her. The Hassler boys declared that by the look of the heavens it must be after midnight, so we threw more wood on our fire, put on our jackets, and curled down in the warm sand. Several of us pretended to doze, but I fancy we were really thinking about Tip's Bluff and the extinct people. Over in the wood the ringdoves were calling mournfully to one another, and once we heard a dog bark, far away. "Somebody getting into old Tommy's melon patch," Fritz murmured sleepily, but nobody answered him. By and by Percy spoke out of the shadows.

"Say, Tip, when you go down there will you take me with you?"

"Maybe."

"Suppose one of us beats you down there, Tip?"

"Whoever gets to the Bluff first has got to promise to tell the rest of us exactly what he finds," remarked one of the Hassler boys, and to this we all readily assented.

Somewhat reassured, I dropped off to sleep. I must have dreamed about a race for the Bluff, for I awoke in a kind of fear that other people were getting ahead of me and that I was losing my chance. I sat up in my damp clothes and looked at the other boys, who lay tumbled in uneasy attitudes about the dead fire. It was still dark, but the sky was blue with the last wonderful azure of night. The stars glistened like crystal globes, and trembled as if they shone through a depth of clear water. Even as I watched, they began to pale and the sky brightened. Day came suddenly, almost instantaneously. I turned for another look at the blue night, and it was gone. Everywhere the birds began to call, and all manner of little insects began to chirp and hop about in the willows. A breeze sprang up from the west and brought the heavy smell of ripened corn. The boys rolled over and shook themselves. We stripped and plunged into the river just as the sun came up over the windy bluffs.

When I came home to Sandtown at Christmas time, we skated out to our island and talked over the whole project of the Enchanted Bluff, renewing our resolution to find it.

Although that was twenty years ago, none of us have ever climbed the Enchanted Bluff. Percy Pound is a stockbroker in Kansas City and will go nowhere that his red touring car cannot carry him. Otto Hassler went on the railroad and lost his foot braking; after which he and Fritz succeeded their father as the town tailors.

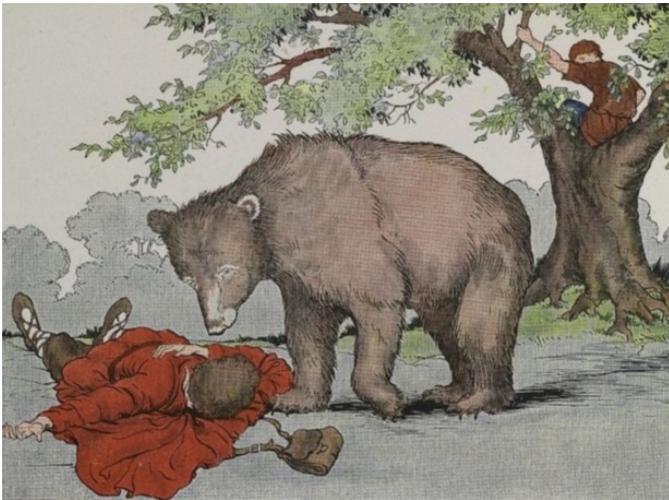
Arthur sat about the sleepy little town all his life—he died before he was twenty-five. The last time I saw him, when I was home on one of my college vacations, he was sitting in a steamer chair under a cottonwood tree in the little yard behind one of the two Sandtown saloons. He was very untidy and his hand was not steady, but when he rose, unabashed, to greet me, his eyes were as clear and warm as ever. When I had talked with him for an hour and heard him laugh again, I wondered how it was that when Nature had taken such pains with a man, from his hands to the arch of his long foot, she had ever lost him in Sandtown. He joked about Tip Smith's Bluff, and declared he was going down there just as soon as the weather got cooler; he thought the Grand Canyon might be worthwhile, too.

I was perfectly sure when I left him that he would never get beyond the high plank fence and the comfortable shade of the cottonwood. And, indeed, it was under that very tree that he died one summer morning.

Tip Smith still talks about going to New Mexico. He married a slatternly, unthrifty country girl, has been much tied to a perambulator, and has grown stooped and grey from irregular meals and broken sleep. But the worst of his difficulties are now over, and he has, as he says, come into easy water. When I was last in Sandtown I walked home with him late one moonlight night, after he had balanced his cash and shut up his store. We took the long way around and sat down on the schoolhouse steps, and between us we quite revived the romance of the lone red rock and the extinct people. Tip insists that he still means to go down there, but he thinks now he will wait until his boy Bert is old enough to go with him. Bert has been let into the story, and thinks of nothing but the Enchanted Bluff.

TWO TRAVELERS AND A BEAR

~ by Aesop



Two Men were traveling in company through a forest, when, all at once, a huge Bear crashed out of the brush near them.

One of the Men, thinking of his own safety, climbed a tree.

The other, unable to fight the savage beast alone, threw himself on the ground and lay still, as if he were dead. He had heard that a Bear will not touch a dead body.

It must have been true, for the Bear snuffed at the Man's head awhile, and then, seeming to be satisfied that he was dead, walked away.

The Man in the tree climbed down.

"It looked just as if that Bear whispered in your ear," he said. "What did he tell you?"

"He said," answered the other, "that it was not at all wise to keep company with a fellow who would desert his friend in a moment of danger."

Misfortune is the test of true friendship.

The Velveteen Rabbit

~ by Margery Williams



HERE was once a velveteen rabbit, and in the beginning he was really splendid. He was fat and bunchy, as a rabbit should be; his coat was spotted brown and white, he had real thread whiskers, and his ears were lined with pink sateen. On Christmas morning, when he sat wedged in the top of the Boy's stocking, with a sprig of holly between his paws, the effect was charming.

There were other things in the stocking, nuts and oranges and a toy engine, and chocolate almonds and a clockwork mouse, but the Rabbit was quite the best of all. For at least two hours the Boy loved him, and then Aunts and Uncles came to dinner, and there was a great rustling of tissue paper and unwrapping of parcels, and in the excitement of looking at all the new presents the Velveteen Rabbit was forgotten.



Christmas Morning

For a long time he lived in the toy cupboard or on the nursery floor, and no one thought very much about him. He was naturally shy, and being only made of velveteen, some of the more expensive toys quite snubbed him. The mechanical toys were very superior, and looked down upon every one else; they were full of modern ideas, and pretended they were real. The model boat, who had lived through two seasons and lost most of his paint, caught the tone from them and never missed an opportunity of referring to his rigging in technical terms. The Rabbit could not claim to be a model of anything, for he didn't know that real rabbits existed; he thought they were all stuffed with sawdust like himself, and he understood that sawdust was quite out-of-date and should never be mentioned in modern circles. Even Timothy, the jointed wooden lion, who was made by the disabled soldiers, and should have had broader views, put on airs and pretended he was connected with Government. Between them all the poor little Rabbit was made to feel himself very insignificant and commonplace, and the only person who was kind to him at all was the Skin Horse.

The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces. He was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger, and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys, and would never turn into anything else. For nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like the Skin Horse understand all about it.

"What is REAL?" asked the Rabbit one day, when they were lying side by side near the nursery fender, before Nana came to tidy the room. "Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?"

"Real isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real."

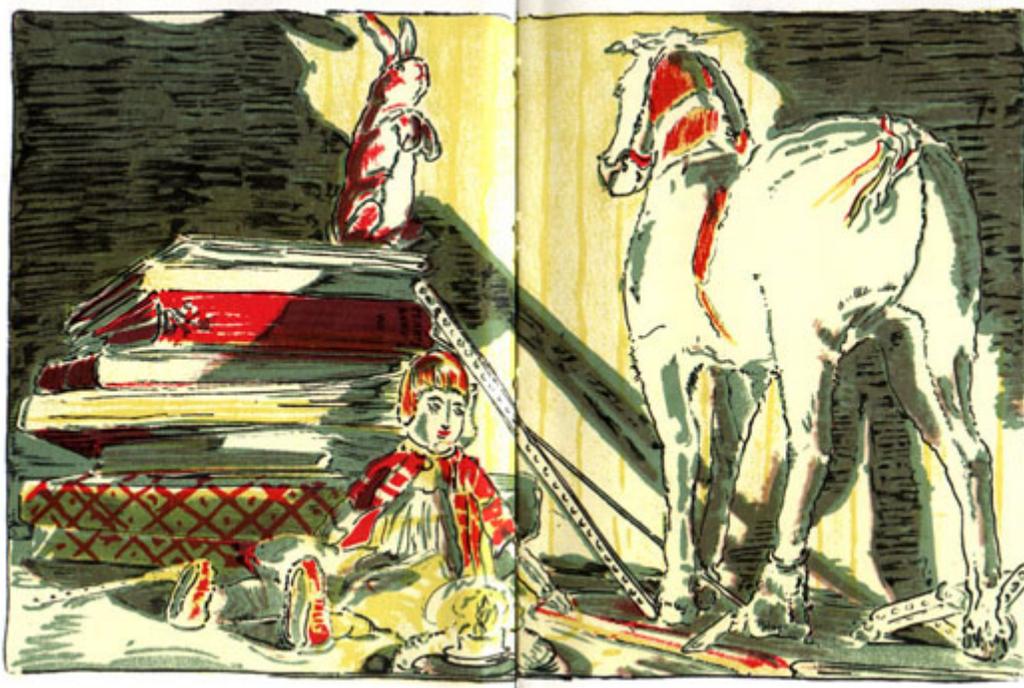
"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit.

"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are Real you don't mind being hurt."

"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

"I suppose *you* are real?" said the Rabbit. And then he wished he had not said it, for he thought the Skin Horse might be sensitive. But the Skin Horse only smiled.



The Skin Horse Tells His Story

"The Boy's Uncle made me Real," he said. "That was a great many years ago; but once you are Real you can't become unreal again. It lasts for always."

The Rabbit sighed. He thought it would be a long time before this magic called Real happened to him. He longed to become Real, to know what it felt like; and yet the idea of growing shabby and losing his eyes and whiskers was rather sad. He wished that he could become it without these uncomfortable things happening to him.

There was a person called Nana who ruled the nursery. Sometimes she took no notice of the playthings lying about, and sometimes, for no reason whatever, she went swooping about like a great wind and hustled them away in cupboards. She called this "tidying up," and the playthings all hated it, especially the tin ones. The Rabbit didn't mind it so much, for wherever he was thrown he came down soft.

One evening, when the Boy was going to bed, he couldn't find the china dog that always slept with him. Nana was in a hurry, and it was too much trouble to hunt for china dogs at bedtime, so she simply looked about her, and seeing that the toy cupboard door stood open, she made a swoop.

"Here," she said, "take your old Bunny! He'll do to sleep with you!" And she dragged the Rabbit out by one ear, and put him into the Boy's arms.

That night, and for many nights after, the Velveteen Rabbit slept in the Boy's bed. At first he found it rather uncomfortable, for the Boy hugged him very tight, and sometimes he rolled over on him, and sometimes he pushed him so far under the pillow that the Rabbit could scarcely breathe. And he missed, too, those long moonlight hours in the nursery, when all the house was silent, and his talks with the Skin Horse. But very soon he grew to like it, for the Boy used to talk to him, and made nice tunnels for him under the bedclothes that he said were like the burrows the real rabbits lived in. And they had splendid games together, in whispers, when Nana had gone away to her supper and left the night-light burning on the mantelpiece. And when the Boy dropped off to sleep, the Rabbit would snuggle down close under his little warm chin and dream, with the Boy's hands clasped close round him all night long.

And so time went on, and the little Rabbit was very happy—so happy that he never noticed how his beautiful velveteen fur was getting shabbier and shabbier, and his tail becoming unsewn, and all the pink rubbed off his nose where the Boy had kissed him.

Spring came, and they had long days in the garden, for wherever the Boy went the Rabbit went too. He had rides in the wheelbarrow, and picnics on the grass, and lovely fairy huts built for him under the raspberry canes behind the flower border. And once, when the Boy was called away suddenly to go out to tea, the Rabbit was left out on the lawn until long after dusk, and Nana had to come and look for him with the candle because the Boy couldn't go to sleep unless he was there. He was wet through with the dew and quite earthy from diving into the burrows the Boy had made for him in the flowerbed, and Nana grumbled as she rubbed him off with a corner of her apron.



Spring Time

"You must have your old Bunny!" she said. "Fancy all that fuss for a toy!"

The Boy sat up in bed and stretched out his hands.

"Give me my Bunny!" he said. "You mustn't say that. He isn't a toy. He's REAL!"

When the little Rabbit heard that he was happy, for he knew that what the Skin Horse had said was true at last. The nursery magic had happened to him, and he was a toy no longer. He was Real. The Boy himself had said it.

That night he was almost too happy to sleep, and so much love stirred in his little sawdust heart that it almost burst. And into his boot-button eyes, that had long ago lost their polish, there came a look of wisdom and beauty, so that even Nana noticed it next morning when she picked him up, and said, "I declare if that old Bunny hasn't got quite a knowing expression!"

That was a wonderful Summer!

Near the house where they lived there was a wood, and in the long June evenings the Boy liked to go there after tea to play. He took the Velveteen Rabbit with him, and before he wandered off to pick flowers, or play at brigands among the trees, he always made the Rabbit a little nest somewhere among the bracken, where he would be quite cozy, for he was a kind-hearted little boy and he liked Bunny to be comfortable. One evening, while the Rabbit was lying there alone, watching the ants that ran to and fro between his velvet paws in the grass, he saw two strange beings creep out of the tall bracken near him.

They were rabbits like himself, but quite furry and brand-new. They must have been very well made, for their seams didn't show at all, and they changed shape in a queer way when they moved; one minute they were long and thin and the next minute fat and bunched, instead of always staying the same like he did. Their feet padded softly on the ground, and they crept quite close to him, twitching their noses, while the Rabbit stared hard to see which side the clockwork stuck out, for he knew that people who jump generally have something to wind them up. But he couldn't see it. They were evidently a new kind of rabbit altogether.



Summer Days

They stared at him, and the little Rabbit stared back. And all the time their noses twitched.

"Why don't you get up and play with us?" one of them asked.

"I don't feel like it," said the Rabbit, for he didn't want to explain that he had no clockwork.

"Ho!" said the furry rabbit. "It's as easy as anything." And he gave a big hop sideways and stood on his hind legs.

"I don't believe you can!" he said.

"I can!" said the little Rabbit. "I can jump higher than anything!" He meant when the Boy threw him, but of course he didn't want to say so.

"Can you hop on your hind legs?" asked the furry rabbit.

That was a dreadful question, for the Velveteen Rabbit had no hind legs at all! The back of him was made all in one piece, like a pincushion. He sat still in the bracken, and hoped that the other rabbits wouldn't notice.

"I don't want to!" he said again.

But the wild rabbits have very sharp eyes. And this one stretched out his neck and looked.

"He hasn't got any hind legs!" he called out. "Fancy a rabbit without any hind legs!" And he began to laugh.

"I have!" cried the little Rabbit. "I have got hind legs! I am sitting on them!"

"Then stretch them out and show me, like this!" said the wild rabbit. And he began to whirl round and dance, till the little Rabbit got quite dizzy.

"I don't like dancing," he said. "I'd rather sit still!"

But all the while he was longing to dance, for a funny new tickly feeling ran through him, and he felt he would give anything in the world to be able to jump about like these rabbits did.

The strange rabbit stopped dancing, and came quite close. He came so close this time that his long whiskers brushed the Velveteen Rabbit's ear, and then he wrinkled his nose suddenly and flattened his ears and jumped backwards.

"He doesn't smell right!" he exclaimed. "He isn't a rabbit at all! He isn't real!"

"I *am* Real!" said the little Rabbit. "I am Real! The Boy said so!" And he nearly began to cry.

Just then there was a sound of footsteps, and the Boy ran past near them, and with a stamp of feet and a flash of white tails the two strange rabbits disappeared.

"Come back and play with me!" called the little Rabbit. "Oh, do come back! I *know* I am Real!"

But there was no answer, only the little ants ran to and fro, and the bracken swayed gently where the two strangers had passed. The Velveteen Rabbit was all alone.

"Oh, dear!" he thought. "Why did they run away like that? Why couldn't they stop and talk to me?"

For a long time he lay very still, watching the bracken, and hoping that they would come back. But they never returned, and presently the sun sank lower and the little white moths fluttered out, and the Boy came and carried him home.

Weeks passed, and the little Rabbit grew very old and shabby, but the Boy loved him just as much. He loved him so hard that he loved all his whiskers off, and the pink lining to his ears turned grey, and his brown spots faded. He even began to lose his shape, and he scarcely looked like a rabbit any more, except to the Boy. To him he was always beautiful, and that was all that the little Rabbit cared about. He didn't mind how he looked to other people, because the nursery magic had made him Real, and when you are Real shabbiness doesn't matter.

And then, one day, the Boy was ill.

His face grew very flushed, and he talked in his sleep, and his little body was so hot that it burned the Rabbit when he held him close. Strange people came and went in the nursery, and a light burned all night and through it all the little Velveteen Rabbit lay there, hidden from sight under the bedclothes, and he never stirred, for he was afraid that if they found him some one might take him away, and he knew that the Boy needed him.

It was a long weary time, for the Boy was too ill to play, and the little Rabbit found it rather dull with nothing to do all day long. But he snuggled down patiently, and looked forward to the time when the Boy should be well again, and they would go out in the garden amongst the flowers and the butterflies and play splendid games in the raspberry thicket like they used to. All sorts of delightful things he planned, and while the Boy lay half-asleep he crept up close to the pillow and whispered them in his ear. And presently the fever turned, and the Boy got better. He was able to sit up in bed and look at picture books, while the little Rabbit cuddled close at his side. And one day, they let him get up and dress.

It was a bright, sunny morning, and the windows stood wide open. They had carried the Boy out on to the balcony, wrapped in a shawl, and the little Rabbit lay tangled up among the bedclothes, thinking.

The Boy was going to the seaside to-morrow. Everything was arranged, and now it only remained to carry out the doctor's orders. They talked about it all, while the little Rabbit lay under the bedclothes, with just his head peeping out, and listened. The room was to be disinfected, and all the books and toys that the Boy had played with in bed must be burnt.

"Hurrah!" thought the little Rabbit. "To-morrow we shall go to the seaside!" For the boy had often talked of the seaside, and he wanted very much to see the big waves coming in, and the tiny crabs, and the sand castles.

Just then Nana caught sight of him.

"How about his old Bunny?" she asked.

"*That?*" said the doctor. "Why, it's a mass of scarlet fever germs!—Burn it at once. What? Nonsense! Get him a new one. He mustn't have that any more!"



Anxious Times

And so the little Rabbit was put into a sack with the old picture books and a lot of rubbish, and carried out to the end of the garden behind the fowl-house. That was a fine place to make a bonfire, only the gardener was too busy just then to attend to it. He had the potatoes to dig and the green peas to gather, but next morning he promised to come quite early and burn the whole lot.

That night the Boy slept in a different bedroom, and he had a new bunny to sleep with him. It was a splendid bunny, all white plush with real glass eyes, but the Boy was too excited to care very much about it. For to-morrow he was going to the seaside, and that in itself was such a wonderful thing that he could think of nothing else.

And while the Boy was asleep, dreaming of the seaside, the little Rabbit lay among the old picture books in the corner behind the fowl-house, and he felt very lonely. The sack had been left untied, and so by wriggling a bit he was able to get his head through the opening and look out. He was shivering a little, for he had always been used to sleeping in a proper bed, and by this time his coat had worn so thin and threadbare from hugging that it was no longer any protection to him. Near by he could see the thicket of raspberry canes, growing tall and close like a tropical jungle, in whose shadow he had played with the Boy on bygone mornings. He thought of those long sunlit hours in the garden—how happy they were—and a great sadness came over him. He seemed to see them all pass before him, each more beautiful than the other, the fairy huts in the flowerbed, the quiet evenings in the wood when he lay in the bracken and the little ants ran over his paws; the wonderful day when he first knew that he was Real. He thought of the Skin Horse, so wise and gentle, and all that he had told him. Of what use was it to be loved and lose one's beauty and become Real if it all ended like this? And a tear, a real tear, trickled down his little shabby velvet nose and fell to the ground.

And then a strange thing happened. For where the tear had fallen a flower grew out of the ground, a mysterious flower, not at all like any that grew in the garden. It had slender green leaves the color of emeralds, and in the centre of the leaves a blossom like a golden cup. It was so beautiful that the little Rabbit forgot to cry, and just lay there watching it. And presently the blossom opened, and out of it there stepped a fairy.

She was quite the loveliest fairy in the whole world. Her dress was of pearl and dewdrops, and there were flowers round her neck and in her hair, and her face was like the most perfect flower of all. And she came close to the little Rabbit and gathered him up in her arms and kissed him on his velveteen nose that was all damp from crying.

"Little Rabbit," she said, "don't you know who I am?"

The Rabbit looked up at her, and it seemed to him that he had seen her face before, but he couldn't think where.

"I am the nursery magic Fairy," she said. "I take care of all the playthings that the children have loved. When they are old and worn out and the children don't need them any more, then I come and take them away with me and turn them into Real."

"Wasn't I Real before?" asked the little Rabbit.

"You were Real to the Boy," the Fairy said, "because he loved you. Now you shall be Real to every one."



The Fairy Flower

And she held the little Rabbit close in her arms and flew with him into the wood.

It was light now, for the moon had risen. All the forest was beautiful, and the fronds of the bracken shone like frosted silver. In the open glade between the tree-trunks the wild rabbits danced with their shadows on the velvet grass, but when they saw the Fairy they all stopped dancing and stood round in a ring to stare at her.

"I've brought you a new playfellow," the Fairy said. "You must be very kind to him and teach him all he needs to know in Rabbit-land, for he is going to live with you for ever and ever!"

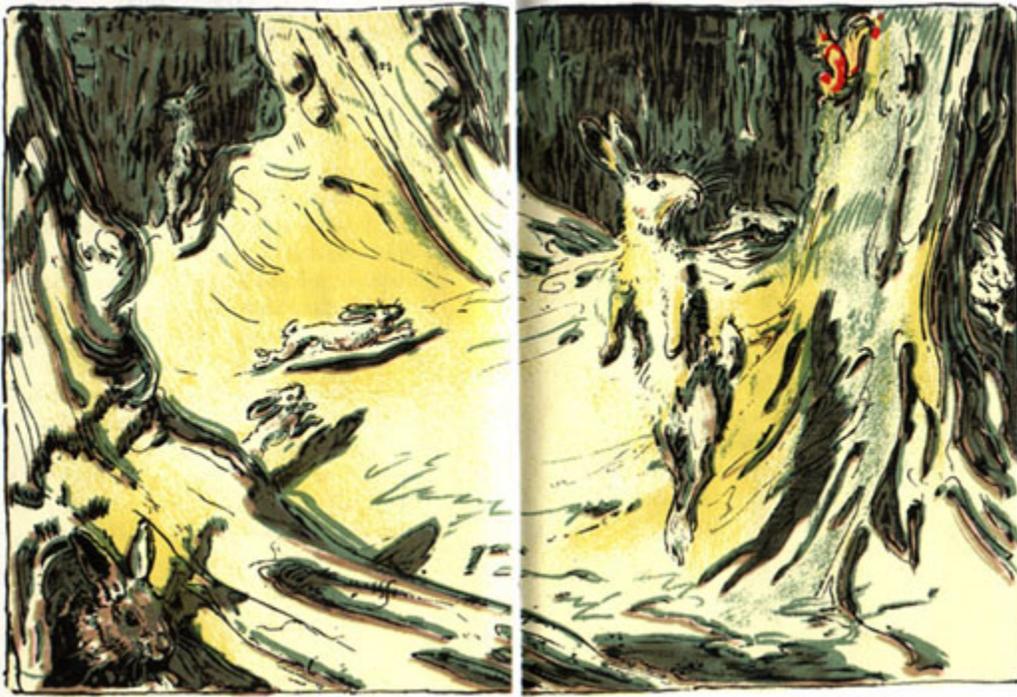
And she kissed the little Rabbit again and put him down on the grass.

"Run and play, little Rabbit!" she said.

But the little Rabbit sat quite still for a moment and never moved. For when he saw all the wild rabbits dancing around him he suddenly remembered about his hind legs, and he didn't want them to see that he was made all in one piece. He did not know that when the Fairy kissed him that last time she had changed him altogether. And he might have sat there a long time, too shy to move, if just then something hadn't tickled his nose, and before he thought what he was doing he lifted his hind toe to scratch it.

And he found that he actually had hind legs! Instead of dingy velveteen he had brown fur, soft and shiny, his ears twitched by themselves, and his whiskers were so long that they brushed the grass. He gave one leap and the joy of using those hind legs was so great that he went springing about the turf on them, jumping sideways and whirling round as the others did, and he grew so excited that when at last he did stop to look for the Fairy she had gone.

He was a Real Rabbit at last, at home with the other rabbits.

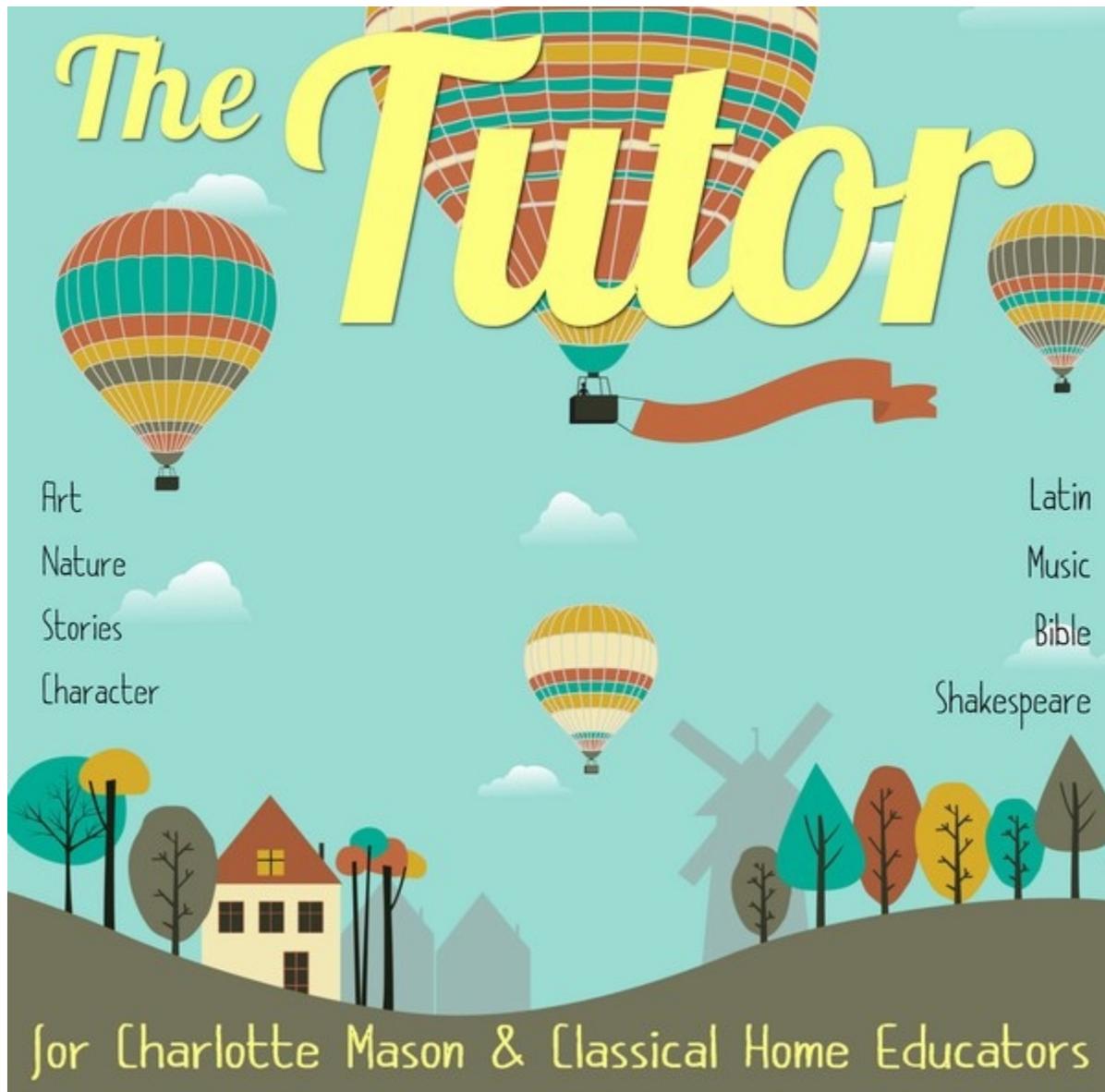


At Last! At Last!

Autumn passed and Winter, and in the Spring, when the days grew warm and sunny, the Boy went out to play in the wood behind the house. And while he was playing, two rabbits crept out from the bracken and peeped at him. One of them was brown all over, but the other had strange markings under his fur, as though long ago he had been spotted, and the spots still showed through. And about his little soft nose and his round black eyes there was something familiar, so that the Boy thought to himself:

"Why, he looks just like my old Bunny that was lost when I had scarlet fever!"

But he never knew that it really was his own Bunny, come back to look at the child who had first helped him to be Real.



THE TUTOR SAMPLER

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